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THE
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FOREIGN LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

OLD SERIES COMPLETE IN LXIII VOLS.

JANUARY, 1844, TO DECEMBER, 1864.

NEW SERIES, VOL. XXXIX.

JANUARY TO JUNE, 1884.

NEW YORK:

E. R. PELTON, PUBLISHER, 25 BOND STREET.

1884.

INDEX TO VOLUME XXXIX.

FRONTISPIECE: "THE TITIAN FAMILY."

	PAGE
ANCESTRY OF BIRDS. By Grant Allen.....	<i>Longman's Magazine</i> 223
ANCIENT, MEDIEVAL, AND MODERN STAGE.....	<i>Edinburgh Review</i> 160
ANNAMITE DECALOGUE, AN.....	<i>Saturday Review</i> 130
APPARITIONS, THOUGHTS ABOUT. By the Bishop of Carlisle.....	<i>Contemporary Review</i> 550
BEARS AND WOLVES. By Phil Robinson.....	<i>Belgravia</i> 538
BETHAM-EDWARDS.....	119
BLOWPIPE, A. By Fred. Boyle.....	<i>Cornhill Magazine</i> 97
BOURGNEF.....	<i>Blackwood's Magazine</i> 757
BRIGAND'S BRIDE, THE. AN ADVENTURE IN SOUTHERN ITALY.....	<i>Blackwood's Magazine</i> 486
CLÉMENCEAU, M., A SKETCH OF. By an Anglo-Parisian Friend.....	<i>Pall Mall Gazette</i> 676
"CHINESE GORDON".....	<i>All the Year Round</i> 506
CHRISTIAN REVOLUTION, THE. By W. S. Lilly.....	<i>Contemporary Review</i> 464
CHRISTIANITY AND POLITICS.....	<i>The Spectator</i> 546
COUNT DE ROCHMONT, THE.....	<i>Temple Bar</i> 67
CYNICS, THE OLD AND NEW.....	<i>The Spectator</i> 408
DEMOCRACY, THE HARVEST OF. By Sir Lepel Griffin.....	<i>Fortnightly Review</i> 700
DUMAS, ALEXANDRE, THE ELDER. By Edmond About.....	<i>Tinsley's Magazine</i> 753
DUST AND FOG. By William Sharp.....	<i>Good Words</i> 81
EARTHQUAKE WEATHER. By Richard Proctor.....	<i>Cornhill Magazine</i> 307
EFFECT OF MARRIAGE ON LIFE.....	<i>Knowledge</i> 525
ELECTRIC LIGHT, CURIOSITIES OF THE.....	<i>Chambers's Journal</i> 797
EMPEROR JULIAN'S VIEW OF CHRISTIANITY, THE. By Alice Gardner.....	<i>Macmillan's Magazine</i> 109
EVOLUTIONARY ETHICS AND CHRISTIANITY. By Goldwin Smith.....	<i>Contemporary Review</i> 145
EXILE, THE IDEAS OF AN. By H. H. Prince Ibrahim Hilmy.....	<i>Fortnightly Review</i> 188
EXTRACTS FROM THE DIARY OF THE MARQUIS TSENG. Translated by J. N. Jordan.....	<i>The Nineteenth Century</i> 212
"FAUST," THE SECOND PART OF. A STUDY. By M. Betham-Edwards.....	119
FLORENTINE TRADESMAN'S DIARY, A.....	<i>Saturday Review</i> 207, 407
FOREIGN LITERARY NOTES.....	140, 281, 427, 572, 715, 862
GRNIUS. By G. B. H.....	<i>Macmillan's Magazine</i> 180
GAMBETTA, PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF. By an English Lady.....	<i>Pall Mall Gazette</i> 364
GERM THEORY OF ZYMOTIC DISEASES. By Prof. W. B. Carpenter, M.D., LL.D., F.R.S.....	<i>The Nineteenth Century</i> 511
HAYWARD, MR. By T. H. S. Escott.....	<i>Fortnightly Review</i> 680
"HEINRICH HEINE, THE LAST DAYS OF".....	<i>Pall Mall Gazette</i> 536
HISTORIC LONDON. By Frederick Harrison.....	<i>Macmillan's Magazine</i> 809
HOFFMANN, E. T. W.....	<i>Saturday Review</i> 504
INTROSPECTION, THE LITERATURE OF. TWO RECENT JOURNALS. By M. A. W.....	<i>Macmillan's Magazine</i> 585
INVITATION TO DINNER, AN. By Andrew Wilson, F.R.S.E.....	<i>Belgravia</i> 443
INDIAN STORIES, SOME. By W. R. S. Ralston.....	<i>British Quarterly Review</i> 27
ISLAM, THE GUIDE OF. By Capt. C. R. Conder, R.E.....	<i>Fortnightly Review</i> 520
ITALIAN STUDIES. THE CARNIVAL IN ITALY.....	<i>Saturday Review</i> 636
JAPAN, TRAGEDY IN. By Frank Abell.....	<i>Belgravia</i> 349
LITERARY FORGERIES. By Andrew Lang.....	<i>Contemporary Review</i> 231
LISZT. By Rev. H. R. Haweis.....	<i>Longman's Magazine</i> 410

LITERARY NOTICES:

Maria Edgeworth, 136—Autobiography and Letters of Orville Dewey, D.D., 137—The Golden Treasury of the Best Songs and Lyrical Poems in the English Language, 138—Historical Hand-Book of Italian Sculpture, 138—Fair Words about Fair Woman, 138—The Organs of Speech, 139—Laura: An American Girl, 139—Maudsley's Essay on Body and Will, 273—John Bull and his Island, 279—Wit and Wisdom of Ouida, 280—Appletons' Guide to Mexico, 280—Appletons' Hand-book of Winter Resorts, 280—Anecdotes of the Civil War, 280—Dick's Games of Solitaire and Patience with Cards, 281—The Childhood and Womanhood of Queen Victoria, 281—The Field of Disease: A Book of Preventive Medicine, 423—Kadesh-Barnea, its Importance and Probable Site, 423—The Cumulative Method for Learning German, 424—The Life and Times of Sergeant S. Prentiss, 424—Habberton's George Washington, 1732-1799, 425—A Latter-Day Saint, 426—Dream-Life, 426—Life and Times of the Right Hon. John Bright, 568—The Creators of the Age of Steel, 568—The Pagans, 569—Treasure Island, 570—Pilgrim Sorrow: A Cycle of Tales, 571—Old Lady Mary: A Story of the Seen and Unseen, 571—English Poetesses, 571—Cremation and Other Modes of Sepulture, 572—Teachings of the Twelve Apostles, Recently Discovered and Published by Philotheos Bryennios, Metropolitan of Nicomedia, 710—Peter the Great, Emperor of Russia, 711—The Life and Poems of Theodore Winthrop, 712—Darwinism Stated by Darwin Himself, 713—Flowers and their Pedigrees, 713—Bound Together: A Sheaf of Papers, 714—Hand-Book of Tree Planting, 714—Our Chancellor. Sketches for a Historical Picture, 858—My Reminiscences, 859—Brain Exhaustion. With some Preliminary Considerations on Cerebral Dynamics, 859—Mémorial and Correspondence of Eliza P. Gurney, 860—Ballades and Verses Vain, 861—Stratford by the Sea, 861—A Graveyard Flower, 861—Trafalgar: A Tale, 861.

	PAGE
MACHIAVELLI. By P. F. WILLIET.....	<i>Fortnightly Review</i> 647
MARCONI, PIER AND PATENT.....	<i>Leisure Hour</i> 63
MARTIN LUTHER.....	<i>The Spectator</i> 128
MATTHEW, THE FATHER, A.....	<i>Blackwood's Magazine</i> 208
MAURICE, FREEMAN DENISON. By the Reverend the Arch- deacon FARRER.....	<i>Fortnightly Review</i> 736
MEDICUS, THE EARLY. By Herbert Hall.....	<i>Merry England</i> 744
MEDUSA. By H. ARTHUR KENNEDY.....	<i>Contemporary Review</i> 17
MILK IN THE COCK-ROACH, THE.....	<i>Cornhill Magazine</i> 65
MISCELLANY: The Origin of the Cholera in Egypt, 121—Soothsaying in India, 122—Acting in Earnest, 122—A New Form of Dinner, 123—A Sculptor's Studio, 124—England and Egypt, 124—The Sense of Smell, 282—A French Writer on Count Moltke, 283—Caricature upon Portraits, 283—Mario the Singer, 284—Coffee and Tea, 284—Mr. Tenny- son's Lineage, 285—The Goria at Home, 285—Victor Hugo and his Poetical Cabman, 286—Electrical Fire- flies, 286—Drinking Among Women, 286—Photoglyphic, 286—Mr. Trollope on Critics, 287—Cicero in the Country, 287—Arminius Vambéry, 288—The Leading Nihilist, 420—The Definition of a Snob, 420—The Lan- guage of Cats, 420—Voice-Training by Chemical Means, 420—The Reminiscences of a War Correspondent, 420—The Sani's Tongue, 420—Feudalism in China, 431—A Plea for Cremation, 431—Paper-making in Egypt, 432—Rings in the United States, 474—Anglo-French and Franco-English, 574—Industry as a Matter of Race, 575—Parisian Pleasures, 575—The Spectator on Emerson, 576—Barren and Fertile Soils, 576—The Migrations of the Springbeek, 716—Children's Parties in Winter, 717—An Anecdote of Harriet Martineau, 717—The Dukedom of Bronte, 718—Algiers from the Sea, 719—The Company of Authors, 719—The English Knights Templar, 720—Art and Utility, 823—The Face of an East Indian Cyclone, 864.	
MOFFAT, THE LATE DE.....	<i>Leisure Hour</i> 109
MOSCHELLES. By Rev. H. R. HAVES.....	<i>Belgravia</i> 247
MOZART. By H. H. STATHAM.....	<i>Fortnightly Review</i> 558
NAPOLÉON MYTH IN THE YEAR 2000, THE.....	<i>St. James's Gazette</i> 124
NARRATIVE, A SURFACING. By Frederick Boyle.....	<i>Belgravia</i> 625
NEW THEORY OF SUN-SPOTS, A. By Prof. Richard A. PROCTOR.....	<i>Longman's Magazine</i> 822
NORTH, CHRISTOPHER. By Viscount Cranbrook.....	<i>National Review</i> 747
NOVELS OLD AND NEW, ABOUT. By Karl Hillebrand.....	<i>Contemporary Review</i> 616
NUMBERS; OF THE MAJORITY AND THE REMNANT. By Mat- thew ARBOLD.....	<i>The Nineteenth Century</i> 706
OLD AGE, THE POSSIBLE SUSPENSION OF. By W. O. DAWSON.....	<i>Knowledge</i> 393
OLD LADY MARY: A STORY OF THE SEEN AND THE UN- SEEN.....	<i>Blackwood's Magazine</i> 314
OLD WRITERS AND MODERN READERS.....	<i>Saturday Review</i> 368
ORIGIN OF THE ALPHABET, THE. By Henry BRADLEY.....	<i>Gentleman's Magazine</i> 801
PARNELL'S CAREER, MR.....	<i>Saturday Review</i> 254
PASSION.....	<i>The Spectator</i> 697
PARADISE, THE EARTHLY.....	<i>Blackwood's Magazine</i> 676
PETROLEUM—THE LIGHT OF THE POOR. By the Right Hon. Sir Lyon PLAYFAIR, K.C.B., M.P., F.R.S.....	<i>Good Words</i> 407
PHILISTIA, A VISIT TO. By Sir Lepel GRIFFIN.....	<i>Fortnightly Review</i> 378
PHOTOGRAPHY, WONDERS OF.....	<i>Cornhill Magazine</i> 85
PLATFORM WOMEN. By Margaret Lonsdale.....	<i>Nineteenth Century</i> 642
POETRY: ALBANO. By Renneff Rodd.....	<i>The Spectator</i> 253
ANCNUM MOOR: A HISTORICAL BALLAD.....	<i>Blackwood's Magazine</i> 45
BALLADE OF AN ENGLISH HOME. By A. LANG.....	<i>Longman's Magazine</i> 696
HELEN'S TOWER. By Robert BROWNING and Alfred Ted- nyson.....	392
PESIMISM. By J. S. B.....	<i>Blackwood's Magazine</i> 502
POST-MORTEM. By Algernon CHARLES SWINBURNE.....	<i>Fortnightly Review</i> 305
PRAYER OF SOCRATES, THE. By John SUAST BLACKIE.....	<i>Good Words</i> 757
SIX SONNETS OF CONTRAST. By H. D. TRAILL.....	<i>Fortnightly Review</i> 614
VIKING'S BRIDE, THE. By B. MONTGOMERIE RANKIN.....	<i>Belgravia</i> 226
VOICES OF THE SUN. By VEER.....	<i>Knowledge</i> 80
POETRY OF THE EARLY MYSTERIES, THE. By F. M. CAPES.....	<i>The Nineteenth Century</i> 1
POLISH PORTRAITS, SOME.....	<i>Cornhill Magazine</i> 470
PRODIGALITY AND ALTRUISM.....	<i>The Spectator</i> 842
RANKING.....	<i>Belgravia Magazine</i> 426
RAMBLINGS OF A PAPER KNIFE.....	<i>Temple Bar</i> 292
RELIGION: A RETROSPECT AND PROSPECT. By Herbert Spencer.....	<i>The Nineteenth Century</i> 220
RELIGION, THE GHOST OF. By Frederick HARRISON.....	<i>The Nineteenth Century</i> 577
RELIGIOUS REFORMER, A GREAT. By Prof. MAX MÜLLER.....	<i>Pall Mall Gazette</i> 276
RUSSIA, OUTCAST. By Prince KRAPOTKINE.....	<i>The Nineteenth Century</i> 210
SALON, A FRENCH.....	<i>Saturday Review</i> 212
SCRIPTURE, ON THE INSPIRATION OF. By His Eminence Cardinal NEWMAN.....	<i>The Nineteenth Century</i> 433
SENILIA: PROSE POEMS BY IVAN TURGENIEFF. Translated M. C. R.....	<i>Macmillan's Magazine</i> 40, 306
SIEMENS, SIR WILLIAM.....	<i>The Spectator</i> 134
SILVER, THE COMING. By Herbert SPENCER.....	<i>Contemporary Review</i> 721
SNAKES.....	<i>Edinburgh Review</i> 228
SUDAN AND ITS FUTURE, THE. By Sir Samuel WHITE BAKER.....	<i>Contemporary Review</i> 353
SPAIN, THE POLITICAL CONDITION OF. By Don LAUREANO Figueroa.....	<i>Fortnightly Review</i> 8
TERRORISM IN RUSSIA AND TERRORISM IN EUROPE. By Stepniak.....	<i>Contemporary Review</i> 662
TEDIUM OF TRUTHFULNESS, THE.....	<i>The Spectator</i> 383
TORQUIN AND ANAM. By Samuel MOSSMAN.....	<i>Leisure Hour</i> 461
TWO LITERARY BREAKFASTS. By Charles MACKAY.....	<i>Belgravia</i> 824
ULTIMATE RENIDUUM, THE.....	<i>The Spectator</i> 273
VENICE, SCRAPS FROM THE CHRONICLES OF. By Amy LAYARD.....	<i>National Review</i> 371
VISIT TO MUDIE'S, A.....	<i>Pall Mall Gazette</i> 821
WEREWOLVES.....	<i>All the Year Round</i> 51
WORDSWORTH AND BYRON. By Algernon CHARLES SWINBURNE.....	<i>Nineteenth Century</i> 242

11

MACHIAVELLI. By P. F. WILLERT.....	<i>Fortnightly Review</i>	647
MANZONI. POET AND PATRIOT.....	<i>Leisure Hour</i>	63
MARTIN LUTHER.....	<i>The Spectator</i>	128
MATIMONIAL FRAUD, A.....	<i>Blackwood's Magazine</i>	202
MAURICE, FREDERICK DENISON. By the Reverend the Arch- deacon Farrar.....	<i>Fortnightly Review</i>	736
MEDICUS, THE EARLY. By Hubert Hall.....	<i>Merry England</i>	742
MEDUSA. By H. Arthur Kennedy.....	<i>Contemporary Review</i>	17
MILK IN THE COCO-NUT, THE.....	<i>Cornhill Magazine</i>	657
MISCELLANY:		
The Origin of the Cholera in Egypt, 141—Soothsaying in India, 142—Acting in Earnest, 142—A New Form of Dinner, 143—A Sculptor's Studio, 144—England and Egypt, 144—The Sense of Smell, 282—A French Writer on Count Moltke, 283—Carlyle upon Portraits, 283—Mario the Singer, 284—Coffee and Tea, 284—Mr. Tenny- son's Lineage, 285—The Gorilla at Home, 285—Victor Hugo and his Poetical Cabman, 286—Electrical Fire- flies, 286—Drinking Among Women, 286—Photoglyptic, 286—Mr. Trollope on Critics, 287—Cicero in the Country, 287—Arminius Vambery, 288—The Leading Nihilist, 428—The Definition of a Snob, 429—The Lan- guage of Cats, 429—Voice-Training by Chemical Means, 430—The Reminiscences of a War Correspondent, 430—The Snail's Tongue, 430—Feudalism in China, 431—A Plea for Cremation, 431—Paper-making in Egypt, 432—Rings in the United States, 574—Anglo-French and Franco-English, 574—Industry as a Matter of Race, 575—Parisian Pleasures, 575— <i>The Spectator</i> on Emerson, 576—Barren and Fertile Soils, 576—The Migrations of the Springbok, 716—Children's Parties in Winter, 717—An Anecdote of Harriet Martineau, 717—The Dukedom of Bronte, 718—Algiers from the Sea, 719—The Company of Authors, 719—The English Knights Templar, 720—Art and Utility, 863—The Face of an East Indian Cyclone, 864.		
MOFFAT, THE LATE DR.....	<i>Leisure Hour</i>	103
MOSCHELLES. By Rev. H. R. Haweis.....	<i>Belgravia</i>	247
MOZART. By H. H. STATHAM.....	<i>Fortnightly Review</i>	558
NAPOLEON MYTH IN THE YEAR 2000, THE.....	<i>St. James's Gazette</i>	126
NARRATIVE, A SURPRISING. By Frederick Boyle.....	<i>Belgravia</i>	625
NEW THEORY OF SUN-SPOTS, A. By Prof. Richard A. Proctor.....	<i>Longman's Magazine</i>	322
NORTH, CHRISTOPHER. By Viscount Cranbrook.....	<i>National Review</i>	747
NOVELS OLD AND NEW, ABOUT. By Karl Hillebrand.....	<i>Contemporary Review</i>	616
NUMBERS; OR THE MAJORITY AND THE REMNANT. By Mat- thew Arnold.....	<i>The Nineteenth Century</i>	786
OLD AGE, THE POSSIBLE SUSPENSION OF. By W. O. Dawson.....	<i>Knowledge</i>	393
OLD LADY MARY: A STORY OF THE SEEN AND THE UN- SEEN.....	<i>Blackwood's Magazine</i>	314
OLD WRITERS AND MODERN READERS.....	<i>Saturday Review</i>	368
ORIGIN OF THE ALPHABET, THE. By Henry Bradley.....	<i>Gentleman's Magazine</i>	801
PARNELL'S CAREER, MR.....	<i>Saturday Review</i>	254
PASSION.....	<i>The Spectator</i>	697
PARADISE, THE EARTHLY.....	<i>Blackwood's Magazine</i>	679
PETROLEUM—THE LIGHT OF THE POOR. By the Right Hon. Sir Lyon Playfair, K.C.B., M.P., F.R.S.....	<i>Good Words</i>	497
PHILISTIA, A VISIT TO. By Sir Lepel Griffin.....	<i>Fortnightly Review</i>	378
PHOTOGRAPHY, WONDERS OF.....	<i>Cornhill Magazine</i>	85
PLATFORM WOMEN. By Margaret Lonsdale.....	<i>Nineteenth Century</i>	642
POETRY:		
ALBANO. By Rennell Rodd.....	<i>The Spectator</i>	253
ANCNUM MOOR: A HISTORICAL BALLAD.....	<i>Blackwood's Magazine</i>	45
BALLADE OF AN ENGLISH HOME. By A. Lang.....	<i>Longman's Magazine</i>	636
HELEN'S TOWER. By Robert Browning and Alfred Ten- nyson.....		399
PESSIMISM. By J. S. B.....	<i>Blackwood's Magazine</i>	502
POST-MORTEM. By Algernon Charles Swinburne.....	<i>Fortnightly Review</i>	305
PRAYER OF SOCRATES, THE. By John Stuart Blackie.....	<i>Good Words</i>	757
SIX SONNETS OF CONTRAST. By H. D. Traill.....	<i>Fortnightly Review</i>	614
VIKING'S BRIDE, THE. By B. Montgomerie Rankin.....	<i>Belgravia</i>	220
VOICES OF THE SUN. By Vega.....	<i>Knowledge</i>	80
POETRY OF THE EARLY MYSTERIES, THE. By F. M. Capes.....	<i>The Nineteenth Century</i>	1
POLISH PORTRAITS, SOME.....	<i>Cornhill Magazine</i>	479
PRODIGALITY AND ALTRUISM.....	<i>The Spectator</i>	842
RANKING.....	<i>Belgravia Magazine</i>	220
RANBLINGS OF A PAPER KNIFE.....	<i>Temple Bar</i>	109
RELIGION: A RETROSPECT AND PROSPECT. By Herbert Spencer.....	<i>The Nineteenth Century</i>	289
RELIGION, THE GHOST OF. By Frederick Harrison.....	<i>The Nineteenth Century</i>	577
RELIGIOUS REFORMER, A GREAT. By Prof. Max Müller.....	<i>Pall Mall Gazette</i>	276
RUSSIA, OUTCAST. By Prince Krapotkine.....	<i>The Nineteenth Century</i>	229
SALON, A FRENCH.....	<i>Saturday Review</i>	818
SCRIPTURE, ON THE INSPIRATION OF. By His Eminence Cardinal Newman.....	<i>The Nineteenth Century</i>	433
SENILIA: PROSE POEMS BY IVAN TURGENIEFF. Translated M. C. R.....	<i>Macmillan's Magazine</i>	49, 306
SIENENS, SIR WILLIAM.....	<i>The Spectator</i>	134
SLAVERY, THE COMING. By Herbert Spencer.....	<i>Contemporary Review</i>	721
SNAKES.....	<i>Edinburgh Review</i>	258
SUDAN AND ITS FUTURE, THE. By Sir Samuel White Baker.....	<i>Contemporary Review</i>	353
SPAIN, THE POLITICAL CONDITION OF. By Don Laureano Figuerola.....	<i>Fortnightly Review</i>	89
TERRORISM IN RUSSIA AND TERRORISM IN EUROPE. By Stepniak.....	<i>Contemporary Review</i>	664
TEDIUM OF TRUTHFULNESS, THE.....	<i>The Spectator</i>	388
TONGUIN AND ANAM. By Samuel Mossman.....	<i>Leisure Hour</i>	461
TWO LITERARY BREAKFASTS. By Charles Mackay.....	<i>Belgravia</i>	824
ULTIMATE RESIDUUM, THE.....	<i>The Spectator</i>	273
VENICE, SCRAPS FROM THE CHRONICLES OF. By Amy Layard.....	<i>National Review</i>	371
VISIT TO MUDIE'S, A.....	<i>Pall Mall Gazette</i>	821
WEREWOLVES.....	<i>All the Year Round</i>	50
WORDSWORTH AND BYRON. By Algernon Charles Swinburne.....	<i>Nineteenth Century</i>	845

10

Electric Magazine

FOR THE LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART

VOL. 1, No. 1 JANUARY, 1901

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	PAGE
MACHIAVELLI. By P. F. WILLET.....	<i>Fortnightly Review</i> 647
MANZONI, POET AND PATRIOT.....	<i>Leisure Hour</i> 63
MARTIN LUTHER.....	<i>The Spectator</i> 188
MATRIMONIAL FRAUD, A.....	<i>Blackwood's Magazine</i> 308
MAURICE, FREDRICK DENISON. By the Reverend the Arch- deacon Farrar.....	<i>Fortnightly Review</i> 736
MEDICUS, THE EARLY. By Hubert Hall.....	<i>Merry England</i> 743
MEDUSA. By H. Arthur Kennedy.....	<i>Contemporary Review</i> 17
MILK IN THE COCO-NUT, THE.....	<i>Cornhill Magazine</i> 65-
MISCELLANY: The Origin of the Cholera in Egypt, 141—Soothsaying in India, 142—Acting in Earnest, 142—A New Form of Dinner, 143—A Sculptor's Studio, 144—England and Egypt, 144—The Sense of Smell, 282—A French Writer on Count Molke, 283—Carlyle upon Portraits, 283—Mario the Singer, 284—Coffee and Tea, 284—Mr. Tenny- son's Lineage, 285—The Gorilla at Home, 285—Victor Hugo and his Poetical Cabman, 286—Electrical Fire- flies, 286—Drinking Among Women, 286—Photoglyptic, 286—Mr. Trollope on Critics, 287—Cicero in the Country, 287—Arminius Vambéry, 288—The Leading Nihilist, 428—The Definition of a Snob, 429—The Lan- guage of Cats, 430—Voice-Training by Chemical Means, 430—The Reminiscences of a War Correspondent, 430—The Snail's Tongue, 430—Feudalism in China, 431—A Plea for Cremation, 431—Paper-making in Egypt, 431—Rings in the United States, 574—Anglo-French and Franco-English, 574—Industry as a Matter of Race, 575—Parisian Pleasures, 575—The <i>Spectator</i> on Emerson, 576—Barren and Fertile Soil, 576—The Migrations of the Springbok, 716—"Children's Parties in Winter," 717—An Anecdote of Harriet Martineau, 717—The Dukedom of Bronte, 718—Algiers from the Sea, 719—The Company of Authors, 719—The English Knights Templar, 720—Art and Utility, 823—The Face of an East Indian Cyclone, 864.	
MOFFAT, THE LATE DR.....	<i>Leisure Hour</i> 309
MOSCHELLES. By Rev. H. R. Haweis.....	<i>Belgravia</i> 247
MOZART. By H. H. STATHAM.....	<i>Fortnightly Review</i> 158
NAPOLEON MYTH IN THE YEAR 3000, THE.....	<i>St. James's Gazette</i> 126
NARRATIVE, A SURPRISING. By Frederick Boyle.....	<i>Belgravia</i> 605
NEW THEORY OF SUN-SPOTS, A. By Prof. Richard A. Proctor.....	<i>Longman's Magazine</i> 832
NORTH, CHRISTOPHER. By Viscount Cranbrook.....	<i>National Review</i> 747
NOVELS OLD AND NEW, ABOUT. By Kari Hillebrand.....	<i>Contemporary Review</i> 616
NUMBERS; OR THE MAJORITY AND THE REMNANT. By Mat- thew Arnold.....	<i>The Nineteenth Century</i> 386
OLD AGE, THE POSSIBLE SUSPENSION OF. By W. O. Dawson.....	<i>Knowledge</i> 303
OLD LADY MARY: A STORY OF THE SEEN AND THE UN- SEEN.....	<i>Blackwood's Magazine</i> 314
OLD WRITERS AND MODERN READERS.....	<i>Saturday Review</i> 368
ORIGIN OF THE ALPHABET, THE. By Henry Bradley.....	<i>Gentleman's Magazine</i> 801
PARNELL'S CAREER, MR.....	<i>Saturday Review</i> 254
PASSION.....	<i>The Spectator</i> 607
PARADISE, THE EARTHLY.....	<i>Blackwood's Magazine</i> 676
PETROLEUM—THE LIGHT OF THE POOR. By the Right Hon. Sir Lyon Playfair, K.C.B. M.P. F.R.S.....	<i>Good Words</i> 407
PHILISTIA, A VISIT TO. By Sir Lepel Griffin.....	<i>Fortnightly Review</i> 378
PHOTOGRAPHY, WONDERS OF.....	<i>Cornhill Magazine</i> 81
PLATFORM WOMEN. By Margaret Lonsdale.....	<i>Nineteenth Century</i> 648
PORTRY: ALBAKO. By Rennell Rodd.....	<i>The Spectator</i> 253
ARCHBURN MOOR: A HISTORICAL BALLAD.....	<i>Blackwood's Magazine</i> 45
BALLADE OF AN ENGLISH HOME. By A. Lang.....	<i>Longman's Magazine</i> 696
HELEN'S TOWER. By Robert Browning and Alfred Ten- nyson.....	<i>Blackwood's Magazine</i> 308
PESSIMISM. By J. S. R.....	<i>Blackwood's Magazine</i> 308
POST-MORTEM. By Algernon Charles Swinburne.....	<i>Fortnightly Review</i> 305
PRAYER OF SOCRATES, THE. By John Stuart Blackie.....	<i>Good Words</i> 157
SIX SONNETS OF CONTRAST. By H. D. Traill.....	<i>Fortnightly Review</i> 614
VIRGIN'S BRIDE, THE. By B. Montgomerie Rankin.....	<i>Belgravia</i> 806
VOICES OF THE SUN. By Vega.....	<i>Knowledge</i> 80
POETRY OF THE EARLY MYSTERIES, THE. By F. M. Capes.....	<i>The Nineteenth Century</i> 1
POLISH PORTRAITS, SOME.....	<i>Cornhill Magazine</i> 1
PRODIGALITY AND ALTRUISM.....	<i>The Spectator</i> 843
RANKING.....	<i>Belgravia Magazine</i> 220
RAMBLINGS OF A PAPER KNIFE.....	<i>Temple Bar</i> 198
RELIGION: A RETROSPECT AND PROSPECT. By Herbert Spencer.....	<i>The Nineteenth Century</i> 280
RELIGION, THE GHOST OF. By Frederick Harrison.....	<i>The Nineteenth Century</i> 577
RELIGIOUS REFORMER, A GREAT. By Prof. Max Müller.....	<i>Pall Mall Gazette</i> 271
RUSSIA, OUTCAST. By Prince Krapotkine.....	<i>The Nineteenth Century</i> 279
SALON, A FRENCH.....	<i>Saturday Review</i> 818
SCRIPTURE, ON THE INSPIRATION OF. By His Eminence Cardinal Newman.....	<i>The Nineteenth Century</i> 431
SEMIHA: PROSE POEMS BY IVAN TURGENIEFF. Translated M. C. R.....	<i>Macmillan's Magazine</i> 49, 306
SIEMENS, SIR WILLIAM.....	<i>The Spectator</i> 134
SLAVERY, THE COMING. By Herbert Spencer.....	<i>Contemporary Review</i> 781
SNAKES.....	<i>Edinburgh Review</i> 218
SOUDAN AND ITS FUTURE, THE. By Sir Samuel White Baker.....	<i>Contemporary Review</i>
SPAIN. THE POLITICAL CONDITION OF. By Don Laureano Figuerola.....	<i>Fortnightly Review</i>
TERRORISM IN RUSSIA AND TERRORISM IN EUROPE. By Stepniak.....	<i>Contemporary Review</i>
TEDIUM OF TRUTHFULNESS, THE.....	<i>The Spectator</i>
TONGUIN AND ANAM. By Samuel Mossman.....	<i>Leisure Hour</i>
TWO LITERARY BREAKFASTS. By Charles Mackay.....	<i>Belgravia</i>
ULTIMATE REMIDUUM, THE.....	<i>The Spectator</i>
VENICE, SCRAPS FROM THE CHRONICLES OF. By Amy Layard.....	<i>National Review</i>
VISIT TO MUDIE'S, A.....	<i>Pall Mall Gazette</i>
WEREWOLVES.....	<i>All the Year Round</i>
WORDSWORTH AND BYRON. By Algernon Charles Swinburne.....	<i>Nineteenth Century</i>

150





Electric Magazine

EDITED BY FRANK M. STURGES, SCHENECTADY, N. Y.

Published by the ELECTRIC MAGAZINE COMPANY, SCHENECTADY, N. Y.

Subscription price, \$1.00 per annum in advance.

Single copies, 10 cents.

Entered as Second-Class Matter, May 1, 1907.

Postage paid at Schenectady, N. Y., and at additional mailing offices.

Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in

Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized on July 1, 1920.

Postage paid at Schenectady, N. Y., and at additional mailing offices.

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Eclectic Magazine

OF

FOREIGN LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

New Series.
Vol. XXXIX., No. 1.

JANUARY, 1884.

Old Series complete in 63 vols.

THE POETRY OF THE EARLY MYSTERIES.

BY F. M. CAPES.

THERE has been for some time past an interest abroad in our early Miracle or Mystery Plays which shows that the idea of their existence has become to a certain extent "popular," and that to treat of them is in nowise to open up new ground. But this general interest is probably, in the main, either historical or archæological: the greater number of people who hear and talk of miracle plays do so with the idea that they are interesting either as having been the subjects of curious mediæval spectacles and bygone religious customs, or as illustrating some special stages of our drama and language. That they should have, apart from these connections, an interest of their own; that they should possess any intrinsic merit as literary compositions, or be likely to prove agreeable to take up and read as sacred dramatic poetry; that, in short, they belong to the present as well as to the

past—all this is not popularly suspected of them.

The present article pretends to no archæological or learned intention. To those who are interested in our ancient sacred drama from antiquarian motives, whether dramatic or linguistic, their original forms are open in full, and may make part of their literary studies. But everybody who cares for poetry does not care, or has not time, for routing it out from somewhat obscure sources, though he may thoroughly enjoy and fully appreciate what is routed out for him; and the purpose of this article is simply to bring before such of the reading public as may not have the opportunity of coming across them in any other way the real poetical beauties of these old plays.

With this object the writer has chosen, arranged, and to a certain extent modernized some short specimens of

this early poetry which it is hoped will be enough to rouse the interest of modern readers in it. What is specially aimed at is to show that the very vividness of faith which caused our forefathers to represent dramatically, without a thought of irreverence, the mysteries of religion and the incidents of the Gospel, inspired them with a combined simplicity and vividness of language, and a power of blending human weakness and naturalness with "things divine," in the highest degree poetical; also, that there is in many of these plays a pathos that is rarely to be found in directly religious poetry, and which would make it difficult for any one capable of being stirred to pity by verse to read some passages in them unmoved.

The idea had birth in an attempt to put into modern form the "Harrowing of Hell" as a poem for publication by itself. The beauties of this composition, which grew on the adapter by closer acquaintance, led to a further search among the "Mysteries" for similar beauties; and, moreover, the obviousness of an Article of the Creed as a motto to this first solitary play suggested a sequence which proved a satisfactory guide to the search. The result has been a choice of specimens which, while they specially illustrate the poetry of the plays, also exhibit two other striking qualities that they possess—those, namely, of forming complete popular systems of theology, and of being marvellously well calculated to instil into the minds taught by them a spirit of solid and practical devotion. These qualities, as well as the beauty of the poetry itself, can of course be but very imperfectly illustrated by such portions of the plays as may come within the compass of a review article; but if a suggestive arrangement of the specimens induces any hitherto uninterested reader to look further for himself, he will be well repaid by finding how much more there is in these compositions than mere rude stage-dialogue, to be used as a medium for acting by the representatives of sacred characters before an unlettered audience.

The extracts here to follow are taken, with the exception of the "Harrowing of Hell" above mentioned, from the "Towneley Mysteries"—the edition published by the Surtees Society in 1836.

This set of plays treats of the whole scheme of man's fall and redemption, from the Creation to the Last Judgment, and includes a good deal of repetition and uninteresting matter. The dialect in which they are written is that of Northern English; the date about the middle of the fifteenth century. Nearly all the best poetry in the collection is to be found in the plays which treat of our Lord's personality, the mingling of His Divine and human natures being realized throughout with striking vividness. Consequently, the choice of extracts which illustrate the first part of the Apostles' Creed has been likewise the choice of the most beautiful passages. It must, however, be understood that even in the best plays the writing is extremely unequal, and that in some of the very plays from which examples have been taken there are passages that are coarse and "realistic" to a degree that might with some reason shock a modern reader.

The poetry shall now speak for itself; but a word must first be said about the plan which the adapter has tried to follow in dealing with the language. It has been that of putting it into sufficiently modern form to do away with all difficulty in reading to those who might be repelled by antiquated forms of English, while keeping close enough to the original to destroy as little as possible the quaint simplicity and unevenness which is part of the very beauty of the old writing. There has been no attempt to produce perfect rhyme or metre; the only way to render many passages well has been to let pass similarity of vowel or consonant sound, and sometimes even only equality of line or syllable, for rhyme; and occasionally it has been impossible to change either a name or the accent on a name so as to make the verse run smoothly: in which case it has been left to run roughly.

Now, taking the Apostles' Creed in regular order, the first article—"I believe in God the Father Almighty, Creator of Heaven and Earth"—is embodied in the opening play of the series, the *Creation*. The whole of this play is so good that it is a great pity to have room for only a small portion of it here. It begins thus, with no introductory description:

GOD *speaks.*

Ego sum Alpha et O,
I am the first and last also,
One God in Majesty :
Marvellous, of might the most,
Father, and Son, and Holy Ghost,
One God in Trinity.
I am without beginning,
My godhead hath no ending,
God am I on a throne ;
One God in persons three,
That may never parted be,
For I am God alone.

And the first thing we choose to do
Is Heaven and earth to make, right thro',
And Light so fair to see ;
For it is good that it be so :
Darkness and Light we part in two,
Their time to serve, and be :
Darkness we call the night,
Brightness we name the Light :
It shall be as I say :
After my will this forth is brought—
Even and morn they both are wrought,
And thus is made one day.

The Creation is brought up to the fifth day, and then the scene takes us among the angels, where we have first the cheru- bim singing the praises of God for the Creation. The greatest object of their praise is Lucifer :

Lord, thou art much full of might,
That Lucifer has made, so bright ;

We love the Lord, with all our thought,
Who such a thing can make of nought.

Here God leaves His throne, and Lucifer seats himself on it.

Then follows a speech of Lucifer's, of which we can give only a portion :

LUCIFER.

And ye shall see full soon anon,
How it.beseems me on the throne
To sit, as King of bliss ;
I am so seemly, blood and bone,
My seat shall be there, as was His.
Say, fellows, how.beseems it me
To sit in seat of Trinity ?
I am so bright of ev'ry limb,
I trow me seems as good as Him !

An argument between the good and bad angels is then brought to a conclusion, and their fall lamented thus :

LUCIFER.

Now, now—a straw what reck's it me ?
Since I am in myself so bright,
Therefore will I take a flight !

Here the devils go forth, crying out, and the first says,

1st DEVIL.

Alas ! alas ! for very woe,
Lucifer, why fell thou so ?
We, that angels were so fair,
And sat so high above the air,
Now are we black as any coal,
And ugly as a tattered foal.

What ailed thee, Lucifer, to fall ?
 Wert thou not fairest of Angels all ?
 Brightest and best, and most the love
 Of God Himself, that sits above ?
 Thou hast made nine where there were ten,
 Thou art foul fallen from thy kin.
 Thou art fallen, that was the tenth,
 From an angel to a fiend.
 Thou hast us done a vile despight,
 And brought thyself to sorrow's night.
 Alas ! there is nought else to say
 But, we are lost for now and aye !

2d DEVIL.

Alas ! that ever came pride in thought,
 For it has brought us all to nought.
 We were with mirth and joy upborne,
 When Lucifer to pride was drawn.
 Alas ! now curse we wicked pride,
 So may all ye that stand beside.

The scene now takes us back to the Creation, and there are so many beauties in the rest of the play—recounting the making of Adam and Eve, God's promises to them ("While ye will keep ye out of sin"), and their entrance into Paradise conducted by a "cherubim"—that it is with much regret that we are forced to give only a few short passages of it :

GOD *speaks*.

Now make we man to our likeness,
 Who shall be keeper of more and less,
 Of fowls, and fish in flood.

Man being made, He touches him.

Spirit of life I in thee blow ;
 Good and ill both shalt thou know ;
 Rise up ! and stand by me.

I give thee wit, I give thee strength ;
 Of all thou seest, of breadth and length,
 Thou shalt be wondrous wise.

ADAM.

(After the angel has left them in Paradise)

Eve, my fellow, how think you this ?

EVE.

A place, methinks, of joy and bliss
 That God has given to thee and me
 Without an end : so blest be He !

LUCIFER.

Who'd e'er suppose such time t' have seen ?
 —We, that in such mirth have been,
 That we should suffer so much woe ?

God has made man with His hand.
 To have that bliss without an end ;—
 The nine orders up to fill,
 Behind us left : such is His will.
 And now are they in Paradise :—
 —But thence they shall, if we be wise !

At this point the play breaks off, unfinished, the ms. appearing to have lost four leaves. It seems highly probable that the end would have carried us on to the Temptation and Fall of Man.

The next two articles must be taken together for illustration—"And in Jesus Christ, His only Son, our Lord : Who

was conceived by the Holy Ghost, born of the Virgin Mary."

First we have a play called *The Annunciation*, of which the whole introductory portion—where God decrees and plans the Redemption—is well worth quoting, but of which we have unfortunately room for but a few lines :

GOD *speaks*.

Righteousness now will we make :
I will that my Son manhood take ;
For reason will that there be three—
A man, a maiden, and a tree ;
Man for man, tree for tree,
Maid for maid :—thus shall it be.
My son shall in a maiden light
Against the fiend of hell to fight,
Without a spot, as clear as glass,
And she still maiden as she was.

Angel must to Mary go,
For the fiend to Eve was foe ;

The other play from which we shall quote concerning our Lord's Incarnation and birth is a notable instance of what has been said above about the in-

equality of these poems. The whole of its first part consists of a conversation of the most earthly and disedifying nature—forcibly recalling Milton's

Perhaps their loves, or else their sheep,
Was all that did their sely thoughts so busy keep,

—among some shepherds, containing many local allusions and anachronisms ; which unattractive composition bursts quite suddenly, with the angels' burst of song, into the wonderful beauty of mingled familiarity, reverence, and tenderness of the concluding portion here given. All readers of this will probably agree that whoever was the old monk, if monk it was, who penned this fragment,

he was a poet and a humorist (taking *humor* in its truest and deepest sense), whether he knew it himself or not, as well as an ardent believer.

This play is called in the "Towneley Mysteries" *Secunda Pastorum*, being the second of two *Paginæ Pastorum* ; but in an edition of Mr. Collier's it is called by the title which we prefer to give it here—

"THE ADORATION OF THE SHEPHERDS."

(The scene at the beginning lies on a heath or moor.)

The angel sings "Gloria in Excelsis," and afterward says :

ANGEL.

Rise, herdsman-bind, for now is He born
That shall take from the fiend what Adam had lorne.
That wizard to ruin, to-night is He born,
God's made your friend : now at this morn,
He behests,
At Beth'lem go see
Who lies there so free
Betwixt two beasts !

1st SHEPHERD.

That was a quaint voice as ever I heard !
'Tis a marvel to tell of, thus to be scared.

2d SHEPHERD.

Of God's son of heaven he spake up loud and clear ;
All the wood in a levin methought he made appear.

3d SHEPHERD.

He spake of a barn
In Beth'lem, I you warn.

1st SHEPHERD.

That betokens yonder star—
Let us seek him there.

2d SHEPHERD.

Say, what was his song ? Heard ye not how he cracked it ?
Three short notes to a long !

3d SHEPHERD.

Yea, marry, he hack'd it :
Was no crotchet wrong, nor no thing that lack'd it.

1st SHEPHERD.

To sing ourselves among, right as he knack'd it,
I can !

2d SHEPHERD. }

Let's see how ye croon !
Can ye bark at the moon ?

3d SHEPHERD.

Hold your tongues, have done !

1st SHEPHERD.

Listen, then !

2d SHEPHERD.

To Beth'lem he bade us be gone,
I'm full feared that we tarry too long.

3d SHEPHERD.

Be merry and not sad, of mirth is our lay ;
Everlasting joy's reward, sure, we may
Take without moan.

1st SHEPHERD.

Hie we here—away !
Tho' we be wet and weary.
To that child and that lady
We must without delay.

2d SHEPHERD.

We find by prophecy,—stop singing, hind !—
Of David and Isay, and more than I can mind :
They prophesied by clergy, that in a virgin
Should He light and lie, to slacken our sin
And slake it—
Our kind from woe ;
For Isay said so :—
Citè Virgo
Concipiet a child that is naked.

3d SHEPHERD.

Full glad may we be, and that day await
 That lovely one to see, all things Himself who made.
 Lord ! well were it me, for once and for aye,
 Might I kneel on my knee, some words for to say
 To that Child.
 But the angel said
 In a crib was He laid ;
 He was poorly arrayed,
 Both humble and mild.

1st SHEPHERD.

Patriarchs that have been, and prophets bygone,
 They desired to have seen this Child that is born.
 They are gone full clean—that have they lorne :
 We shall see Him, I ween, ere it be morn,
 By token !
 When I see Him and feel,
 Then know I full well
 It is true as steel
 That prophets have spoken.
 To so poor as we, that He should appear !
 First find, and declare by his messenger !

2d SHEPHERD.

So now let us go, the place is full near.

3d SHEPHERD.

I am ready and right :
 Go we together
 To Him so bright.
 Lord ! if Thy will it be,
 —We are ignorant all three—
 Grant us some kind of glee
 To comfort thy wight !
 (Here the scene changes to the Stable at Bethlehem.)

1st SHEPHERD.

Hail, comely and clean, hail, little child !
 Hail, maker, as I deem, of a maiden so mild !
 Thou hast cursèd, I ween, that warlock * so wild ;
 The false guiler of ten, now goes he beguiled.
 Lo !—he merries :
 Lo ! he laughs, my sweeting :
 —A joyful meeting !
 Have a bob of cherries ?

2d SHEPHERD.

Hail ! sov'ran Saviour, for thou hast us sought ;
 Hail freely, seed and flower, that all things has wrought ;
 Hail, full of favor, that made all of nought !
 Hail ! I kneel and cower. A bird have I brought
 To my dear.
 Hail, little tiny mop !
 Of our creed thou art crop :
 I would drink from thy cup,
 Little day-star !

3d SHEPHERD.

Hail, darling dear, full of Godhead !
 I pray thee, be near when I have need.
 Hail ! sweet is thy cheer ; my heart would bleed,
 To see thee sit here in so poor a weed
 With no pennies.

* Wizard.

Hail ! put forth thy palm,
 I bring thee but a ball :—
 Have and play thee with them all,
 And go to the tennis !

MARY.

The Father of heaven, God omnipotent,
 That set all in order, His Son has He sent.
 I conceived full even, thro' might, as He meant,
 And new is He born.
 He keep you from woe !
 I shall pray Him so :—
 Tell it forth as ye go,
 And mind ye this morn !

1st SHEPHERD.

Farewell, lady ! so fair to behold
 With thy child on thy knee.

2d SHEPHERD.

Yet lies he full cold !
 Lord ! well is me ! now we go, thou behold.

3d SHEPHERD.

Forsooth, it already seems t' have been told
 Full oft !

1st SHEPHERD.

What grace have we found !

2d SHEPHERD.

Come forth ! now are we sound.

3d SHEPHERD.

To sing are we bound :—
 Strike up aloft !

It is most regrettable that we are com- pathos of great part of the play which
 pelled by want of space to illustrate by tells how Christ
 only very few extracts the exceeding

SUFFERED UNDER PONTIUS PILATE, WAS CRUCIFIED, DEAD, AND BURIED.

The Crucifixion

JESUS (*from the Cross.*)
 I pray you, people, that pass by,
 That lead your life so thoughtlessly,
 Heave up your hearts on high !
 Behold if ever ye saw body
 Suffer and beat thus bloody,
 Or yet thus doleful dight ?

All creatures on this earth that roam,
 Birds, beasts, all kinds, they have their home
 When they are woe-begone ;
 But God's own Son, that should be best,
 Has not whereon His head to rest
 But on His shoulder-bone.

My brother that I came to buy
 Has hanged me here thus hideously,
 And friends are foes become ;
 They have thus dight me drearily,
 And all bespit me spitefully,
 As helpless man all lone.

MARY.

Alas ! the dole I dree, I droop, I quake with dread !
 All blemished is thy hue, I see thy body bleed.
 Why hang Thou, Son, so high ? My grief begins to flow ;
 Never, Son, in this world had we such madd'ning woe !
 My offspring that I've fed,
 Thro' life along have led !
 Full straitly Thou'rt bestead
 Among thy foemen fell ;
 Such sorrow for to see,
 My dearest bairn, in Thee,
 Is mourning more to me
 Than any tongue may tell.
 Alas ! Thy holy head
 Has no upholding bed ;
 Thy face with blood is red
 Was fair as flower in field !
 How can I stand indeed
 To see my bairn thus bleed,
 Beat as blue as lead,
 And have no limb to wield ?

JOHN.

Comely lady, good and kind, fain would I comfort thee !
 Me minds, my Master, with his mouth, told to his companye
 That he should thole full mickle pain and die upon a tree,
 And to the life rise up again—the third day should it be.
 Therefore, my lady sweet,
 Forbear awhile to greet :
 Our pain He will relieve
 As He did promise give.

MARY.

My sorrow is so sad, no solace may me save,
 Mourning makes me mad, no hope of help I have ;
 Nought may make me glad, till I be in my grave.
 To death my dear is driven,
 His robe is all to-riven
 That of me was Him given
 And shaped by mine own sides.
 Alas ! my comely child, why wilt thou from me go ?
 Maidens, make your moan !
 And weep, ye wives, each one,
 With wretched me, all lone.
 My child, of all, the first !
 My heart is stiff as stone, that for no grief will burst.

JESUS.

My Mother mild, now change thy cheer,
 Cease of thy sorrow and sighing sere ;
 It sits upon my heart full sore.
 The sorrow's sharp I suffer here ;
 But dole thou drees, my Mother dear,
 Martyrs me mickle more.
 Take there John unto thy child,—
 Mankind must needs be bought.
 And thou her kin now be in thought,
 John ; lo, there thy Mother mild !
 Such life, forsooth, I led, that scarcely may I more,
 This thole I for thy need,
 To give thee, man, thy meed.
 —Now thirst I wondrous sore !

We come now to the only one of these poems not taken from the "Towneley Mysteries," and which, being very short, and impossible to do justice to by extracts, is given here, whole, as it stands. It is said to be the oldest piece of dramatic writing in English, its date being that of Edward the Third at any rate, and possibly of Edward the Second. It is here taken from a set of "Five Miracle Plays, or Scriptural Dramas, privately printed under care of J. P. Collier," in 1836.

The adapter gratefully acknowledges help in the rendering of two or three passages in this play, and in questions of taste, from the Professor of English Literature at King's College. Also, it is right to state that in two cases a hint has been taken from a literal rendering of the poem by Mr. Halliwell (published in a pamphlet, side by side with the original, in 1840),* which the present writer did not see until the adaptation was nearly finished.

HE DESCENDED INTO HELL ;

THE HARROWING OF HELL :

(otherwise, the *Besieging of Limbo* by our Lord.)

(The scene lies just outside Limbo, in a region of twilight, on the borders of hell. In the background are the gates of Limbo, behind which are the Souls of the Just, from Adam to John the Baptist. Satan guards the gates inside, and a "Janitor" outside.)

CHRIST enters, triumphant, the Cross on His Shoulder.

PROLOGUE.

(Spoken by the actor who personates Christ, but not in His character).

All hearken to me now !
 A strife I'll tell to you,
 Of Jesus and of Satan.
 For Jesus was to hell gone down,
 From thence to fetch away His own,
 And take them home to heaven.
 The Devil had had so much sway
 That all in hell had had to stay ;
 And there was none so good prophèt,
 Since Adam and Eve the apple eat
 —So he had reached his latter end—
 But he awhile to hell must wend.
 Nor thence should any ever come
 Anear to Jesus Christ, God's Son :
 For that to Adam and Eve was told,
 Whom Jesus Christ so dear did hold ;
 And so was said to Abraham
 That was a soothfast holy man ;
 And so was said to David, the King,
 That was to Christ Himself akin ;
 And so to John the Baptist
 That baptized Jesus Christ ;
 To Moses, too, the holy wight
 That had the law for man aright ;
 And many another holy man,
 More than I now to tell you can,
 Who all had had more woe
 Than I can tell you true.
 Jesus Christ them pitied sore,
 And them away to carry swore.
 He lit from His high tower
 Into Saint Mary's bower ;
 He was born for our needs
 In this world in humble weeds ;
 In this world did He die
 To loose our deadly tie.

* After the publication of this pamphlet, Mr. Halliwell found a ms. of the "Harrowing" of the date of Edward the First. Vide *Reliquiæ Antiquæ*, edited by Messrs. Wright, Phillips, and Halliwell.

When Jesus had shed His blood
 For our need, upon the rood,
 In Godhead then He took the way
 That on the road to hell-gate lay :
 When He came there, thus said He,
 As I now shall tell to thee.

(He speaks now in the character of Christ, going toward Limbo.

CHRIST.

Ways of hardness have I gone,
 Sorrows suffered, many a one :
 Thirty winters and three year
 Have I dwelt among them here—
 Almost so much by is gone
 Since I with flesh was clothed upon.
 I have suffered at its worst
 Hot and cold, hunger and thirst :
 Man hath done me shame enough
 By word, and deed too, in his wrath.
 Bound and beat I ran with blood,
 They sentenced me to death on rood :
 For Adam's sin, full well I know,
 I have suffered all this woe.
 Adam, thou hast suffered sore,
 I will suffer this no more :
 Adam, dearly hast thou grieved
 For thou hast not me believed !
 I shall bring thee out of hell,
 And all mine own with thee as well.

SATAN *speaks.*

Who's that speaking at the door ?
 I advise him, speak no more.
 For he may make so much ado
 That he shall have to come in too
 For to be our comrade dear,
 And find out how we play in here.

OUR LORD *speaks.*

Thou might'st know that, of thy prey,
 All mine own I'd have away.
 Know'st thou never what I am ?
 Thirty winters o'er have ran
 Thou hast been attempting me
 For to find what I may be.
 Sin thou foundest never one
 In me as in another man,
 And thou well shalt know to-day
 All mine own I'll have away,
 Whom thou believest all thine own :
 Well, then, may'st thou grieve and groan

SATAN.

Par ma foi, I hold as mine
 All that are with me herein ;
 Reason will I give to thee
 Whereagainst thou'st nought to say.
 Whoso buyeth anything,
 It is his, and his offspring.
 Adam hungry came me to,
 Homage him I made to do :
 For an apple gave I him
 I am his, and all his kin.

OUR LORD.

Satan, well thou wot'st 'twas mine,
 The apple that thou gav'st to him.

The apple and the apple-tree
Both were makèd all thro' me.
How mightest thou, in any wise,
Of others' things make merchandise?
Since, then, he was bought with mine,
With reason can he not be thine.

SATAN,

Jesus! well I wot of thee—
And full sore it rueth me.
Over all thou'st lordship got,
Woe is him who'll know thee not!
Heaven and earth now take to thee,
But souls in hell leave thou to me.
Leave me them to have and hold,
And those thou hast keep in thy fold!

OUR LORD.

Satan, be thou silent now!
To thee has fall'n deuce-ace for throw.
Thinkest thou I died for nought?
Thro' my death mankind was bought.
They that well have served me
With me shall in heaven be.
Thou shalt be in more despair
Than any that thou hast in here.

SATAN.

Never can they worse me do
Than I have had hitherto;
I have suffered so much woe,
That I reck not where I go.
If thou robbest me of mine
I shall rob thee then of thine,
I shall go from man to man,
And thee shall rob of all I can.

OUR LORD.

I shall sharply stop thy quest
And my power make manifest.
So fast shall I bind up thee
Little shalt thou rob of me.
Thou shalt be in bonds for aye
Till there cometh Domësdæy.
Never shalt thou out be let
Mankind in thy clutch to get,
For did'st thou freely walk with men
Thou wouldst rob me many of them.
Smaller fiends, that are not strong,
They shall wander men among;
Those that won't against them stand
I will let them have in hand.

(Here he reaches the gates of Limbo.)

Hell's gates now I've come unto,
And I will that they undo!
Where now's the warder of this grave?
Methinketh he's a coward knave!

JANITOR.

Words I've heard so strong in sound,
No longer dare I keep my ground!
Keep the gates whoever may,
I'll let him stand, and run away.

OUR LORD.

Hell's gates I will throw down
And take out all my own.

(Here He touches the gates of Limbo with the Cross, and they fall.)

Satan, be bound ! Here shalt thou stay
Till there cometh Domësdäy.

(Here Satan falls powerless. The Souls of the Just are freed, and rise.)

ADAM.

Welcome ! Lord of earth and sky,
Word of God, His Son most high.
Welcome, dear Lord, must Thou be,
For Thou comest us to see.
Lord, now Thou art come to us,
Take us from this loathly house ;
Take us from this loathly land,
Dear Lord, into Thine own hand.
Lord, Thou know'st me from my birth,
Adam, that Thou shap'd'st of earth !
Thy behest I heeded not—
Rueful penance have I got.
Mercy ! Son of God most dear !
Let us no more linger here.
All the souls herein that be,
Sore have yearnèd after Thee—
Hope now, from Thy coming in,
Help to have from all our sin.

EVE.

Know me, dear Lord ! I am Eve :
Adam and I to Thee were lieve.
Thou hadst us led to Paradise,
But we forgot it, as unwise.
Thy behest we did forsake,
Then did we the apple take.
So long we both have been herein,
Full dearly have we paid our sin.
Dear Lord God, now give us leave—
Adam and me, his dear wife Eve—
To fare forth from this loathly place
Unto the bliss of heaven's grace !

OUR LORD.

Adam, I have given my life
For thee, and for Eve thy wife :
Thinkest thou I died for nought ?
Thro' my death mankind was bought.

ABRAHAM.

Dear Lord Christ, see me, I am
Him Thou called'st Abraham.
Do now what thou swarest me :
Bring me up to heaven with thee !

OUR LORD.

Abraham, I know full well
Every word thou me canst tell :—
That my Mother dear was born
And shapèd of Thy flesh and bone.

DAVID.

Lord, I'm David the King,
That was born of Thine offspring.
Keep Thy promise, as foretold
By the law of prophet old.
Now that 'Thou art come to us,
Bring us from this dreadful house

OUR LORD.

David, true : my kin is thine,
For thy goodness art thou mine :
More for thy own goodness
Than for any sibness.

JOHN.

Here, Lord Christ, Thou John dost see,
 In Jordan that baptized Thee.
 Now a twelvemonth by has gone
 Since I suffered martyrdom.
 Then Thou sent'st me right away
 Here to hell, that I might say
 That Thou, Christ, the Son of God,
 Soon should come to this abode,
 For to loose from pains of hell
 All thine own herein that dwell.
 Now Thou art come, now must Thou do
 What thou swarest thro' and thro'.

OUR LORD.

John ! ah John ! full well I wot
 What thou sayest, every jot.
 Thou shalt see what I shall do,
 That before I promised you.

MOSES.

Lord, Thou knowest all with skill,
 Sinai's law upon the hill ;
 The prophet Moses, here I stand,
 Who held Thy law in his right hand.
 Jesus, Thou of God the Son,
 Swarest, Thou to hell would'st come—
 Would'st haste to heal, with mercy fleet,
 The sins that Adam thought so sweet.

OUR LORD.

Moses ! what I ordered thee
 In the old law, thou did'st for me ;
 And all the rest, mine own that are,
 To heaven forth shall with me fare.
 They that me believed not,
 Only they behind shall stop,
 With Satan here to dwell for aye
 Till there cometh Domësdäy.

(Here the glory of Christ overpowers the darkness, fills Limbo with light, and hides hell. The Souls of the Just, glorified, are carried away in the light.)

EPILOGUE.

(Spoken also by the actor who personates Christ.)

God, for His mother's love,
 Let us all go above.
 Lord, for thy muckle grace.
 Grant us in heaven a place !
 Let us never now be lost,
 For no sin, O chosen host.
 Ah, bring us out of torment here,
 And all thine own, O Lord most dear ;
 And get us grace our lives to spend
 In Thy employ, in heaven to end !

"The third day He rose again from the dead" is the text of two plays—the *Resurrection of the Lord* and *Thomas of India*. The first of these takes in the time from the Entombment and our Lord's appearance to Mary Magdalene, and contains many beauties ; especially in Christ's pathetic exhortations to man to turn to virtue and the love of Him. But a few short specimens of the verse of this play must content us here :

The angels sing " Jesus resurgens," and afterward Jesus says :
 Earthly man that I have wrought
 Knowing, wake, and sleep thou not !
 With bitter pain I have thee bought,

To make thee free,
And in this dungeon deep I slept
For love of thee.

I was full wrother with Judás
For that he would not ask me grace,
Than I was wroth for his trespass
That he me sold :
I was ready to show mercy
Ask none he wold.

(The following passages come after the other two Marys have left Magdeline alone near the tomb.)

MARY MAGDALENE.

Alas ! what shall become on me ?
My caitiff heart will break in three
When that I think on that body,
How it was spilt ;
Thro' feet and hands nailed was He,
All without guilt.

How, if I had not loved that Sweet,
That for me suffered wounds all wet,
And after buried was beneath,
Could I such kindness know ?
Now is there nothing till we meet
May give me joy below.

My bliss is come, my care is gone,
That lovely one I've met alone,
I am as blithe in blood and bone
As ever was wight ;
Now is He risen that was gone,
My heart is light.
I am as light as leaf on tree,
For joyful sight that I can see,
For He it was. I know full well,
My Lord Jesu !

The touching complaints and appeals to meet with their fitting and natural answer from man in the following

FRAGMENT FROM " THOMAS OF INDIA. "

THOMAS.

Not unless I might my finger put in place where nails have stood,
And in His side my hands put in, there where He shed His heart's red blood.

JESUS.

Brethren all, be with you peace ! leave strife that now is here ;
Thomas ! of thine error cease ; of truth witness now bear ;
Put thy hand in my side :—no doubt : there Longeus' sword did pierce
Look, my rising is no less : no wanhope mar thy peace !

THOMAS.

Mercy, Jesus ! rue on me, my hand is bloody with Thy blood :
Mercy, Jesus ! for I see Thy might I have not understood.
Mercy, Jesus ! I Thee pray, that for all sinful died on rood ;
Mercy ! Jesus of mercy free, for Thy goodness that is so good.
Cast my staff away I will, and without weapon be,
Mercy will I call and cry, Jesus that hung on tree !
Rue on me, King of mercy, let me not cry thus long ;
Mercy ! thro' the villainy Thou bare from Jews with wrong.

My hat now will I cast away, my mantle soon anon,
 Unto the poorer help it may, for richer know I none.
 Mercy, Jesus ! Lord so sweet, for Thy five wounds so sore ;
 Thou sufferèd thro' hands and feet, Thy seemly side a spear it shore.
 Mercy, Jesus ! yet again, for thy dear Mother that Thee bare ;
 Mercy ! for the tears Thou shed when Thou raised Thy friend Lazare.
 My girdle gay and purse of silk, my coat, away Thou shall !
 For longer, while I such do wear, on mercy may I call.
 Jesus ! that sucked the maiden's milk, Thou ware no clothing gay ;
 They left Thee little, who on rood Thy clothes did take away.
 Mercy, Jesus ! honor of man ; mercy, Jesus ! man's succor ;
 Mercy, Jesus ! rue Thy love, man's soul, Thou bought full sore.
 Mercy, Jesus ! that may and can be our hope, and sin forgive ;
 Mercy, Jesus ! as Thou us won, forgive, and let Thy servant live !

Of the whole series of plays, perhaps the least interesting, taking it altogether, is the *Ascension of the Lord*, which recounts several appearances of our Lord to the apostles as well as His finally leaving them. It contains, however, many good passages, and is worth study. The few lines given here are from the latter part of it :

" He ascended into Heaven ; sitteth at the right hand of God the Father Almighty. Thence He shall come to judge the living and the dead."

JESUS.

With all my heart I bless you now—
 My Mother, my brothers, have good day !

Then He makes ready to ascend.

Father of Heaven ! with good intent
 I pray Thee, hear me specially ;
 From heaven till earth Thou hast me sent
 Thy name to preach and clarify ;
 Thy will have I done, all and some,
 On earth will I no longer be ;
 Open the clouds ! for now I come,
 In joy and bliss to dwell with Thee.

And he ascends, the angels singing " Ascendo ad Patrem meum."

1st ANGEL.

Ye men of Galilee,
 Wherefore marvel ye ?
 Heaven behold, and see
 How Jesus up can wend.
 Unto His Father free
 Where He sits in Majesty
 With him for aye to be
 In bliss without an end.
 And as we saw Him fly
 Unto heaven on high
 In flesh full bodily
 From earth now hither,
 Right so shall He, securely,
 Come down again full truly,
 With His wounds so bloody,
 To judge you all together.

Here space compels us to stop ; but these extracts might well be enlarged to the extent of a small volume without exhausting the beauties of these dramas or wearying lovers of genuine religious poetry.—*Nineteenth Century*.

M E D U S A .

BY H. ARTHUR KENNEDY.

IT was a night in spring, two friends who had been spending the evening with me were leaving me, and I came down with them to the house-door to watch their departure. As they went a neighboring church clock struck the half-hour after eleven; it was an early hour to break up at, but one of my friends was married—he had not so “married a wife” that therefore he could not come, but he had married a wife and therefore he must go early. His determined departure took away in its train the other friend, who seemed to carry about with him a dim aroma as of approaching nuptials, though I do not remember the grounds on which I make the accusation against him. I watched them off and waved my hand to them as they turned the corner of the street, and then for a few minutes I stood still on the doorstep looking out into the murkiness of the night.

It was not a warm night, and yet there was a fatiguing element of sultriness in its constitution; a kind of steamy, quick-breathed vaporous quality, suggesting that winter could not have it all his own way even in London. But he had enough of his way to make me soon glad to shut the house-door, and go back with a shiver to sit by the fire in my working-room. The fire had some life left in it yet, and a fire by which one has worked all day, and sat cosily all the evening, is so companionable a creature that it seems to develop by the day's end some sort of right over one, and I, for one, do not like to leave it to die in solitude, but love rather to sit by it while it fades into darkness, and, as it were, to close its eyes for it. Besides too—for I am not ashamed to own that my motives are mixed—to go to bed earlier than one's wont has about it a flavor of obedience to the laws of virtue as set forth in copy-books that makes it difficult of accomplishment.

So I sat by my sinking fire for something like half an hour, and let my thoughts take me where they would, and that was into neither very pleasant nor

very profitable places. Then the church clock interrupted my train of thought by striking out loudly again, and I took out my watch hurriedly, for I had forgotten what time it was, and I hate to listen and count while a clock strikes a great many strokes. For there is a nightmare of a story in my head of a man who was to be executed at twelve o'clock, and who had many, many prayers to make and thoughts to think before he could be fit for death, and who slept for a while and was wakened by a little clock striking very quietly, and who said to himself, “It is only six, or perhaps seven,” and then listened while the clock struck six, and then seven strokes, and still went on, and who felt in a dreadful despair that all the strength in his body could not delay the meaning of that little clock; and it went on until the twelfth stroke, and then there came footsteps to his door.

While the clock was still striking, I felt by a small diminution of light that something was happening to my solitary tallow candle, for the careless resources of lonely housekeeping had left me with only a tallow candle that night, much to my disgust, as I had my friends to entertain. I looked at the candle, and saw that a prodigious length of blackened wick had accumulated and was falling over in my direction, and I watched it as it slowly fell, and as it fell it grew, and grew beyond the manner of wicks, and became at first a leg, and then gradually a whole black-clad figure stepping somehow out of the candle, and becoming the size of life and advancing toward me.

He—for the figure was masculine—did not touch me nor speak to me, but walked the little way to the fireplace and leaned against the chimney-piece, looking downward at the fire, and putting up one foot on the fender as if to warm it. He was muffled in a cloak, and the foot in question had on it a tall riding-boot extending high up the leg. The leg, as I could see it, outlined on one side by fire and on the other by candle-light, was well shaped enough,

but the foot seemed to have a deformity similar to Lord Byron's. I looked up at his face, and that did not carry out the notion that the foot had suggested, though I seemed to recognize it without having ever seen it before, as I might have Lord Byron's. For it was a face the like of which I had often sketched, especially as I now saw it in profile; and I knew well enough *whom* I had meant the sketches to represent, and judged by a satirical glitter in the eye (that I should have added to my sketches if I had had the skill), that it was he indeed.

He had, I also fancied, a kind of a resemblance to myself, that I could not help feeling was uncomfortable. I thought that he seemed to wish me to commence a conversation with him, and so I refrained from making any acknowledgment of his presence, for I did not want him and I was not afraid of him, and being, by the circumstances of the evening, in a rather bad temper, I had a stolid determination not to let myself be out-stared or out-devilled by him.

So we maintained our relative positions and looked at one another quietly for a considerable time. I did not know if he could address me without my speaking to him first, and I thought that if he did he would have to address me as "mortal," and say something in King Cambyzes' vein that I should be able to laugh at him for.

This idea amused me so much that I felt my ill-humor was melting away under its influence, and that I was beginning to smile at him sardonically—nay, satanically—and it flashed across me that my expression must be becoming exceedingly like his own.

At last, quite suddenly, he burst out into a long fit of laughter and offered his hand to me, and I took it at once, and then we began to talk easily. I cannot tell who spoke the first, neither can I reproduce his words, for I do not remember them precisely, and I should do him an injustice (and we are proverbially bound to give him his due), for he spoke well. His voice and utterance I can best describe by saying that, if I had to plead with a woman for pity, I should wish to have just such a voice as his to do it with. He bore the burden

of the conversation and I interspersed commonplaces. He said that he was passing that way, he did not particularize how, and saw that I was lonely, and being alone himself, he felt moved to join me. He added that he thought that to-night our moods were much in sympathy, at which I made the most hospitable endeavors to appear pleased. There was the least touch of diffidence about his manner that made it seem possible that at this point he might introduce a document to be signed by me with ink of my own manufacture, but if he had any such intentions he refrained.

He went on to say, "Though we start from different points, and work toward different goals, your line of action and mine often lie parallel. For you, with the best of intentions—and I give you full credit for them—do much mischief to others and get yourself into plenty of trouble, and I, with the worst intentions in the world, at least in the world no one will allow me anything better than that, not unfrequently do a good deal of absolute good." I could not make much of this, but I let him go on in the same strain to find out what he wanted, for he was far from tiresome to listen to.

All he wanted was, it seemed, that I should come for a ride with him, in which event he would show me some—*fun*.

Rather an anti-climax this seemed after the serious antecedent; yet there was a slight pause before the word *fun*, and a look in his eye as it was pronounced, that settled in my mind that, of whatever nature it might be, it would not be like any of the things that the world calls by that name. And though I was on the high-road to sleep when he arrived, his arrival had made me thoroughly wakeful, and as I did not care greatly to go to bed with the prospect of a sleepless night before me, or to send him away and have my loneliness thrust in my face a second time that evening by his departure, I consented.

We rose to go; I left the candle burning, for I had a notion that something might happen to him if I put it out without consulting him, and I did not want anything to happen to him, as he was probably then in his pleasantest form. Also there would be an absurdity about

mentioning his singular method of appearing, when there he stood, looking so much like any one else. I felt sure that, if I did refer to it, he would say that he had come in at the door and that I had not heard him knock, and had probably been drinking (as I had).

So we left the candle, and I locked the door and followed him down-stairs, feeling just a little uncomfortable in the darkest parts of the passage, and much reassured when he issued out into the lamp-light with no perceptible alteration in his appearance.

We walked a few steps down the street together, and then crossed it to where two horses were standing tethered by the bridles to some railings. Their well-dressed coats shone in the lamp-light, and made them look like new-cast statues of bronze. They both stood very still, except for a way I noticed they had of lifting continually each hoof in succession as though the ground they stood on was scorching their feet. This action, together with their drawing now and then a deep breath with a sound surprisingly like a human sigh, made me not astonished that my companion should assist me to mount with some caution, adjusting the stirrup-leathers for me, and holding the steed's head until I was well settled in the saddle. His face was very visible to me as he stood in the full light of one of the street lamps; and, in spite of the bitterness that had certainly shaped some of its lines, I could not help liking it. One could see that he gave his whole mind to what he was about without *arrière-pensée*, and that is, I think, the sign of a man of whom it is possible to make a friend.

I began to look forward to the journey, during which I should make his more intimate acquaintance, with a kind of lazy pleasure that the singularity of his intrusion had thrown all the burden of guiding the conversation on to his shoulders.

When he too was mounted we started off together at a great pace, clattering over the stones of the deserted streets. It was not long before we were into those more crowded parts of the city where a kind of midnight fair is held by the light of guttering tallow candles and flaring petroleum lamps. Even here we

dashed along at the same speed; and yet, though nobody seemed to notice us, we seemed to disturb nobody. There was something uncanny in the skill with which I, at other times the most wretched of horsemen, could guide the mettled creature I was riding through the surging and shouting human labyrinth.

We were soon clear of that part of the city, and I breathed more freely when we were out of the crowd and on a deadly dull and almost deserted suburban road, where there was no difficulty in avoiding the occasional late foot-passenger. On we went as fast as fast could be, and yet with such measured regularity that I fell into a kind of mazed trance for a while, listening to the sound of my horse's hoofs, and wondering whether it was a great sum of money that I was counting out by handfuls of four, or only the dripping of the roof of my house after a great storm. What brought me fully to myself again was the cold breeze that sprung up as the full moon rose, and when we were well away from the city. The sky all round was dark-gray blue without stars, and clouds were everywhere moving rapidly with the wind. The moon was shining clearly, and we were galloping on between dark hedges that seemed to dance up and down on each side of us, while the road gleamed white below us, and could be seen dimly white ahead of us going up hill and down dale.

But not thinking much of moon, or road, or clouds, I gazed with intense curiosity at my companion. The whole situation was so new and strange after my work-a-day life, where everything that happened every day was the same as something that had happened before, and where even the most interesting people I knew had told me nearly all of the interesting things that they would or could ever tell me, and where only a spark or two of really enthralling interest got ever struck out between the flinty world and the unskillfully held steel with which one strove to shape it. And he was quite new to me, and possibly full of helpful information; for though I followed his leading I had not surrendered my will to him—I would only take what I wanted from what he seemed disposed to give, and put it to my own uses.

His face and appearance varied so under different aspects that it would be hopeless to try to describe him, the suggestion of a likeness in him to myself had been, I now thought, a foolish delusion on my part; there was pre-eminent in the expression of his face a freedom from perplexity, or from even the possibility of being perplexed, so that I greatly envied him.

On the road the noise of our riding was too loud for conversation, but presently—I have not the slightest conception how long after we had started—we turned from the highway and began riding over turf slopes, in the direction of the sea, as it seemed to me.

We slackened pace a little, and riding close together began to talk at once. I spoke first, driving straight at the question that was puzzling me, but beginning and breaking off in my sentence half a dozen times, until he answered the thought that was in my head, rather than anything that I had clearly expressed. I wanted to say: "Are you really the prince and source of evil and misery in the world, and if you are, what pleasure, in Heaven's name, can it be to you, and once more—what do you want with me?" He answered something like this:

"Call what the world calls temptation, sin, misery, and aspiration, by the one name of pain, and that is the element in which I live and work. I did not begin it nor add one atom to it, and I cannot diminish it; there was, is, will be, always the same amount of pain in the world, just as there always is the same amount of water; you cannot—to follow out my image—add to or lessen that, though you may sometimes dry your own coat or pour a bucket of water over your neighbor. Do I like it? I do not, as those I deal with always do, spend my time in thinking whether I like what must be. How can I tell? Whatever one's hand may be, all the cards are dealt out, and there are only four aces in a pack; besides, one can like everything from some level of view. But how few can I persuade to look for the level that their life should have! I say to one, 'My friend, the deepest and darkest hollow in your life, where the black vapors gather and whence they rise to spread everywhere, is some

passionate aspiration never to be fulfilled. Well then, let that stay where it is, be patient and humble (it is both wise and selfish to be so), and sink the rest of your life until the lowest point of that valley is the summit of a mountain, and from where you now are it is a great thing even to have aspired so passionately to so much; and the fulfilment of your desire, which was out of your reach even when the top of your mountain was the depth of a valley, is now safely remote in the sky beyond grieving for, as one cannot seriously cry for the moon. It is hard, maybe, but the hard things in life are its bones and give it most of its shape, and one can always die, and nearly always one can live. But who listens to *this*, for I must tell all the other possibilities and all their consequences, though I suggest nothing and tempt to nothing; and the impatient hearer snatches at the cause and pleads my temptation when the effect, surely foretold but unregarded, follows; while the godly hearer treats my exposition with an arrogant rudeness, and when I have courteously withdrawn and left him in the hopeless safety with which stupidity environs the stupid, makes a bland fugue to himself of 'I have resisted him and he has fled from me.' If it were in me to waste time in thought without effect, I should wonder that mankind being what they are, any one of them should ever care to love or to hate another. I said once, 'Ye shall be as gods, knowing good and evil,' and a momentous event followed the speech. If the god-like gain does not nearly counterbalance the knowledge of evil, of pain, am I—not *responsible*, for if the universe holds *one* fully responsible being it holds no more—but untruthful? Does not the pain follow the ignorance bestowed on man from other hands than mine? Yet from me, not *able* to speak anything but the naked truth, nor any less than the whole of it, have mankind constructed all the lies they have ever told and have named me the father of them."

As he spoke in this way, and as the sea-air blew fresher on our faces, and the horses galloped together, keeping time like musicians, and as I watched his face which emphasized each sentence he uttered, it seemed as if a clearer light

was shed on my life, as if it might be for the future not such a mistake as it had been; that the pain in it might be suffered for those for whom it is the deepest pleasure to suffer pain. But when he paused for me to reply, I felt again the clothing of flesh and blood I had to wear, and its inevitable ignorance and inconsistency—inevitable, and therefore for it, *right*, and which he could not understand, though he understood both the devotion and the misery of humanity.

I felt this with a gush of pity, for it clouded the possibility of intercourse, and seemed to change him even then and there from something like an angel of light to the mocker and the blackened satyr that the inconsistency of our nature has made him. He seemed for the time less conscious than I of the change in him, for he waited some moments after I had given up all idea of possible answer, and then he suddenly struck his horse with the end of the reins, threw his head up, and began to sing in other tones than those he had used but now:

- "I fancy sometimes when I long to laugh
I should like to grin with the dead from
the grave,
From under a marble cenotaph,
With every blazon the virtuous have:
A huge four-poster, where he who lay
in it
Might oversleep the judgment day in it.
- "How I would chuckle under the stones
To hear them rehearse my epitaph;
Shaking my most respectable bones
With an un-abashable satyr-laugh
To think, 'How he lied too when he had
breath!'
When they solemnly read 'Here lieth in
death.'
- "And my 'virtuous walk as a husband and
son,'
What says Deborah, laid here long since,
to the first?
And two pauper graves, the scant word
whereon
Names with my name hearts that my heart
have cursed?
And my life, see 'Temperate!' Tra-la-la.
'Sober!' He-he. And 'Chaste!' Ha-ha.
- "And those texts of Scripture—I cannot quote
them
Lest I split my coffin boards in glee,
Letting in the ooze—and the prig who wrote
them
As most appropriate all to me,
Were anything left of the breath of me
yet
The dog would be the death of me yet.

"To see too the solemn farce proceed
In which I have played to such loud ap-
plause!
No harm, you know, it was all decreed,
And the cast filled up by a great First
Cause.
Yes the death's head, with least ado,
Laughs the last and the longest too."

I felt bitter pain at the change in his mood and mine, but in the rhythm of his song there was something like the effect of a deadly opiate, and I must have fallen asleep for a moment at its close, for I went through with a dream that I have often dreamt in waking.

A dream of a vivid glimpse of battle as known by one of a broken army, lying just where he had been thrown, with a fevered exultation that the mere pain of crushed limbs prevailed over the agony of defeat. Dimly around him was the blazon of war, so unlike all picture or description of it, slow, mechanical, confused, and feet came trampling toward this one, and his heart was so swollen that it seemed to press itself against his ribs more urgently than they could give it room, and the foot of a victorious foe pressed his body, and he could hardly hear or see; but he knew that a bright blade was poised, and a question asked that he could deny with a clear soul by just raising his unwounded arm over his head, leaving the left side open. And then the blade came splendidly down between the ribs, sweet and cool, into the laboring heart, and he laughed to think of the welling blood and the hideous sight left to the conqueror, and the unutterable peace at last for him.

I woke up with a shudder, shook off me the nerve-thrilling power of the tones of his singing voice, and found a change in the scene about me. We were now going down a steep road between high banks with hedges on the tops of them, a rough road of stiff clay, mended in many places with large pebbles, water-rounded and telling that the sea was not far off. Our horses went on swiftly and carefully, the banks seemed to rise above us at every step, and presently we came out between tall cliffs on to a shingled bay, and the sea lay stretched out before us.

The moon was high up now and muffled in clouds, and there were great masses of dark liquid shadow about the rocks. The sea was still, and on it out

to the left there was a faint glow as of the reflection of 'much dancing light ; the light was just reflected, too, on some of the lowest misty clouds.

Our horses saw it as soon as we did, and without a word we made off for the left-hand angle of the bay, they sliding and scrambling down from ridge to ridge of the amphitheatre that the waves had built out of the gray shingle, and I amusing myself with my absurd sense of security in doing what at any other time would have been absurdly insecure for me. Down to the angle of the bay we came, and as the rocks were unscalable there, we swam our horses out to sea by the side of a long black spit of rock until we reached a point where it was low enough for us to get upon it. There my companion scrambled ashore, and helped me to make a landing too, and the horses went away the way they had come. After a little climbing we stood looking landward toward a dim roadway rather than road that seemed to lead up to some point among the cliffs where the light was.

The clouds quite covered the moon now, and made it very dark, and the way before us seemed anything but a secure one. Suddenly my companion leaned forward and whistled shrilly into the darkness ; and I saw at length that a phosphorescent light that had been hovering over one of the pools in the clayey soil had recognized the signal and was coming toward us. It obeyed the signal distinctly, but it came in a strangely wayward fashion, sometimes moving to one side of the direct path to go and brood over a pool of water that we could only discern when the dim light was mirrored in it. It behaved much like a pet cat, that while obeying a summons from an acknowledged friend makes pauses for unnecessary ablution, and other assertions of liberty of action. It arrived at last about our feet and made a pause. I thought I could distinguish a kind of weird childlike form or face in the midst of it, but when I looked at it directly, it twinkled with such suddenness and brilliancy that I had to turn away my eyes. My companion stooped and whispered to it, and it whistled and sputtered in reply. He looked up at me with a smile, and said : " I am asked for your passport, but I

can assure it for you without asking for your word to it." " What is it " said I, and the will-o'-the-wisp now moving slowly before us and shedding his light steadily on the path, began to sing as if in reply :

" A little, a very little sin,
A little deafness to virtue's din
A touch of nature to make us kin
With the merriest half of the world we are in,
A little sin. . .

" Dear little sin, so hard to leave
And so dear that to quit you and make you
grieve
Is not to be thought of, a saint might believe
With you in his heart into heaven to win—
Dear little sin !

" Poor little sin, with the childlike face,
And just the teasing, tiresome grace
Of a child that begs in the market-place.
And with hardly a hint of the devil within—
Poor little sin !

" Little dainty sin, with the delicate taste
Of a slender lady whose exquisite waist
Is neither over nor under-laced ;
Whose apparel is neat as a new-made pin—
Little dainty sin !

" Tiny sin, what stories the good books tell
! Of you ! Yet we hoard you, we cherish you
well ;
For even of such is the Kingdom of Hell :
And the devil, our master, has baited his gin
With the tiniest sin."

As the will-o'-the-wisp finished his song the moon broke out of the clouds again, attracting my attention and making me suddenly wonder if I were becoming mad, that I thought so continually about the moon. We had done a long scramble now, and were high up the cliffs and near, I could see, to the light that was our destination. The way was plain and even enough, so my companion dismissed our flickering torch-bearer, and he blazed up and started off gliding in a swift zigzag down the hill, taking every puddle in his way and sweeping over its gleaming surface with an exulting swish, until he reached his stagnant birthplace, and hung there again almost motionless.

We went on our way, and my fellow-traveller began to talk again in a mood that might be either earnest or jesting.

" The strangest thing about you all," he said, " is that, though you are deeply scientific and striving to be more so about the weight, size, color, and so forth of stars, that you cannot do any-

thing with, and which at last you have found can do nothing for you, yet you are content to know nearly nothing, and trust to traditional and quite empirical guides about the play of influences between you and your fellow-man."

"See, for instance, the virtuous man endeavoring to reclaim one who is the prey to a vice. He can seldom remove from his mind as irrelevant the feeling that the sinner before him has got out of his vice a certain enjoyment denied to the more moral, and that consequently the department of virtue, in which when retrieved he ought to be placed, should have a corresponding degree of the dismal about it. This makes a difficulty at the very beginning, for the virtuous one will not acknowledge to the sinner that any enjoyment can exist in the vice, but stigmatizes it as in every way vile, degrading, filthy, and so following. The poor dear sinner cannot but feel that there is something to be said for this view of the case, yet, 'the knave is mine honest friend;' a vice that has companioned a man through many turns of fortune cannot be spoken of with such disparagement as that without hurting his feelings and suggesting to his smarting soul, that perhaps this enthusiasm for virtue is more or less connected with a stomach too feeble for the fit digestion of cakes and ale. And thus they part, the one who was genuinely willing to give a good deal to be helpful, and the other possibly willing to be helped if help there might be, both assured now that the purposed reclamation is beyond hope."

"I understand you," I answered him; "but I think your sneer is an easy one, easier than it would be to propose a better means without losing the clear distinction between good and evil."

"I have told you," said my companion, "that I don't deal in temptation, and it would be inconsistent with that if I could produce a ready-made irresistible form of persuasion to or from virtue. Yet I think I could make out a better plan than that on the spur of the moment. (If good and evil *are* two things, and not two parts of one, no words can really confuse the distinction.) Say that I borrow a hint from medicine and try inoculation. I take

the same sinner as before, with his one besetting vice and a very moderate inclination to be got away from it, if somebody else will take a deal of trouble. I then present to his notice, not virtue, but another vice of equal attractions with his own and different tendencies. If he takes to it he finds a freshness and a variety about the second vice that makes him think less of the first, but the second being a thing of to-day, cannot suddenly get the hold on him that it took the other years to acquire. It occurs to him about this period to reflect for the first time where this kind of thing is likely to lead him, since wherever it may be he is obviously going thither now in a carriage and pair. By this I have him you see in considerable perplexity, and loosely attached to two vices instead of being bound hand and foot to one. Then I present myself to him and receive his confidence, and he tells me his woes and his difficulties. These I make light of, which at once arouses a sense of opposition in his mind, and I proceed to tell him that whatever he may have to grumble at in his position, it is at any rate as nothing to the dreary discomforts of virtue, and on these I descant in a tone of levity that is extremely painful to his present feelings. He gazes at me for a while in perplexity, and at last his countenance lightens and assumes that look of unutterable profundity that the males of your species have acquired by the process of remarking through successive centuries, to a less logical but, on the whole, more sensible sex, "You don't understand these things, my dear." And with this aspect he delivers himself of the remark that there is something to be said for virtue, after all. This I playfully admit in deference to his judgment, but suggest that in *his* case the process of conversion would be a long and tedious one, and, on the whole, not worth his while. He at once says that it is not so at all, and at the same time begins really to think it; and having got so far, the scheme develops almost of itself, and in brief space he has hoisted the colors of virtue, and is endeavoring to enlist me to serve under them."

I was half amused, half angry at his talk, but I could not find much answer to make to it, and presently a turn in

the roadway changed my thoughts by bringing us face to face with a strange scene.

We were entering a small valley with high green sides, it was full of light from innumerable torches, and here and there a fire, and it was crowded with figures moving in a dazzling confusion. The shifting of the lights as the wind affected them, and as they were now shown and now hidden by masses of figures, the strange enclosed look that this oasis of hot-colored light had amid the vastness of the night and the moonlight, the spaces of brilliancy that sometimes shone on the green sides of the valley and were eclipsed again, and the inextricable, changing, agitated pattern of light and dark woven on the grassy floor by the infinite shadows of a hundred wayward figures lit by a hundred wayward lights—all this, and the fullness of the air of varied sound more or less human and more or less musical, for awhile dazed my senses and my thoughts.

But to this succeeded an intense desire to know something about all these strange people and creatures (for here and there came a centaur or a satyr, or some such being of an elder world). They seemed to be of all times and all manners of dress; but there was some mysterious bond between them so that the differences made no discords, as they would surely in the outer world. Some, it seemed to me, were people I knew, and yet with a strange difference that prevented their being completely recognizable; and others, again, whom I did not know had an inexplicable suggestion about them that made them seem familiar to me. I called to my companion. "Are not these people—not as they are, but as they *think* they are?" "A good guess," he answered. "Some are *that*, it is allowed to them, if they can get here, to be so for one night in the year, and some have gained for this night the desire that in the outer world is forever refused them.

"Do you see that old man with the grimy basket and spade? He longs for a state that has an aristocracy of genius, and in which all social positions whatsoever are determined by relative strength of intellect. It is an unpractical scheme, but most unselfish on his part,

for while in the world he has wealth, position, and a share in the government of his country, here you perceive he empties dust-bins. Those jolly old toppers desire only infinite thirst and infinite wine of the best quality, there are many here more foolish than they.

"Do you see that beautiful girl smiling and talking with a ring of eager, impatient lovers, who look hearts and darts at her, daggers at each other, and sublime indifference on all the world besides? Well, in every-day life, that girl, with a clever head and a splendid heart, is so ill-favored that as long as she lives no man will ever dream of asking love from her, be he never so wretched; and she knows it, and strives hard not to hate those who have the gift of beauty, and to-night, for once in her life, she has the gift herself; keep her secret and watch how she queens it with her little court, and pays away the coquetry that she has hoarded in her heart for the length of her life. Will she have time to-night to find out that even this delight has its alloy? How will she, do you think, remember to-night to-morrow? Her life henceforward cannot be quite the same as it was before.

"That man with the haggard face, do you hear the incoherent frenzy that he utters to himself? His life in the world is a wreck, he suffers in his soul unceasing agony, yet he cannot seek death, for the chance that from the tortured activity of his brain might yet spring some fertile thought of use to mankind. Here he has the only solace possible to him, he is *mad*, and the inconsecutiveness of madness eludes the bonds of continual pain, and his imagination ranges at its will possessing all things."

I wandered away from my guide to wonder by myself at the strange beings about me: some seemed to me as if they were by-gone fancies of my own, unachieved and having existence only here, and some seemed in a manner linked with wild and foolish thoughts of mine, and made my blood tingle with shame as they flitted past me with a smile of recognition. My guide followed me after a while, and then leading me to a part of the valley where there was dancing going forward, suggested that we should join. Nothing at the moment seemed better worth doing, so I asked

the hand of a slender-limbed pliant wood-nymph of a creature with eyes like those of a fawn. I could see that my guide smiled at some, to him, unwise in my selection, but he refrained from speech, and led out, on his part, a girl with rounded limbs and a face void from its very perfection. We did not join hands in dancing, but my partner from a belt of flame that girt her waist drew out a long fiery strand, which, when she threw it at me, coiled round my body linking us together. As the figures of the dance sometimes took us far apart, the chain of fire was drawn out to a thin line of brilliant sparks, and then it would break, and flashing back to its owner, coil and blaze around her waist to be thrown anew to me.

Our movements were made to the time of a song that we sang, something like this :

“ Sudden sorrow, sudden light,
O'er the soul too slackly bent
Of him who needeth not repent
Break, inextricably blent
Through the haze of his content.
Peace, but peace plucked out of fight,
And to fall again in strife,
Is the dancing hour of life.

“ Dance and song and fantasy
Cannot dwell with joy alone :
But between the loss and moan,
Between the death-stroke and its groan,
Is a moment to atone :
Moment of no lethargy,
Given more than mortal power,
Soul's transcendent dancing hour.”

A flash of vivid recognition broke for me the spell of the dance; a chance chasm had opened for a moment right through the environment of shifting masses of people, and I saw a figure that I knew. The fire-chain broke into thin smoke, and I began to make my way through the flitting crowd until I was stopped for a moment by him who had brought me hither. “What are you looking for?” he said detaining me. “A friend,” I answered, I could not say more to him. “Do not go,” he went on, “no good can come of it, nothing but danger; it is not well to cross her path—she is Medusa; if she turns her eyes upon you she will freeze you into stone, into a death worse than any death. I know with what power she draws you to her, but nothing can be worth the price she exacts. I beseech you stay—at least

pause.” I made him the answer that is always made to such advice; I flung him off and went my own way.

She sat remote from the throng near a small rift in the valley wall which showed her a glimpse of the sea, nor did she move as I slowly approached her. She was seated on a low rock, the elbow of one arm resting on her knee. The fingers of that hand held lightly the string of rubies that encircled her neck, and her chin rested on the back of it while the other hand hung loosely beside her. “Not Medusa,” I said, for the masses of her hair, touched here and there with gold from the distant torchlight, were distinct in every exquisite curve, except that they were ringed as by a circle of dim blue cloud with a little shivering motion in it. Surely not Medusa, for though the side of her face only was toward me, and her eyes were turned away looking out over the dark sea, so that I hardly saw the iris, it were blasphemy to think that danger could lurk in so exquisite a face as that. To look on it was to feel that all doubt, hope, despair, struggle whatsoever, was gone from the soul, to make room for one immense emotion of adoration. The whole world of action, of life, and of thought, was empty of all but the two things—death, and her beauty.

How can words describe the beauty that is so divine that the heart cannot hold the fulness of it, but is again and again thrilled with surprised delight at its excellence? To try is only to make a heap of epithets. If it had been the highest aim of splendid pagan Phidias to shape that head and perfect form of hers for the noblest and purest goddess that Greece could conceive, and if, again, some mediæval Italian, full of mystic devotion for the Divine Virgin, and of deep fanciful Dantesque passion, had added to face and form touches of thought and possibility, and exquisite, almost *happy* melancholy; and if, once more, our greatest Shakespeare had infused and vivified the whole with his best conception of womanhood, tender, humorous, and pure, and if the intelligence that presided at my birth and knew by the stars that shone what would be my deepest aspirations, had dowered this Pandora with the gift to more than

fulfil them all--that would be for me loveliness like this.

But when the beauty had pierced more and more deeply into my heart, I thought *then*: She must be Medusa, and she will look at me once; it were too cruel else. I knelt by her side and began to say: "You *will* look at me. Only in our brain-clouded world is beauty without mercy, with you beauty is fearless and pitiful. There is a story of a straying hunter who by chance saw a virgin goddess unveiled, and she changed him into a stag and let him be hunted to death by his own dogs; people in the world call that revenge, I say it is pity. She would not let him lead a weary life after that, nor would she quench the flame of adoration in his heart at once; but she gave it time to burn awhile, with the dog's pursuit and the pangs to break off the hopeless thoughts as they rose. That is the story, and I have sometimes fancied this ending to it. That a horn blown on the hill-side called off the masterless dogs, leaving the hunted hunter yet alive; and that he limped back to the sheltered pool again, and found the white-limbed goddess still beside it, and then with his muzzle upon her knee, and perhaps even her hand upon his head, sobbed out the last of his life, with her gray eyes looking into his fading ones. Have you some such last moment for me?"

She lifted the hand that hung by her side, and laid it upon my forehead, and once again on that strange night I began to dream—dreams hard to describe, for I think there was little said or done in them; the delight of them was the exquisite sense of companionship with her; and as dreams will do, they enshrined that companionship, of itself sufficient to make an elysium in the fairest places known to thought or fancy.

At one time it was, I think, in a halting-place for pilgrims, in the days when Chaucer and pilgrimages were. We sat together resting, with milk and crisp bread and fragrant honey spread on a white cloth before us, in a kind of half-consecrated pilgrim hostelry, in an upstairs room with great open balcony and outside staircase—a room that looked the cooler for the hot sunshine shining outside on the river and on the fresh

grass full of daisies, and on dusty foot-travellers and clinking riders in their mail. How the reflected sunlight loved her, and what soft lights it breathed on her face, and what color it shed into its shadows! It caressed every plait and fold of her dress, from the delicate lace at her throat to the hem at her feet, and touched every thread of gold in the pattern of the brocade she wore as if that were woven out of sunshine too.

There were other people in the room—an old nun with half a dozen quaintly dressed hungry schoolgirls, who all looked at us and talked of us half audibly from the standpoints of their varying ages. We talked too, and laughed at delicious trivialities, either striving to be more childish than the other. We discussed a sunbeam flickering about the polished beams of the ceiling, and having found that when he danced most there rose from below the sound of thirsty horses drinking, we decided that a ray of sunlight on the horse-trough was his origin, and descended to less arduous topics. The lady nun turned a stern countenance on us at first, but my companion's pure sweet face soon melted her severity (as what might it not?) and the youngest of the little hooded creatures was allowed to come across the room, and after due crossing of her little bosom, and the lisping of a fragment of baby-latin grace, to demolish bread and honey, in spite of the worldly beauty of my fellow-pilgrim or my own worldly passion. The dream shifted and broke many times, as dreams do, with always, *always* the same thread of gold in it, and all manner of beautiful colors twisted in with that thread—I think it ended with our hearing some great choral heart-stirring music, something very sacred, with silvery bell-chiming and vast organ fugues, we two listening alone, in the great frescoed nave of a vast dim cathedral.

As it ended, I woke to a shrill sound as of cock-crow, and I saw there was growing light in the sky. I looked about for the weird company who had filled the valley, and saw that their torches were burning out, and they themselves fading away, and at the same time I felt that even the remembrance of them was becoming indistinct in my mind.

I turned swiftly round again to her, by

whose feet I knelt, my heart leaping with terror at the thought that she might have disappeared in that moment. But she was still by me, though the cloud around her head had grown large and had begun to shadow her face. I leaned forward and turned my face up to hers, but I never saw it, a freezing blindness consumed my eyes, and she shook her masses of hair over me, and I felt them fall on my shoulders like a wave of blood, and then turn to a shuddering mass of serpents.

Felt only for a moment, for the stony

cold soon gained the heart, and wedged out of it the life—soul—what do you call it?—that fragile waif, like a bubble of foam that the sea-wind blows ashore, and that leaps from ridge to ridge of the hot sand, less palpable at every bound.

And the body with the heart that beat not long since! A gray stone with a dim grotesque mockery of human form about it, left in a cliff valley, where no one cares to seek it, with the sea-surf to crust it with salt, and the black and yellow lichens to cover it with color inch by inch.—*Contemporary Review*.

SOME INDIAN STORIES.*

BY W. R. S. RALSTON.

WE have poetic authority for the statement that the path of empire wends its way westward. Whether this be true or not, there seems to be good reason for believing that the progress of popular fiction has been in a westerly direction. The light thrown upon the field of European folk-lore by recent researches has enabled its explorers to trace some of its products clearly back to an eastern home; while others, which were at first supposed to be indigenous, are at least suspected of being naturalized aliens of Oriental extraction. However this may

be, the mere supposition that a great part of the popular literature of Europe owes its existence to Asiatic fancy invests the legendary lore of Asia with a special interest, and renders widely attractive such collections of Eastern legends and fables as might otherwise seem to concern only the limited circle of Oriental scholars. Of two of the important but not generally known story-collections which have lately appeared in an English garb it is here proposed to give some idea to the general reader, who may not be aware how much that is universally interesting is contained in volumes which are too often confined to the libraries of specialists. One of these works, although its contents are not invariably edifying, belongs to the domain of sacred literature, and has been written down by the pens of pious ecclesiastics. The other is of a more worldly nature, being partly due to the fancy of a poetic prime minister, who turned an older collection of tales into verse, in order "to enable the memory more readily to retain the complicated net of narrative instruction." To a few other minor translations of Oriental stories, contained in volumes which are less bulky and may be more generally known, some reference will also be made. In dealing with all of these products of the Asiatic mind, special attention will be paid to those narratives which throw most light upon Eastern ideas about morality and religion. Let

* (1) Tibetan Tales, derived from Indian Sources. Translated from the Tibetan of the Kahgyur by F. Anton von Schiefner. Done into English from the German, with an introduction, by W. R. S. Ralston. (2) The Kathâ Sarit Sâgara, or Ocean of the Streams of Story. Translated from the Original Sanskrit by C. H. Tawney. (3) Indian Fairy Tales. Collected and Translated by Maive Stokes. With Notes by Mary Stokes, and an Introduction by W. R. S. Ralston. (4) Old Deccan Days, or Hindoo Fairy Legends current in Southern India. Collected from Oral Traditions by M. Frere. With an Introduction and Notes by Sir Bartle Frere. Third Edition. (5) Folk-Tales of Bengal. By the Rev. Lal Behari Day, Author of "Bengal Peasant Life."

The present article was in type before the "Folk-Tales of Bengal" appeared. We have been unable therefore, to make use of them. We can only recommend the book cordially to all who are interested in India and in Indian folk-lore. The author is a convert to Christianity, and he is a Professor in Hooghly College. His work forms an excellent supplement to the admirable collections of Miss Frere and Miss Stokes.

us begin with a few specimens from one of the sacred books of Tibet. But first a few words about the book itself.

A Hungarian nobleman, Count Teleky, was standing in front of his house one day, three and sixty years ago, when he saw a young neighbor passing by, clad in a thin yellow garment, carrying a staff in one hand and a small bundle in the other. "Where are you going, M. Körösi?" asked the Count. "To Asia, in search of our kinsmen," was the reply. And away eastward, with but a scantily supplied purse, sturdily walked the enthusiastic young Hungarian scholar, Alexander Csoma Körösi, hoping to find somewhere in Central Asia the original home of those Huns from whom the Magyar inhabitants of Hungary are supposed to have descended, and to recognize in some unfamiliar race the far-away cousins of the compatriots he had left behind him in Central Europe. Wearily, painfully, overcoming countless obstacles by sheer strength of will, the Hungarian pilgrim made his way as far as Tibet, where he studied long and hard. Thence he brought to Calcutta the rich fruits of his researches, and in that city he spent some time, engaged in studies which produced linguistic results of the highest value. But his mind was ever bent on realizing the dream of his youth. In 1842 he set out on a fresh expedition to Tibet. On the way thither he was struck down by illness at Darjiling, in Nepal. And there he died, a victim, as Professor Max Müller has said, "to his heroic devotion to the study of ancient languages and religions." He never found the home of his ancestors which he so eagerly longed to discover. But in the Buddhist monasteries in which he lived for years, on the high, bleak, table-land of Tibet, he did discover what was much more useful to mankind in general, a vast religious literature until his time all but unknown. The sacred books, which he was one of the first to make known to Europe, he also rendered available to Western scholars by producing the first serviceable grammar and dictionary of which the little studied Tibetan language could boast. Very interesting and pathetic is the account given of him in the Introduction to the late Professor Schiefner's translation of "Tibetan

Tales derived from Indian Sources," based upon communications made by the well-known Hungarian traveller, Professor Arminius Vámbéry, the distinguished Orientalist, Dr. S. C. Malan, and other linguists. At one time we see him sitting "in a wretched hut at the door of a monastery, reading aloud Buddhistic works with a Lama by his side. When a page was finished the two readers would nudge each other's elbows. The question was which of them was to turn over the leaf, thereby exposing his hand, for the moment unprotected by the long furred sleeve, to the risk of being frost-bitten." Again he is brought before our eyes in the study, from which he rarely emerged, in the library of the Asiatic Society at Calcutta, "absorbed in a dreamy meditation, smiling at his own thoughts, as silent as the Brahmans who were copying Sanskrit texts." And finally we are shown the hut wherein he ended his days, in which, "on a mat on the floor, with a box of books on the four sides, he sat, ate, slept, and studied. He never undressed at night, and rarely went out during the day." Among the results of his labors, not the least valuable was the analysis he made of the vast collection of Tibetan sacred books known as the "Kahgyur" and "Tangyur." The "Kahgyur," or "Translation of Commandments," extends over about one hundred volumes, and consists of Tibetan translations of Sanskrit Buddhistic writings. The "Tangyur" is a compilation in Tibetan of all sorts of literary works, written by many ancient Indian and a few Tibetan sages, and it numbers no less than two hundred and twenty-five volumes. It was from the "Kahgyur" that Professor Schiefner translated the legends and fables which are contained in the first of the works of which the titles are given at the head of this article.

There is little or nothing that is absolutely new to Oriental scholars in these Tibetan versions of Indian Buddhistic narratives. But they are interesting and valuable as showing the difference which exists between North and South Buddhism, as well as between early and late Buddhistic ideas. The fables are for the most part inferior to their Páli counterparts in the Jātakas. But some of

the longer legends are sufficiently remarkable to render a summary of their contents justifiable. Let us take, for instance, the story of a monarch whose wishes were successively granted until he asked for too much.

King Māndhātara was a ruler after a Hindoo's heart. He came not into the world in the usual way, but emerged from "a very soft tumor, somewhat resembling a cushion of cotton or wool," which protruded from his father's head. His virtues and merits were so great that he acquired supernatural power, and all his wishes were realized the moment that they were conceived. Consequently he soon became the lord of the whole earth. But when no more earthly lands remained for him to conquer, he did not sit down and weep like Alexander. On the contrary, "he rose heavenward, surrounded by his thousand sons, accompanied by an army one hundred and eighty millions strong," and successively subdued the various regions which lie around "Sumeru, the monarch of mountains," until he reached its summit, the abode of the Thirty-three Gods.

There he found the city of the gods, Sudarsana by name, surrounded by seven rows of golden walls, with windows set in them above and below, and with quadruple cornices of gold, silver, beryl, and crystal. Inside the walls was a vast space, "fair to see, pleasant, extensive, and copiously variegated with a hundred colors, and the ground was soft, extremely soft, like a cushion of cotton or wool, yielding to the pressure of the foot, rising again when the foot was lifted, and covered knee-deep with coral-tree flowers; when a wind arose, the faded blossoms were swept away and a rain of fresh flowers descended." The marketplace was "fair to see, strewn with golden sand, sprinkled with sandal-wood water, covered over with gold trellis-work," and on every side were to be seen fountains of various kinds, formed of gold, silver, beryl, and crystal, and "full of water which was cool and honey-sweet, set thick with blue, red, and white lotuses, replete with many water-haunting birds of beautiful form, which gave agreeable utterance to charming sounds." Around grew "blossoming and fruit-bearing trees of beauteous

form and stately growth." Among these trees were many "wishing trees," from which "whatever the sons or daughters of the gods wished for, that thing came into their hands as soon as they had expressed their wish.

In the middle of the city rose what, from a distance, seemed to be "something white, which soared aloft like an accumulated mass of cloud," but which was in reality the crystal palace in which the "Thirty-three Gods and the Four Mahārājas meet together, and view, scan, and test the affairs of gods and men." In it were arranged the seats of "the Thirty-three Gods, those of the Thirty-two Under-kings, and the seat of Sakra [or Indra], the King of the Thirty-three Gods." At the end of their seats a place was prepared for King Māndhātara when he entered.

But he was not content with this arrangement, and "he came to the conclusion that Sakra, the King of the Gods, ought to give up to him half of his own seat." No sooner had he conceived this idea than Sakra yielded to him half of his seat, and the King of the Gods and King Māndhātara sat side by side. And while they sat there in state it was impossible to detect any difference between them, "except that Sakra, the King of the Gods, never closed his eyes."

While King Māndhātara was living in the divine city, a war broke out between the Gods and the Asuras. He went forth to the field, and so terribly did his bow-string clang, so high did his war-chariot soar into the air, that the Asuras fled panic-stricken into their stronghold. "Then King Māndhātara came to the conclusion that he was superior to the Thirty-three Gods." He reflected that he possessed all the continents of the earth; that he was the owner of the seven mystic treasures; that he had "a full thousand of heroic sons, endowed with the beauty of splendid bodies, victorious over hosts of foes;" that a rain of precious stones had fallen within his palace for the space of seven days; that he had made his way to the city of the Thirty-three Gods; that he had entered into the hall of the Gods, and that the King of the Gods had ceded to him half of his seat; "and he came to the conclusion that he must

expel the King of the Gods, Sakra, from his seat, and take into his own hands the government of both gods and men."

But "as soon as he had conceived this idea the great King Māndhātara came to the end of his good fortune." Returning to his earthly home, he fell ill and died. But before he departed he addressed the officers of state, who came together to hear his last words, and pointed out to them how fleeting are earthly pleasures. "The wise man," he remarked, "he who knows that wishes bring but little enjoyment and much sorrow, takes no delight even in divine enjoyments. The hearer of the perfected Buddha rejoices when desire fails. Even if a mountain of gold were like unto Himavanta, yet it would not suffice for the wealth of a single individual: that the discerning one knows full well. He who observes sorrows, starting from this base, how can he take pleasure in enjoyments? He who is steady, who has learned to recognize the thorn in the treasures of the world, will learn the essence of things to his own correction." So impressed were his saddened subjects by these words of their dying lord, that "many hundreds of thousands of men renounced house-life, retired from the world, and lived in the forest, fulfilling all the four duties of Brahmans, and abandoning all striving after enjoyment."

The successive realizations of King Māndhātara's desires, and his sudden collapse when he wished to dethrone the King of the Gods, met with a curious parallel in the German story of "The Fisherman and his Wife," the nineteenth of Grimm's collection. In it all that the wife desires is for a long time granted by a grateful fish which her husband had spared. She craves first riches and then rank. The fishing couple become wealthy and aristocratic. She desired a throne, and she is made a queen. But even then she is discontented, and insists upon being made the Pope. When the fish hears of this demand its patience and gratitude come to an end, and along with them the good luck of the fisherman and his wife. They find themselves once more poor folks in their original hovel. In another German variant of the tale the final and fatal wish is the fisherman's, who says, "Let me be God,

and my wife the Mother of God." This same moral is inculcated by the German folk-tale (and its numerous variants in different European lands) and by the Indo-Tibetan legend. They are both, in all probability, of Buddhistic origin, and they may claim a kind of cousin-like affinity.

Another of the Indian legends contained in the "Kahgyur" belongs to a section of tales familiar to English readers, the group of which the best known representative is the story of "Beauty and the Beast." The Tibetan rendering is very inferior to its South-Buddhistic original, but it is not deficient in either quaintness or pathos. A king had a son named Kusa, who was heroically strong, but who unfortunately "possessed the eighteen signs of ugliness, and a face like that of a lion." In order that the youth might not know how hideous he was, he was brought up without ever having seen a mirror or even the surface of standing water. And when he married, he was ordered never to show himself to his wife in the day-time, or by artificial light, lest she should find that she was wedded to a monster. After a time, however, the curiosity of the Tibetan Psyche was aroused. One night she lighted a lamp and covered it up with a bowl. When her husband arrived she lifted the bowl, and then for the first time she saw that he had "the eighteen marks of unsightliness and a face like a lion's jaw," so she exclaimed, "A demon! a demon!" and fled away to her father's house. Sorrowfully did her deserted husband seek to recover her. Several times he, unrecognized, won her heart by his address. But whenever she saw his face she always uttered the same cry and fled. At last he displayed such heroic qualities in fighting against her father's foes, that the princess thought: "As this youth Kusa is excellently endowed with boldness and courage, why should I dislike him?" So "she took a liking for him," and returned to live with him. All went well for a time. But at length Kusa went down to a pool one day to bathe. Catching sight of the reflection of his face in the water, he said to himself, "As I have the eighteen signs of uncomeliness and a face like a lion, and as on that account the princess takes no

pleasure in me, it is needless that such a one as I should remain alive. I will go and put myself to death." Thereupon he entered into a copse, and was about to hang himself, when Indra interfered, and presented him with a jewel which, when worn upon his forehead, endowed him with personal beauty. After which he lived happily with his admiring wife. The story has been considerably distorted in its change from a mythological to a moral tale. It originally belonged, no doubt, to the large group of Indian legends, in which are described the fortunes of a brilliant and generally divine being, who is forced to assume for a time a sombre or even repulsive appearance, and to live on earth, at all events during the daytime, as a hideous man, or even as so inferior a creature as a pig or a frog, until at last the spell which binds him is broken, usually in consequence of something done by his wife, and the long-degraded husband becomes once more bright and glorious.

In this story the wife acts capriciously, and her behavior cannot altogether be commended. But there is another legend in which the patience of an Indian wife and mother is represented as rivaling that of even Griselda, whose submission to her brutal husband has been rendered immortal by Boccaccio, Petrarch, and Chaucer. Dr. Richard Morris, an excellent authority on Pāli as well as early English, considers the Tibetan version of the story inferior to the better known Pāli form, but there are some charming expressions in the tale as it is told in the "Kahgyur" which seem to possess a pathos of their own. The hero of the legend is a prince whose great desire in life was to bestow gifts, and who accordingly obtained the honorable name of the All-giver. Here is a summary of the narrative as it exists in its Tibetan form. For the Pāli form reference may be made to Mr. Spence Hardy's "Manual of Buddhism," where it is given under the title of the "Wesantara Jātaka." It may be well to state that we do not mean to assert that the Indian Madri was by any means the direct original of the Italian Griselda. But the idea of the too patient wife is far more Asiatic than European, and her story has probably been drawn from a source akin to that from which the com-

piler of the following legend drew his inspiration.

The young prince Visvantara was educated as an heir apparent should be. After he had learned reading, writing, and arithmetic, "he applied himself to all the arts and accomplishments befitting one of the Kshatriya class consecrated to be a king," such as "riding on elephants and horses, driving in a car, handling of a sword and bow, advancing and retreating, flinging an iron hook, slinging, shooting missiles, striking, cutting, stabbing, seizing, marching, and the five methods of shooting." Besides all that, he was the most generous of princes, and gave away freely all that he possessed. So completely did he divest himself of his valuables, that his father at length grew angry, and ordered him to quit the country. He obeyed, but first went to take leave of his wife Madri, whom he informed that "as he was not capable of refusing requests, he was about to abandon his home, and enter into the forest of penance." She immediately declared that she would accompany him thither, for "As the sky when it is deprived of the moon, as the earth when it is deprived of water, so is the wife who is deprived of her husband." He attempted to dissuade her, but in vain. So at length he mounted a chariot, along with his wife and his two small children, and went forth from the city, "hundreds of thousands of the townspeople and country folk attending him with lamentation."

The exiles had not driven far when they were met by a Brahman, who requested the prince to make him a present of the chariot. Vainly did Madri protest. Her husband "bestowed the chariot and horses on that Brahman with exceeding great joy," and then they set out on foot for the forest, he carrying the little boy on his shoulder, while she carried their little girl. After this fashion they reached the forest of penance, and in it they lived upon roots and berries.

One day a Brahman came to the prince and said to him, "As I have no slave, and wander about alone with my staff, therefore is it meet that you should give me your two children." Generous as he was, the father hesitated, and offered himself to the Brah-

man as a slave in lieu of his children. But the Brahman rejected this compromise, and called upon the prince to fulfil the vow he had taken to give away all that he possessed. Thereupon Visvantara yielded, and gave up to the Brahman his beloved little ones. "Immediately after the surrender of the children, the earth quaked in a sixfold manner." The children threw themselves at their father's feet, "uttering mournful cries, and joining the palms of their hands, and saying, 'O father, will you give us up in the absence of our mother? Be content to give us up after we have seen her.'" But he, his face all wet with tears, only embraced them and said, "O children, in my heart there is no unkindness, but mere merciful compassion. As I have manifested virtue for the salvation of the whole world, I give you away whereby I may attain unto complete insight, and having myself obtained rest, may serve the worlds which lie, deprived of support, in the ocean of woes."

Then the children said, "Every fault which we, as children, have committed against you, our superior, or any words at any time uttered by us which displeased you, or anything in which, not obeying you, we have already left aught undone—grant us forgiveness of these things, regarding them as the faults of children." Having thus spoken, they went away submissively with their Brahman master.

Meantime Madri, on her way home with roots and berries, was conscious of the quaking of the earth, and divined that some evil had come upon her children. Hastening toward the hermitage, she looked about for them in vain, exclaiming, "Here the boy Krishna and his sister were wont to play with the young gazelles; here is the house which they twain made out of earth; these are the playthings of the two children." At length she found her husband, and he told her how he had given the children away. He even requested her to "rejoice thereat." But she straightway "fell to the ground like a gazelle pierced by a poisoned arrow. Like a crane robbed of her young ones she uttered sad cries." Grievously did she mourn at the thought that her little ones, "shaped like young lotuses, with flesh

as tender as a young lotus-leaf," were undergoing terrible sufferings, "down-trodden among needy men." Looking upon the thick-foliaged trees which the children had planted and tended, she embraced them tenderly, and said: "The children fetched water in small pitchers, and dropped water on the leaves. You, O trees, did the children suckle, as though ye had been possessed of souls." Presently she saw the young gazelles with which the children used to play standing in the hermitage, and she sadly said: "With the desire of seeing their playfellows do the young gazelles visit the spot, searching among the plants, offering companionship with my never-ending woe." A little later she came upon the footprints of her children in the dust, and seeing that they did not lie in a straight line, but in all manner of directions, she was seized with bitter anguish, and cried, "As the footprints point to dragging along, and some of them to swiftness of pace, you must surely have driven them on with blows. O most merciless Brahman. How have my children fared with tender feet, their throats breathing with difficulty, their voices reduced to weakness, their pretty lower lips trembling, like gazelles timidly looking around?" Observing her sorrow, her husband exhorted her "with a series of such and such words about instability," and said, "Not for the sake of renown, nor out of anger, have I given away your two children; for the salvation of all beings have I given the children, whom it was hard to give;" and he proceeded to inform her that his purpose was to give away also both her and himself. Thereupon she cried, "I will in nothing be a hindrance to you. Let your mind be constant. If you wish to give me too, give me without hesitation."

In order further to try Visvantara—who was a Bodisat, or potential Buddha—Sakra, the King of Gods, assumed the form of a Brahman, and demanded Madri as a slave. She naturally objected to this transfer, saying, "I have no anxiety on my own account, I have no care for myself; my only anxiety is as to how you are to exist when remaining alone." But her husband handed her over to the Brahman, "with joyous and exceedingly contented mind," saying to

himself, "This gift here in this forest is my best." Thereupon the earth again "quaked six times to its extremities like a boat on the water," and the King of the Gods, laying aside his Brahman's form, assumed his divine shape. Leading Madri by the hand, he returned her to her husband, to whom he said: "I give you Madri for your service. You must not give her to any one. If you give away what has been intrusted to you, fault will be found with you." Moreover he brought it about that Madri's children were restored to her, and all went well with her in future.

In this version of the tale the "act of surrender" is invested with a certain grandeur and poetic beauty. But in some of the variants it is described in a manner which is grotesquely horrible. Thus in "The Three Epochs," translated in Mr. Rhys Davids's "Buddhist Birth-Stories," there is an account of the remarkable generosity of Mangala Buddha. While he was dwelling on a mountain with his wife and children, a demon named "Sharp-fang," hearing of his readiness to bestow gifts, approached him in human shape, and asked him for his two children. He complied "cheerfully and joyfully." The demon seized the children and "devoured them like a bunch of roots. Not a particle of sorrow arose in the Bodhisatta as he looked on the demon, and saw his mouth, as soon as he opened it, disgorging streams of blood like flames of fire; nay, a great joy and satisfaction welled within him as he thought, 'My gift was well given?'" This is a case of self-sacrifice by proxy, which does not commend itself to the Occidental mind. More pleasing is the account of the generosity of the Asura Namuchi, with which we shall meet further on. A common form of self-sacrifice in Indian tales is the slicing off by a hero of his own flesh, which he sometimes gives as food to the hungry, at others fling into the fire as an offering to the gods. Strangely enough this singular practice is in vogue in the China of the present day. Every now and then the official gazette of Peking records the filial devotion of children who have offered up pieces of their flesh as a

sacrifice in order to insure the recovery of a diseased parent.

Stories of self-sacrifice of this nature do not find many parallels in the popular literature of Europe, nor do such moral tales as that of the Tibetan "Dumb Cripple"—who was really a fluent and able-bodied prince, but who pretended to be incapable of speaking or walking. His reason for this singular behavior was that "he reflected that if he were to be invested with sovereign power, this would not be a good thing, seeing that, in consequence of a sixty years' reign which he had accomplished in a previous state of existence, he had been born again in hell, and that he now ran the risk of going to hell a second time. So he determined to evade the sovereignty by means of an artifice, and he pretended to be a cripple." The following account of a birth due to prayer is also quite unlike the openings of European folk-tales in which similar events are described. A Brahman named Nyagrodha was exceedingly rich, but his wealth gave him no pleasure, for he and his wife were childless. At length his mother, seeing how sorrowful he was, recommended him to have recourse to the deity of the Nyagrodha tree, after which he had been named. So he betook himself to that tree, and sprinkled, cleansed, and adorned the ground around its stem. Then he filled the spaces with perfumes, flowers, and incense, set up flags and banners, and prayed thus to the tree-haunting deity: "Be pleased to bestow on me a son. If a son is born unto me, I will pay thee boundless honor after this fashion for the space of a year. But if no son is born unto me, then will I cut thee down and split thee into chips. These will I burn, when they have been dried by the wind and the sun, and their ashes will I scatter to the storm-wind or cast into the rolling stream." Terrified by these threats, the deity, "who was one of but small power," went to the four Mahârâjas, and begged them to fulfil Nyagrodha's request. This they were unable to do, "insomuch as the births of sons and daughters takes place only in consequence of earlier actions." But they applied to Sakra, the King of the Gods, and asked him to grant the de-

sired boon. He also pleaded inability to do so, "seeing that sons and daughters are born as a result of their own previous merits." Just then the divine palace was illuminated by a great radiance, and Brahmâ suddenly appeared, "he who fulfils all things which shall be accomplished." Him Sakra addressed as "the ruler, the worker, the bestower, the spell-wielder," and so forth, and besought him to make Nyagrodha a happy father. Brahmâ reflected, "that he really could not confer on any one a son or a daughter, but that if he stated that he could not do so, then all the designations would be discredited which it was customary to apply to him," such as the ruler, the worker, the bestower, and the like. So he determined to do what he could. Returning to his own region he found that "the life of a certain deity was coming to an end," so he asked that moribund divinity to allow himself to be born again as Nyagrodha's son. The deity objected, pleading that "he who is willing to come into existence in the house of a Brahman is like unto one who from love of golden fetters sets his own feet in bondage." However, Brahmâ insisted, and the expiring deity at length consented to be born again as Nyagrodha's son. The sole feature in this singular story which is in accordance with European ideas is the worship paid to the tree. All over Europe tree-worship once prevailed; and many survivals of it are still apparent, as the late Dr. Wilhelm Mannhardt has shown at great length in his exhaustive German work on "Ancient Cults of Forest and Field." In some parts of the North of Europe trees are still informed when their owner dies, and in others wood-cutters, before they fell a tree, ask its pardon. A widely spread German belief holds that in the case of some injuries, if the patient is passed through a split tree, which is then bound up, the man and the tree will enter into sympathetic relations with each other. If the tree thrives, so will the man. If it withers, he will die. And a Rugen tradition adds that if the tree is afterward used for ship-building, the ghost of the man will, after his death, haunt the ship. Better known to ourselves, as relics of old tree-worship, are some of the customs which in most European

lands are associated by the people with various seasons of the year. The Maypole which is gayly decked in the spring, the Christmas tree which renders winter cheerful, are familiar to us, even if we have allowed to drop into disuse the trees which play a leading part abroad in summer weather. No small confusion appears to have existed in the heathen mind as to the question whether the tree itself ought to be worshipped, or the deity residing in it. Indian stories, however, generally distinguish between the natural product and its supernatural occupant. According to the "Kahgyur," the Buddha gave directions that, when it was necessary for monks to fell a tree, they must previously draw a circle round it, offer up perfumes, flowers, and other sacrifices, recite prayers and spells, and cry aloud, "Let the deity who inhabits this tree find another dwelling." After doing this for a week they were at liberty to cut the tree down, provided no perceptible change had taken place in it. The opening of one of the stories of the "Panchatantra" excellently illustrates the ideas current in India with respect to tree-haunting deities. A weaver who was going to make a new loom was on the point of felling a tree for that purpose, when the spirit which lived in it begged him not to do so, promising, if it were spared, to grant any request he might proffer. The weaver accepted the offer, and consulted his wife as to what he should ask for. She recommended him to demand an extra head and an additional pair of arms, observing that they would enable him to keep two looms going at once instead of one. He followed her advice, and became bicephalous and quadrumanous. Unluckily, when he presented himself to the sight of his fellow-villagers, they took him for a bogey, and stoned him to death.

Let us turn now from these thoroughly alien fancies to one of the Tibetan tales to which most European lands can furnish a counterpart. A very common incident in Western as well as in Eastern popular literature is the capture by a mortal youth of a divine maiden, with whom he lives happily until the union is broken by her flight, consequent upon her recovery of the swan plumage or

other garb of which he has deprived her. Very common also is the description of how a human hero or heroine, who has been severed from his or her supernatural spouse, seeks the lost one sorrowing, and after many perilous adventures is rewarded by reunion with the object of affection. Sometimes these two themes are combined in the same narrative. Such is the case in the story of Prince Sudhana's troubles. A certain hunter captured a semi-divine maiden, Manoharâ by name, the daughter of the Kinnarî King Druma, taking from her the head-jewel by means of which she was able to fly heavenward, and handed her over to Prince Sudhana, who married her, and lived happily with her for some time. At length, however, he was obliged to go forth to war and leave her. Before he departed, he intrusted to his mother the magic head-jewel which the hunter had given him, telling her not to give it to Manoharâ except in a case of life and death. Then he set out, conquered the enemy, and returned home, his heart yearning after his absent wife. Meantime she had been in great peril. During Sudhana's absence, his father the king dreamed a fearful dream. He consulted his family astrologer, who declared that a great danger menaced the king, who could escape from it only by one means. He must anoint his feet with "the fat of a non-human being, that is to say, a demon." The king observed, "all this may possibly be carried out, but yet demon-fat is very rare." The astrologer, who had a spite against Manoharâ, replied: "Your majesty, is that a rarity which it is possible to find?" Said the king, "What do you mean?" The astrologer answered: "Your majesty, is Manoharâ a human or non-human being?" The result of this suggestion was that the king ordered Manoharâ to be put to death. Finding out what her father-in-law intended, Manoharâ obtained from her husband's mother the mystic head-jewel which had been intrusted to her, and, instead of submitting to be put to death, flew up into the sky exclaiming, "After being seized and bound, like a cow freed from its bonds, will I flee away," and returned home to the celestial palace of her father, the Kinnarî King. But before

she deserted the haunts of men, she left with a certain hermit a ring, and with it a message for her husband, telling him what road he must follow, what perils he must encounter, if he wished to see her again.

Great was the grief of Prince Sudhana, when he returned from the fight and found that his wife had fled. Unable to stay at home, he wandered forth from the city by night, calling upon the moon, and the birds and beasts and insects he met, to tell him if they had seen his "deer-like, long-eyed, beautifully-formed Manoharâ." At length he reached the cell of the hermit whom Manoharâ had visited. Following his instructions, he set out on a long and dangerous journey. Many a sky-piercing mountain did he climb; in a gloomy cavern he slew a snake which rolled "with the strength of a foaming stream;" many rivers filled with alligators did he cross; countless monsters did he overcome; and so at length he reached the capital of Druma, the Kinnarî King. There, in "a park rich in flowers and fruits of various kinds, the haunt of all sorts of birds," he saw a number of Kinnarî maidens, engaged in drawing water. "What are you going to do with all that water?" he asked. They replied, "The king has a daughter Manoharâ. As she has fallen into the hands of human beings, the smell of humanity has to be washed off her." Hearing this, Sudhana dropped Manoharâ's ring into one of the jugs, and trusted to her recognizing it when the contents of the jug should be poured over her. What he had hoped for took place. When the ring fell at her feet, Manoharâ recognized the ring, and knew that her husband had come. So she sent for him, and hid him away. Then she said to the king, "Father, if the youth Sudhana, who was my husband, were to come here, what would you do with him?" He replied, "As he is a man, and I have no need of him, I would cut him into a hundred pieces and scatter him on all four sides." After awhile, however, the king relented, and allowed the prince to stand before him uninjured, and to manifest his remarkable skill with the sword and the bow. Pleased with the youth's address, the king promised to bestow upon

him the hand of Manoharâ, provided he could identify her when she stood in the midst of a thousand Kinnarî maidens, each exactly like her. The prince evaded the difficulty by exclaiming in verse, "Thou who art Druma's daughter, thou art also my beloved Manoharâ. Let it come to pass, in consequence of this truth, that thou, O Manoharâ, swiftly steppest to the front." Whereupon she immediately stepped forward, and her father said to Sudhana, "O youth, I give you Manoharâ as your wife, surrounded by a thousand Kinnarîs. But men are of a fickle nature. Do not on any account desert her." After this Sudhana returned home with his celestial spouse, and was invested with regal power. Whereupon he said, "That I have met with Manoharâ, and obtained the might of kingly power, is the special result of earlier deeds. Therefore will I now also bestow gifts and practise virtuous works." So for the space of twelve years, "he without let or hindrance offered sacrifice in the city of Hastinâpura."

This romantic love-story has many close parallels in Europe, especially among the Slavonic races. One of these is cited in the Introduction to the "Tibetan Tales," the Russian *skazka*, or folk-tale, of the *Morskoi Tsar* or "Water King." One of that monarch's twelve daughters is captured while bathing by a prince, who gets hold of her feather-dress. Her sisters become spoonbills and fly away, but she remains in her captor's hands. He marries her, and she lives with him for some time as an obedient wife. But at length she recovers her spoonbill plumage, and immediately flies away. He follows her sorrowing, surmounts many obstacles, and at last reaches her father's subaqueous palace. The Water King sets him many difficult tasks, but he performs them all, thanks to his wife's assistance. Finally the king says, "Choose yourself a bride from among my twelve daughters. They are all exactly alike in face, in hair, and in dress. If you can pick out the same one three times running, she shall be your wife. If you fail, I shall put you to death." His wife enables him to succeed in this trial also, and all goes well. If any one is of opinion that this story has not been bor-

rowed from Asia, but has been "independently developed" by Slavonic fancy from some mythological germ common to the Russian and the Indian ancestors of the inventors of the tales of "Prince Sudhana" and "The Water King," he must be credited with the possession of abnormal means of arriving at an intellectual conclusion.

Many of the Buddhistic legends are of such a nature that it is difficult to understand how they could ever have found their way into any book designated sacred. They conduce but little to moral edification, and their only link with religion is that their heroes are supposed to have been Bodisats, potential or not fully perfected Buddhas, temporary incarnations of the "character" which was destined one day to be the consummate Buddha. The absurdities and incongruities of such legends, however, are often due to the fact that they are the product of the corrupted and debased Buddhism which, in the course of time, took the place of what was originally a pure and exalted form of religion. Among the better specimens of their class may be ranked the story of Prince Jivaka, which is told at great length in the "Kahgyur." As it has already been made known to English readers by Mr. Spence Hardy in his "Manual of Buddhism," it will be sufficient to mention here one or two of the principal cures which that king's son, who devoted himself to the healing arts, effected. On one occasion, having gone to a certain spot, he found there "a man who was measuring with a measure, and who, when he had finished measuring, inflicted a wound upon his head with the measure." Surprised at this conduct, he asked the man why he behaved in that way. "My head itches greatly," replied the man. Jivaka examined it, and found that the irritation was due to the presence of a centipede inside the skull. So he placed the man in a hole in the ground, "opened his skull with the proper instrument," and revealed the centipede. Then he made a pair of pincers warm, and gently stroked therewith the reptile's back. Thereupon it "drew its arms and feet together," and Jivaka seized it with the pincers and lightly tossed it away. In another place he found a man "into

whose ear a centipede had crept, and had therein given birth to seven hundred young ones." To this sufferer he gave orders to construct a hut of foliage, carpet it with blue stuff, place a drum underneath and make the ground warm. When all was ready, Jivaka made the man lie down, sprinkled the ground with water, and beat the drum. Thereupon the centipede, thinking that the summer was come, crept out. Then Jivaka placed a piece of meat on the ear. The reptile turned back, but presently came out again with its young ones, and they all laid hold of the piece of meat. Whereupon Jivaka flung it into the flesh-pot, and the man recovered his health." For another of his remarkable cures he appears to have been indebted to his good luck rather than to his skill. A certain man died "who had possessed a garden of beautiful flowers, fruits, and water, and who, as he had been excessively fond of the garden, was born again there among the demons." His son appointed a man to watch over the park. But the demon, who had been the owner of the property, slew the watchman. A second watchman was appointed, and the demon killed him too. After this the son of the deceased owner abandoned the park, whereupon "a dropsical man, whom all the doctors had given up, came to that park, and took up his quarters there for the night, thinking that it would not matter much if the demon should come to kill him." Presently the demon appeared, and began to threaten the intruder. Then stepped forward the dropsy and said, "As I have already taken possession of this man, wherefore do you threaten him? Is there no one here who will fumigate you with the smoke of goats' hair? That would make you fly fifty leagues away." To this the demon replied, "And is there no one here to give you radish-seed pounded in butter? Thereby would you be broken to bits." Now Jivaka happened to be in the park that night, and he overheard this altercation between the demon and the dropsy. So next day he caused the park to be fumigated with goats' hair smoke, and he gave the dropsical man a dose of radish-seed pounded in butter, and the demon and the dropsy disappeared. For all the cures that he performed, it should be

remarked, Jivaka took care to be well paid.

As a specimen of the grotesque absurdities in which adulterated Buddhism has indulged may be taken the story of the ascetic named, from the peculiarity of his origin, Gazelle Horn. This self-denying hermit was walking along one day with a jug in his hand, when a local divinity allowed a torrent of rain to descend upon him. Ascetics, we are told, "are very quickly moved to wrath." So Gazelle Horn cursed that deity, and ordered him not to rain any more for twelve years. The consequence of the drought was a famine. The king of the country sent for his diviners, who told him what had happened, and added that unless the ascetic could be disturbed in his penances, no rain could be expected. Being brought to the palace, the ascetic fell in love with one of the king's daughters, who did her best to please him, and her father gave her to him in marriage. Thereupon, his penances having come to an untimely end, his magic power vanished. Straightway "the deity rejoicing in rain called the clouds together from every side, and sent down copious showers, the consequence of which was an abundant harvest." For some time the ex-ascetic lived peaceably with his royal spouse, but after a time her good humor became deteriorated by jealousy, and one "day she hit him a blow on the head with a shoe. Then he said to himself: 'I, who used not to allow power to the thunder of the cloud, must now, being fettered by love-bonds, allow myself to be set at naught by a woman!' Thereupon he again devoted himself to ascetic exertion, and once more became possessed of the five kinds of higher knowledge."

The passages we have quoted will be sufficient to show how much that is interesting and valuable is contained in the extracts from the sacred books of Tibet, for an acquaintance with which we are indebted to the erudition of the late Professor Schiefner. We now propose to call attention to another most meritorious piece of translation, the version of the "Kathâ Sarit Sâgara," or "Ocean of the Streams of Story," undertaken and on the point of being completed by Mr. C. H. Tawney. The

original was written in Sanskrit verse by Śrī Somadeva Bhaṭṭa, of Kashmir, in the twelfth century, his poem being founded upon an earlier work now lost, a collection of Indian tales supposed to have been written in prose about the sixth century. The translation—for the accuracy of which, as well as for the excellence of the notes by which it is accompanied, Mr. Tawney deserves the highest praise—is being published by the Asiatic Society of Bengal in its "Bibliotheca Indica." Previously to the appearance of Mr. Tawney's version, the work was known outside the comparatively limited circle of Sanskritists only through the late Dr. Hermann Brockhaus's German translation of the first five of its eighteen books, and his and Professor H. H. Wilson's analyses. Here are a few specimens of the stories which it contains, beginning with a tale of self-sacrifice comparable with that of the already mentioned "all-giving" Prince Visvantara.

In olden times there lived an Asura or Titan named Namuchi, who was so devoted to charity that he "did not refuse to give anything to anybody that asked, even if he were his enemy." Having practised asceticism "as a drinker of smoke" for ten thousand years, he "obtained as a favor from Brahmā that he should be proof against iron, stone, and wood." Moreover he possessed a magic horse, which had emerged from the ocean of milk when it was churned by the Gods and Asuras, and which had the power of bringing dead Asuras to life by merely smelling them. So whenever the Gods killed an Asura the horse resuscitated him by a sniff, and the slaughtered enemy began to fight anew. The Gods were almost reduced to despair, but at length their preceptor advised Indra to go to Namuchi, and ask him for the horse as a present. Indra did so, and Namuchi said to himself, "I never turn back a suppliant, so I will not turn back Indra; and how can I, as long as I am Namuchi, refuse to give him the horse? If the glory of generosity, which I have been long acquiring in the worlds, were to wither, what would be the use to me of prosperity or life?" Accordingly he surrendered the horse to Indra, who straightway killed him "with foam of

the Ganges in which he had placed a thunderbolt," ordinary weapons being of no avail. Before long, however, he was born again "as an Asura composed all of jewels," and he soon conquered Indra a hundred times. "Then the Gods took counsel together, and came to him, and said to him, 'By all means give us your body for a human sacrifice.' When he heard that he gave them his own body, although they were his enemies; noble men do not turn their backs on a suppliant, but bestow on him even their lives." It will be observed that Indian charity is not quite free from the element of what Coleridge called "other-worldliness." The giver gives, not so much from pity for another's woes, as from a regard to the effect of a refusal upon his own accumulated stock of merits. And it must be evident to all that the almsgiving of the East might be subjected with advantage to the regulations of an Oriental Charity Organization Society. That self-sacrifice may be carried a little too far will probably be the conclusion at which will arrive the readers of one of the two variants contained in Somadeva's poem of the well-known story of the loyal sentinel Viravara, who was ready to give his life for his king. According to it Viravara was told by the goddess Earth that the king must die within three days unless he, Viravara, would offer up his little son as a sacrifice to the image of the goddess Durgā. The child, on being consulted, declared that he was delighted at the idea of being sacrificed for the king's sake. So Viravara carried him to the temple, and cut off his head and offered it to the goddess Durgā, exclaiming, "May the king be prosperous!" But Viravara's little daughter, seeing what had taken place, "came up to the head of her slain brother, and embraced it, and kissed it, and crying out 'Alas! my brother!' died of a broken heart." When Viravara's wife saw that her two children were dead, she determined to die also. So her husband, at her urgent request, constructed a funeral pyre, "and put the corpses of his children upon it, and lit a fire under it, so that it was enveloped in flames." Then, after falling at her husband's feet, and wishing prosperity to the king, "she leaped into that burning pyre, with its hair of

flame, as gladly as into a cool lake." Thereupon Viravara determined to follow the example of his family. But just as he was on the point of cutting off his own head the goddess Durgâ interposed, and brought his dead wife and children to life.

Nothing could be more abhorrent to the true and original spirit of Buddhism than the idea of offering up human sacrifices. But as time went by the purity of the ancient faith became sadly debased by the influence of the lower kinds of beliefs. Mr. Tawney justly says, speaking of the "Kathâ Sarit Sâgara," "The debased form of Buddhism found throughout this work is no doubt the Tantra system introduced by Asanga in the sixth century of our era." To borrow Dr. Râjendralâla Mitra's words, who is speaking of even worse corruptions, it is a wonder "that a system of religion so pure and lofty in its aspirations as Buddhism could be made to ally itself with such pestilent dogmas and practices." It may be allowable, in order to show what gross superstitions became engrafted upon an originally noble form of belief, to tarry for a moment over one or two of the tales of horror in which Oriental fancy delights, about Râkshasas or demons of cannibal tendencies, and Vetâlas, corpse-haunting demons somewhat akin to European vampires. Here is a Râkshasa story. The hero Asokadatta went one night to a lonely cemetery, in order to give a draught of water to an impaled culprit who had besought the king to send him some. When he arrived there "he beheld a man impaled on the top of a stake, and underneath it he saw a woman whom he had never seen before, weeping, adorned with beautiful ornaments, lovely in every limb." He asked her who she was, and she replied that she was the wife of the impaled man, to whom she had brought water to drink, but whose mouth she could not reach as the stake was too high. "Place your foot on my back and lift the water to his mouth," said Asokadatta. "When she heard that she consented, and taking the water she climbed up so as to plant her two feet on the back of Asokadatta, who bent down at the foot of the stake. Soon after, as drops of blood unexpectedly began to

fall upon the earth and on his back, the hero lifted up his face and looked. There he saw that woman cutting off slice after slice of that impaled man's flesh with a knife, and eating it. Then, perceiving that she was some horrible demon, he dragged her down in a rage, and took hold of her by her foot with its tinkling anklets in order to dash her in pieces on the earth." But she escaped from him, leaving one of her anklets in his hand, and flew up into heaven. Eventually he discovered, by means of the anklet, that she was the widow of a Râkshasa prince, and the mother of a marriageable daughter whom she wished Asokadatta to marry. With this view she had deluded him in the cemetery, all that had taken place there having been a trick, intended to make him inquisitive enough to follow her home. Thereupon he married the Râkshasi's daughter, and "dwelt with that loved one some time in that city, enjoying great comfort by means of his mother-in-law's wealth." Of a similarly grotesque horror is the account of Sridarsana's visit to a cemetery. He had been sent thither by an ascetic, who told him to fetch a certain corpse. On his arrival he found some one else taking away the corpse, so he entered into a struggle with him. While the two disputants were fighting for the dead body,

The corpse itself, which was animated by a Vetâla, uttered a terrible shriek. That terrified the second person so that his heart broke, and he fell down dead, and then Sridarsana went off with that corpse in his arms. Then the second man, though dead, rose, being possessed by a Vetâla, and tried to stop Sridarsana, and said to him, "Halt! do not go off with my friend on your shoulder." Then Sridarsana, knowing that his rival was possessed by a Vetâla, said to him, "What proof is there that you are his friend? He is my friend." The rival then said, "The corpse itself shall decide between us."

Then the corpse exclaimed, "I am hungry. So I decide that whoever gives me food is my friend. Let him take me where he likes." The second corpse said, "I have no food." The hero struck at it with his sword, but it disappeared. Then Sridarsana, not being able to obtain any other flesh to give the vampire he was carrying, "cut off with his sword some of his own flesh, and gave it to him." This pleased the Vetâla, and all went well.

Far preferable to this ghastly tale is the following story of a hero's sacrifice of his own flesh. It is one which exists in various forms, and it has been adopted by the Moslem world, and told in honor of its own prophet. There was once a king named Sivi, who was "self-denying, compassionate, generous, resolute, the protector of all creatures." In order to test him, Indra assumed the form of a hawk, and pursued Dharma, the God of Justice, who had transformed himself into a dove. The dove took refuge in Sivi's bosom. Then the hawk cried to Sivi: "O king, this is my natural food; surrender the dove to me for I am hungry. Know that my death will immediately follow if you refuse my prayer; in that case where will be your righteousness?" Sivi replied: "This creature has fled to me for protection, and I cannot abandon it; therefore I will give you an equal weight of some other kind of flesh." Said the hawk, "If this be so, then give me your own flesh." The king consented to do so. "But as fast as he cut off his flesh and threw it on the scale, the dove seemed to weigh more and more in the balance. Then the king threw his whole body on to the scale, and thereupon a celestial voice was heard, 'Well done! this is equal in weight to the dove.' Then Indra and Dharma abandoned the forms of hawk and dove, and, being highly pleased, restored the body of King Sivi whole as before, and, after bestowing on him many other blessings, they both disappeared."

This story is more moral than mythological, as is also, in all probability, the tale of Sunda and Upasunda, two Asuras or Titans, whom the Gods could not overcome, "inasmuch as they surpassed the three worlds in valor." Anxious to destroy them, Brahmâ gave directions to the celestial artist Visvakarman to construct a "heavenly woman named Tillottamâ, in order to behold whose beauty even Siva truly became four-faced, so as to look four ways at once, while she was circumambulating him." In obedience to the orders of Brahmâ, this fair creature appeared in the presence of Sunda and Upasunda. "Both those two Asuras, distracted with love, seized the fair one at the same time by both her

arms, the moment they saw her near them. And as they were dragging her off in mutual opposition, they soon came to blows, and both of them were destroyed." This reads very like a reminiscence of the Greek tale of how Pandora was created, by Hephestus, in obedience to the commands of Zeus, in order that her charms might bring misery upon the human race, on whom Prometheus had just conferred the gift of fire. The wise Titan avoided the dangerous charmer, but his brother Epimetheus accepted the maiden endowed, like Italy, with "the fatal gift of beauty," and thereby entailed upon mankind all the evils which the earth has subsequently known. On the other hand, one of the incidents in the story of Saktideva, the hero who finds three apparently dead maidens in a Bluebeard's chamber in the palace of the Golden City, may be fairly supposed to have made its way into Greek fiction; the banyan or Indian fig, by means of which he extricates himself from a whirlpool which it overhangs, being a vegetable product much more available for such a purpose than the fig-tree which Homer represents as hanging above the whirlpool of Charybdis.

The following tale turns upon an idea which is so thoroughly Indian that it could not, unless almost entirely altered, be turned to account by a European story-teller. This idea is that every human being has previously passed through many existences, and that he may possibly remember what has taken place in one of them, but if he reveals it he will straightway die. Pythagoras is said to have replied to some inquisitive person who asked him if he had been present at the siege of Troy, "How could I possibly have been there, seeing that at that time I was a camel in Bactria?" But he may not have thought himself as strictly pledged to secrecy with regard to his previous existences as if he had been a genuine Buddhist. The Indian story is as follows. A queen, who was devoted to her husband, said to him one day, "O king, I have suddenly remembered my former birth. It is disagreeable to me not to tell it; but if I do tell it, it will cause my death."

The king replied, "My beloved, I, like you, have suddenly remembered my former birth. Therefore, tell me yours, and I will tell you mine. Let what will be, be. For who can alter the decree of fate?" Thereupon the queen told him that in a former existence she was the loving wife of a manservant named Devadasa. She and her husband were very poor, but they lived happily together in a house "into which the demon of quarrelling never entered." At length a famine arose, and they were nearly starved to death. One day, when they had scarcely any food in the house, a weary Brahman arrived, and to him they gave all that they had. After the visitor had departed, Devadasa's breath deserted him, "as if angry that he respected a guest more than it." After that, added the queen, "I heaped up in honor of my husband a suitable pyre, and ascended it, and so laid down the load of my calamity. Then I was born in a royal family, and I became your queen, for the tree of good deeds produces to the righteous inconceivable glorious fruit." When the queen had told her story, the king said: "Come, my beloved, I am that husband of thine in a former birth; I was that very Devadasa, the merchant's servant, for I have remembered this moment the former existence of mine." After uttering these words, and having proved his identity with Devadasa, the king, despondent and yet glad, suddenly went with his queen to heaven."

Thoroughly Oriental in its machinery, but interesting, so far as its moral is concerned, to all lands in which education is rightly considered, is the story of Tapodatta. That Brahman, "though his father kept worrying him, would not learn the sciences in his boyhood." When he grew up "he found himself censured by all," so he repented of his negligence, and went to the bank of the Ganges "in order to perform asceticism for the acquisition of knowledge." After he had betaken himself to severe mortification of the flesh, Indra paid him a visit, disguised as a Brahman. Drawing near to the ascetic, Indra began to take grains of sand from the bank and throw them into the river. Seeing that, Tapodatta broke his silence, and said, "Brahman, why do you do this

unceasingly?" Indra replied, "I am making a bridge over the Ganges for man and beast to cross by." Then Tapodatta said, "You fool, is it possible to make a bridge over the Ganges with sand, which will be carried away at some future time by the current?" When Indra heard that, he said, "If you know this truth, why do you attempt to acquire knowledge by vows and fasting, without reading or hearing lectures? The horns of a hare may really exist, and the sky may be adorned with painting, and writing may be performed without letters, if learning may be acquired without study. If it could be so acquired, no one in this world would study at all." Having heard these words and acknowledged their truth, Tapodatta "put a stop to his self-mortification, and went home." In this moral tale there is a slight infusion of grim humor, and the same may be said of the following narrative of matrimonial misadventures. A certain woman was singularly unfortunate. Her mother died in giving birth to her, and soon afterward one of her brothers died, and another was killed by an ox. So her father, attributing the three deaths to her birth, named her "Three-Slayer." When she had grown up she was married to a husband who soon expired. She married again, and the second husband died also. Then, "led astray by her youthful feelings," she took a third husband, and he died too. "In this way she lost ten husbands in succession," and acquired the name of "Ten-Slayer." After that, her father became ashamed of her, and secluded her in his house. But one day a handsome young traveller came there as a guest, and fell in love with her. Her father objected to her marrying him, saying, "Do not think of such a thing; it is too disgraceful. You have lost ten husbands, and if this one dies too, people will laugh consumedly." When the traveller heard this he exclaimed, "No chance of my dying. I have lost ten wives, one after another. So we are on a par." After this "the villagers assembled, and with one consent gave permission to Ten-Slayer to marry the traveller, and she took him for her husband. And she lived some time with him; but at last he was seized

with an ague and died. Then she was called 'Eleven-Slayer,' and even the stones could not help laughing at her. So she betook herself in despondency to the bank of the Ganges and lived the life of an ascetic."

We might go on for any length of time quoting stories from the two works we have mentioned—Professor Schiefner's selection from the Tibetan sacred books, and Mr. Tawney's rendering of the Kashmir statesman Somadeva's Sanskrit poem. But we will devote what space remains to a few specimens of such folk-tales as are contained in Miss Frere's "Old Deccan Days," and Miss Maive Stokes's "Indian Fairy-Tales," two small volumes which comprise a great deal that is interesting and valuable. One day, says the tenth of the stories told to Miss Frere by her ayah, "the Sun, the Moon, and the Wind went out to dine with their uncle and aunt, the Thunder and Lightning. Their mother (one of the most distant stars you see far up in the sky) waited alone for her children's return." The Sun and the Wind were selfish, and brought nothing home to their mother, but the Moon remembered her absent parent, and "of every dainty dish that was brought round, she placed a small portion under one of her beautiful long finger-nails, that the Star also might have a share in the treat. When the three revellers returned, the Star was angry with the two who came empty-nailed; and she cursed the Sun, and said, "Henceforth your rays shall ever be hot and scorching, and shall burn all that they touch. And men shall hate you and cover their heads when you appear." And to the Wind she said, "You shall always blow in the hot, dry weather, and shall parch and shrivel all living things. And men shall detest and avoid you from this very time." But to the filial Moon she said, "Because you remembered your mother, and kept for her a share in your own enjoyment, from henceforth you shall be ever cool, and calm, and bright. No noxious glare shall accompany your pure rays, and men shall always call you 'blessed.'" The feminine nature here ascribed to the moon, it may be observed, is perhaps a Western touch. Miss Frere's ayah was a Christian, and

as such came more within the reach of English ideas than the Hindu nurses and the Mussulman manservant who told the "Indian Fairy-Tales" to Miss Maive Stokes. Here is a thoroughly heathenish story from the latter collection. There was a certain man who was so poor that he did not know what to do. "At last he got furious with Khudâ [or God], and said, 'How wicked Khudâ is! He gives me a great many children, but no money.' So he set out to find his fate." After many wanderings, during which he was entreated to solve a variety of problems, "he came to the place where every one's fate lives." The fates were stones, some standing and others lying on the ground. "This must be mine," he said; "it is lying on the ground, that's why I am so poor." So he took a stick and beat it all day long, but still it would not stir. When night came on he left off beating the stone, and Khudâ "sent a soul into the poor man's fate," and it became a man, who stood looking at the poor man and said, "Why have you beaten me so much?" The poor man answered, "Because you were lying down, and I am very poor, and at home my wife and children are starving." "Oh, things will go well with you now," said the fate; and the man was satisfied. Moreover the fate enabled him to answer all the difficult questions which had been asked him on the way. The leading idea of this part of the story is very like that of the Sicilian tale of the luckless girl with whom everything went wrong, until at last she was able to discover and to propitiate her malevolent fortune. The word Khudâ was almost invariably employed by the tellers of the "Indian Fairy-Tales" when they wish to speak of a deity. "In this," says Mrs. Whitley Stokes, in one of the excellent notes with which she has enriched her youthful daughter's story-book, "they differed from the narrator of the 'Old Deccan Days Stories,' who almost always gives her gods and goddesses their Hindû names; probably because, being a Christian, she had no religious scruples to deter her from so doing." Here is one of the tales in which Khudâ plays a prominent part. There was once a princess who was so beautiful that "if she went into a very dark room it was all

lighted up by her beauty." Every morning her parents used to weigh her. "She only weighed one flower," and she ate very little food. This made her father unhappy, and he said, "I cannot let my daughter marry any one who weighs more than one flower." After a time a prince wished to marry her. Khudâ was favorable to the match, so he accompanied the prince to the king's palace, and "made him weigh very little." When the loving prince and the light princess were put into the scales by the maiden's anxious parent, "each weighed one flower," although the prince was fat and the princess thin. Then Khudâ went back to heaven, having told the prince that he would be free from danger as long as he wore flowers in his ears. The marriage took place, and all went well for a time. At last one day the prince forgot to provide his ears with flowers, and at once misfortune came upon him. For a hideous hag pushed the princess into a tank, in which she was drowned, and then assumed her place. Khudâ brought the dead princess to life, but again the impostor killed her. A second time was she resuscitated by Khudâ, but the impostor calumniated her, and induced the prince to take a knife and cut her in pieces. Thereupon her arms and legs "grew into four houses; her chest became a tank, and her head a house in the middle of the tank; her eyes turned into two little doves; and these five houses, the tank, and the doves, were transported to the jungle." In the course of time the prince, while hunting, saw the house, and lay down to sleep inside it. Then the two doves came and perched above his head, and he overheard their conversation, in which the story of his calumniated wife was related. Among other things the birds mentioned how the prince might recover his lost princess. The prince acted according to their advice next day, and succeeded in capturing the princess when she came to bathe in a tank. He laid his hands upon her dress, and she could not escape without that. In vain did she cry, "Oh, give me back my dress. If you keep it I shall die. Three times has Khudâ brought me to life, but he will bring me to life no more." The prince fell at

her feet and begged her pardon, and they were reconciled, and lived happily ever afterward. And the impostor was cut to pieces and buried in the jungle.

Some of the incidents in this story figure also in European folk-tales, many of which narrate the misfortunes of the "Calumniated Wife," and the "Substituted Bride," after whom two extensive groups of stories are named. Why the change of wives so often takes place beside a piece of water is one of those questions which are as puzzling as that which asks why lemons which contain fairy princesses never ought to be opened except beside a stream or pool. In the original forms of many Oriental legends such problems may have had some mythological significance. But it is hard to decipher their meaning in the distorted shapes which even in Asia those legends have assumed after long wanderings from land to land. It is harder still to comprehend their inner sense after they have passed, as has been the case with so many Buddhistic long narratives and short fables, from Asia into Europe, and have been adapted to the usages of alien races, tongues, and creeds. Instead of attempting to fathom these mythological mysteries, we will give by way of conclusion to the present article a couple of specimens of the purely moral tales narrated by Miss Maive Stokes's Hindu story-tellers.

The first—the subject of which, like that of Prince Visvantara's generosity, has afforded a theme to Indian sages and sages—tells how King Harchand used to pray a great deal to Khudâ, and Khudâ was very fond of him; so he said one day, "To see if King Harchand really loves me, I will make him very poor for twelve years." Accordingly the garden, "full of lovely flowers and fruits which he prized greatly," was ravaged by a wild boar, and all the money in his treasury was turned into charcoal. Now "every morning when he bathed he used to give some poor fakir two pounds and a half of gold." His mind was greatly troubled when he found that he had nothing but charcoal to offer to a holy man to whom he had promised his usual alms. The only thing which occurred to him to do, in order to keep his word, was to sell himself and his wife and his boy as slaves.

Collectively they fetched the promised amount of gold, which he accordingly handed over to the fakîr, who was, like the wild boar, no other than Khudâ himself in disguise. The man to whom the king sold himself set him to watch beside a tank, into which the bodies of the dead were cast, ordering him to demand a rupee for every adult corpse, and eight annas for every child's body, and if the bearers had no money to exact a piece of cloth. After a long time the king's son died, and the bereaved queen brought the body to the tank. Recognizing her husband in the tank-keeper, she thought that she would escape without payment. But he sternly demanded the eight annas, in order to fulfil his duty to his master. As the enslaved queen had no money, she was obliged to part with the greater part of her solitary raiment, after which the king threw his boy's body into the tank. Soon afterward, having caught a fish, the king was about to console himself with an unwonted meal, when the fish, although it had been killed and cooked, suddenly came to life again, and slipped back into the tank. Sadly did the king sit down by the waterside unfed. But all he said was, "For twelve years I have found it hard to get anything to eat; how long will Khudâ keep me without food?" Then "Khudâ was very pleased with Harchand for being so patient, for he had never complained." So he came down to earth in the shape of a man, and visited the tank by the side of which the king was keeping his accustomed watch over the dead. "Would you like to have your wife and your son back again?" asked the deity. "Yes, I should; but how can I get them?" replied the king. "Tell me truly," continued Khudâ, "would you like to have your kingdom back again?" "Indeed I should," answered Harchand. Then the body of the dead child floated ashore, and came to life. And the disguised deity ransomed the king and the queen from their respective owners, and sent them home with their boy. And "when they reached the palace the garden was in splendid beauty. The charcoal was turned back into gold and silver and jewels. The servants were in waiting as usual. And

they went into the palace, and lived happily forevermore."

The second story may call to mind some mediæval Christian legends. There was once a vicious young prince who was betrothed to a virtuous maiden. Before the marriage took place he became a gambler and a drunkard, and behaved so badly that his father and mother died of grief. After their death he continued leading a dissolute life, until at last he had no money left, and was obliged to wander about living on charity. Meantime his betrothed was doing all that was good. She had given to the poor half the money her parents left her when they died, and "spent her days in praying to God, and in reading in a holy book; and though she was so young, she was wise and very good." One day the poverty-stricken prince paid her a visit, and she received him kindly, and gave him food and clothing. He wanted to marry her at once; but she told him he must first go out into the jungle and see four sights. So he went forth, and what he saw was this. In one corner of a large tank he beheld "a man and woman who had good clothes, good food, good beds, and servants to wait on them, and seemed very happy." In another "he saw a wretchedly poor man and his wife, who did nothing but cry and sob because they had no food to eat, no water to drink, no bed to lie on, no one to take care of them." At the third corner were two little fishes, which were incessantly leaping up into the air and dropping back again; and at the fourth was "a huge demon, who was heating sand in an enormous iron pot, under which he kept up a big fire." The prince returned, and told his betrothed what he had seen. She explained to him the meaning of the spectacle. The happy pair, she said, were her own parents. She had been good to them while they lived, and after their death she had given half of their substance to the poor, and on the other half she had "lived quietly, and tried to be good." Therefore they were made happy in their posthumous existence. But the wretched man and woman, she told him, were his parents, who were in misery because he had gambled and drunk till they died of

grief, and had afterward drunk and gambled all their money away. As to the two fishes, she continued, "they were the two little children we should have had if you had taken me to your home as your wife. Now they cannot be born, for they can find no bodies in which to be born; so Khudâ has ordered them to rise and sink in the air in these fishes' forms." Finally she

told him that the demon whom he had seen was heating the sand in the iron pot for him, because he had been such a wicked man. No sooner had the maiden told all this to the prince than she died. "But he did not get any better. He gambled and drank all her money away, and lived a wretched life, wandering about like a fakir till his death."—*British Quarterly Review*.

ANCRUM MOOR:

A HISTORICAL BALLAD.

THE sojourner on the classic banks of the Tweed who may have some floating memories of the confused doings in Scotland about the middle of the sixteenth century, when the tragic history of the unfortunate Queen Mary was being foreshadowed by the state of Scotland at her birth, will probably have the curiosity to visit the ridge of Ancrum Moor, a few miles from St. Boswells, on the Jedburgh Road, a little to the north of the river Teviot, which rolls here through the beautiful domain of the Marquess of Lothian, toward its junction with the Tweed at Kelso. The high ground is well marked to the eye by a row of pine trees running from west to east, about half a mile long; along this breezy ridge a well-trodden path leads, marking the march of many a patriotic pilgrim on a summer's holiday; and at the east end of the path the pedestrian comes suddenly on a plain stone enclosure, made of the red sandstone of the district, and within the enclosure an erect slab or memorial stone, bearing an inscription easily read as follows:

"Fair Maiden Lilliard lies beneath this stane;
Small was her stature, but mickle was her
fame;
Upon the English loons she laid full many
thumps,
And when her legs were cuttit off she fought
upon her stumps."

The affair in which this Border Amazon played such a stout part, took place in the year 1544, and was one of the bloody sequels of the insolent course of dictation to Scotland which Henry VIII. commenced immediately after the

decease of James V., the father of Queen Mary. This imperious Tudor, accustomed, with the help of the strong-willed Machiavelian Cromwell, to bear down everything before him at home, and looking eagerly about him for some field in which he might find compensation to England for her reluctantly abandoned dream of a French inheritance, found nothing to his imagination more plausible than the offer of the hand of his young son Edward to the infant queen of Scotland; and this project he could the more hopefully cherish, as he happened at that time to hold a large number of notable Scottish prisoners in his keep from the recent battle of Solway Moss. The union of the kingdoms, which this project might have secured more than a century and a half before it actually took place, was a matter which many of the most far-sighted and best-disposed statesmen in Scotland were not unwilling to entertain, especially as at that moment an alliance with Henry, the prominent champion of Protestantism, might serve to secure the nation against the machinations of the still powerful Catholic party in the country. But the insolent manner in which the self-willed despot made his matrimonial proposals effectually prevented their acceptance; his demands, in which he assumed the tone of Edward Longshanks, roused the pride of the people, whom he ought rather to have conciliated; and the consequence was, that after a series of hasty plunges into war to enforce his unreasonable claims, he made foes of his best friends, and ultimately threw the nation back into its

old French alliance, and a French matrimonial connection to boot.—In the year 1544, two rapacious assaults were made by this bloody suitor on the country of his son's spear-purchased bride : the one by sea upon Edinburgh, under the conduct of the Earl of Hertford ; the other on the Border counties, led by Sir Ralph Eure and Sir Bryan Layton. It is in this invasion which, after ravaging the country as far as Melrose, with a series of horrors only too common in those days, ended in the repulse of the invaders and the death of the two wardens at the battle of Ancrum Moor.

In the ballad, I have followed closely the historical account as given by Tytler in his "History of Scotland," except that I have omitted the previous affair at Melrose altogether, and brought the invaders directly down upon Ancrum. Any minute details of strategical movements—if the military movements of

those times might merit the name—previous to the victorious result, would have been not less foreign to the genius of the Border ballad than destitute of all historical value.

I ought to add, that the tradition of the heroine of the fray continuing the fight on her stumps after her legs were cut off, and which no doubt has its humorous aspect, is founded on the acknowledged historical fact that a body of women did join in the battle : as little can there be any doubt that the stout little maid of Maxton was the first in the fray, and distinguished herself in a fashion that naturally led to the humorous exaggeration contained in the memorial verses. Such exaggerations belong to the very essence of the popular ballad, and must be taken kindly, like not a few things in Homer that mar the sublime in some of his most effective passages.—J. S. B.]

KING HENRY was a rampant loon,
No Turk more bold than he
To tread the land with iron shoon
And tramp with royal glee.

God made him king of England ; there
His royal lust had scope
Tightly to hold beneath his thumb
People and peer and Pope.

And bishops' craft and lawyers' craft
Were cobwebs light to him,
And law and right were blown like chaff
Before his lordly whim.

And many a head of saint and sage
In ghastly death lay low,
That never a man on English ground
Might say King Henry no.

Now he would swallow Scotland too
To glut his royal maw,
And sent his ships, two hundred sail,
Bewest North Berwick Law.

And he hath sworn by force to weld
Two kingdoms into one,
When Scotland's queen with Scotland's rights
Is wed to England's son.

And he hath heaped the quay of Leith
With devastation dire,
And swept fair Embro's stately town
Three days with raging fire.

And he hath hired two red-cross loons,*
 False Lennox and Glencairn,
 From royal Henry's graceless grace
 A traitor's wage to earn.

And he hath said to the warders twain—
 Sir Ralph and stout Sir Bryan—
 "Ride north, and closely pare the claws
 Of that rude Scottish lion.

"And all the land benorth Carlisle
 That your good sword secures—
 Teviotdale and Lauderdale,
 And the Merse with all its moors,
 Land of the Douglas, Ker, and Scott,—
 My seal hath made it yours."

And they have crossed from Carter Fell,
 And laid the fields all bare;
 And they have harried Jeddart town,
 And spoiled the abbey there.

And they have ravaged hearth and hall,
 With steel untaught to spare
 Or tottering eld, or screaming babe,
 Or tearful lady fair.

And they have come with snorting speed,
 Plashing through mire and mud,
 And plunged with hot and haughty hoof
 Through Teviot's silver flood.

And past the stronghold of the Ker†
 Like rattling hail they pour,
 Right in the face of Penilheugh,
 And up to Ancrum Moor.

"Where be these caitiff Scots?" outcries
 Layton, with hasty fume.
 "There!" cries Sir Eure; "the cowards crouch
 Behind the waving broom.

"Have at them, boys! they may not stand
 Before our strong-hoofed mass;
 Like clouds they come, and like the drift
 Of rainless clouds they pass!"

"Not so, Sir Eure! ye do not well
 Thus with light word to scorn
 The Douglas blood, the strong right arm
 Of Bruce at Bannockburn.

*The Border clans who had been induced to side with Henry wore the red cross of St. George as a badge to distinguish them from the patriotic party. The defection of some prominent members of the Scottish nobility from the national cause on this occasion was not, I am afraid, a solitary instance of baseness, which never bears a fouler front than when found in their class.

†Ancrum House, now the residence of Sir William Scott of Ancrum, but at the date of the ballad possessed by a branch of the noble race of the Kers.

“Lo ! where they rise behind the broom
And stand in bristling pride,
Sharp as the jag of a gray sea-crag
That flouts the billowy tide.

“With six-foot lances sharply set
They stand in serried lines,
Like Macedonian phalanx old,
Or rows of horrid pines.”

Sir Eure was hot : he might not hear,
Nor pause to weigh the chances,
But spurred his steed in mid career
Upon the frieze of lances.

Madly they plunge with foaming speed
On that sharp fence of steel,
And on the ground with bleeding flanks
They tumble, toss, and reel.

Charge upon charge ; but all in vain
The red-cross troop advances—
Rider and horse, high heaped in death,
Lay sprawling 'neath the lances.

But what is this that now I see ?
In battailous array
Matrons and maids from Ancrum town
Are mingled in the fray.

A goodly band ; not Sparta bred
More valiant-hearted maids
Than these that front the fight to-day
With pitchforks and with spades.

And as they come, “Broomhouse !” they cry ;
These butcher loons shall rue
Their damnèd force on that fair dame
Whom at Broomhouse they slew.*

And there stands one, and leads the van—
A Maxton † maid, not tall,
But with heroic soul supreme
She soars above them all.

With giant strokes she flails about,
And heaps a score of dead,
That bring—oh woe ! a vengeful troop
Upon her single head.

With swoop of trenchant blades they come,
And cut her legs away,
And look that she shall straightway fall
On ground and bite the clay.

* In one of their savage raids, the troops of the warder had burned the tower of Broomhouse, and in it its lady, a noble and aged matron, with her whole family.—*Tytler*.

† A village on the Tweed, about two miles north of Ancrum Moor, once very populous, and still marked by an old cross.

Say, is it by St. Bothan's power,
Or by St. Boswell's grace,
That still she fights, and swings her arms,
And stoutly holds her place?

I know not; but true men were there,
And saw her stand a while
Fighting, till streams of her brave blood
Gave rivers to the soil;

And then she fell; and true men there,
Upon the blood-stained moor,
Upraised a stone to tell her fame,
That ever shall endure.

All praise to Humes, and Kers, and Scotts!
But fair Maid Lilliard's deed
Shall in green honor keep this spot,
While Teviot runs to Tweed!

Blackwood's Magazine.

SENILIA: PROSE POEMS BY IVAN TURGENIEF.

TRANSLATED BY M. C. R.

THE following preface to the edition of the *European Messenger* will explain the origin of the pieces below:

Ivan Ssergejewitch Turgenief, in accordance with our request, has given us his permission to present to our readers the fleeting thoughts, fancies, and impressions, which he, from time to time, has noted amid the varied scenes of daily life—his own, as well as others—during the past five years, and which he has committed to paper. For these, as for many others, no place was found in the already completed and published works of the author. They form a collection in themselves, and the author has, meanwhile, selected fifty fragments from among them.

At the conclusion of the letter which accompanied the sheets now published by us, I. S. Turgenief wrote:

"The reader should not peruse these 'Prose Poems' in succession; they would most probably weary him, and he would throw the book aside. But he may read them singly, one to-day, another to-morrow, and then, perhaps, one or the other may sink into his soul."

These sheets have no collective title; outside the envelope containing them

the author wrote: "Senilia—An Old Man's Fancies;"—but we prefer the words which he let fall at the conclusion of the above-quoted letter: "Prose Poems," and publish the leaflets under this title. It thoroughly explains our views, both as regards the source from whence these sketches have flowed—the author's soul, which is well known for its sympathy with all questions that move humanity—as well as the impressions which the poems may convey to the reader. For they are really poems, although written in prose. We print them in chronological order, beginning at the year 1878.

PART I.—1878.

IN THE VILLAGE.

It is the last day of July; a thousand wersts wide around is Russia—home.

The whole heaven is a shadowless azure, only one solitary, tiny cloud floats therein, and melts away. Perfect calm, heat. . . . An atmosphere like lukewarm milk.

The larks chant, the doves coo, the swallows dart about, silent and swift as arrows; the horses whinny as they graze, and there stand the dogs, gently wagging their tails, without barking. . .

There is a faint scent of smoke, of hay, of tar, and of leather. The field of hemp is already ripe, and exhales its intense but agreeable perfume.

In a deep but not a precipitous ravine stands an array of weather-beaten pollard willows. Beneath them flows a streamlet, and the little stones on its bed tremble under the eddying surface of the water. In the distance, where heaven meets earth, one can see the blue lines of a large river.

On one side of the ravine stand small and neat granaries, with firmly closed doors; on the other side some five or six peasants' huts, built of pine logs, and roofed with planks. Each roof is crowned by the little house for starlings, perched on a long pole; on the gables are horses' heads with stiff manes, cut out of sheet iron. The unequal window-panes glitter with rainbow hues. Vases of flowers are painted in exceedingly primitive style on the window shutters. Solid benches stand before the houses, here and there a round, curled-up cat, with keen, piercing eyes; beyond the high door-step the dark, cool entrance to the house.

I recline close to the edge of the ravine, upon an outspread horse-cloth; around me are heaps of new-mown, steaming, fragrant grass. The practical peasants have spread their hay in front of their houses, in order that it may dry thoroughly in the heat of the sun; then it is conveyed to the barn; after that it rests luxuriously.

Curly-headed children peep out of the hay-cocks; tufted hens flutter around, and search for little beetles; a puppy curls itself round in a heap of straw.

Brown-haired youths, in neat, broadly-girt shirts and heavy boots, lean with their breasts against a peasant's cart, they laugh and jest among themselves.

A young, round-cheeked woman looks out of one of the windows, and laughs, partly at the boys, partly at the children's romps in the hay.

Another young woman is drawing with her powerful arms the great, dripping bucket out of the well. The bucket trembles and swings on the rope, and long shining drops fall from it.

Beside me stands an old woman; she is attired in a new gown, and new leather shoes.

Three rows of large glass beads encircle her lean and sunburned neck; her hoary head is wrapped in a yellow handkerchief, spotted with red, which hangs over her lustreless eyes.

But the aged eyes smile kindly; the whole wrinkled visage smiles. This old woman has left nearly eighty years behind her, . . . and one can still see that she was beautiful in her youth.

In the brown, parted fingers of her right hand she holds a jar of cool milk, just fetched from the cellar. The outside of the jar seems to be beaded with drops of dew. With her left hand she offers me a large piece of black bread, yet warm: "Eat, and be welcome!"

Suddenly the cock crows and flaps his wings vigorously. After a pause, a calf bleats a reply from within the closed stable.

"Those are what I call oats!" I hear my coachman exclaim. . . .

This content, this repose, this abundance, in this free, Russian village! Oh, what calm and what bliss!

And I think to myself: Why do we so urgently need a cross upon the dome of the holy St. Sophia in Byzantium, and all other things, after which we townsmen strive so earnestly?

February, 1878.

A CONVERSATION.

A human foot has never yet ascended the Jungfrau nor the Finsteraarhorn.

The summit of the Alps . . . a perfect chain of steep rocks . . . the depths of the heart of the mountains.

Above the mountains a pale-green heaven, still and clear. Hard, severe frost; firm, glittering snow; from under the snow protude gloomy, ice-incrusted, weather-beaten twigs.

Two Colossi, two giants, rise on either side of the horizon: the Jungfrau and the Finsteraarhorn. And the Jungfrau asks her neighbor: "What is the news? Thou canst gaze around more easily than I, what is happening there below?"

A thousand years elapse—a minute. And Finsteraarhorn thunders in reply: "Impenetrable clouds veil the earth. . . Wait!"

Another thousand years elapse—a minute.

"What now?" asks the Jungfrau.

"Now I can see : there below everything is unchanged, confused, and small. Blue water, black forests, masses of gray, piled-up, towering stone. And all around those little beetles still swarm, you know them, those with two legs ; who, hitherto, have never been able to sully my summit nor thine."

"Mankind?"

"Yes, mankind."

"A thousand years elapse once more—a minute."

"And what now?" asks the Jungfrau.

"It appears to me as if a few of these beetles had become visible," thunders Finsteraarhorn ; "it has grown clearer there below ; the waters are diminished, the forests less dense!"

And yet another thousand years go by—a minute.

"What seest thou now?" asks the Jungfrau.

"Around us, close at hand, it seems to grow clearer," replies Finsteraarhorn ; "but there, in the distance, there are still specks in the valleys, something still stirs there."

"And now?" asks the Jungfrau after another thousand years—a minute.

"Now it is good," answers Finsteraarhorn ; "it is pure everywhere ; perfectly white, wherever one looks. . . . Our snow is everywhere, spotless snow and ice. All is frozen. Now it is good and quiet."

"Yes, now it is good!" assents the Jungfrau. "And now, thou hast chattered sufficiently, old one. Let us now sleep a little."

"Yes, it is time."

So they sleep, those giant mountains ; and the clear, green heaven slumbers above the everlastingly silent earth.

February, 1878.

THE OLD WOMAN.

I wandered alone in a distant meadow.

Suddenly it seemed to me as if I heard light, cautious footsteps behind me. . . . Some one was following me.

I looked round—and discovered a little, humpbacked old woman, completely swathed in gray rags. Only her face—a yellow, wrinkled, keen, toothless face—peered out.

I advanced toward her. . . . She remained standing.

"Who are you? What do you want? Are you a beggar? Do you ask alms?"

The old woman answered nothing. I bent down toward her and remarked that both her eyes were veiled with a white, half-transparent membrane, similar to that which one finds in many birds that shelter their eyes from a too-glaring light.

But this old woman's membrane was motionless, it was never lifted from the pupil. . . . I concluded from this that she was blind.

"Do you demand alms?" I repeated my question. "Why do you follow me?" But still the old woman replied not, but only bowed herself a little lower.

I turned round and pursued my road.

And again I heard the same soft, stealthy, measured footsteps behind me.

"This woman again!" I thought ; "what does she want with me?" But immediately I added to myself : "Probably she may have wandered from the path in her blindness, and she is following the sound of my footsteps, in order to arrive with me at some inhabited neighborhood. . . . Yes, yes, that is it!"

But a curious unrest took possession of me. . . . it seemed to me as if I were following the given direction of this old woman, and not she mine ; that she was forcing me forward, now to the right, now to the left, and that I unwillingly obeyed her.

Meanwhile I go further and further. . . . And there before me, exactly in the direction of my path, is something black ; it grows wider ; . . . it is a ditch. . . . "A grave!" the thought came like a flash of lightning. And she is forcing me toward it.

I turn round short. The old woman is still by me. . . . But now she can see. She glares at me with large, evil, menacing eyes, the eyes of a bird of prey. . . . I look closer at her face, at her eyes. . . . And there again was the dim membrane, and again the same infirm and sightless lineaments.

"Ah!" I reflect. . . . "This old woman is—my Fate; that Fate which mankind cannot escape."

"Cannot escape? cannot escape? What a delusion. . . . I will attempt to

do so !” And I strike out in a different direction.

I hasten, . . . but the airy footsteps rustle behind me, near, so near, . . . and still before me is that gloomy pit.

I turn, and pursue another path. . . and still this same rustle behind me, and the same dark speck before me.

And as I turn, now here, now there, like a hunted hare, . . . ’tis ever the same, ever the same !

“Stop !” I say to myself, “now I will deceive her ! I will remain still.” Suddenly I throw myself upon the earth.

The old woman stands two paces behind me. I hear her not, but I feel that she is there. And suddenly I see : yonder speck, that was visible in the distance, floats, crawls toward me !

God ! . . . I look behind me. . . . The old woman stares rigidly at me, and her toothless mouth is distorted by a smile. . . .

“Thou shalt not escape me !”*

February, 1878.

MY DOG.

We two are together in the study, my dog and I. . . . Outside a fearful storm is raging.

The dog sits before me and gazes straight into my eyes. I also gaze into his eyes.

He seems as if he must say something to me. He is dumb, has no language, no ideas of his own. Still I understand him.

I understand that the same feeling exists in him as in myself ; that there is no distinction between us. We are homogeneous ; the same flickering little flame glows and shines in each of us.

Death draws near, one single touch of his cold, mighty wing. . . .

And that is the end !

Who can discern, then, what special flame glows in both of us ?

No ! . . . It was not merely a man and an animal gazing mutually at each other. They were two pairs of eyes, belonging to equal beings, that criticised each other. And in each of these pairs of eyes—in the animal’s as well as the man’s—one existence anxiously hum-

bled itself before another that was its equal.

February, 1878.

THE ADVERSARY.

I had a comrade, he was my rival ; not merely as regards study, office, or love ; our notions never, by any chance, harmonized, and every time we encountered each other an endless dispute raged between us.

We disputed about everything—about art, religion, science, about the life on this earth, and about the life after death ; most frequently about the last.

He was an enthusiast and a believer. Once he said to me : “You scoff at everything ; should I die before you, I will appear to you from the next world. . . . Then we should see for once if you would still laugh.”

And exactly as he had said—he died before me, while he was yet quite young ; a long time elapsed—and I forgot his promise and his threat.

One night I lay in bed, and could not, or would not, sleep.

The chamber was neither dark nor yet light ; I gazed into the gray light.

Suddenly I seemed to see my adversary standing between the two windows. He shook his head gently and sadly.

I was not alarmed—nor even surprised, . . . but merely raised myself a little, supported myself on one arm, and gazed fixedly at the unexpected apparition.

And still it nodded.

“Well,” said I at length, “do you triumph ? or do you deplore ? What is the meaning of this ? a warning ? or a reproach ? Or do you wish to make me understand that you were wrong ? that we were *both* wrong ? Which have you experienced ? The torments of Hell ? The bliss of Paradise ? Speak. . . . but one single word !”

But my adversary uttered no sound—he only nodded sorrowfully and humbly.

I burst out laughing—and he disappeared.

February, 1878.

THE BEGGAR.

I passed along the street. . . . A beggar stopped me, an infirm old man.

The inflamed, tearful eyes, the blue lips, the coarse rags, the loathsome

* In Russia, death is represented as a woman.

sores. . . . Ah, how frightfully had poverty disfigured this being!

He stretched out his dirty, red, swollen hand toward me, . . . he moaned, and whimpered for charity.

I searched all my pockets, . . . neither purse nor watch, nor handkerchief could be found. . . . I had brought nothing with me.

The beggar waited, . . . and his outstretched hand shook slightly and quivered.

Distressed and embarrassed, I seized the soiled hand and pressed it. . . .

"My brother, blame me not, I have nothing, brother."

The beggar turned his red eyes upon me; his blue lips parted in a smile—and he pressed my fingers (which had grown chill) in return.

"It matters not, brother," he faltered; "I thank you all the same. For that was a gift, my brother."

And I realized that I also had received a gift from my brother.

February, 1878.

"ACCEPT THE VERDICT OF FOOLS. . . ."
(*Puschkin*).

"Accept the verdict of fools. . . ."
And thou ever speakest truth—thou, our sublime singer—and thou hast spoken it now.

"The verdict of fools and the laughter of the multitude!" . . . Who has not already experienced one or the other?

But this may—and must—be endured; and he to whom strength is given may despise it.

Still there are blows which wound us more deeply. . . . A man does his utmost; he labors honestly, with all his heart. . . . And yet "honorable souls" turn away from him with disgust; "honest people" redden with indignation at the mere mention of his name. "Depart! Away with thee!" cry young and "honorable" voices. "We need neither thee nor thy works, thou defilest our dwelling—thou canst neither know nor understand us. . . . Thou art our foe!"

What must this man do? He must continue to labor on, making no attempt to vindicate himself—he may not even expect a just verdict.

Once upon a time, the husbandmen cursed the traveller who brought them

potatoes as a substitute for bread, the daily food of the poor. . . . The hands at first outstretched to him dashed down the precious gift, flung it in the mire, and trampled on it.

And now it is their sustenance—and they do not even know the name of their benefactor.

Be it so! What is a name worth? Though he is nameless, yet he delivered them from death by famine.

So therefore let us take heed that what we provide may prove indeed wholesome food.

Bitter is the unjust reproof from the lips of those we love. . . . Still we must endure it.

"Strike—but hear me!" cried the Athenian to the Spartan.

"Strike me—but eat and be satisfied!" This is what we must say.

February, 1878.

A SELF-SATISFIED MAN.

A young man is walking gayly along the Residential Street. His demeanor is careless, cheerful, and self-conscious; his eyes sparkle, a smile is on his lips, and his pleasant face is slightly flushed. He is full of self-confidence and satisfaction.

What has happened to him? Has he made a fortune? Has he attained a higher position in life? Does a loved one await him? Or is it merely—a good breakfast, a feeling of comfort, the fulness of strength, that thus expands his frame? Or may not even the beautiful eight-rayed cross of King Stanislaus of Poland have been hung around his neck?

No. He has only devised a slander about one of his friends, and he is carelessly circulating it abroad. This same slander he heard from the lips of a third one—and believed it himself.

Oh, how content and complacent is this amiable, promising young man!

February, 1878.

A RULE OF LIFE.

"If you would thoroughly disconcert and irritate your enemy,"—this was an old intriguer's advice to me—"accuse him of the same fault, the same vice, that you yourself strive to overcome; reproach him bitterly with it, and heap upon him the severest reproofs.

"First—by these means you will persuade others that this is no vice of yours.

"Secondly—your indignation is unfeigned. They have the benefit of the reproof of your own conscience.

"Are you perhaps a renegade? Then reproach your adversary with a lack of faith!

"Have you yourself the soul of a lackey? Then upbraid him with his lackey's nature; sneer at him for being a lackey of civilization, of Europe, and of society."

"One can even say that he is a lackey because he is not a lackey!" I remarked.

"Yes, even that," assented the intriguer.

February, 1878.

THE END OF THE WORLD.

A Dream.

I dreamt that I was in a peasant's hut in some obscure corner of Russia.

It is a large room and low: there are three windows, the walls are painted white, and there is no furniture. Before the hut stretches a desolate plain, which loses itself in the dim distance; above it, a gray, monotonous sky hangs like a veil.

I am not alone; there are some ten men in the room. They are ordinary, simple, plainly-clad people; they pace up and down in silence; they almost slink. They shun, but still regard, each other continually with apprehensive looks.

Not one of them knows how he has come hither, or what manner of men the others are. Disquiet and depression is painted on every countenance; one after the other they all approach the window, and gaze out anxiously as if they awaited something from without.

And then they wander restlessly up and down once more. A youth who is of the number moans from time to time in a thin, monotonous voice, "Father, I am afraid!" This complaining makes me feel ill—I myself begin to grow frightened. . . . But why? I know not. I only realize that a great, great evil is ever drawing nearer.

The youth continues to moan. Oh, could one but flee from here! This heat! This exhaustion! This oppression! . . . But escape is impossible.

The heaven is like a pall, not a breath of air stirs. . . . Can the breeze also be dead?

Suddenly the youth rushes to the window and cries in mournful accents, "Look! look! the earth is swallowed up!"

What? . . . Swallowed up? . . . In truth there was a plain before the house—now it stands on the summit of a vast mountain! The horizon has fallen and sunk down, and close by the house yawns a black, deep, gaping abyss!

We all crowd round the window. . . . Our hearts are benumbed with terror. "There—there it is!" . . . whispers my neighbor.

And suddenly, along the whole, wide, unbounded space, something stirs; little rounded hillocks appear to rise and sink on the surface.

The sea! The same idea occurs to us all. It will engulf us all together. . . . But how can that be? How can it scale the heights of this lofty mountain peak?

But it is rising, ever higher, ever higher. . . . And now they are not merely the little hillocks which rippled in the distance. . . . One solitary, dense, monstrous wave encompasses the whole circle of the horizon.

It dashes, dashes toward us! Like an icy whirlwind it approaches, circling round like the gloomy pit of Hell. Everything around is quaking; and there, in yonder approaching chaos, a metallic roar of a thousand tongues thunders, crashes, shrieks. . . .

Ha! . . . What howls . . . groans! It is the earth that is crying aloud with fear.

The end of the world is here! . . . The universal end!

The youth moans yet once more. . . . I will cling to my companion—but all of a sudden we are crushed, buried, overwhelmed, carried away by yonder black, icy, roaring wave.

Darkness . . . eternal darkness!

And almost breathless, I awoke.

March, 1878.

MASCHA.

For several years I dwelt in Petersburg, and I was wont, whenever I hired a droschky or a sledge to enter into conversation with the driver.

But I especially enjoyed chatting with the night-faring drivers—with those poor peasants from the surrounding country who strive to earn sufficient to feed themselves, and also to pay the Government "obrok,"* by means of their rickety, yellow painted sledge, with one wretched horse.

Once I was driving with one of these coachmen. . . . He was a young man, about twenty years of age, tall and well built; a powerful fellow, with blue eyes and rosy cheeks, his patched cap pressing his curling brown locks down to his eyebrows. It was a wonder how his tattered coat hung together on his broad shoulders.

But the handsome, beardless face looked sad and gloomy.

I began to talk to him. His voice also sounded sorrowful. "Why are you not cheerful, my brother?" I asked. "Have you a sorrow?"

The youth did not immediately reply.

At length he exclaimed, "Yes, sir, I have a sorrow; such a sorrow that I cannot imagine one more bitter for any one. My wife is dead."

"And you loved her well?"

The youth did not turn round; he only nodded his head slightly.

"Yes, sir, I loved her. . . . It is now eight months since. . . . I cannot always overcome it. It gnaws my heart . . . continually. And why should she have died? She was young and strong. But the cholera came, and in one day it killed her."

"Then she was a good wife to you?"

"Ah, sir," and the poor fellow sighed deeply, "we were all in all to each other! She died while I was absent. When I learned that she was actually buried, I hastened to our home in the village. It was past midnight when I arrived there. I entered the house, and standing in the middle of the room, whispered, quite softly, 'Mascha, my Mascha!' . . . but only the cricket chirped. Then I fell a-weeping; I flung myself down, and beat the earth with my palm! 'Insatiable gulf,' I cried, 'thou hast swallowed her. . . . Oh, swallow me also!' . . . Alas, Mascha! Mascha!" he added softly, after a pause. And without relinquishing the reins, he dried a tear

from his eyes with his mittened hand; then gave the reins a shake, shrugged his shoulders, and spoke no more.

When I alighted, I gave him a fee for himself. He seized his cap with both hands, made me a deep reverence, and then slowly continued his way along the deserted, snowy street, which was wrapped in a gray January fog.

April, 1878.

THE BLOCKHEAD.

Once upon a time there was a blockhead.

For a long time he lived happy and content, until at last a report reached him that everybody considered him a brainless fool.

This roused the blockhead and made him sorrowful. He considered what would be the best way to confute this statement.

Suddenly an idea burst upon his wretched mind, and without delay he put it into execution.

One day an acquaintance encountered him in the street, and began to praise a celebrated painter.

"Good God!" cried the blockhead, "do you not know that this man's works have long since been banished to the lumber-room? You *must* be aware of the fact! . . . You are far behindhand in culture."

The friend was alarmed, and immediately concurred with the blockhead's opinion.

"That is a clever book that I have read to-day!" said another of his acquaintances to him.

"God have mercy!" cried the blockhead. "Are you not ashamed to say so? That book is utterly worthless; there can only be one idea concerning it. And did you not know that? . . . Oh, Culture has left you far behind."

And this acquaintance also was alarmed, and he agreed with the blockhead.

"What a splendid fellow my friend, N—N—, is!" said a third acquaintance to the blockhead; "he is a truly noble man!"

"Good heavens!" shrieked the blockhead; "N—N— is a notorious scamp! He has already plundered all his relations. Who does not know that? . . . You are sadly wanting in culture!"

And the third acquaintance was also

* A tax levied upon the serfs.

alarmed, and instantly accepted the blockhead's opinion. Whatever was praised in the blockhead's presence, he had always the same answer. And in every case he added, reproachfully, "And you still believe that authority?"

"A spiteful, venomous man!" that was how the blockhead was now known among his acquaintances. "But what a head!"

"And what language!" added others. "What talent!"

And the end of it all was, the editor of a newspaper intrusted the blockhead with the writing of the critiques in his journal.

The blockhead criticised everything, and every one, in his well-known style, and with his customary abuse.

And now, he, the former enemy of every authority, is himself an authority, and the rising generation show him respect, and tremble before him.

And how can the poor youths do otherwise? Certainly, to show him respect is an astonishing notion; but woe to you, if you would take his measure, or try to make him appear as he really was, you would immediately be criticised without mercy.

Blockheads have a brilliant life among cowards.

April, 1878.

AN EASTERN LEGEND.

Who, in Bagdad, does not know the great Djaffar, the sun of the universe? Once upon a time, many years ago, while Djaffar was still a youth, he was walking in the neighborhood of Bagdad.

Suddenly a hoarse cry fell upon his ear—some one was calling for help.

Djaffar was known among his acquaintance by his lofty mind and wise reflection; he had also a compassionate heart, and could rely upon his strength.

He hastened in the direction of the cry, and discovered a feeble old man, who was being forced toward the city walls by two robbers, who intended plundering him.

Djaffar drew his sabre, and attacked the miscreants; one he slew, and the other fled.

The old man fell at his deliverer's feet, kissed the hem of his garment, and exclaimed, "Brave youth, your generosity shall not remain unrewarded.

Apparently, I am only a miserable beggar; but that is a delusion. I am no ordinary man. At daybreak, to-morrow, come to the market-place, I will await you by the fountain, and you shall be assured of the truth of my words."

Djaffar hesitated: "This man certainly appears to be nothing but a beggar; however, who can tell? Why should I not make the experiment?" and he answered and said, "It is well, my father, I will come!"

The old man gazed at him, and went away.

At daybreak, the next morning, Djaffar repaired to the market-place. The old man was already awaiting him, leaning against the marble basin of the fountain.

He took Djaffar's hand in silence, and led him into a little garden which was surrounded by a high wall.

In the centre of the garden, a tree of an unknown species sprung from the green turf.

It had the appearance of a cypress, but its leaves were of an azure tint.

Three fruits, three apples, hung from the straight and slender twigs; one apple, of medium size, was rather long and milk white; another was large, round, and bright red; the third was small, shrivelled, and yellowish.

The tree rustled softly, although no breeze stirred. It sounded soft and sad, as if it were made of glass; it appeared to be conscious of Djaffar's presence.

"Youth!" said the old man, "pluck one of these fruits and take heed: if you pluck and eat the white apple, you will be wiser than all mankind; if you pluck the red apple and eat it, you will become rich as the Jew Rothschild; but if you pluck and eat the yellow apple, then you will be agreeable to the old women. Make up your mind without delay; in an hour the fruit will decay, and the tree will sink deep into the earth."

Djaffar bowed his head and considered. "Which shall I decide upon?" asked he of himself, half aloud. "Were I too wise, life perhaps might disgust me; were I richer than all other men, they would envy me; sooner therefor I will pluck and eat the third, withered apple!"

He did so, and the old man laughed with his toothless mouth, and said:

"Oh, wisest among all youths! You have chosen aright! Wherefore do you need the white apple? you are already wiser than Solomon. Neither do you want the red apple—you will be rich without it, and no one will envy you your wealth."

"Then tell me, venerable father," said Djaffar, trembling with joy, "where the most honored mother of our Chalise—the beloved of the gods—lives."

The sage bowed to the very earth, and pointed out the way to the youth. . . .

Who in Bagdad does not know the sun of the universe, the great and illustrious Djaffar?

April, 1878.

THE TWO QUATRAINS.

There was once a town whose inhabitants worshipped poetry so ardently that, if some weeks elapsed without new and masterly poems coming to light, such a poetical sterility was regarded as a public calamity.

Every one then would put on their worst clothing, would strew ashes upon their heads, and would gather together in an open space, to wail, to shed tears, and to murmur bitterly against the Muse who had forsaken them.

On one of these days of mourning, a youthful poet, Junius, appeared in the square, which was densely packed with sorrowing people.

He mounted the rostrum in haste, and made a sign to show that he wished to recite a poem.

The lictors flourished their staves, and shouted with stentorian voices—"Silence! attention!" The expectant multitude was silent.

"Friends! companions!" began Junius, in a clear, but slightly faltering voice:

"Friends and companions! The lover of
Poetry,
God of harmonious beauty and light,
Charms away trouble, and vanquishes sorrow;
Apollo arises—and fled is the night!"

Junius had concluded; the answer was—a universal burst of laughter, howls, and whistles from every side.

The upturned faces of the multitude glowed with indignation; every eye sparkled with rage; every hand was raised threateningly, and clenched.

"Does he wish to mock us with that?" yelled the furious voices. "Tear the paltry rhymester down from the rostrum! Down with the blockhead! Pelt the fool with rotten apples and stinking eggs! Stones! Bring stones!"

Junius rushed headlong from the rostrum; but scarcely had he gained his dwelling, than he heard tumultuous applause, shouts of praise, and acclamations.

Tortured with doubts, Junius returned to the square, and endeavored, if possible to mingle unobserved in the crowd, for "'Tis dangerous to rouse the grim lion."

And what did he see?

Raised high upon the shoulders of the multitude, on a flat, golden shield, clothed in the purple mantle, his locks crowned with laurel, stood his rival, the youthful poet, Julius. . . . And the people shouted: "Glory and honor to the immortal Julius! He has consoled us in our trouble; and in our great sorrow he has refreshed us with his sublime poetry, which is sweeter than honey, more musical than the sound of the cymbals, more fragrant than the odor of roses, and purer than the blue of heaven! Lift him in triumph, perfume his inspired head with soft clouds of incense, fan him with palm branches, strew all the spices of Arabia before him! Honor and glory to the divine poet!"

Junius approached one of the worshippers: "Repeat to me, O beloved fellow-townsmen, the words with which Julius has enchanted. Alas! unfortunately I was not present when he recited them. I pray you, do me the favor to repeat them, if you can remember them!"

"How could I ever forget such verses!" cried the questioned one eagerly; "for what do you take me? Listen and shout aloud, rejoice with us! The verses commence thus:

"The lover of poetry, my friends and companions,
God of sublimity, beauty, and light,
Care disappears, and all sorrow is ended!
When Phœbus arises,—then vanishes night!"

"Now what do you think of that?"

"But I pray you," cried Junius, "those are my own verses! Julius was among the crowd when I was reciting them, he heard them, and has repeated them with a few trifling alterations, which, after all, are no improvement!"

"Ah! now I recognize you, . . . you are Junius!" replied the other, with frowning brows. "You are either envious or a blockhead. Recollect yourself, miserable youth! with what sublimity spake Julius: 'When Phœbus arises, then vanishes night!' Compare your nonsense with it: 'Apollo arises, and fled is the night!'"

"Yes, is it not exactly the same?" began Junius.

"Another word," interrupted the other, "and I will rouse the people. . . . they will tear you in pieces!"

Junius prudently held his tongue. A gray-headed man, who had overheard the conversation, stepped toward the unfortunate poet, laid his hand on his shoulder, and said: "Junius! you repeated what you had composed out of season. This one certainly repeated borrowed words, still he hit upon the right moment; hence his success. Your own conscience must console you."

So his own conscience must console him; well or ill—to speak truly, ill enough—his own conscience must console Junius, who stood in the crowded background, amid the acclamations which were lavished upon his rival.

Proud, lofty, and majestic, Julius moved along in the golden, glittering dust of the beaming, all-conquering sun, splendid in purple, crowned with laurels, surrounded with perfumed clouds of incense; palm branches fell before him as he approached, and the veneration for him which filled the hearts of his enchanted townsmen knew no bounds.

April, 1878.

THE SPARROW.

I returned home from the chase, and wandered through an alley in my garden. My dog bounded before me.

Suddenly he checked himself, and moved forward cautiously, as if he scent-ed game.

I glanced down the alley, and perceived a young sparrow with a yellow beak, and down upon its head. He had fallen out of the nest (the wind was shaking the beeches in the alley violently), and lay motionless and helpless on the ground, with his little, unfledged wings extended.

The dog approached it softly, when suddenly, an old sparrow, with a black breast, quitted a neighboring tree, dropped like a stone right before the dog's

nose, and, with ruffled plumage, and chirping desperately and pitifully, sprang twice at the open, grinning mouth.

He had come to protect his little one at the cost of his own life. His little body trembled all over, his voice was hoarse, he was in an agony—he offered himself.

The dog must have seemed a gigantic monster to him. But, in spite of that, he had not remained safe on his lofty bough. A Power stronger than his own will has forced him down.

Treasure stood still and turned away. . . . It seemed as if he also felt this Power.

I hastened to call the discomfited dog back, and went away with a feeling of respect.

Yes, smile not! I felt a respect for this heroic little bird, and for the depth of his paternal love.

Love, I reflected, is stronger than death and the fear of death; it is love alone that supports and animates all.

April, 1878.

THE SKULLS.

A magnificent, dazzlingly-illuminated hall, a throng of ladies and cavaliers.

All are animated, and join in lively conversation. The conversation turns upon a celebrated singer. They say she is divine, immortal. . . . Ah, how enchanting was that last trill yesterday!

Suddenly, as if by the stroke of a wand, the covering of skin disappeared from every face, from every head, and in an instant the hue of death was on every skull, with its ashy, naked jaw and cheek bones.

I watched the movements of these jaws and cheeks with horror; I saw how the round, bony balls turned round and round, and shone in the glare of the lamps and tapers; saw how smaller balls—the balls of the senseless eyes—revolved in the large ones.

I dare not touch my own face, neither regard it in the mirror.

The skulls, however, moved in just the same way as before; the same sounds that the lips had uttered now proceeded from between teeth that had lost their teeth, and the nimble tongues still prattled of the astonishing finishing lips of the inimitable, immortal—yes, *immortal*—singer.—*Macmillan's Magazine.*

April, 1878.

(To be continued.)

WEREWOLVES.

THE idea of a being, half wolf, half man, and possessing also many demoniacal attributes, is a very curious piece of old-world superstition still to be found in very many European countries, and strengthened, no doubt, by the discovery, at times, of children who have been carried off and cared for by wolves who preferred the rôle of foster-mother to that of devourer—an occurrence of which there are frequent proofs on record. The wild and howling night winds, the Maruts that gave the name to our too familiar nightmare, may have given the first notion of demon wolves to the trembling listener as they passed shrieking by his solitary tent or hut. As these winds also represented the Pitris, the good patres or fathers, and the followers of Indra, the transition of thought by which the spirit-wolf and the human form became amalgamated is easily imagined.

There appears to be plenty of evidence that, at different times, a form of madness has broken out by which individuals have fancied themselves to be turned into wolves. Burton, in his "Anatomy of Melancholy," describes this disease, which he styles Lycanthropia, as "when men run howling about graves and fields in the night, and will not be persuaded but that they are wolves or some such beasts." He quotes authority for many instances; one, among the rest, of "a poor husbandman that still hunted about graves, and kept in churchyards, of a pale, black, ugly, and fearful look. Such belike," continues the garrulous old writer, "such, belike, or little better, were King Proteus' daughters, that thought themselves kine; and Nebuchadnezzar, in Daniel, as some interpreters hold, was only troubled with this kind of madness."

King James the First also speaks in a somewhat similar manner in the First chapter of the Third Book of *Dæmologie*. Pliny states that men were changed into wolves, and again into men: Pausanias narrates a history of a man who remained a wolf for ten years; and Ovid, in his "Metamorphoses," describes the transition of Lycaon, King

of Arcadia, who was turned into a wolf as a punishment for offering human flesh to the gods.

A legend also speaks of one of the family of Anthos, who, selected by lot, proceeded to the shores of a lake in Arcadia, where, after suspending his garments to the branches of an oak, he plunged in and swam across. Changing into a wolf, he was condemned to wander for nine years; but should he have abstained from feeding on human flesh, he was permitted to resume his former shape by swimming back again, and regaining his clothes which were still in the tree.

Herodotus states that the Neurians became wolves for a few days once a year, and then returned to the form of men. Virgil and Propertius give the same transformation, and Petronius tells a story related by Nicerus at Primalchio's banquet in which he (Nicerus) set off to walk in the early morning accompanied by a "valiant soldier, a sort of grim water-drinking Pluto. About cockcrow, when the moon was shining as bright as midday, we came among the monuments. My friend began addressing himself to the stars, but I was rather in a mood to sing or to count them, and when I turned to look at him—lo! he had stripped himself, and laid down his clothes near him. My heart was in my nostrils, and I stood like a dead man; but he made a mark round his clothes and on a sudden became a wolf. Do not think I jest; I would not lie for any man's estate. But to return to what I was saying. When he became a wolf, he began howling, and fled into the woods. At first I hardly knew where I was, and afterward, when I went to take up his clothes, they were turned into stone. Who then died with fear but I? Yet I drew my sword, and went cutting the air right and left, till I reached the villa of my sweetheart." Here he is told that a wolf had been at the farm and worried the cattle, but that a slave had run a lance into his neck, so he sets off home as fast as possible. "When I came to the spot where the clothes had turned into stone, I could find nothing but blood. But when I

got home I found my friend the soldier in bed, bleeding at the neck like an ox, and a doctor dressing his wound. I then knew he was a turnskin (*versipellis*), nor would I ever have broken bread with him again—no, not if you had killed me.”

The title “turnskin” is also in accordance with the Norwegian idea of the werewolf, as the change has always been supposed to have been effected by means of a skin robe, or sometimes a girdle, which could be put on or taken off. In the Middle Ages the bandit or outlaw was said to wear a *caput lupinum*, or as it was called in England, *wulfesheofod* (wolf’s head). King Harald Harfagr had a body of men called *Ulfhednar* (wolf-coated) to distinguish them from the *Berseker* (bear-skin shirted), and these men, according to Hertz, were originally supposed to put on the strength and fierceness of the animal with his skin. The myth of the giant wolf Fenris, the offspring of evil Loki and the giantess Angurboda, who created such a disturbance among the gods in Asgard, gave a semi-religious authority to the man-wolf idea in Scandinavia.

Professor de Gubernatis, in his excellent volume on “Zoological Mythology,” mentions a she-wolf in an Esthonian story who comes up on hearing the cry of a child, and gives it milk to nourish it. “The story tells us that the shape of a wolf was assumed by the mother of the child herself, and that, when she was alone, she placed her wolf disguise upon a rock, and appeared as a woman to feed the child. The husband, informed of this, orders that the rock be heated, so that when the wolf’s skin is again placed upon it, it may be burned, and he may thus be able to recognize and take back to himself his wife. The she-wolf that gives her milk to the twin brothers, Romulus and Remus, in Latin epic tradition, was no less a woman than the nurse-wolf of the Esthonian story.”

In Germany the transformation is believed to take place by means of a belt made of wolf-skin, and should this be unfastened or cut, the man-wolf immediately loses his wolf nature. Mr. Kelly, in his “Curiosities of Indo-European Tradition and Folk Lore,”

speaks of these girdles being once for sale. “A sale,” says he, “was made by order of the authorities, of a heap of old things that lay in a room in the Erichsburg. Among them were old implements of the chase which had been taken from poachers, and also some werewolf girdles. The Amtmann’s man, having a mind to try the effect of the latter, buckled one of them on, was immediately turned into a wolf, and started off for Hunnesrück. The Amtmann rode after him, and cutting at his back with a sword, severed the girdle, whereupon the man resumed his proper shape.” Another story is told of a little boy who put on his father’s girdle, and was transformed. His father overtook him and unfastened it. The boy afterward said that, the moment he put on the girdle, he became ravenously hungry. A common German story, also quoted by Mr. Kelly, is that of a charcoal-burner, who, believing his two companions to be asleep, fastened his wolf-belt round him, became a wolf, and devoured a foal. His comrades, who had only been feigning asleep, had observed him, and when, on their way home, he complained of an internal pain, they told him it was hardly to be wondered at when a man had a whole foal inside him. “Had you said that to me out yonder,” replied the werewolf, “you would never have reached home again;” and saying this he disappeared, and was not again seen.

Another German tale tells of a farmer who was driving his wife through a wood, and who suddenly alighted, telling his wife to drive on, and to throw her apron to any beast that might attack her. She was attacked by a wolf, who tore her apron into shreds, and then retreated. Upon her husband’s return she saw some threads of her apron sticking between his teeth, and knew he was a werewolf. Iron or steel thrown or held over a werewolf is, in Germany, supposed to split the wolf-skin, so that the man comes out through the forehead. *Loups garoux* are still supposed to linger in some parts of France, but during the sixteenth century many people were burned to death, having been found guilty of assuming the form and habits of the werewolf. In Portugal, the legend of the *Lobis-homen* still survives,

but it appears to be often confused with another superstition, that of the demon horse, the phooka of Irish tradition.

The following Polish stories are given in Naaké's translation of Slavonic fairy-tales. Some young people were dancing and enjoying themselves on a hill near the Vistula, when an enormous wolf seized one of the handsomest girls, and was dragging her away. Some of the youths followed and overtook them, when the wolf dropped the girl and stood at bay. As they had no fire-arms the young men stood irresolute, or hurried back for weapons, so the wolf again seized the girl, and bore her into the forest. Fifty years passed, and another feast was taking place on the same hill, when an old man approached. The people invited him to join them, but he sat silently and gloomily down. An old peasant entered into conversation, and was astonished when the stranger hailed him by name as his elder brother, who had been lost fifty years before. The aged stranger then told the wondering peasants that he had been changed into a wolf by a witch, and had carried away his betrothed from that hill during a festival, that they had only lived together in the forest for a year, and then she had died. He showed them his hands covered with blood, and said: "From that moment, savage and furious, I attacked every one and destroyed everything I fell in with. It is now four years since I again changed to human shape. I have wandered from place to place. I wished to see you all once more, to see the hut and village where I was born and grew up a man. After that—ah, woe is me! Fly, fly from me. I shall become a wolf again!" He was instantly transformed, howled piteously, and disappeared in the forest forever.

The second story is of a peasant with whom a witch fell in love. As he slighted her, she told him that when next he chopped wood in the forest he would become a wolf. He laughed at her threats, but they were fulfilled. He wandered about for some years, but would never eat raw flesh, preferring to frighten away the shepherds, and eat their provisions. At last he woke one day from sleep, and found himself once more a man. He immediately ran to his old home, only to find his parents dead,

his friends dead or removed, and his betrothed married and with four children. In this and the preceding tale there is a trace of the Rip van Winkle incident and its older original. A third story is also given, but space will not allow its transcription.

In the story of the Lésy, or wood demon, given in Ralston's "Russian Folk Tales," there is a strong resemblance to a portion of the former tale, which might suggest that the Lésy and the werewolf were not unconnected. The wood demon carries a girl off into the forest, where she lives with him until he is shot by a hunter. The story of "The Treasure" in the same volume speaks of a goat-skin uniting with the body of a pope or priest, so that he could not take it off, thus becoming half animal as in the tradition of the wolf-man.

Dasent, in the introduction to his "Popular Tales from the Norse," shows that the belief in werewolves was common in Sweden in the sixteenth century. Going back into mythical times, he states that "the Volsunga Saga expressly states of Sigmund and Sinfistli that they became werewolves, which, we may remark, were Odin's sacred beasts. . . . The wolf's skin. . . . was assumed and laid aside at pleasure." In "Morte d'Arthur" (Book xix., chap. 11) mention is made of "Sir Marrok, the good knyghte, that was betrayed with his wyf, for she made hym seuen yere a werewolf." In a Latin poem of the twelfth or thirteenth century (printed in the *Reliquiæ Antiquæ*, ii., 103) there are some lines describing men in Ireland who could change themselves into wolves and worry sheep, and who, if they were wounded in their wolf form, retained the wound on regaining human shape.

Sir Frederick Madden, in his Note on the Word Werwolf (William of Palerne, Edit. 1832), states: "In 'The Master of Game,' a treatise on hunting composed for Henry the Fifth, is the following passage: 'And somme ther ben . . . that eten children and men, and eten non other fleische from that tyme that thei ben acharmmed with mannes fleisch. . . . And thei ben cleped werewolves, for that men shulden be war of them.'" The ancient romance,

to which this was a modern note, was translated from the French at the command of Sir Humphrey de Bohun, about A.D. 1350, and gives a curious history of a werewolf. Alphouns, eldest son of the King of Spain and heir to the crown, was bewitched by his stepmother Braunde (who wished her own son, Braundinis to be the heir), and turned into a werewolf. This wolf carried away from Palermo William, the child of Embrons, King of Apulia, swam the Straits of Messina with the boy, and took him to a forest near Rome, not doing him any injury. The wolf went to obtain food for the child, and, in his absence, a cowherd found the boy, took him home, and adopted him. William grows up, and is given by the Emperor of Rome to his daughter as a page. The romance deals with many adventures; but, at last, William and the Emperor's daughter, Melior, become lovers and elope together dressed in the skins of two white bears. They wander until they find a den, where they are hidden. When they are suffering from hunger, the werewolf finds them, and brings them cooked beef and two flasks of wine, of which he had robbed two men. The Emperor of Rome, who had betrothed Melior to Partensdon, son of the Emperor of Greece, still pursues the wandering lovers, who are guided and helped by the werewolf. After many adventures, they reach Palermo, which they find besieged by the Spaniards. William, who has a werewolf painted on his shield, takes the King and Queen of Spain prisoners, and compels Queen Braunde to reverse her enchantment, and to restore the werewolf to his original human form.

Wolves have been so long extinct in England that it is hardly to be expected that there should now linger any tradition of them, but the old werewolf idea seems to have been closely allied with the horrible vampire. Indeed, so prominent a personage as one of our kings—King John himself—is said, in an old Norman chronicle, to have wandered in this shape after death. The monks of Worcester were compelled, by the frightful noises proceeding from his grave, to dig up his body and cast it out of consecrated ground.

Some old story of a man possessed by

the wolf-demon may perhaps have suggested to Shakespeare the outburst of Gratiano to Shylock, who was so vindictively pursuing his victim to obtain his flesh :

Thy currish spirit
Govern'd a wolf ; who, hang'd for human
slaughter,
Even from the gallows did his fell soul fleet,
And
Infused itself in thee.

In Normandy, a hundred years ago, the vampire-like Loup Garou was supposed to be the re-animated corpse of one who had died in mortal sin, and had risen from the grave to prey upon mankind. First, the corpse began to gnaw the face-cloth, then it wailed and shrieked horribly, burst open the coffin, and flames arose from the ground. This pleasant spectre then commenced its midnight murders in the wolf form, and these could only be stopped by the priest taking up the body, decapitating it, and flinging the head into a stream.

It is worth mentioning, in addition to the remark in the beginning of our paper, that the discovery of wild children reared by savage animals in the woods may have strengthened the belief in half-human animals, that Dr. Hubsch, physician to the hospitals of Constantinople, stated that in 1852 he saw a specimen of one of a central African tribe which possessed tails and fed constantly on human flesh. Mr. Baring-Gould, in his article on Tailed Men ("Curious Myths of the Middle Ages"), gives the history of John Struys, a Dutch traveller, who, he states, visited the Isle of Formosa in 1677, and who thus describes a wild man whom his companions caught, and who had murdered one of their number : "He had a tail more than a foot long, covered with red hair, and very like that of a cow."

Before taking leave of this interesting but ghastly superstition, I would mention the derivation of the prefix "were" in the word werewolf, as given by Sir Frederick Madden : "Wer," or "wera," a man, being the same as the Gothic "wair," Teutonic "wer," Francic "uara," Celtic "gur," "gwr," or "ur," Irish "fair," Latin "vir," etc.

Gervaise, of Tilbury, writing in the reign of Henry the Second, states :

"Vidimus enim frequenter in Anglia nominant, Angli vero werewolf dicunt; per lunationes homines in lupos mutari, were enim Anglice virum sonat, wlf, quod hominum genus Gerulfos Galli lupum."—*All the Year Round*.

MANZONI, POET AND PATRIOT.

THE Italians have lately erected on the Piazza di San Fedele at Milan a statue in honor of Alessandro Manzoni. The memorial is dated May 22d, 1883, his death having taken place on the same day ten years before, at the age of eighty-eight. When he passed away at this good old age, the country which he had lived to see "one, undivided, and free," mourned him with a truly national grief, and his remains, after lying in state for some days, were followed to the cemetery of Milan by a vast concourse, including the royal princes and all the great officers of State. It may be mentioned, as an indication of the national feeling, that Verdi wrote his well-known Requiem to honor his memory.

In his own land Manzoni's fame is universal, but among us other names have in recent times occupied a larger place in Italian history, and it may be well to recall the leading facts and incidents of his life.

Alessandro Manzoni was born at Milan, March 7th, 1785. His father was representative of an old family settled near Lecco. His maternal grandfather, Cesare Beccaria, was a well-known author on jurisprudence. His mother was a woman also of some literary ability, and, what is better, a woman of good sense, and of much graciousness of mind and of presence. The custom of sending young children to the mountains with their nurses to become strong and healthy, a custom general in Italy to the present time, was followed by the parents of the young Alessandro, who placed him with a favorite domestic who lived in a pretty cottage among the hills of Galbiate. Amid wild and beautiful scenes he passed the early years of his childhood. The hills and meadows and vineyards, where he wandered under the blue Italian sky, filled the mind of the boy with a certain quiet pleasure which gave to him a thoughtful look far above his years. At the age of fifteen he had already written poetry which gave prom-

ise of excellence. The recollection of these scenes probably found voice in his "Farewell to the Mountains."

But this time of quiet early thought came to an end when he joined the college of the Frati Somaschi, there to begin his studies. "Never can I forget," wrote Madame Manzoni to a friend, "the day I took my little Sandrino—(his pet name)—from his nurse to place him in the college of the Somaschi. Young as he was, he turned such a mournful look at that which had been his home as the carriage hurried into the road which hid it from his sight! But when I left him behind those gates his passionate grief was sad to see, and, as I afterward heard, the want of genial, loving treatment seems to have crushed all the childlike gayety from his heart, and made the good Frate of the college vote him their worst scholar."

Last in his class, never up in his lessons, the most terrible epithets were showered on him. "Breccone!" "Duroteste!" "Asino!" and others were in every-day use, not perhaps without some reason, for it appears that for a time at least his soul was wandering among the green mountain slopes and vineyards of his country home, while his body was shut within the cold gray walls of his college.

There is little doubt that these Frate knew not how to treat a child's natural grief at leaving his home, for when, with his little face pressed close to the tall iron gates to catch a last look at his mother's retreating figure, he could not be comforted, one of them thrust the red cross he wore into the boy's face, telling him to look on that and cease weeping.

This sort of cold treatment seems to have rendered the little student stolidly indifferent to all the correction he received; he was nervous, irritable, and almost always badly prepared with his lessons. The castigation in consequence inflicted on so young a child seemed to

deaden his spirit, and he got little benefit from his first school.

A better prospect opened when he entered the Collegio dei Nobili, where he made the acquaintance of Vincenzo Monti, the poet, who was then visiting the institute. In the company of Monti he felt, boy as he was, how much his mind required enlarging by reading. The thirst for knowledge was upon the student, and from that time he progressed rapidly in his education, and his teachers began to see that there was something in Manzoni after all.

On the death of his father, in 1805, he passed two years with his widowed mother, who devoted herself to the training of her son. By her judicious selection of his books she fostered his best tastes, and also strove to strengthen his intellectual powers, a care which his dreamy and sensitive nature required.

Manzoni looked back on these earlier years with tenderness. His subsequent studies at the University of Pavia were interrupted by the removal of his mother to France, to recruit her health by change of air and scene at Auteuil, at that time the resort of the *beau monde* of French literature and art. Here Manzoni met poets, philosophers, and other *savans*. Among them were Condorcet, Cabanis, and other disciples and admirers of Voltaire, by whom the young Italian was for a time led into sceptical views. From this eclipse he soon emerged, and his mother's influence had deepened, when he happily married Harriette Blondel, the daughter of a banker of Geneva. With her he lived for some years in happy retirement in Lombardy, and at this time he wrote devotional poems, "*Inni Sacri*," a series of lyrics remarkable for beauty of expression and reverential feeling.

One of the friends of Manzoni at Auteuil, Fauriel the *savant*, exerted a permanent influence of a better sort than most of that circle. Between the scholar and the student a great sympathy arose, and the more matured genius of the elder man became of great use to the younger. Manzoni was shy of showing his productions to any one; but Fauriel, biding his time, in his own quiet way taught Manzoni, without seeming to do so, much which gave tone to the then crude ideas of his imagination.

At this time Madame Manzoni lost her valued friend, Carlo Imbonati, and her son, in sympathy for her sorrow, composed a most touching lament on his death, but it was not till some time after that this poem saw the light. Perhaps he was afraid of his friend's criticism, which yet must be admitted to have been useful on the whole. At an age when young men are apt to take advice in any shape from their elders as a sort of slur on their knowledge of things in general, Manzoni found in Fauriel a mentor who never offended his *amour propre*, and yet one who lost no opportunity of inculcating all those principles of truth and honor upon which real character is founded.

We have dwelt rather long upon the early influences by which Manzoni's genius was called forth and his powers trained. Above them all in importance was the influence of his mother, who latterly was of the Reformed faith, and thus was accustomed to regard sacred things with enlightened as well as reverential spirit. By whom the brief sketch of his life is written in the new edition of the "*Encyclopædia Britannica*" we know not, but the writer truly states the feeling of Manzoni's compatriots in saying, "No man ever attained to greater honor from his contemporaries, or sought it less, and few have joined such rare intellectual gifts to so much gracious humility of mind and manners. His warmth of affection, tenderness of sympathy, and universal benevolence endeared him to his friends and fellow-citizens, while by his countrymen at large he was revered as the sage and patriarch of Italian letters. Of exalted private character, Manzoni furnishes an almost solitary instance of a poet whose life contains no note of discord with the loftiest standard presented by his works. The highest genius, disciplined by a still higher moral self-control, produced in him the rare spectacle of a perfect equilibrium of forces in a powerful mind."

This is high praise, but the veneration in which his name is held by his countrymen seems to justify the tone of admiring eulogy. It remains to give brief account of the works upon which his literary renown mainly exists. In 1819 his first tragedy appeared, "*Il Conte di Carmagnola*." This drama was so complete a

departure from the conventional and classical forms to which all Italian poetry had heretofore adhered, that its author has been called "the founder of the romantic school of Italian literature." It attracted notice outside his own country. An article in the *Quarterly Review* severely criticised it, but Goethe wrote in its defence with strong sympathy. In 1822 a second tragedy, "Adelchi," founded upon the overthrow of the Lombard rule in Italy by Charlemagne, contained many veiled allusions to the Austrian domination, and showed how strong the patriotic spirit of Manzoni penetrated his literary studies.

His stanzas on the death of Napoleon, written the year before, "Il Cinque Maggio," were regarded by many as the most popular lyric in the Italian language. No fulsome praise is lavished on the dead hero, but a just appreciation of the powerful mind which conceived, and of the indomitable will which carried into effect his wonderful exploits, is shown in every line. The dignity and extreme grandeur of description on the one hand, and the exquisite touches of sentiment on the other, have made this ode the chosen one by the greatest masters of declamation in Italy as a study for their more advanced pupils. Those who have heard it recited by Madame Ristori will not easily forget the impression produced.

But the most popular of all his works is his story of old mediæval times, "I Promessi Sposi." Sir Walter Scott pronounced this to be in his estimate the finest novel ever written. It is in the literature of Italy more than "Don Quixote" is in that of Spain, which is saying a great deal. It stands alone, unapproached in interest by any contemporary or subsequent fiction, and worthy of being ranked with the great classics of his country.

During that never-to-be-forgotten time when the usurpers of Italian soil had almost succeeded in quenching the love of the Fine Arts in his country, Manzoni's care was to keep alive the hope that better days were in store for Italy. None mourned more truly than he the falling away of that love of poetry and song once the pride of Italy. Friends there were who advised him to leave Italy until quieter times, because in the noise and tumult of revolution and the over-

throw of dynasties, that repose of mind needed by the man of letters was impossible, but he would not listen to their proposal. He could not leave his beloved countrymen while their "woe" of revolution was upon them.

Writing to Massimo D'Azeglio at that time, Manzoni says: "Alas! my friend, I fear me for my suffering brothers, lest in this battle of hopes and fears, this war of human passions, the first principles of true liberty be lost sight of. Then these thoughts, so sad, so trying, give place to the feeling which I believe to be the right one—I trust in my beloved countrymen, believing they will fight only for the right. Come to me, my friend, and help to charm away by your presence these sometimes despairing thoughts, which seem to hide the sunlight from my heart. No one will be more welcome to thy friend Manzoni."

Manzoni dreaded lest the long-continued oppression of his countrymen might lead them to despondency, and thereby induce the degeneracy which is too apt to come upon a nation enslaved. He sought himself and urged others to keep alive those feelings of truth and right by which alone good men and women are bound together, because when these are lost sight of little hope remains of a nobler future.

How well he loved Italy all through life many of his best and earliest productions show, and in his finest tragic poems—particularly in "Il Conte di Carmagnola"—it is evident that his power has its inspiration in his deep sympathy for his own country. Unlike the Greek choruses—which are mere interludes—those in this tragedy and in "Adelchi" are intrinsic parts of the story, serving as links to the most striking parts that follow. Witness the chorus at the end of the second act of the "Carmagnola," the whole fearful scene of the battle of Maclodio being described with stirring details which give clear scope for the opening of the third act.

It was not from the number of poems Manzoni wrote that he gained his popularity, though it would take some time to count them, but from the purity of conception and language, and the high tone of moral and patriotic feeling in one and all of his compositions.

Poor Manzoni ! in the latter part of his life, when the larger part of his country became free, he seemed to dream of an Italia of arts and sciences such as she once was—to imagine that no sooner was the wonderful fact of freedom established than men would spring up as painters, sculptors, poets, and that the glory of her greatness would again make her the world's mistress—the home of the beautiful arts. It was indeed the dream of a poet, but he lived to realize with sorrow how much remained to be done. Nor did he look enough to the one great influence which alone can regenerate and restore a people. Civil liberty has little true stability without religious freedom. When Italy has had time to throw off the fetters of superstition and ignorance, as well as those of foreign oppression, it will enter on a grander march of progress than ever Manzoni dreamed of. During the last ten years these higher influences have had larger scope, and in universal toleration and an open Bible, as well as a free press and wider education, Christian effort is busy in spreading that Divine truth which makes the spirit free, and that righteousness which alone exalteth a nation. Illustrious in history and in art, may Italy yet be distinguished as a truly reformed and Christian land !

When Rome became the capital of United Italy, the poet's great age was a bar to his full enjoyment of the fact.

"It is all very pleasant, these rejoicings," remarked he to a brother poet, Giusti, when the whole population appeared like children let loose from school after punishment, as they greeted Vittorio Emanuele. "He's a king, every inch of him ! it makes me happy to look at him !" said Manzoni. His respect and devotion to the late king was very great ; his faithful adherence to his word, his noble stand against those who would have made him break that word, filled the sensitive mind of the poet with enthusiastic regard. His majesty fully reciprocated the feeling, and showed it by making Manzoni a senator of the kingdom, an honor he gratefully accepted.

In his later years Manzoni lived in his past. To sit in his garden under the vines, or the large mulberry tree on his lawn at his villa, and think about Italy, in the company of some friends who had

travelled down the hill of life almost as far as he, was his greatest pleasure. With them he would converse about those who, in those far-off troublous times, had gone to their rest, but of the present he rarely spoke. The poet's great age his tenure of life from day to day uncertain ; yet when the end drew near none was so calm as he. In a weak but reverent voice he commended himself to the loving memory of his weeping family and friends, begging that the same practice of praying to God—not omitting prayer for the king every morning—might be adhered to when he was no longer with them. Manzoni died on the 9th of May, 1873, just as he had completed his eighty-ninth year.

Never were the funeral obsequies of a poet so honored. When the death of the illustrious octogenarian became known, from every part of Italy telegraphic messages of condolence to his family, and sympathy with the municipality of Milan, were hourly received—indeed, they form a small book. Crowds promenaded the Piazza Belgioioso and the adjacent Corso during the three days of the lying in state, and so universal was the affection shown for the loss of the great poet that men were not ashamed of the tears they could not repress when speaking of him whose name must henceforward be to them only a memory.

The new process of petrification to preserve the remains instead of embalment was resorted to, by which the body became as marble.

On the day of the funeral a stranger visiting Milan would have thought some royal and well-beloved prince had passed away, for, according to the beautiful Italian fashion, every balcony was draped in black and white, relieved by a profusion of charming flowers, also white. The municipality of Milan, with those of other cities, fell in as the principal mourners came from the house escorting the bier, the pall-bearers being all men of distinction. These again were followed by a notable number of high officials—consuls, secretaries, generals with their respective staff officers, all of whom paid willing respect to the great man who had passed away. As the procession formed and the bells began to toll, every head was uncovered, and almost every woman knelt ; the silence other-

wise was profound. Prince Amadeo, Duc D'Aosta, walked near the open bier, by the side of the American consul-general, followed by several distinguished foreigners who had for years been the friends of the poet. The scenes at the

grave were truly touching, testifying to the depth of feeling his loss had caused. At the royal palace, the houses of the nobles, and the clubs, nothing was spoken of but the death of Manzoni.—*Leisure Hour*.

THE COUNT DE ROCHMONT.

CHAPTER I.

IN 1793-94 the great French Revolution approached its climax. The young Comte de Rochmont, up to the date at which this narrative commences, had enjoyed comparative immunity from the attacks of the revolutionists. He was well known to belong to the party of progress, represented by Mirabeau, and besides he was a distant relation of one of the judges of the High Tribunal of Justice, of which Fouquier-Tinville was the directing spirit. When, however, the Reign of Terror set in nobody was safe, not even a relation of the great leaders, for no leader was himself safe, as one after another the Revolution swallowed up its own children.

Rochmont had two great estates, one at Lyons, and the other the Château de Rochmont, which was the 'cradle of his family. He usually resided at La Ferette, near Lyons, and considered his château in Provence rather as a winter residence than as his home, although the extensive vineyards which surrounded the old southern château produced the larger portion of his wealth.

During the progress of the Revolution he had conformed to the spirit of the times by dropping his title and reducing his establishment to that of a simple citizen, yet without sending adrift any of his old servants. He had discharged grooms, sold horses, put down carriages, given up liveries, and sent two old servants of the family to Rochmont under pretence of working his vineyards, but really to keep them out of the way until times should mend. The names of these servants were Jean and Françoise Solliers, and they were husband and wife.

At La Ferette he still kept his old butler, Marius Fancier, who, out of pure devotion to his master, was content not only to be called Citizen, but

also to attend meetings of the Jacobin Club, solely, however, with a view to gain information for his master's safety. This man was of the old style of honest, loving, devoted dependents. Born and bred in the family, he felt himself one of its members in a humble way, nor did he desire anything better than to die at his post. It would have been better for the Count if, as prudence suggested, he had stopped here, but having been brought up in habits of luxury and refinement, he could not bring himself to give up one other servant, a Swiss valet, by name Collot-Fournier. He was the less inclined so to do because Collot was a distant relation of the celebrated Collot-d'Herbois, and might be expected to throw the shield of his name over a much-suspected aristocrat, but on the other hand he thoroughly distrusted the character of the man, and made a practice of concealing from him all his most private movements. No more fatal course could have been adopted, nor any means taken more certain to develop the evil tendency of a mind given to intrigue. Collot naturally felt hurt at his master's reserve, as well as goaded on to pry into matters whose very concealment gave them an air of mystery, at a time when mystery meant treason, and treason meant the guillotine.

That celebrated and sanguinary villain known to history under the name of Collot-d'Herbois, had once been an actor and had been hissed off the stage at Lyons. When in the course of strange revolutionary events he was appointed by Robespierre Chief of the Revolutionary Committee, he thirsted for vengeance upon the poor Lyonnais, and got sent down to Lyons with a commission to purify the country. This he did by murdering about sixteen thousand of the people. The guillotine was

not equal to the work, so he called in the soldiers and had the people shot down by hundreds at a time in the public streets.

Some time before the advent of this wretch, De Rochmont had sent away from La Ferette all his portable wealth. Very secretly, of course, but not so secretly as to avoid the observation of his valet Collot-Fournier, who took the very first opportunity after the arrival of his relation Collot-d'Herbois, to communicate the fact to him. D'Herbois expressed his intention of dealing sharply with De Rochmont at one of the Jacobin reunions which Marius, the faithful butler, attended, who in his turn rushed home to his master, told him of his pressing danger, and advised instant flight. Together they talked the matter over, and finally decided that the best course would be for De Rochmont to go down south, taking the valet with him, and leaving Marius to do his best at La Ferette alone. Before dawn this plan was carried out. Collot was called out of bed, and under the eye of Marius, who never for a moment left him, packed his master's trunks, helped Marius to put them into a country carriage, and, driven by an old coachman, started with his master for La Château de Rochmont, without having had the opportunity of communicating with the tyrant D'Herbois. So far, so good; but, after all, the situation was almost desperate. It would require all the pilotage of one who knew rocks, shoals and currents, to travel south in such company without shipwreck. In his great perplexity De Rochmont changed entirely his system with his valet. He made him his confidant; told him that he was going to Provence to hide his treasure, and asked his friendly assistance with promises of future reward. Collot appeared delighted. On the road he most effectually screened the Count, and by dint of immense exertions got the party safely down to Provence.

He too was playing his game. He was not for an instant deceived by the change of manner of his master, nor did he intend that he should escape, but his first object was to ascertain the extent of the treasure, and his next to be quite sure of the place of concealment.

Before leaving, De Rochmont had

provided himself with a large iron safe, and tin cases which could be sealed up so as to resist damp; these he confided to the care of Collot, telling him that the first was for gold, and the others for bank notes and family titles. Collot was content with this information, which he felt must be true, as to his certain knowledge the Count had taken with him, or sent on all his valuables, knowing that La Ferette would be searched as soon as Collot-d'Herbois heard of his flight.

When they reached Marseilles, De Rochmont told Collot to go on alone, as he wished to visit an estate which he possessed on the confines of the Basses Alpes, at a village called Besse. He promised, however, to be at the château within two days. Collot was not alarmed at this proceeding, as he remained in charge of the articles of value which they had together brought from La Ferette. But this visit leads me to go back a little in my narrative in order to explain the position of the Count, and his reasons for the visit.

At the time of our narration, De Rochmont was an orphan, having lost his parents some three years before. His mother's sister had been twice married, first to a nobleman and afterward to a propriétaire near Besse, with whom she had become acquainted during her visits to her sister. This second marriage had always been considered by the Comtesse de Rochmont as a *mésalliance* and had stopped their friendly intercourse, but the young Count had not been forbidden, when he hunted or shot over his estate at Besse, to visit his aunt.

There he met his fate in the shape of Marguerite Mourel, his own cousin, a very beautiful girl, some three years his junior. His suit was encouraged by his aunt, who as the great lady controlled the family affairs of M. Mourel although she was entirely excluded from his political and public life. He allowed her to do much as she pleased at home, on condition that she allowed him to do just as he liked abroad, and what he liked was the Revolution, and what he did was to get elected member of the great Convention, and ultimately was appointed a judge of the Revolutionary Tribunal. This last promotion killed his aristocratic wife, who went to join her sister

and brother-in-law some six months after their decease.

It would have been quite useless for the heir of the De Rochmonts to open his heart to his parents, for nothing would have induced them to listen to his pleadings. They did not participate in his liberal political ideas, nor did they consider a mere propriétaire as belonging to their social caste, besides having a special horror of M. Mourel as a revolutionist of the first water. As for their niece, they had never seen her. She was not to them a relation, but rather a disgrace. After their death De Rochmont openly proposed an alliance, which M. Mourel willingly accepted, considering his future son-in-law as suitable in every respect, and not being unwilling, despite his Citizen this and Citizen that, to join hands with the old blood.

This M. Mourel was not by any means a bad man. He had read and thought himself into the belief that the monarchy had been so abused by Louis XIV. and Louis XV. that its abolition had become a necessity, if France was ever to attain the freedom which was enjoyed by England. He had even decided deliberately that Louis XVI. would be better out of the way, even if it should be necessary to chop off his head, for in those days men had become dreadfully familiar with and fearless of death. But he had never approved the fanatic schemes of Marat, or contemplated without horror the course of those prosecutors or prefects, who had been sent from Paris to levy open war upon peaceful citizens at Lyons, Nantes, and other great towns. His appointment as judge had been made and accepted rather with a view to putting a break upon the ferocious cruelty of Collot-d'Herbois and Fouquier-Tinville, than as a personal promotion suitable to his instincts. He had done his best to save some noble men and women, too often alas ! without success, as well as to arrest the bloody course of his colleagues ; until at last his one great wish and desire was to escape from a post which had ceased to offer any chance of saving life ; but alas ! escape was impossible, except by the road of the public executioner. So that he sat and suffered and did his little best, unknown and unappreciated,

only to reap the curses of posterity. Such men have been forgotten and passed over by history, but they existed nevertheless.

It was late at night when De Rochmont arrived at Besse. M. Mourel was away at Paris. Marguerite had been left alone, under the care of faithful servants, in an old-fashioned manorial residence, which belonged to De Rochmont, as being more secure from sudden attack than the country home of the propriétaire. There the lovers met ; one single day was at their disposal, to-morrow they must part, very probably for ever, since neither could count upon their friends being or continuing in power. To-day it was the turn of De Rochmont to fly, to-morrow it might be that of M. Mourel. Under such circumstances hearts speak to hearts, and quickly too, minds flash out to minds, ideas start from feverish brains, all the faculties are quickened—as when men are engaged in battle, and Death snatches up the laggard.

As they walked together in the gardens which drop down to a lake, small indeed, but so deep that even in thirsty Provence it has never been known to dry up, they hammered out scheme after scheme, first for the safety of him who was more immediately menaced, and then for a reunion beyond the fangs of the revolutionary adder.

The Count told how his valet had played him false, how, even now, he held him, so to speak, by the throat ; and asked his love to use her woman's wit to suggest the wisest course. He said that the treasure must be hidden, but that he did not know how to conceal it from Collot, nor did he know how long he could count upon being unmolested at his château. At last the conversation proceeded in the following manner.

" Well, my own love and darling, I almost feel that we shall never meet again in this life ; there is a presentiment of evil pressing upon my soul. Yet I will do my best as a man while I can. If I do not succeed in saving my own life, I will at least endeavor to secure your future comfort. These bloody times cannot last. Your father, whose good intentions are and must remain unknown, will soon fall, and you will inherit his opprobrium without his

wealth. Now listen to me. I will indeed bury the iron safe, not filled with plate, but with stones, with some few articles of plate at the top to deceive Collot, at the spot marked on this plan, which I give you in case you should ever desire to throw seekers off the scent, and I will throw a tin case with a full statement of my history down the well, marked also in the plan, in case you should ever wish to vindicate my memory. The iron safe must be seen by Collot, but I have two tin cases, one of which, empty, I will openly throw down, a well in the presence of Collot, the other I will secretly drop into the well marked on this plan. Here is my real wealth. This gold, this money, has been secretly got together during three years. To you I intrust it. It is, as you see, safely wrapped up and will suffer no injury under water. Here now, with you present, I let it fall into this deep spring beside the lake. No one will ever suspect me of this, nor will I make any plan, or keep any document about me to tell the tale. Collot—all the world—will remember my hiding treasures at Le Château de Rochmont; nobody will dream that I leave them here with you."

Marguerite looked for a moment at the spring, into which, suiting the action to his words, the Count had dropped the treasure, then turned to her lover and said: "Robert, you have done well, because you have thought of me and not of yourself. I rejoice that, even at the brink of the precipice over which we both hang, I feel more safe with you than other women might upon the broad road of success. I too fear that we shall never meet again alive, but I feel also that we are joined for all eternity—that we shall meet and live together forever. But do not mistake me. That money is nothing to me. If you die, I die. If you live, I live. It is not suicide I threaten, nothing so foolish. But I will think of you as you have thought of me, I will be your companion in life or death. Don't ask me how or what I mean to do. You know that one decides and acts in these feverish times suddenly. Say no more about our troubles, let us forget the Revolution, and spend a few hours as if this home and this lake were as quiet

and untroubled as in those happy days when a young sportsman used to come up here to pay a visit to his aunt and—cousin. It will freshen up both our intellects to remove from them, if but for an hour, this terrible strain."

The evening passed pleasantly away, and at midnight the Count started for home, being desirous of avoiding the patriots, who at that time thronged the streets or lived in front of the cafés. He arrived safely, to the infinite contentment of Collot, who was unable to deal with his supposed treasure alone, being associated in its guardianship with the old coachman, who had also let Jean and Françoise Solliers into the secret. Collot had fully made up his mind to send a message to D'Herbois as soon as the treasure was buried, not at all with the intention of handing it over to his relation, but with a view to the arrest of De Rochmont, which event would, as he calculated, leave him in sole possession of the secret.

By direction of the master three large excavations were made by Jean Solliers for the purpose of planting trees, while Collot was privately instructed to make a fourth at a distant corner of the estate, which he was to keep secret from everybody. When this was completed all the servants were requested to attend their master during the night for the purpose of burying his plate and cash. This they did. Boxes were placed in the several excavations, and all but the Count and Collot retired to rest. About two A.M. these two went forth again alone, first to a certain well which lies behind the great wine cellar, and then to the hole which Collot had dug during the afternoon. Into the well the Count threw a tin box, which he explained to Collot contained bank-bills and family titles; in the hole they buried an iron safe, the upper part of which Collot had been called in to help pack with articles of heavy plate. By three o'clock in the morning all was finished, and by way of precaution De Rochmont suggested to Collot that in case anybody should be awake, it would be better for them to enter separately. The valet was to enter by the back door, and after a few minutes spent in observing if all was quiet, he was to open the front door to let his master in.

After Collot had gone the Count passed rapidly into a little courtyard behind the stables, where was situated the kitchen well, and into that he dropped another tin box, then went to the front door, and finding all quiet was let in and went to bed.

Next morning two persons were actively at work, as actively as if they had spent the whole night in bed, instead of working with pickaxe and shovel. One of them was on his road to the post-office with a despatch for Collot-d'Herbois, the other was packing his things for an immediate flight.

De Rochmont never doubted for an instant that his valet had written to Lyons; the valet never suspected for an instant that his master was playing him false.

About eight o'clock the Count rang for his valet; his summons was answered by Jean, who informed him that Collot had gone out an hour ago, and had not yet returned. This news almost drove the Count to despair. He had indeed expected to be arrested, but had reckoned that he had some twelve or fourteen hours to spare for his preparations. He did not know that Collot had delayed writing until the treasure was concealed, and so imagined that he had gone out to fetch the gendarmes. The return of Collot reassured him. Looking at his face, he thought he read signs of expected rather than assured triumph, so going out with Jean he left Collot to complete the packing which he had himself begun. As soon as they were beyond earshot he turned to Jean and told him all about the villainy of the valet, explained to him that the treasure (which, however, he allowed him to think had been really buried) would be lost and all their lives endangered, unless he could immediately leave the place.

"But if you leave Collot behind," said Jean Solliers, "he will be sure to steal the valuables."

"True enough, my faithful friend, but I intend to take Collot with me."

"How will the seigneur manage that? I should think that Collot has no such intention."

"Probably not, but he would hardly like to resist me alone. His plan is to put a good face upon the matter until

his friends arrive to arrest me. Traitors are always cowards. My plan is to leave this before they can come, and he will submit, thinking to return as soon as he has placed me in safe custody. Go you at once to the stables, saddle three horses, prepare to go with us, and let Françoise keep the house with old Jacques the coachman. Even the emissaries of D'Herbois will hardly molest a lone woman and an old man, and even if they did they would be no worse off than they are with us, for we should all be arrested together. I believe that when they find us flown they will pay no attention to them, but hurry after us."

"May I ask where you propose to go to?"

"We must make a rush for the mountains with a view to reaching the Swiss frontier. But you may stay behind if you wish. I know that we are in a desperate position, and I don't want to force even so faithful a servant as Jean Solliers to run a race with death."

Poor Jean burst into tears, caught hold of his master's hand, kissed it fervently, and at last stammered out: "What! Could Monsieur le Comte doubt the fidelity, the devotion of his poor servant Jean? Did he think that his question concerned his own poor life? Did he not know that to die at his side would be the crowning honor of his life—unless indeed he could die in his stead, which would be better still?"

"I never doubted you, worthy old friend," replied the Count, "I never began to doubt you, but I hold it a point of honor to give all men a fair choice, when the question is one of life or death. Now you have decided, so act quickly and quietly, and let us have no scene with dear old Françoise, or our purpose might leak out."

Entering the château, De Rochmont sought his chamber, where he found Collot, apparently busy packing, but so slowly, so unwillingly, that it was evident he was thinking how he could delay or defeat the journey.

"Make haste, Collot," said De Rochmont; "we must be off after *déjeuner*, and ride for our lives. It has transpired that I brought a treasure down here, and within a few hours certain patriot citizens will be here to look

about. The marks of the spade are too recent to escape their observation ; they will find us out and come either alone at night, or with the authorities to hunt for it. We must throw them off the scent by getting away at once. I am not quite stripped bare yet. In my pocket-book I have ten thousand francs, which will keep us until we can steal back to recover the hidden treasure. Leave me to finish these saddle-bags, and go you to get your own affairs together."

Colлот was completely taken aback by this speech. If the neighbors did come his hopes were vanished. If the authorities came, they also would ruin them. Going slowly along the corridor, he tried to think out the situation, but it was too much for him, too changing for a definite decision. He saw that he must go, and perhaps it was for the best. On the way he could make arrangements for the Count's arrest, and then he could return at his leisure. Yes, he had better put a good face on the matter, and appear to fall into his master's views.

CHAPTER II.

LE CHATEAU DE ROCHMONT is in many respects a curious building. It was originally a mere hunting-box, but grew with the times, each member of the family adding a wing or a room, a stable or a barn, until at last it became what it now is. Yet not exactly, for in 1793 it bore evidences of belonging to a noble family, whose armorial bearings were carved in stone upon an arched entrance gate at the end of a grove of cypress-trees, which still grow and flourish, whereas the gate has since disappeared, together with other buildings and embellishments, and the whole place seems to have passed through a sort of revolution, which has changed it into a wild and in some respects a desolate-looking dwelling. Its original defects still remain. It has no front entrance. A pair of huge wooden folding gates give entrance into a courtyard, upon which a massive oak door opens near the middle of the back façade. Inside this door there is a small hall with doors leading into the principal apartments, and into another and larger hall which runs through to the terrace

in front. Opposite the great folding gates are the stables, farmer's houses, and famous wine-cellar, with its huge butts and wine-presses, still in working order, but alas ! since the advent of the phylloxera, empty. The original stone, where ladies mounted their palfreys, still lies at the gates, but ladies no longer touch it with their gentle feet, nor have done for many a long year, since it passed from the propriétaire (who bought it for a song at the sale of the forfeited estates of the attainted nobles) to other bourgeois who have grown rich upon its vintages. From this courtyard at noon precisely issued three horsemen, already known to the reader, while a woman held herself half-concealed to bid them adieu, lest her weeping should attract the notice of the grooms.

As the travellers passed under the archway at the end of the cypress grove, they came suddenly upon a concealed party of mounted gendarmes, who closed upon them so quickly as to make resistance impossible. They were four in number, well mounted and thoroughly armed. The leader was a young officer, who seemed to be suffering from a severe cold, for his voice was thick and almost inaudible, while his face was so muffled up in a thick woollen comforter that only his eyes and the tips of his mustache were visible. It was probably on this account that the brigadier or sergeant took upon himself to effect the arrest. With a loud voice he exclaimed, " Robert, Comte de Rochmont, I arrest you and these your attendants in the name of the Republic, and command you to yield up your arms at the peril of your lives." De Rochmont hesitated an instant, and then with a look of mingled resignation and despair, drew his sword out of its scabbard, and approaching the officer handed it to him without a word. Colлот tugged his pistols out of their holster and gave them up with alacrity. Only Jean seemed disposed to resist, but at a look from his master, he also complied. The officer took the sword of De Rochmont with courtesy, then bending forward as if to make himself audible, asked, " Do you give me your parole not to attempt an escape ?"

" I do," replied the Count.

"Then take back your sword; it is that of a brave man in adversity. I do but execute an unpleasant duty."

De Rochmont started; he recognized the voice. The officer saw his start and quickly added: "Ah, you remember me? Yes, I am Pierre Châteaunon, who fought with you against the Prussians on the Rhine; we will talk over old times on the road. Brigadier, use no unnecessary violence: we accept the parole of these prisoners, and prefer passing quietly along the road to making a disturbance."

Without any delay the party set forward, at first slowly, then at a smart gallop. The officer kept well in front, followed by De Rochmont; after him came the other prisoners, and the gendarmes formed the rear-guard. Avoiding all large thoroughfares and villages, they made for the mountains, choosing by-ways and communal roads. About four o'clock a halt was called to rest the tired horses. It was winter-time and nearly dark. While they rested the officer approaching De Rochmont, spoke a few words to him aside, then called his brigadier, and after giving his orders rode off alone.

At this time they were in the mountains round Cahors, a wild district which is not yet civilized, and was then mostly a confused mass of rocks and forests, sparsely inhabited by laboring people and vinedressers, who were so far removed from public affairs and politics that they only gazed with curiosity as he cavalcade rode by, without even asking themselves who they might be.

After a short rest, they again mounted and pressed forward for an hour, until they reached a lonely farm-house, where the brigadier commanded a halt for the night. Within the house they found an old woman, who told the brigadier that his officer was up-stairs and desired him to attend him immediately in company, with his prisoner De Rochmont. She herself led the way, but once arrived at the door of the apartment, she made a sign to the Count to enter, while she herself and the brigadier drew back as if to await the result of the interview.

On opening the door the Count met—Marguerite, his affianced bride, who had laid aside her disguise to meet her lover. Without one word of explana-

tion, they fell into one another's arms; tears ran down both their cheeks; they had met once more despite their dark prognostications. They had met, but not as they parted. The weak girl had become a heroine, she had laid aside her feminine weakness, she had acted with amazing courage, she had undergone immense fatigue, and all this for him whom she loved better than she loved herself, whom she loved as he had proved he loved her when he flung his treasure at her feet.

Their embrace was short. Marguerite was the first to withdraw. "Time presses, my Robert," she said; "you are yet within the reach of D'Herbois, and at your side is your traitorous valet. Listen to me. Let us waste no time in explanations. You knew my voice at the very first; I saw it, hence my quick reply. Let me tell you why I adopted this desperate scheme for your salvation. After you left me last night, your butler Marius Faucier arrived in pursuit of you. He said that, hearing of your flight, D'Herbois had searched your château, La Ferette, wrecked the furniture, and set fire to the buildings; that he had sent on an express for your immediate arrest at Le Château de Rochmont, and that his agents might be expected to arrive there about five o'clock this very evening—in fact, they must be there while we are talking. I knew that you would leave about noon, but I expected that you would not be aware how closely you were followed, and that you might be easily overtaken, in which case your life was lost, so I used all the resources placed at my disposition by my father for securing my own safety in case of a sudden danger. You know that this farm is his, you also know that the people are devoted to us. Here I have kept concealed all sorts of disguises, among others those of the gendarmes who effected your escape. The horses belong to the property. I took from my father's case a signed warrant, filled it up with your name in case of being questioned, called Marius and the two servants who were at Besse, and drove on here within three hours of your departure. All were quickly disguised as gendarmes with myself as their officer. We left during the night, rode for very life to your château, concealed

ourselves in the woods at daybreak, and only came out when we saw you. The rest you know."

"Marguerite, you must be almost dead with fatigue. You have done wonders; but do not risk your dear life or health further. Go quietly home and rest. Be assured I will act prudently and well."

"Not so, my Robert. Am I tired? If I sit down I feel ready to drop off the chair; if I stand still my eyes close with sleep; but when I move I feel alive. There is some supernatural strength given to me for this one great effort of my life. In it I must succeed or die. Fear not if I succeed, the very joy will cure me; and if I fail—why—I shall die with you. Now to work again; no expostulations, no delay. I leave you here. I go back to Besse, fill up a pass for myself with maid-servant and two men as guardians, a pass and an order for post-horses for Paris. This will occupy me about four hours. The farmer is even now waiting for me hard by. He will drive our own horses to the first post town, then return to his duties here. A little way along the road you will meet my carriage, and you will yourself with our improvised gendarmes be my escort, until you reach the great forest beyond Brignolles. There you must escape or pretend to escape from your captors. Alas! that I must leave this most critical movement to you and Marius, who acts as brigadier. I would I could be there to help—but time forbids. Leave me, my love, while I put on once more these soldier's clothes. I could not bear to appear before you in an unwomanly attire."

"I go, I go at once; yet did I think you more lovely in that red suit than ever I thought you before! It was to me your crown of glory! In it I saw nothing but a saint, a martyr, a more than modest maid, a very Joan of Arc! Marguerite, if we escape this dreadful hour, we have stored up oceans of love which no time or age can ever dry up!"

One passionate kiss, and he was gone.

CHAPTER III.

It must be remembered that Collot, the valet, was always close to De Rochmont, which fact made him feel safe as to the disposal of the treasure. More-

over, he had not forgotten that the latter had confessed to having on his person some ten thousand francs when about to leave the château. While they rested at the farm-house, in the absence of his master and the brigadier, who remained up-stairs even after the departure of the officer, Collot endeavored to have a little conversation with the two gendarmes, who remained below to guard their prisoners. In this, however, he was entirely frustrated, for they not only refused to listen to him, but plainly told him that their orders were to enforce silence, and that if he opened his mouth again they would gag him. After a good supper they all wrapped themselves up in their cloaks and lay down on some straw which had been spread for them on the floor.

About midnight the brigadier joined them and ordered them to feed their horses a second time, as they must start in an hour and had a long stage before them. On leaving the farmhouse, they took the high road until they neared Brignolles, where they overtook a travelling carriage, which they seemed to expect as they at once constituted themselves its escort. The brigadier with De Rochmont rode ahead, leaving Jean and Collot with the other gendarmes behind. Thus removed beyond the sight and hearing of Collot, Marius had an opportunity of talking with the Count, and the result of their conversation was this. After conducting the carriage to Brignolles, they were to take a secluded and circuitous route through the forest, and at a certain point De Rochmont was to set spurs to his horse and escape. Pursuit was to be simulated up to a cross road, where if Collot, as was supposed, pressed forward, he was to be dealt with by De Rochmont; if, on the other hand, he held back and behaved quietly, he was to be taken in hand by Marius and disposed of as seemed best. As arranged, so carried out. The Count dashed forward, followed by the whole troop up to a certain cross road, where the gendarmes seemed disposed to draw rein, but Collot called to them not to let the prisoner escape, and rode ahead to arrest the fugitive. De Rochmont leaped a ditch beside the road and dived into the woods; Collot followed, when, suddenly checking his horse and

facing the traitor, the Count drew a pistol, and discharged it point-blank at his valet. Collot reeled and fell. De Rochmont immediately flung himself from the saddle, caught the bridle of Collot's horse, and then bent down to see whether he were really dead before he returned to the road. He lay motionless. The bullet had entered his lungs. He breathed indeed, but life seemed ebbing fast, and in a few seconds his pulse became so feeble that De Rochmont left him for dead.

De Rochmont had been a soldier, he had seen many men die, he was familiar with death, he was himself dodging death. That he had killed a fellow being gave him no sort of concern, his only feeling was that he had crushed a serpent, and all he wished to do was to be quite certain that it could use its fangs no more. This he thought that he had done effectually, so leading the horses back to the road he rejoined his party. Jean, who had not been let into the secret, was startled at his reappearance; he thought that he must be mad, until Marius, removing a pair of false mustaches and eyebrows spoke to him in his natural voice and told him who they were. Then indeed the poor fellow rejoiced. He even dismounted, and rushing to his master seized his hand, shook it and then kissed it, and fawned like an affectionate hound. The brigadier, or rather Marius, as we must now call him, would not be satisfied that the traitor was disposed of until he had himself visited his body and found it rapidly getting cold. Then a short sharp gallop brought them back to the high road, where they found the carriage with the farmer on the box, and Marguerite with her maid inside.

Telling Marius to lead his horse, De Rochmont got inside to hear the further plans of Marguerite. She told him that the farmer would at once return with the horses and disguises to his house, leaving Marius and her own coachman to accompany her in accordance with the conditions of her pass. The third man was to go back with the farmer, and then return before daylight to Besse, where he was to remain as guardian of the property. As for the Count, he must leave her there and then, and make the best of his way with poor

faithful Jean to Paris. His escape would soon be known abroad, and the roads leading to the frontiers of Italy and Switzerland so closely watched that the chances were against him, whereas Paris was at once the centre of danger and of safety. No one would expect him there, no one would know him there if he kept in the background, and sooner or later he might get away to Belgium or England, or things might change for the better.

It were a mere waste of words to say more than that they parted with anxious and sorrowful hearts, yet was there more of hope than at their last parting; whether this hope was realized our history must tell. Yet one remark may be hazarded, and it is this. Our prognostications or sentiments are more often wrong than right, and yet if perchance once in a way they turn out correct, we proclaim them as fulfilled prophecies, as marvellous events, forgetting to balance them against our many errors, and forgetting also that if their fulfilment is a marvel, that only proves that for the most part they are not fulfilled—the exception proves the rule.

Marguerite reached Paris safely without any very extraordinary adventures. Robert Comte de Rochmont also reached Paris after a month's journey, in which he went to all points of the compass to throw his enemies off the scent, and for some six weeks kept in such complete retirement that he never once attempted to visit Marguerite even in disguise.

After a few weeks' residence in Paris it became evident to Marguerite that her father was in the very deepest distress. He had been for years a friend of Robespierre, whose fortunes he had followed, from his open denunciation of the punishment of death, until dragged by the inexorable necessities of vanity, ambition and danger, he had waded through seas of blood, into the Reign of Terror.

M. Mourel had always been a kind-hearted man. His present position was the result of that sympathy with others' woes which it seemed most to deny. He had been led to join the Revolution because it seemed to him to give liberty to slaves, and to break the iron tyranny of the Court party. He had followed his friend Robespierre because he professed a hatred of blood-shedding, even

that of condemned criminals, and he had been thrust into his post on the bloodiest tribunal which ever disgraced the sacred name of justice, in order to arrest its mad onward rush. Robespierre counted upon his doing for him what he could not do for himself. It was evident that unless the popular tiger-thirst for blood were allayed, all, yes all must disappear before it. Robespierre stood on the engine as it dashed forward into the dark ; he seemed to be the engineer, only he had found it impossible to turn off the steam, or put on the brake. The train had started with several guards, all of whom had been dashed to pieces, as the train with ever increasing speed tore along the rails. The engine had jolted off several other engineers who had for a time possessed some sort of control over its movements. These had been carefully assisted overboard by Robespierre, whose ambition it was to be not only chief but only driver of the engine of state, which ambition he had achieved, only to find out that as the machine had killed others so it would most likely kill him.

Under these circumstances Mourel was forced to take counsel with his daughter, whose intelligence astounded him. She advised him to seek an interview with Robespierre and to resign his post, let the consequences be what they might. This interview was appointed for the very next day.

It has been said that Mourel had done his best to save some of the victims of his own court of justice. It must now be explained that he had organized a service in connection with the prisons, which had on certain occasions favored the escape of the condemned. Thus at one, and that the largest of all, he had placed as jailer a man of Besse named Roux, partly as a reward for services, and partly as his political agent. He had also procured the appointment of another friend as medical inspector of Paris prisons, who had by giving certificates of illness delayed the appearance of prisoners, until they dropped out of notice and escaped. When, however, the Terror set in, these agents became impotent—none were ever let out of jail. At first friends were permitted to visit the prisoners, although the experiment was always dangerous, owing to the sav-

ageness of the jailers, who were apt to refuse to let them out again ; later on all were permitted to enter who pleased, but only on the condition of never going out again alive.

On the night in question, after Mourel's decision to see Robespierre had been taken at the suggestion of Marguerite, Roux was announced and admitted. He had taken advantage of a short leave to run down to the judge with the terrible news that Comte Robert de Rochmont had been arrested and committed to his own prison on the denunciation of Collot-Fournier, his ancient valet. Both Mourel and Marguerite were paralyzed by this report. If the Count died, it seemed hardly worth while for them to attempt to live. The judge knew that the blow would be fatal to his daughter, and if fatal to her, fatal to him, she being the last link which bound him to earth. All else had gone. Home, friends, political aspirations, the very dream of liberty had been drowned in blood.

Marguerite was the first to recover. She asked how Collot had come to life ? how he had made his way to Paris ? how he had met De Rochmont ?

Roux was able to answer her questions, for Collot, deeming him one absolutely devoted to the guillotine, had told him the whole history. It appeared that the wound, which had been considered fatal, had indeed been desperate, the bullet having entered the lung, but owing to the position of the parties it had taken an oblique direction and passed out, leaving a wound from which the blood poured copiously, instead of being confined within the lungs. When Collot lay on the ground face upward, his body pressed upon the open wound, the cold winter's night, the wet earth, together coagulated the blood, until, after hours of swooning, he became sufficiently conscious to crawl back to the road, where he fell down unconscious, and so remained for three days, at the end of which he found himself in the cottage of a peasant woodcutter, who had picked him up. He passed a second time close to death's door in consequence of violent fever, but being of no sort of good on earth, he escaped the attentions of the doorkeeper of the infernal regions, and was told to move on, which in due time he did to

Paris, as being the most likely place to get employment, and gather news, until he should be able to sneak back to Le Château de Rochmont and recover the treasure. For this he dared not do until he found out what had become of the Count, and who had taken possession of the property. As chance would have it, he took up his quarters in the Quartier Latin, into which De Rochmont had dived as into a swarming hive, where no aristocrat could be supposed to lurk, and one day they met, at least Collot caught sight of his master, tracked him, and got him arrested. Roux, knowing the Count, had placed him in a separate apartment near the door; more he could not do without incurring the suspicion of the chief jailer or captain of the prison, who was one of the most brutal of that brutal class.

It was a foregone conclusion that De Rochmont would be condemned the next day, and executed the day after. The prisons were so crowded, so many were arrested daily, that quick despatch had become the order of the day. Roux was told to come again the next night, when he would be told whether anything could be attempted on behalf of the captive. Meanwhile the doctor was called into council by means of an invitation to dinner, for it would have been dangerous even for M. Mourel to receive visits from officials except as invited friends. It was late when they sat down to table; Marius, the butler of De Rochmont, waited upon them. When the repast was over, the burning question as to what could be done was brought forward, while Marius, after placing dessert and wine before them, stood behind the judge, instead of leaving the room as was his custom; for despite political pretences, social caste and social customs prevailed even among those who seemed most opposed to them.

"If," said the doctor, "we could find a man ready to take the place of le Comte de Rochmont, such is the brutal, drunken, and bloodthirsty character of the governor and warders of the Conciergerie, that they would be content with killing or getting killed the appointed number without caring much as to their identity; but this is impossible, for two reasons. The first, that no one would offer at any price; the second, that such

an one might enter as a visitor, but would most likely be detained and executed as an additional sacrifice to the guillotine, without securing the escape of his principal."

"But," said M. Mourel, "we could count upon Roux in that matter, if the hour were well chosen, and the sentinel well bribed. He would both let in and let out. Only alas! I am speaking as though such a substitute could be found, while I am sure that even were such a man to offer himself, De Rochmont would refuse the sacrifice."

Midnight struck ere they parted, without arriving at any decision, save that the judge was to postpone his visit to Robespierre until after the trial of their friend, so as to make an appeal for him if condemned.

When the doctor left the room he was conducted toward the street door by Marius, who, however, led him into his own little chamber, and begging his pardon, thus addressed him: "This, doctor, being a question of life and death to us all, I need hardly ask you to excuse the liberty I have taken in detaining you, but will at once to my point. Can you give me a drug which will stupefy a man for say eight hours, without taking away the use of his legs for the first hour or so? I mean so that he might walk (or reel, if necessary, as a drunken man) to a certain given spot where he would remain unconscious for the time I have named."

"Yes," replied the doctor, "that could be done; but to what purpose?"

"I can hardly tell you my exact plan for the moment, but as you must aid me, I will ask you to give me such a drug during the audience of the tribunal tomorrow, and I will further ask you to keep in view, not only after the audience, but during the whole evening, the man to whom you give that drug, as you will be wanted sometime during the night. If such an one should linger in a café it would be well to follow him in disguise; if he should go toward the Conciergerie it would be necessary to give him your help, and if the doctor should be wanted to see a dying man it would be of the utmost consequence that he should be easily found."

"Well, Marius, I quite understand your drift, but I do not discover your

scheme ; perhaps it is better so, as I might by over-consciousness impede my usefulness."

"Then it is understood that you will hand me such a medicine to-morrow in the Court?"

"Perfectly."

"Then, sir, I wish you good-night," and he officiously opened the hall door.

* * * * *

The Bloody Tribunal sat at the Luxembourg. Short and sharp were its decisions. Prisoner after prisoner walked through as it were — walked like the Venetians of old into the Council of the Ten to pass out by the staircase which descended beneath the Bridge of Sighs. Comte Robert de Rochmont claimed a little more time than his fellows, on account of some questions as to his political opinions which were put by one of the judges, and which made it appear that he was of liberal tendencies. These questions roused Fouquier-Tinville, who darted upon the said judge a look of dangerous scorn, and called the chief witness, Collot-Fournier, who deposed that his master had fled from Lyons carrying his treasures with him, which treasures he had made away with in a manner unknown to the deponent, with a view to escaping out of France and joining the emigrés ; that he had been arrested on the order of Collot-d'Herbois but had got away in a wood by reason of the very culpable neglect of the gendarmes who had him in charge, while he, who had alone followed him with a view to his arrest, had been shot and left for dead by the prisoner. Tinville turned from the witness to the jury and simply shrugged his shoulders. The verdict was instantaneous, and De Rochmont moved back to the Conciergerie, there to pass the last few hours of his life.

Collot left the court alone. He might have posed with the *tricoteuses* as a hero, but he feared public approval, which has a knack of marking a man and keeping him in view ; whereas he only wished to get away down south to a certain hidden treasure, now left at his absolute disposal. He therefore slunk away through the gardens of the Luxembourg into the Quartier Latin, and thence through several courts into the neighborhood of the Odéon, where he entered a third-class restaurant and called for his

dinner. It was a dark and dismal hole of a place, but large and full of people, who had only twenty sous to spend on three courses and a dessert, wine included. Of course he did not notice—why should he?—two other men, who entered soon after himself, and sat down as he had done to their dinner, nor was he conscious of a third who sat at a table alone very busy with the latest revolutionary journal. Collot was in no hurry to move. He had done his day's work and had no very particular occupation until to-morrow morning at eight A.M., when he hoped to assist at the last scene of a drama in which he had taken a rather prominent part. He called for another bottle of wine, lighted his pipe, rolled about in his chair with the air of a *bon vivant* who saw his way to many another dinner of a more sumptuous character. About seven P.M. he paid his bill and went out to a neighboring Jacobin club with which he had become affiliated, and applauded with the best of them, all the while quite unconscious of certain citizens who, sitting a little behind, were as prodigal of applause as himself. The club broke up about eleven at night, and Collot paced his way reluctantly toward his garret. Neither then was he aware of the interest which he excited, nor did he notice that ere he entered his abode, one dark form had glided in before him and pressed hastily up the stairs, nor did he see another pass in after him with noiseless tread, nor did it concern him at all that a third outside went in search of a cab as soon as he had entered. Only he was conscious as he reached his own door, and was in the act of turning the key in the darkness—for gas was not invented in those days—of a certain sledge-hammer-like blow on his head, which felled him down like an ox ; beyond this he was not conscious at all for at least half an hour after the event, when he awoke to find himself in the presence of two strangers, who seemed very kind to him, for one had brandy and a glass which he offered to him with many protestations against the violence of the times and the brutality of the man who had been arrested as he fled down-stairs after dealing the citizen a blow. Collot asked him who he was, to which he replied that he was a police agent who had assisted to catch

the fellow as he was escaping, and had now come in to see what he could do. This quieted the sufferer, who immediately took a good draught of the brandy which the kindly Samaritan offered him, and felt so much better that he could stand up, and began to sing facetious songs. He hardly knew how it happened, but he soon found himself tottering down-stairs between the two police agents and seated in a cab on his way to make his deposition about the assault at the police station, which seemed to him a very imposing building, before which was posted a sentry, talking to another gentleman in official garments, nor was he very much astounded when the same official, producing a bunch of keys, opened the door of an immense hall in which he dimly saw many men and women, and passed him rapidly into a little apartment where he supposed he was to meet the superintendent or night magistrate, only he felt very dizzy and tottery on account of his recent sledgehammer experience. But he was excessively amazed, and thought his mind must be failing or his head much injured, when in that little room he stood face to face with his late master, Robert Comte de Rochmont. The door had been shut behind him. The shock gathered into a focus his dazed faculties, and he quite understood the awful words which that master addressed to him: "Collot, you were my servant; you owed me fidelity and service, you paid me with treachery and deceit. Now I reward you as all unfaithful servants will be rewarded in the last great day of judgment—I condemn you, as your judge, to die in my stead on the guillotine, and my only regret is that you will die under a great name instead of your own vile and cursed patronymic. Collot, to-morrow you will die in my stead; you have testified against your own life, and may God have mercy on your soul." Then the light was extinguished, the door opened, and a fit of dizziness overtook the culprit from which he did not recover until a certain eventful moment which this history shall reveal.

As three men had entered, so three men left the Conciergerie by favor of the sentinel, and when no eyes were watching, somewhere about an hour after midnight. Next morning punctually at

eight A.M. the governor appeared at the door of the great hall and called over the names of the unfortunates who one by one passed out to take their places in the tumbrils which were to carry them to that great political persuader of the day, commonly called the guillotine. When the name of the citizen Robert de Rochmont was called, no one answered, and there was a stir among the officials. Roux made his way to a little room near the door and called out that the prisoner seemed to be dead or dying, upon which the governor pressed in, and casting his bloodshot eyes upon a man lying with his face to the floor, dressed as the Count had been over night, gave the body a kick with his heavy boot, but it moved not, which seemed to put him in a passion.

"Curse the aristocrat, he shall not escape for all his dodges; pitch him into the cart and tell Samsom to cut off his head, dead or alive."

Roux without hesitation grasped the limp body, lifted it on his shoulder, and pitched it into the tumbril, where it fell among the legs of the other passengers and subsided into the dirty straw.

These poor wretches scarce noticed their companion, amid the din and confusion of a strong military guard on the inside, and a stronger population guard on the outside which conducted them to the place of execution.

Before, however, they reached Samson's headquarters there was a stirring beneath their feet in the straw, and presently a head with a white face lifted itself up with a stare of mingled confusion and horror. The head turned round and round as if seeking to find out where it was, and at last, seeming to become conscious of its situation, cried out: "Where am I?"

"Alas! alas!" replied a poor fellow-sufferer, "you are in the death tumbril on the way to the guillotine."

"Guillotine!" shrieked the head, "why, I am Collot-Fournier, cousin of Collot-d'Herbois; I have never been judged or condemned."

"Poor man," said the others one to another, "poor Count, he has lost his senses."

"I am not a count, but a good citizen," again shrieked the head.

"Quiet there in the cart," replied the soldier nearest the head.

"But, citizens, citizens," yelled the head, "I am being done to death by cheating."

"Quiet again, I say," was the reply of the soldier, and this time accompanied with a blow from the flat of his sabre which rolled the head into the straw again.

Then there came a halt, passengers were requested to alight. The head refused, clung to the benches, appealed to the populace.

"Samson, you had better take this one first, he makes most noise," said the soldier. Which Samson did, assisting him up the steps and pushing his head under the knife with such celerity that the head rolled off in the very act of exclaiming that it was the head of Collot-Fournier.

Next morning M. Mourel waited upon the tyrant Robespierre. He found him in a good humor, and rather disposed to listen to an old friend. Yes, the tyrant listened while the judge told him

of his heart-sickness, and asked for the appointment of delegate to the States of Holland, then to be filled up. Nay, more, the tyrant granted his request and gave him his papers with passes for his secretary and two men-servants. That very night a carriage rolled out of Paris with an elderly gentleman and a very young secretary inside, and two men-servants in very sober dresses are in front, and one behind. The elderly gentleman was M. Mourel the ambassador, the secretary was his daughter in man's clothes, one man-servant was Comte Robert de Rochmont, and the other his butler, Marius Faucier.

Not until Napoleon had crushed the Republic did this party re-cross the frontier. His estates De Rochmont could not recover, for his name was on the list of the guillotined. His money was safe, and what he valued far above that—he had become the husband of Marguerite.—*Temple Bar.*

VOICES OF THE SUN.*

BY VEGA.

I WATCHED the depths of darkness infinite
 Bestrewn with stars, till dreaming I beheld
 From out the mystic realms beyond my ken
 A star come forth with even gliding rush :
 Till sweeping onward shone its orb
 With all the mighty meaning of a sun,—
 A sun girt round by many-peopled worlds,
 And worlds as yet not peopled being young,
 And worlds long since unpeopled being old
 And dead. Their ruling sun shone on them—
 On the living, on the yet unfashioned,
 On the dead : on all it shone, though idly
 Where as yet life had not sprung from forth
 The teeming womb of time ; and idly too
 Where life had ceased to be. On all those worlds
 The mystic force which lives in matter worked
 Its mighty will. Dead worlds and worlds scarce born
 And worlds alive with myriad forms of life
 Swept circling round that stately ruling orb.
 As it sailed past I heard its solemn voice
 Proclaiming through the realms of space the song,
 The everlasting song of Life and Death—
 Of wealth of Life and everduring waste
 And dearth of Life. It sang of present, past,
 And coming plenitudes of Life ; of past

* Lines suggested by four lectures on Astronomy (Birth and Death of Worlds, The Sun, The Moon, and The Star Depths).

And coming wastes of Death : infinitudes
 At once of Life and Death ; each without end,
 Without beginning each. " Along my path—
 In front," it said, " and backward whence I came—
 And all around, above below my course,
 Lie millions such as I, through endless realms
 Of star-strewn space. There is no end to God's
 Domain of suns and systems ruled by suns—
 No end and no beginning through all space—
 But everlasting, mystic, wonderful,
 The song of us sounds ever round the throne
 Of him who reigns supreme, the Life of All—
 UNKNOWN ! yea evermore UNKNOWABLE !"
 Then as the Psalmist sang of old I said—
 Because, so moved, I could not choose but speak—
 " What Lord is man that Thou should'st care
 For him or for his kind, the sort of man that Thou
 Should'st mindful be of him or his ?" Then rang
 A voice of solemn thunder through the spheres '
 " Say rather, What is Space or Time to Me,
 That thou should'st deem mere mightiness of mass
 And plenitude of time can outweigh mind
 And soul ? Can worlds and suns My power know ?
 Can æons after æons sing My praise as man
 Gifted by Me with power to know My power, can tell
 The meaning of the music of My spheres ?
 Then I said, " Nay Lord, but if the words
 Of men are worth the utterances, they are thine.
 Lo we are but the creatures of Thy hand.
 We see but part of all Thy wondrous work.
 Could we but see the glory of Thy Light,
 Could we but hear the thunder of Thy Power,
 We should become both blind and deaf—
 Deafened by strident tones, made blind by light.
 In Thee alone we live and move, in Thee
 We have our being. But shall we, finite, hymn
 The praises of Thine infinite ? Shall weak man,
 The creature, paint with erring brush the Sun
 Of might and Power and Wisdom evermore supreme ?"

* * * * *
 The answer came, " Shalt thou, My creature, doubt,
 Or hold My Will in question ? Learn that the least
 Of all the minds My Will has made
 Outweighs not once but many thousand times
 The mightiest mere mass : the thoughts of human hearts
 Outvie the movements of a million suns,
 The rush of systems infinite through space.

Knowledge.

DUST AND FOG.

BY WILLIAM SHARP.

ONE of the most trying problems that baffle the patience and hopes of dwellers in northern cities is that which occurs at once with the mention of November, to every Londoner, to every dweller in Glasgow and the great commercial towns scattered throughout the country—fog. And this annual visitant is fast becom-

ing something more than a nuisance ; it is said to be a threatening danger which before long it will be necessary either to overcome or be vanquished by ; and unfortunately the enemy is still gaining ground with immense strides, every year paying us longer visits at less frequent intervals. Without anticipating the dismal ending prophesied in the well-known pamphlet, "The Doom of the Great City," most of us must look forward with increasing anxiety to each successive year, wondering if the winter is coming at last wherein the climax will be reached of no sky being visible at all from the last days of autumn to well on in so-called spring.

The question has of late years been much debated, and theories of many kinds put forward, till one is almost tempted to agree with the argument that, theory or no theory, the fogs still come, and, therefore, we had better just make up our minds to their existence and endurance. But it may be new to some readers to know that fog can exist altogether without smoke—can, indeed, be as frequent and dense in the total absence of the latter as with it ; though, of course, in the yellow or black fogs which cast their gloom over our towns smoke forms a large constituent. Nevertheless fogs, pure and simple, are not caused by smoke, but by dust, not the dust of the streets or chimneys, but the dust of invisible atmospheric molecules.

The same sense of infinite wonder that is excited by the knowledge that the miles and miles of chalk cliffs along our southern shores have been formed by the microscopically minute bodies of incalculable numbers of insect toilers—that in every drop of stagnant water in the thousands of pools and streams scattered everywhere there is life in abundance, is stimulated by an acquaintance with what the results of recent scientific inquiry lay before us respecting the properties and place in the world's economy of dust. What then is this material which at once occupies such importance, and at the same time is arraigned as the main cause of what makes our winters so disagreeable ? The question is one natural to rise on the first inquiry into the subject, although as yet science has been unable to give a reliable and definite reply ; but one thing is certain, and that is that the

atmospheric dust, which is always and everywhere around us, consists of minute particles naturally thrown off from many substances, and is altogether dissociate from anything artificially created by the inventions and usages of man. Few can have failed to notice how, on entering a darkened room, the track of any stray sunbeam is at once discernible, apparently the ray being filled with dancing motes ; these golden-hued particles are known to be dust, made visible by their transparent films reflecting the light of the beam through which they pass. But one beam only shows the hundreds of motes within its own compass, so that it is not at once realizable that the whole room, from floor to ceiling, is similarly thronged ; and as it is in a darkened room so it is, in varying degrees, in that greater room of which the sea and dry land are the floor and the heavens the covering. This dust, minute, even microscopical as it is, is destructible, either by being heated to a very high temperature or passed through a flame, in either case the result being that the path of the sun's rays becomes invisible.

It may surprise some to learn that in all probability one of the chief sources of atmospheric dust is the ocean-spray, drawn up and refined by the sun's heat till nothing but a fine salt dust is left, this being created ceaselessly from the vast surfaces of unmeasured oceans, and as ceaselessly transfused throughout space with the incalculable "waste" of other similar particles endlessly in action, such as those from desert places or those given off by meteoric bodies, by condensed natural gases, and by volcanic agencies. In saying that this dust, as perceptible in a sunbeam in a darkened room, was destructible, I should have added destructible in so far as rendering it invisible : for Mr. Aitkin has proved, to use his own words,* that "heating the air may cause the dust motes to become invisible ; but so far as my experiments go, they prove that the heating of the air by the flame does not remove the dust, but rather acts in the opposite way, and increases the number of the particles.

* This article is based throughout upon two most interesting and important Papers by Mr. John Aitken, F.R.S.E., read before the Royal Society of Edinburgh. Subject, "On Dust, Fog, and Clouds."

The heat would seem to destroy the light-reflecting power of the dust by breaking up the larger motes into smaller ones, and by carbonizing, or in some way changing their color, and thus makes them less light-reflecting." Mr. Aitken's experiments in dust are carried out to prove that without dust "fogging" is impossible, and that it is only necessary to purify the air from the one to have nothing of the other: indeed fog is but another form of atmospheric dust, and hence we must look upon "our 'breath' as seen on a cold morning as evidence of the dusty state of the air; and every puff of steam as it escapes into the atmosphere will remind us still more powerfully of the same disagreeable fact." Fog, mist, cloud, or rain are but the visible forms of atmospheric dust saturated with water; and when air thoroughly vaporized is affected by a fall in temperature the necessary result is condensation from its invisible to its visible form, the outcome being one of these four closely allied phenomena. Of the first three the mist-form is the coarsest in texture, the particles composing the fog being so fine as scarcely to fall through the air, while the cloud-form occupies the medium; the rain itself being any of these while falling, whether in enveloping mist or heavy downpour.

The results of Mr. Aitken's long series of tests and experiments is, that, while the smoke of our towns intensifies fogs, they exist quite apart from any such admixture, and, indeed, must always do so under given circumstances, such as, for instance, our climate. In a word, Mr. Aitken considers man's influence over fogs—*nil*. This, however, is not so disheartening as it at first appears, for the fogs he refers to are those natural phenomena only so called in the country, town-bred people denominating them as white mists; but hurtful no doubt in certain ways, but quite free from the injurious artificially introduced poisons characteristic of the fogs in manufacturing towns, receiving, as the latter do evil and infectious gases as well as volumes of smoke and soot. But showing clearly as he does that combustion of any kind produces fog particles, relief from the evil by improved smoke appliances seems as far off as ever; for he proves realizably that "products

of combustion from a clear part and from a smoky part of a fire" will be "found to be about equally foggy," that, indeed, under all conditions combustion is bad as a fog-producer; "bad, whether the combustion be perfect, as in a Bunsen flame and a clear fire, or imperfect, as in a smoky flame and smoky fire." He then proceeds to state how hopeless is the expectation that the adoption of fires with perfect combustion, the gas fires, for instance, now so widely advocated, would minimize or diminish the fogs so universally dreaded. Having previously shown that the nuclei of fog and cloud particles are not formed by the motes or visible dust seen in the air, owing to the destructibility of these by combustion, Mr. Aitken demonstrates they must be composed of a much finer and quite invisible form of dust, the same, however unobserved, that is a ceaseless agent and "ever present in enormous quantities in our atmosphere." This, owing to natural laws, exists altogether apart from artificial fog or dust-producing agencies, and is, therefore, beyond the sphere of human intervention. At the same time we learn that one of the most active, if not the most active fog-producer, is sulphur; and when we call to mind the vast quantities of this material daily consumed, not only in this or that town, but almost throughout the kingdom, it will hardly be a matter of wonder that, circumstances being otherwise favorable, yellow fog should be increasingly dense and frequent. The following comparative figures adduced by Mr. Aitken will enable the reader to realize this fact more clearly:—Sulphur, it is well known, exists in coal, and is, therefore, burned along therewith, the quantity of burned sulphur escaping from our domestic, and manufacturing, and engine chimneys being accordingly very great: the average amount of this substance in coal has been determined as somewhat more than 1.2 per cent, but taking it at 1 per cent, and putting the amount of coal annually consumed in the London district at a little over 7,400,000 tons, the result would be that in London fires there would be an annual consumption of 74,000 tons of sulphur, which in an average day is at the rate of about 200 tons, in a winter day the amount being greater still. As one

mitigation of the density of our fogs Mr. Aitken suggests competent consideration as to whether some restriction ought not to be put on the amount of sulphur in the coal used in cities and towns. Knowing the quantities of sulphur and ammonia thus present in our atmospheric surroundings, it is by no means a pleasant addition to our knowledge to learn that an artificial fog made with sulphur fumes and ammonia is so heavy that it can be poured from one vessel to another.

The scientific conclusions drawn by Mr. Aitken after due test and experiment in the matter of atmospheric dust and fog, mist and cloud, are as follows : " 1st, That when water vapor condenses in the atmosphere it always does so on some solid nucleus ; 2d, That the dust particles in the air form the nuclei on which it condenses ; 3d, If there was no dust in the air there would be no fogs, no clouds, no mists, and probably no rain." With reference to the third conclusion, Mr. Aitken elsewhere touches upon a point of great interest, that of the blue color of the sky. Having referred to the most satisfactorily explanatory theory as depending upon the property which very small particles of matter have of scattering only the rays of the blue end of the spectrum, he adds as a rider, "What are these very small particles composed of?" A generally received opinion has been that they were formed of condensed water vapor, but Mr. Aitken has demonstrated, to at least his own conviction, "the high improbability of water vapor ever condensing out in a visible form in pure air, and that if it did condense in those circumstances the particles would belarge. From the all-pervading presence of the infinitesimal atmospheric dust, the idea naturally suggests itself that the blue sky may be caused by the light reflected by this dust." In further support of this theory, the eminent physicist refers to the fact of the sky becoming a deeper blue as we ascend to higher elevations, the reason being that in the thin air of these elevations fewer, and only the finer, of the dust particles are able to keep floating ; and moreover it is a noticeable fact that after rain the sky is a darker blue. If Mr. Aitken's theory be true so may his accounting for the latter fact—that the

deepening of the color is caused by much of the dust being washed out by the falling rain.

When we learn from the third conclusion that there would be no fogs, no clouds, no mists, and probably no rain if there were no dust in the air, the first sensation we experience is probably the desire that there *was* no dust in the atmosphere. This desire, however, would soon be dissipated, for on looking further into the matter we would learn that, dust or no dust, the air would at intervals, as at present, become "burdened with supersaturated vapor," and in the absence of dust would convert every object on the earth's surface into a condenser, on which it would deposit itself. In this case, we are told, every blade of grass and every branch of tree would drip with moisture deposited by the passing air ; our dresses would become wet and dripping, and umbrellas useless ; and to add a climax of discomfort, the insides of our houses would become wet, and the walls and every object in the room would run with moisture. Thus, then, can be realized the immense importance of this invisible atmospheric dust with its visible forms of cloud, and fog, and mist, an importance hardly to be comprehended without a wider knowledge of the subject than most of us possess. If the mere sudden displacement or removal of a sea would disarrange to a serious, perhaps incalculable degree, the whole mundane economy, how vastly more disastrous in all probability would be the absolute absorption or dissipation of all these microscopical motes ; and it is the knowledge of the place in creation and the important and indispensable work these infinitesimal filmy atoms exercise, in union of numbers, that excites the same deep sense of wonder that has already been mentioned in connection with the vast animal deposit of which our familiar chalk strata are formed, and with the multitudinous life in every ditch, and pool, and stream.

Irremovable as fogs, therefore, would seem to be as long as our climate and physical environments remain such as they are, though admitting the full possibility of minimizing the "pea-soupy" character so distinctive of those whose advent we in cities so dread, the prospect

is decidedly not without a relieving aspect. It is, of course, well known that during fogs the air is clarified by no currents, but owing to its stagnation becomes a receptacle for every foul and noxious gas and deadly germ that floats in the impure air above the confined and suffocating streets; and to such an extent is this the case that, were it not for the fogs, it is possible that pestilent and deadly dangers would hover about every household, and probably sweep away thousands where now the yellow fog, with its train of asthmatic and chest complaints, claims its fifties. The reason of this is the "powerful antiseptic properties of the sulphurous acid formed by the burning sulphur," the fog becoming, therefore, a huge disinfectant,

always, indeed, disagreeable, and at times offensive, but nevertheless possessing purifying properties possibly preventive of terrible and universal evils.

If this be so, as there seems ample reason to believe, what we have to hope for is some practical and inexpensive invention that will enable the householder, as well as the manufacturer, to perform his share in minimizing as far as possible what is fast becoming an almost intolerable excess of smoky combustion, at the same time recognizing both the probable highly beneficial antiseptic properties of what we may call bearable fogs, and the fact of the inevitable existence of these as long as our physical environment is what it is.—*Good Words*.

WONDERS OF PHOTOGRAPHY.

TWENTY years ago, to have one's likeness taken was a trying ordeal. The patient to be operated on was placed in as strained an attitude as the ingenuity of the photographer could devise; his head fixed in something resembling a vice; he was cautioned not to wink for a length of time which seemed to depend on the state of the photographer's temper; and then in the course of a few weeks he received pictures of a staring idiot supposed to be himself. All who were at all proud of their personal appearance—all women and most men—were disgusted with the art. Now all is changed; the operation is generally over in a second or two; freckles, pimples, and cross-eyes are improved away, and everybody is surprised how comely he is. This rapid progress in the art of photography is to some extent due to improvements in lenses and various mechanical appliances, but more especially to the discovery that the salts of silver in combination with gelatine yield a far more sensitive plate than could ever be obtained by the old collodion process.

Within the last two years some remarkable photographs have been taken which show the wonderful perfection to which the art has attained. Likenesses of restless children, crying or laughing, are now so common as hardly to need mention; even the act of kissing, transitory as it

is, is sufficiently prolonged to enable a photograph to be taken, the momentary rest, when lips meet lips, are enough for the artist's purpose. But movements far more rapid than the act of kissing (which, after all, is often not so very transitory) are now seized by photography. Athletes performing in mid-air, birds flying, the course of projectiles, waves breaking on the coast, have all been photographed with a definition and clearness that leaves little to be desired. Photos of the Irish mail, rushing along at the rate of forty-five miles an hour, show the outlines perfectly defined; while the spokes of the engine-wheels are plainly delineated, proving the operation to have been so rapid that the wheels had not time to move any appreciable distance. Perhaps, however, the most remarkable photographs of moving objects are those obtained by Mr. Muybridge of horses running and jumping; in these, positions of the limbs are shown which are far too transitory for the human eye to detect; what the eye sees in watching a horse running is an average of the successive positions assumed by the horse's legs; photography alone can give an accurate idea of their position at any definite point of time. The attitudes shown in photographs seem at first sight to be absurd, and certainly differ very much from representations

by engravers and painters ; photographs show the real positions at certain moments of time, while painters depict, and rightly too, the apparent positions.

To the astronomer the art is invaluable, and some of the most remarkable discoveries in astronomy have been made by its aid. Large photos of the sun are taken every day it is visible at Greenwich and elsewhere, and thus a permanent record of the exact size and shape of every sunspot is obtained ; these, when compared with electrical and other meteorological conditions, will help to settle the question whether and in what way the sunspots affect the weather. To such a perfection has the manufacture of gelatino-bromide of silver attained, that M. Janssen, of Paris, photographs the sun in less than one two-thousandth of a second. Again, the solar corona, as to the nature of which such varied speculations have been rife, is only visible during the very few minutes that a total eclipse of the sun lasts, and the observations that can be made in so short a time are necessarily very imperfect. Recently, however, Dr. Huggins has succeeded in photographing the corona without the intervention of an eclipse. The corona is especially rich in violet rays ; now, the eye is less sensitive to small variations in the violet rays than it is to the other colors of the spectrum, whereas the violet is just what photography deals with most effectively. By cutting off the other rays, Dr. Huggins has succeeded in photographing the corona by means of its own violet light, and that, too, at a time when hitherto observations have been impossible. When his method is perfected, astronomers will be able, with the help of the camera, to study the corona and solar protuberances at their leisure.

The recent transit of Venus has afforded a fine opportunity for calculating the distance of the sun, and it is expected that, with the assistance of the hundreds of photographs obtained, the distance of the sun from the earth will be calculated to within 300,000 miles. The numerous comets, too, have not been allowed to pass without leaving their images behind, which show their shapes and positions far more perfectly than has hitherto been possible. But perhaps the most remarkable achievements are the

photographs of spectra of stars and nebulae. Not long ago it was hardly possible to photograph stars of the fourth or fifth magnitude, and even the brighter nebulae shone with far too faint light to enable photographs to be taken. But, recently, not only have the fainter nebulae and stars, as low as those of the fourteenth magnitude which are only visible through most powerful telescopes, been photographed, but their light, even when dispersed by the prism, has still been strong enough to leave its impress on the sensitive plate. Dr. Huggins and Professor H. Draper have each succeeded in photographing spectra of nebulae and stars of the twelfth magnitude, and thus determining some of the elements contained in worlds so distant from us that their light, travelling 186,000 miles per second, has taken thousands of years to reach us. Such photographs are especially useful, because they show the faintest lines in the spectra which have hitherto escaped the most practised eye.

Hardly less remarkable are some of the discoveries of Captain Abney, the prince of photographers, in his experiments on the infra-red of the spectrum ; he has recently shown that between the earth and the sun and quite outside our atmosphere, there exists accumulations of benzine and alcoholic derivatives.

Alcohol in temperance drinks, alcohol in rain water, *alcohol in space*, alcohol everywhere.

Again, in meteorology the art of photography will prove to be of immense use. A regular system of photographing the clouds by means of a specially made cloud-camera, which acts automatically, has just been commenced. The form and disposition of clouds have always been regarded as an index to the weather, and weather records compared with cloud-photographs will doubtless afford valuable information and assistance in weather prognostications.

To the geographer and ordnance surveyor the camera will soon be regarded as an indispensable part of their outfit. The tedious operations of making sketches of a district will be obviated, and perfect pictures with hardly a chance of error will easily be obtained.

To the medical man too, and the chemist, photography is found to be a valuable assistant. At the Glasgow Medical

School the successive stages of surgical operations, sections of tumors and diseased structures, and in fact any remarkable forms of disease, are photographed, and the prints shown to medical students and distributed among the profession to assist in the diagnosis of rare forms of disease. Dr. Lennox Brown and Mr. Cadett have recently got some wonderful photos of the interior of the larynx. By an adjustment of mirrors in the mouth and the electric light to illuminate the throat, they obtained perfect pictures of the various positions of the laryngeal muscles *during the act of singing*; and we may expect that such photos will be found of great value, not only in the teaching of classes of medical students, but as aids to the study of the mechanism of the voice. Further, Dr. Koch has recently got some remarkable photographs of bacteria and bacilli by the aid of the camera and microscope; and here, again, such pictures may be made of incalculable value in disseminating a knowledge of these minute but most formidable enemies of mankind.

In medical jurisprudence, when it is stated that the crystals formed by the one-thousandth of a grain of arsenic have been successfully photographed, it will easily be seen that, in cases of poisoning, photography may prove a very valuable assistant in the detection of crime. A novel use of the art is now being made in the Municipal Laboratory of Chemistry at Paris; photographs of chocolate, tea, coffee, pepper, milk, cheese, etc., as seen through the microscope, are taken and distributed; and, by comparing samples of such articles with photos of the pure article, an easy method is afforded even to non-professionals of detecting adulteration.

Photography is utilized by the microscopist in other directions. Accurate views have been secured of the most minute objects, just as they appear under the most powerful microscope. Photos of minute diatoms, polycystina, infusoria in motion, bacilli, and trichini have recently been obtained by the writer of this article under a power of 1000 diameters. The cilia of animalcula, blood corpuscles, the microscopic structure of bone and tissue are shown most distinctly, and details are seen easily which often

escape the eye in microscopic examinations. A large photo, six inches in length, of a small fly's tongue measuring about one-seventieth of an inch, shows the hairs and various markings with remarkable clearness. A simple calculation shows this photograph to cover an area 176,000 times as large as the original object. Again, views of the internal structure of wood show conclusively whether the wood is weak or strong; in strong wood the concentric rings appear close in texture, while the radial plates are numerous, broad, and thick. It has even been suggested that such photos might be used as trade advertisements. The internal structure of metals, too, has been examined by the joint aid of the camera and microscope; laminæ of the metals are reduced to extreme tenuity by the action of acids, and when sufficiently translucent are photographed through the microscope; gold and silver are said to have a fibrous structure, while tin is granular.

Till recently, no one would ever have dreamed of applying photography to acoustics; but it is now possible to photograph sound, or, speaking more accurately, sound-vibrations; and Professor Boltzmann is now announced as the discoverer of what at first might well be regarded with incredulity. The sound-vibrations are communicated to a thin platinum plate, and the movements of the plate, after being magnified by a solar microscope, are reflected on to a screen, and photographed by rapidly drawing a sensitive plate across the image. Every letter when pronounced gives a separate and distinct impression, the vowels showing regular undulatory vibrations, while the consonants give curves and lines of very varied forms. The uses of an arrangement like this may be innumerable. We can almost imagine that when the process is perfected, eavesdroppers and spies will have a very easy time, and need to run no risks in order to obtain secret information; a small instrument secretly placed in a room, and acting automatically, may copy down every word spoken; nay, it is far more chimerical to expect that photography may one day take the place of shorthand reporters.

But besides all the varied ways in which photography has been utilized in science,

it has miscellaneous uses without number, and especially noticeable are the ways in which the British and foreign governments have found it serviceable. No army is now ever despatched on service without a full equipment of photographic requisites. In reconnoitring and surveying the enemy's positions and intrenchments, it was formerly necessary to have sketches made; considerable time was needed, many dangers incurred, and, after all, important details were often accidentally omitted. Now the photographer accompanies the reconnoitring party, and in a second or two he secures views which show the exact positions of the enemy's works without a chance of mistake. Such photos were found of great use in the recent war in Egypt.

Again, during the last siege of Paris, it is well known of what enormous value the pigeon-post was. The beleaguered Parisians were able to keep up correspondence with their friends outside, in spite of the German army. Letters and despatches were printed on a large sheet which was then photographed to a very small scale on pellicles of six by two centimetres in dimensions; and these, being tied to the legs of trained pigeons, were carried over the heads of the Germans safely to their destination. The small photos had then only to be placed in an enlarging lantern, the letters transcribed and sent to the various addresses. The Germans have now established a regular system of pigeon-post in all their large towns, in the event of war.

At the government dockyards, when experiments were being made with torpedoes, the aid of photography was invoked. Rapid views of the torpedo explosions were taken, showing the upraised fountain of water and registering the exact height to which it was thrown. Views of rocks, buildings, or old vessels being blown up with dynamite, show the fragments as it were suspended in the air, the artist being able to expose his plate precisely at the moment required. At Shoeburyness a regular staff of artists was employed in photographing the effects of artillery experiments against iron and steel armor-plates. Again, in many of our prisons, portraits of all prisoners of a certain class are regularly taken, and, if necessary, produced by hundreds and

distributed throughout the country. The detective camera, a small instrument which can be held in one hand, may be of incalculable use in obtaining portraits of any suspected persons in the streets, and in this way identification of criminals might be much facilitated.

Recently, quite a novel use has been found for photography. The Chinese, who in their own way are an extremely enterprising race, are troubled with a language which is a stumbling-block not only to foreigners but even to themselves. The number of signs or letters is so great that an ordinary printer's compositor would be perfectly bewildered; his type case would be a wilderness of boxes; in fact, to print a newspaper in Chinese would be nearly impossible. An enterprising publisher, however, has recently hit on the plan of having one copy of a newspaper written out and then multiplying the copies by photography, using one of the many mechanical photographic printing processes.

But to enumerate all the wonders of photography is impossible: one more must suffice. It has been found practicable, under certain conditions, to photograph *invisible* objects. It is well known that in the spectrum of white light there are rays which are quite invisible to the human eye: we refer to the chemical rays beyond the violet end and the ultra-red or heat rays. But the eye is far from perfect, and the rays that it cannot see can still be rendered perceptible by other means; for instance, bisulphate of quinine placed in the invisible chemical rays is at once rendered fluorescent. In a similar way, Captain Abney finds that the bromide of silver used by the photographer can be so modified as to become sensitive to the invisible ultra-red rays; and we are told by Mr. Proctor that he has "taken the photograph of a kettle of boiling water *in the dark* by means of its own radiation." In some of the photographs of the great nebula of Orion are clearly seen traces of certain dark bodies in space, while are invisible through the telescope; and it is at any rate not within the region of absurdity to suggest that photography may some day reveal to us the existence of worlds enveloped in perpetual darkness—suns, perhaps once as bright

as ours, but whose light has been dimmed by the lapse of millions of years ; stars and systems which are no longer visible,

but which still move in space in accordance with the unfailing laws of the universe.—*Cornhill Magazine.*

THE POLITICAL CONDITION OF SPAIN.

BY DON LAUREANO FIGUEROLA.

RECENT incidents, which it is unnecessary here to recapitulate, have attracted in a special degree the attention of Europe to the position and prospects of Spain. In the remarks which I am now about to make on the subject I shall attempt, divesting myself of the excitement of party politics, not to demonstrate a given thesis, but to find out exactly the place occupied by my country in the political evolution of this century. Spain slowly and laboriously continues in the track of the revolution which broke out in Aranjuez seventy-five years ago, and which was instigated by the heir-apparent, afterward Ferdinand VII., who incited the troops against his father that he might hurl from power the favorite Godoy. The Spanish revolution, while substantially analogous to that of England in the last century, is not without an external resemblance to similar movements in France. It has made five great strides in advance, which have always been followed by corresponding reactions. Each, however, has witnessed the fall of decrepit institutions, secular abuses, and religious oppression. From 1808 to 1814 is the epoch of the war of independence, when, without an army, without resources, and without a dynasty in whose name to fight, Spain weakened Napoleon's forces, till armies organized under the direction of Wellington compelled the French troops to recross the frontier. Amid the noise of arms an assembly was held at Cadiz. Here the Constitution of 1812 was compiled, the Inquisition suppressed, and feudal privileges were destroyed. The men met together upon this occasion, possessing no practical education in the art of governing, endeavored to harmonize the irreconcilable. They promulgated the Constitution in the name of Ferdinand VII., proclaimed the sovereignty of the nation, and animated by the ideas of the

Encyclopædists of the eighteenth century, composed a democratic Constitution full of precautions against, and essentially hostile to, the monarchy and the monarch to whom they were loyally devoted. From 1814 to 1820 the first reaction makes its appearance, and erases completely the work that had been done at Cadiz ; the Inquisition is re-established, the upper classes irritate their dependents by wishing to recover rights which had been abolished.

The second reaction took place between 1823 and 1833. A very important phenomenon has hitherto escaped notice. The law of human progress, assisted by monarchical selfishness, explains why the Inquisition was not re-established with its original rights. Neither did the State again monopolize mines. It was deterred from doing so on account of the development which the mining industry had attained in the mountains of Granada and Almeria. From this epoch must be dated the national wealth accruing from the lead mines, whose product has increased from 15,000 tons in 1827, to 120,000 tons in 1882. But in other respects those ten years of reaction were years of waste and death. The red terror of the French Jacobins is insignificant by the side of the white terror of Ferdinand VII. There was a continuous pouring out of blood caused by the doctrine which was preached to kill the Liberals until the fourth generation.

With the death of Ferdinand we enter upon the third period. Affairs were now directed by Queen Christiana, who inspired all Liberals with an intense enthusiasm. A mother's instinct told her that the only support for the throne of her daughter Isabel was to be found in the Liberal party. She made concessions which changed the lot of Liberals from that of the oppressed and conquered to that of the conquerors and

oppressors of their former despots and executioners. She did not, however, wish to lessen the autocratic power of royalty; hence the civil war having been concluded by the arrangement at Vergara, she gave up her regency in Valencia when she saw that Espartero did not second her, to exercise herself, and subsequently deliver up to her daughter, a monarchy called by her own ministers an illustrious despotism. In this little known but extremely important act is found the explanation of all the fluctuation and unforeseen accidents of the first civil war. The Spaniards believed in good faith that the reconquest of their rights was closely united with the upholding of the first Bourbonic branch; but in the palace, concessions were made only that they might be withdrawn. In this period were re-established definitely, not again to be repealed, the laws for the abolition of privileges and primogeniture; and a crusade was commenced against tithes, the existence of which impeded the development of agriculture. Queen Christiana was never resigned to her exile. It taught her no lesson. Espartero, a skilful soldier but a poor politician, saw generals with whom he had shared the glory of war ranged against him. The men who are to-day scandalized by military pronunciamientos proposed to carry off by force the Queen and Infanta from the royal palace. Thus began the reaction which triumphed in 1843, and to which those Progresistas contributed who found fault with the way in which, from a constitutional point of view, Espartero had exercised the regent's power.

The next reaction abolished the Constitution of 1837, to substitute for it that of 1845. The Moderate party committed this great political mistake by their subservency to court influences. The negotiations for the marriages of Queen Isabel and her sister are well known, the last-mentioned lady making an alliance with the Duke of Montpensier in hopes of taking the place of the Queen, whom it was presumed would be childless. The astuteness of M. Guizot, and the folly of the Spaniards who wished one of their own countrymen to be the sovereign's consort, resulted in a marriage which has been

for Queen Isabel and for Spain the reverse of that of Queen Victoria with Prince Albert. On the whole this reaction, which lasted from 1843 to 1845, bore little resemblance to its predecessors. Those of 1814 and 1823 were the triumph of the elements of old Spain, as opposed to new aspirations and new generations. The reaction of 1843 culminated among those elements which, combined, had fought and conquered the Carlists. Within the Liberal camp itself were to be found now two divisions, the Exaltados and the Moderados; many of its members belonged to the former. Queen Isabel was officially a constitutional and not an absolute monarch. Unhappily the servility of the Moderados (Moderate party) caused her to laugh at and despise the Cortes and Constitution, but the exterior form often saves the substance, and serves to accustom to, and educate insensibly for, a new political life, those who are most likely to revolt from such a discipline.

The Moderate party, which comprised men of worth and which each day drew recruits from the youth of Spain, owing to the systematic exclusiveness shown by the Court toward the Exaltados, obtained brilliant successes from 1845 to 1848, especially in its management of the interior business of the country. The tendencies of the Court to regain absolute power never ceased. One by one men of the Moderate party were put aside in order to find an individual capable of carrying the ideas of the palace into execution. A distinguished politician and financier, Bravo Murillo, with a frankness which does him honor, published a project to the effect that the Cortes should themselves curtail their powers. He next tried to prevent them from having the control of their own business, and these external manifestations of palace ideas was the motive of the great convulsion of 1854, when the throne of Doña Isabel shook on its pedestal, and a long exile was imposed on her mother, Doña Christiana, who was supposed to be the instigator of the re-establishment of Court despotism. The revolutionary period of 1854-56 was short but fruitful. A Constitution was composed but not promulgated. The progress of the age was too strong

for declared religious intolerance even in theocratic Spain. The protest of the Senate against speculators on the Stock Exchange resulted in the settlement of the railway question, and the legislation of those two years was subsequently the origin of the great material advantages warmly applauded by the distinguished Señor Moyano, a member of the Moderate party. The reaction of 1856 to 1868 indicates the last resistance shown by Queen Isabel to the slow, well-ordered, and fertile developments of liberty. The palace boasted of its wish to make a retrograde movement, its ostensible advisers being the nun Sister Patrocinio, the Padre Claret, and the Padre Civilo, an old Carlist who was raised to the See of Toledo. The Court was opposed to the recognition of the kingdom of Italy. The Queen protested that she would drown her daughter, the Princess Isabel, rather than allow her to marry the Duke of Aosta, and by giving her in marriage to the epileptic Count of Girgenti, insured her subsequent misery. Meanwhile the reaction of the country took a less violent form under the party called *La Union Liberal* (the Liberal Union), which, directed by the illustrious General O'Donnell and the clever politician Posado-Herrera, showed some moderation and ability in the department of domestic administration, adventurous though it was in its war with Morocco, in Saint Domingo, in Cochinchina, and in the Pacific, and in its imprudent intervention in Mexico. Such a policy abroad reacted disastrously upon affairs at home. This was the opinion of the Progresista minority in Parliament, led by the famous Olozaga.

Olozaga, seeing that Espartero did not leave his place of retirement, where, till his death, he remained—faithful, he said, to the Queen, but firmly resolved no longer to serve her in office—induced Prim to join the Liberal ranks, to which he had formerly belonged and from which he separated himself at the instigation of the Queen-mother. The return to Liberalism of such a valuable man was a proof of Olozaga's remarkable tact and skill, and the time came when Prim and Sagasta conceived a hope that the Progressists might, by the exercise of the constitutional prerogative, be called to power. Perhaps, had he pos-

sessed the gift of Saxon persistency or firmness, he would have been able to conquer the resistance of the palace, and thus have avoided the fifth revolutionary stage. But such patience is foreign to the adventurous and impressionable character of the children of the south. Before an imprudence of speech on the part of the Moderate Government, which replaced the Liberal Union, the Progressists agreed upon withdrawal. The author of this paper, who belonged to that Progressists minority, voted always against the withdrawal, because he believed that legal means ought to be exhausted before force was resorted to. But as the Revolution advanced, the Court and all its flatterers carried their opposition to extremes, instead of disarming it by reform, which is the real lightning-conductor for the revolutionary spark. So many were the mistakes of the Court that O'Donnell himself invited Espartero to power, declaring that he no longer wished to be a Minister of the Queen when he saw that the reaction must go to limits which he abhorred.

After the vain and unfortunate attempts which followed the movements of 1865-1866, made exclusively by the Progressists, the Court committed the unpardonable blunder of irritating and alienating the Liberal Union by exiling the Presidents of both Chambers and many Deputies who, exercising the right of petition, warned the Queen of her danger. Every one was suspicious, and unquestionably Queen Isabel herself had motives for doubt when her mother, Christiana, taught too late by experience, wished to counsel her daughter to be more cautious. The Queen had also misgivings as to the Duke of Montpensier, which, as subsequent events showed, were not devoid of foundation. When a royal personage, reigning by Divine right, places no confidence in the members of her family, it is not strange if she mistrusts subjects whom she considers rebel vassals. The peninsula was in an unfortunate condition. Four years of bad harvests had caused grievous losses, and in 1868 there was a real famine. The poor took refuge by bands in the cities, in quest of the subsistence denied them in the country. Civil commotion and sectarian disturbances ensued, and then the Progressists allied

themselves with the Democrats. The two parties, with the Liberal Union, which a year before had routed them, conquered and shot down their opponents in the name of the Queen; the avalanche fell, and the throne of the Bourbons, which shook in 1808, was unhinged in 1854 and came to pieces in 1868, to the astonishment and with the applause of other nations.

This fifth stage of the Spanish revolution is fresh in the memory of all. It can be divided into three parts. 1st, the Provisional Government till the assassination of Prim, a grand and glorious period; 2d, the reign of Don Amadeo, an honorable, dignified, and prosperous period; and 3d, the pacific proclamation of the Republic, the exaggerations, sincere on the part of some, provoked by others, to drive out Amadeo to make way for the restoration. This was a period of political vertigo which made the timid and all those who saw themselves attacked by the excesses of demagogues and Carlists cry, "Give us some one who will insure the security of our property and persons."

The revolution of 1868 does not need justification. It is sanctioned by the restoration, which has not dared, by following in the footsteps of Ferdinand VII. in 1814 and in 1823, to efface it. A distinguished Conservative, Señor Canovas del Castillo, has briefly summarized the work which the revolution was to accomplish. Three things, he told Parliament, separated us from Europe—the Bourbons, Catholic exclusiveness, and Slavery. The revolution has removed these three barriers, and its force has been so great that if the Bourbons were restored to the throne, Catholic exclusiveness would not have returned, and in five years' time the abolition of slavery will have been carried into effect. Certainly the liberty of free worship has developed into a system of complete religious toleration.

The restoration was effected in the last days of December, 1874. It still exists. Why? Because, compounding with the revolution, it wished to show itself tolerant of persons rather than of institutions. It is, indeed, true that the revolution would not have been vindictive. There were no exiles or banishments until the last period, when

Sagasta, in a Ministry composed of *soi-disant* republicans, discredited the Republic; but the Ministry of the Regency, careful to please the Moderate party, which was in course of extinction, by an unjustifiable decree, abolished civil marriage for Catholics, banished three distinguished professors of the universities on account of their honorable protest opposed to the offensive statements of the Ministry, and finally ostracized Ruiz Zorrilla, Salmeron, and Fernandez de los Rios—worthy models of patrician virtue, constancy, and political consistency. These qualities were repugnant to the turncoats and robbers in proportion as they contrasted with their own actions. Fernandez de los Rios, protector of Canovas del Castillo when the latter required such protection, died on foreign soil, exiled by the men he had defended. It is the period to-day in the course of development, of which I propose to examine the principal factors.

II.

The Bourbon dynasty has steeped Spain in blood for its own family interests since 1808. While the nation was in search of its regeneration, Charles IV. and Ferdinand VII., his successor, were contending before Napoleon I. in Bayonne. In 1829 began the struggle between the brothers Ferdinand VII. and Charles V., a representative of the most fanatical and autocratic ideas, three years before the birth of the lady now Queen Isabel. Ferdinand died in 1833; Charles's brother and the children and grandchildren of the men representing the two branches of the Bourbon family periodically fight for the throne and desolate the country with civil wars. The dynastic authority with which the two branches of the Bourbon families have invested their pretensions during the last fifty years has had the effect of hopelessly discrediting them in the eyes of the Spanish people. The remorseless severity with which, in their desire to vindicate the claims they have regarded as inalienable and entirely irreconcilable, accompanied by reciprocal defamation and abuse, has robbed them of all popular respect. This is perhaps the historical result which the Bourbons of Spain have not foreseen. They have not known

how, in things little or great, to imitate the conduct of the French Bourbons.

It is just to say that in this respect we have progressed. Don Alfonso was an exile before he became king. He experienced the sorrow referred to by Dante, of remembering in poverty past greatness ; and he had studied in Austria, in the Terresius College, and at Sandhurst ; that is to say, he has lived within the walls of humanity and civilization previous to his accession to the crown. Thus he has a great advantage over his mother and grandmother, who were exiled after being on the throne. No one, as he himself admits, has profited more by the revolution than he himself. His conduct during his reign shows that there are no clerical influences at Court, and in replacing Conservatives by Constitutionals, and the latter last October by Democrats, he has given a proof of tact, of common-sense, and of an instinct of self-preservation. If Queen Isabel had acted in a similar manner she would still be Queen of Spain, and there would have been reforms without revolutionary convulsion. Perhaps the political gain would not have been so marked, but, on the other hand, the Carlists would not have devastated the north and centre of the Peninsula. Peace would not have been disturbed, and the advantages which it brought would have inculcated a spirit of patience, and we should have been prepared to obtain slowly and surely that boon whose sudden bestowal inspired apprehension as well as enthusiasm. That for which Doña Isabel would have been grateful will serve Don Alfonso as a means of prolonging his political existence. If he is to strengthen his throne it will not suffice that he should be a good king. He must be a great king. And afterward ? To this question I answer that the historian is not a prophet.

III.

It may be that the materials for a reply will be found in the state of parties in Spain. The English people, who have received their political education during a reign as glorious as that of Queen Victoria, cannot by analogy have any clear idea of Spanish parties. It would be necessary for them to recall the days of Walpole to trace any resemblance, in-

complete though it would be even then, between what passed in their own country and that which is happening in Spain at the end of the nineteenth century. The struggle here is not so much between parties as between mortal enemies seeking to destroy each other on the field of battle. Royalists and Liberals grouped themselves into two bands, and carried on a war of extermination against each other. Since the year 1833, within the Liberal camp, the two parties, the Moderado and the Exaltado, which are now the Progresista, begin to come to the foreground. The want of political customs, of discipline, and, above all, of parliamentary habits, were such that even in the Congress itself the Moderados stood round one fireplace and the Exaltados around another. If a man moved from his fireplace to go to the one on the opposite side he became immediately an object of suspicion. No such ridiculous divisions exist to-day. They have been replaced by a political sickleness which cannot be too strongly reprobated or deplored. After the peace of 1840 the Carlists, who had been conquered, were no longer counted among the different parties. We only hear of Moderados and Progresistas until the movement which ended in the revolution of 1868. The democratic idea in 1845 found an official representative in the person of the Marquis of Albaida, and three years afterward displayed itself in Don Nicolas Rivero. The Moderados give prominence to royal power ; the Progresistas proclaim the national sovereignty as the fountain of right. Queen Isabel committed the mistake, which cost her the crown, of never calling to power, for the space of twenty-five years, the Progresistas. On one occasion, in 1854, they secured office almost by storm, but only to hold the reins of State for two years. The transformation, however, was necessary. Those who were not Liberal among the Moderados formed the Puritan faction in 1847, but the great European disturbance of 1848 alarmed the Court, and Narvaez organized a resistance which was justified by the revolutionary attempts that were suffocated in Spain when they triumphed in France and in Germany. The modification which the Puritans could not carry into effect was realized by O'Donnell in

1856. He formed the Liberal Union in 1856 with young and moderate elements, and with almost all the staff of the party Progresista. But the grand Parliamentarian, Olozaga, who with a few persons such as Aguerre and Madoz united the dispersed members, had at his back the people of Madrid and other important cities—Barcelona, Valencia, Seville, and Saragoza. His action, energy, and constancy encouraged his party, and they prepared for the great movement of 1868. This accomplished, the Moderado and Progresista parties had no longer any reason for existence, and became transformed as soon as the Cortes assembled, by means of an universal suffrage exercised by 2,000,000 electors. Although the Moderados made pretence to be a party, a great number called themselves Conservatives. The Progresistas united with a few Democrats of great value and young ardor, styling themselves *Progresista Democraticos*. Later on they took the name of Radicals. Carlism now, for the first time in modern life, became a party and formed itself into considerable groups, almost equal to those of the Republicans, who were displaying all the vigor of new ideas. After the Carlists and Republicans had been twice conquered by the military genius of Prim, a fresh distribution of parties became indispensable, and in a fatal hour the Radicals separated. The division was reprehensible, and to it was due the resignation of Don Amadeo. With astounding rapidity, Sagasta in twenty-four hours formed a party to upset his old friend Zorilla. English people who look upon politics as a serious pursuit will smile at this sudden creation of a party. The Conservatives so unexpectedly sprouting out held the reins of power. They routed the Radicals, who, led away by their desire to revenge themselves on Sagasta, made a coalition with the Carlists, and in their turn routed Sagasta. The illustrious Prince of Savoy, knowing that a military movement in Catalonia was being prepared to force his hand, as had been the case in the time of Queen Isabel, preferred abdication, and left Spain more loved and respected than if he had imposed himself on her. To-day Spaniards deplore their small appreciation of his noble qualities. Without violence, and legally, Spain,

from being monarchical became republican. Every one was astonished that the republican feeling had been so little known, although it was observed that even many Carlists called themselves Republicans, with the deliberate object of securing the ascendancy of Don Carlos. The Radicals were anathematized by all the Conservatives. The latter attributed to them the fall of Don Amadeo, in which they themselves had an equal share. The Republicans, instead of attracting the Radicals to their side, repudiated them as a set of dangerous people occupying public posts. This hostility of the Republicans became fatal to the consolidation of their party.

Alfonso proclaimed, parties were compelled to reconstitute themselves. To make this possible, the ancient political groups became divided, subdivided, and pulverized. Superficial minds smiled sardonically, and ridiculed this atomism, although from a physical point of view, as well as a moral, there could be no other result. The restoration has now lasted eight years, and the Liberal party, which serves as a counterpoise to the Conservative, is not yet formed. Is such a formation possible? There are two elements with which it is necessary to count ere the problem can be solved—the Carlist and the Republican. The Carlist, still powerful in the mountains of the Basque and Navarre, Aragon and Catalonia, has through the fanaticism of the clergy received an unexpected blow. Pope Leon XIII., by reminding the bishops that the Church is not united to any single form of civil government, has done great good to Spain, because since 1808 it appeared that the Catholic religion was only compatible with monarchy and with the most fanatical branch of the Bourbon family. The Republican party is of modern growth. Its supporters exist in the great centres, and are largely composed of Catalonian workingmen, who are the leaven of anarchy and of all demagogic follies. It numbers men who by their intelligence, firmness, and morality are of considerable value, who are respected by their opponents, and whom it has been desired and tried to attract to the monarchy. The result has been some few desertions. If the restoration does not succeed in its march, the substitution of any other

monarchy is by no means impossible after the resignation of the Duke of Aosta. In that case the Republic would inevitably establish itself, and would give rise to a new reconstruction of parties, which within a Republican form of government would move.

IV.

We are now in a position to understand the interior and exterior political situation of Spanish affairs. All the fallen institutions have ceased to exist, and no one pretends that they will rise again, as in the reactions of 1814, 1823, and 1843. There is only one ancient institution re-established, monarchy, which still has partisans and vitality. But, at the same time, on the monarchy itself depends the fate of that which may again take root. Many men who to-day blushing enter the ranks of Don Alfonso would have entered them with their heads erect if the Constitution of 1869 had been preserved, because there was no other change than the name of the sovereign, that is to say, of Amadeo to Alfonso. Hence the prolonged difficulties of our internal life. The reconstitution of the machinery of provincial and municipal administration has indeed made much progress so far as the written law is concerned, but there are still many faults to correct. As regards our criminal jurisprudence we have much to admire, learn, and apply from the English code. The revolution created the jury system. The restoration suppressed it, and there is no other remedy than to re-establish it again as soon as possible. Civil marriages which were compatible with religious belief were also suppressed by the Catholics, and this retrogressive movement, hastily realized in the first year of the restoration, is a difficulty which will operate as a touchstone of ministerial Liberalism. Within a very short time the To Be or Not To Be of a restoration will present itself, but the two great problems of our interior policy are the army and the exchequer. Although it may appear paradoxical, we have prospered most in our finance. It is well known that, since the Austrian dynasty, the penury of the Spanish treasury was permanent, and increased as the nation fell to pieces and became pauperized. To-day it is

recognized by all thinking men that Spain has more force, more activity, more vitality and vigor than when she exploited the mines of Mexico and Peru. She only requires time and perseverance to obtain the freedom of her finance, which, like that of Italy, in twenty years can bring itself into a state of equilibrium, and it is only justice to say that the various parties work with a goodwill to obtain this result.

The army presents to us peculiar difficulties. On account of the situation Spain occupies geographically in Europe, her peninsular condition enables her to reduce her army, and to think more of her navy and colonies. But the anti-patriotic conduct of the Carlists has compelled her to raise her troops to an abnormal degree. The consciousness of military power being generally agreeable to kings, Don Alfonso is in favor of a reorganization of the army which can bring it, with the reserves, up to a million of fighting men. There is no budget which suffices for this, and if in peace we must prepare for war, all our expenditure will go in men, and little will remain for materials of war, commissariat departments, engineers, artillery, and fortifications. Our military administration is deplorable. The excessive number of commanding and other officers—too numerous even for the Carlist war and for the insurrection in Cuba—is a source of demoralization on account of the slowness of promotion. To this must be added the system of favoritism prevailing among the dispensers of patronage, and especially the circumstance that from captains to the lower grades Republican ideas are certainly in vogue. We are sailing between two rocks. We need a considerable army to prevent any fresh Carlist insurrection; we need a small army in order to maintain the material requirements of our forces; we need to apply any surplus of revenue to the extinction of our debt for public works and for educational purposes. If Spain, like the United States, could do without an army, her situation to-day would be one of extraordinary prosperity. The army proclaimed Don Alfonso; yet this summer in two important fortresses the cry has been heard of "Viva la Republica!" from the lips of men belonging

to the regular army. It was generally believed that the era of pronunciamientos had closed. The late military risings have killed Sagasta's ministry, and opened a wound in the restoration which is not likely to be healed, as the Minister of War has assured us. What has happened would seem to demonstrate that there is in the army a formidable secret association which has relations with Señor Zorilla, an energetic man, whom the Conservative Government banished from Spain, thus raising him on a pedestal which has increased his popularity, and which is the important factor that must be borne in mind for the solution of our interior policy.

The external relations of Spain require but little study. That concentration to which we are forced by our internal questions does not allow us to think of expansion or political interference with other countries. Friendship with all suits us best, and especially with neighboring nations or with those between whom and ourselves there exist active commercial relations. Portugal always showed herself jealous of being absorbed. This feeling, however, is disappearing with the advancement of railway communication. Our European high road runs through France, and it would be an insane policy to close our frontier. The journey of Don Alfonso, justly censured by the alarm which it has caused our neighbors, was complicated by an incident which wounded French patriotism. The fall of Sagasta's ministry simplifies the question. If to-day nations were dependent on the good or bad humor of their princes, our relations with France would indeed become lukewarm. It is better that the restoration should follow the example of the revolution. When the Franco-Prussian war broke out Bismarck gave Prim to understand that, if he would ally himself with Germany and put 50,000 soldiers on the Pyrenees to weaken the French forces on the Rhine, on the conclusion of hostilities Spain should recover the Rosellon and the Cerdana lost by them in the war against the First Republic, when Godoy thought it his duty to make war on account of a family conflict. At the same time the Count of Keratry arrived at Madrid, proposing that Spain should help France with

50,000 men, and France would support any project that Spain entertained against Portugal. General Prim declined both proposals. He remained completely neutral, and on the best terms with the two countries.

A third of the entire commerce of Spain is with England. As a consequence the relations of the two countries are continuous, but not so close as they ought to be. It is clear that the requirements of the English Budget force England to recoup herself on spirits with an excise duty which must be applied equally to foreign importations of a similar character. Nevertheless it is to be regretted that, through our protectionist fallacy, Spain makes a point of putting a heavy duty upon English products, thus driving them from our market and replacing them by articles from Belgium or Germany. By this we see that the policy of Spain, from an external point of view, at present can only be, and must be, a commercial policy. Those of our products which are the still considerable remains of a large colonial empire only require the development of an exterior vigor and administration which cannot give rise to conflict. More especially will this be the case when the invading tendency of the times shall have ceased, making way for exploration and science.

V.

The large majority of the nation, politically considered, is in a by no means enviable condition. The election of deputies in rural districts is carried out by the Alcaldes, who inquire of the Governor as to the individual nominated by the central authorities. The selection is regulated by the politics of the party in power. Either the nomination of the candidate proceeds from moral influence—that is to say, by an order from the authorities—or it is imposed on the public by violence. The deputies of the opposition only can be elected in accordance with the last electoral reforms. Of these gentlemen the law requires that the third part should correspond to the minority. Although the last census (1877) shows that only 25 per cent. of the population knew how to read and write, the quickness of the genius, and the facility of

locomotion and the solid acquirements of knowledge by a small number of men, have sufficed to change the aspect of Spain. At the conclusion of the Austrian dynasty there were only six and a half millions of inhabitants. In 1797 there were ten and a half millions. In this century, in spite of eighty years of revolution, of the war of independence, of the terror caused by the absolutists and theocrats, of the Carlist wars and of military insurrections, the population has increased to seventeen millions. If we look at our commerce, so far as imports and exports are concerned, it has quintupled since 1827. The postal movement is six times as great as in 1840. Lighthouses for our coasts are now more than two hundred in number; in 1841 there were only four. In 1848 we had twenty-nine

kilometres of railroad; to-day we have eight thousand in use. Our mines produce millions of tons of iron and copper minerals. Eight thousand kilometres of pit-coal have been discovered, and it is already explored to a considerable extent in Asturias and Belmes. As a mercantile maritime power, Spain comes fifth on the list. Her agricultural production, wines and oils, are the basis of an industry which each day becomes greater. The fine arts and poetry have advanced in the same degree as liberty of thought, and a government which will secure Spain twenty years of peace will be the legitimate government, and that by the universal sanction of grateful Spaniards. Then Spain will occupy among other nations the rank which is her historic heritage.—*Fortnightly Review*.

A BLOWPIPE.

BY FRED. BOYLE.

I.

THIS instrument—we call it a sumpit or sumpitan—was given me by Api-lagi, Orang Kayah of a Sakarran colony, established on the banks of the Rejang, in Sarawak. It is eight feet in length, made of some heavy wood. The diameter of the bore is one third of an inch pierced with the utmost exactitude; if there were any irregularity, the arrow would not fly straight. That arrow is the thorn of a sago palm, half a foot long or so, naturally pointed, very hard and very light. An inch-long tube of pith, beautifully fashioned, encircles the thick end; it needs to be compressed, rolled between finger and thumb, to fit the hole. Supporting the blowpipe in one's left hand outstretched—if one be strong enough—and balancing it between the first and second fingers of the right, which lie across one's mouth, any man may puff the tiny dart some twenty yards, when in three or four trials he has caught the knack. At ten yards' distance, I myself can pierce an ordinary French novel through half its thickness of leaves. The killing range of a practised warrior is forty to fifty yards; that is to say, the arrow

will not penetrate hide or feathers or clothes at a much greater distance, though it may be blown, by an expert, eighty yards, and by chance may kill. For the tip is rolled in deadly poison, like dry wax now, and harmless, but resembling glue when fresh.

I said to the chief at once, "This is Kayan make! How did you get it?" For at the farther end of the long shaft is affixed, upon the upper surface, an iron sight, and on the lower a very broad, flat spear, neatly and elegantly fixed with plaited rattans. A groove runs down the middle of the blade, on one side of which the metal is bent concave, on the other convex. So the Kayans make their swords. But no special advantage is gained by forging a spear-head thus and it must have been done by habit and imitation. All the upper surface is handsomely engraved, in characters that resemble Arabic at a distance.

Apilagi answered, "It is not Kayan. It is Kennowit!" and changed the conversation.

I was travelling with the present Rajah of Sarawak, at that time styled the Tuan Mudah. One of his objects

in this tour was an inquiry into the grievances alleged by the Kennowit tribe, the aboriginal inhabitants of this part; if ethnological readers sneer at my ignorance in describing the Kennowits as aboriginal, I would observe that the word is used in a conventional sense. These very ugly savages declared their life unbearable for the encroachment and oppression of the Dyaks, of whom Apilagi's clan was stated to be most offensive. The Tuan Mudah went to investigate. At dawn that day we started from Kennowit fort in a warprau of that people, seventy feet long—I measured it—curved high at bows and stern, adorned with carvings, the rudeness of which could not be regretted, since their design was objectionable. An awning of mats covered the whole length. We sat in the middle, with twenty paddlers before and behind, one in the bows and one in the stern beyond the shadow. The many-colored jackets, sarongs, and head-handkerchiefs of our boatmen, arrayed in their best to do the heir-apparent honor, formed a brilliant avenue. Going up the river, we stopped at many landing-places, where a little knot of chiefs were waiting, their handsome dresses sheeny with cloth of gold, their head-handkerchiefs sparkling with gold lace, stood out against the shadow of the jungle. They came on board, salaamed, covering their eyes, and sat between the rows of boatmen. It was a charming picture.

Pleasant also was our reception at Mangis Malita, the delinquent village—we call a village a "house" in Borneo, since all native communities, except the Malay, dwell under one roof, whatever the number of families. These Sakarran emigrants are fine fellows; tall for their race, strongly but gracefully built, of frank smiling expression. They turned out in orange and crimson breech-cloths, with unsewn sarongs of the brightest hue thrown loosely over their shoulders. Their arms were gauntleted in brass wire, furbished like gold for this occasion. From their ears depended by brass chains every kind of ornament, interspersed with bells that tinkled at each motion. The women had not such variety of fine things. Their costume was a short petticoat of dusky tone, their household weaving.

From beneath the bosom to the waist they were cuirassed in coils of brazen wire. The chief's daughter, Tipong, and a few more, had strings of golden bells above the hip. Nearly all the younger women were good-looking, some quite pretty, and every one had a graceful figure. It must be added, nevertheless, that travel in that region had accustomed us to depilated eyebrows and teeth as black as polished ebony. That man is not fitted to enjoy strange scenes who cannot reconcile himself to an outlandish fashion.

I am afraid that the Tuan Mudah got little satisfaction for his journey to Mangis Malita. The Sakarrans set us in the place of honor, and squatted round with a smiling cordiality most pleasing to observe. But in reply to the Kennowit accusations—we had brought hither some of the chiefs—they only laughed quite respectfully, but inconclusively. Apilagi observed, "We don't hurt them, your Highness! If the Kennowits have lost a head by my people, let them state their case. But I can't prevent our boys stealing their fruit!"

"My people cleared such and such a hill for sowing," a Kennowit chief replied, "and your son, Merimgai, drove them away when the labor was finished. It is our paddy you eat, Orang Kaya."

Merimgai answered for himself. "So these painted people lie to you, Tuan!"—the Kennowits are tattooed, and Malays and Dyaks scorn them for the practice. "I had begun to clear that hill, when the chief yonder objected, and I drew off my people. Is not that true?"

"It is true, but—"

"I began in another place. But the Kennowits did nothing—they were not strong enough. My young men perceived that they had been made fools of; so they returned and did the work, and planted the paddy and reaped it. Did we not plant the paddy?"

"Yes, but—"

"Now your Highness sees how they lie! It was my own crop I sold to the Orang Kaya, which he eats."

So the wrangle went on, good-humoredly contemptuous on the part of the Sakarrans. An abstruse system of agricultural usages was appealed to by either side. Skillful and as experienced as is

the Tuan Mudah, he found it difficult to speak decisively upon the points at issue. Common-sense declared that the Dyaks probably were in the wrong, but their plea that no case of violence could be urged against them had much weight. The Kennowits are treacherous and false. Only two years before, they had murdered their resident magistrates, Messrs. Fox and Steel, under a shameful breach of faith. It was unlikely, *prima facie*, that if the Dyaks oppressed them so sore, no case of assault and battery should have arisen, and quite possible that they were lying throughout. In the end, the Tuan Mudah sternly warned the Sakarrans that their doings would be observed henceforward. They became grave for a moment, but when the palaver broke up, their high spirits and kindly enthusiasm beamed out again.

We went to see the jars, of which this village had an unusual collection. The sacred objects were stored in a little hut by themselves. Had there been room for a digression, I should have liked to say something about these jars, of an attack once made by the Kennowits to obtain possession of them, and of their several virtues. Perhaps the opportunity will occur at another time. In a corner of the hut stood this sumpitan. The blowpipe is not generally used by Dyaks. They can manufacture neither instrument nor poison. Those they possess are obtained either from Kennowits, Kayans, or, more rarely, from Pakatans; a race very savage and very interesting, of which, unfortunately, I never met a specimen. Wild as they are, ignorant of all other arts, they fashion a blowpipe so elegantly and so accurately that civilized craftsmen could not improve upon its model. Observing the attention I paid to this sumpit, Apilagi gave it me.

I remarked to the Tuan Mudah as we returned, that he was fortunate to have in charge such pleasant subjects; in those days his Highness was Resident of the Sakarran district, whence our friends of Mangis Malita had come. The Tuan Mudah sympathized with my feeling, under reservation.

"They have all the virtues," he said, "which they consciously gave you to credit, and others besides. But recollect that an Englishman and a Dyak

regard things from a different point of view."

Another object of our journey to that part of the Rajah's dominion was to make formal peace with the Kayans, an inland race, by very far the most powerful of Borneo, allied in blood and friendship with the Kennowits. They had never entertained goodwill toward the English Rajah, who had effectually stopped their forays on this side. After the murder of Fox and Steel, alluded to, and the suppression of the Kennowit revolt, two of the actual assassins fled into the Kayan country. Their extradition was refused. On this account, and on others besides, the Rajah of Sarawak invaded their territory. His army under white leaders forced the cataracts and the unpeopled jungle which had hitherto turned back every enemy. The Kayans were defeated. They gave up the surviving murderer, who was executed, and they expressed their desire for a lasting peace.

Kennowit was named as the spot for the performance of those odd ceremonies which ratify a Kayan treaty. Thither the Tuan Mudah repaired, at the time appointed, as representative of the Rajah. But no plenipotentiaries met him from the other side. The failure was disappointing, but not unexpected. Vague rumors circulated of a disquieting sort. It was whispered that the Kayan embassy sent heralds in advance, who had been waylaid and murdered; therefore it returned, suspecting treachery. I do not know what the Tuan Mudah thought about it, what he knew, or what he did; men who govern Orientals early learn to hold their tongues.

We left Kennowit—his Highness for his residence at Sakarran, I to skirmish aimlessly, but very pleasantly, among the out-stations. I found a hearty welcome at each native village, and agreeable savages; but none who struck me as so nice in every way as the smiling, manly warriors, the pretty girls, of Mangis Malita. After some weeks or months, I do not recollect, my devious travels brought me back to Kuching, the capital. Calling at the fort next day, I recognized Apilagi, playing with a bear, that ran at me open-mouthed, growling and grimacing horribly. But Mr. Crookshank's bear and I had been intimate, and his demonstrations signified only fun; all

the same, I knew enough of bears to feel satisfaction in remarking that Apilagi, that stanch friend, kept firm hold of his chain. After warm, but unintelligible greetings to bear and man, I passed into the fort. Mr. Crookshank explained Apilagi's presence. Kayan messengers had arrived at Sakarran, travelling by another route, who declared that the men of Mangis Malita had attacked the former deputation. Ten Kayan heads had been taken. Justice was demanded, and the indication of another spot where the ceremonies of peace might be performed.

Two men of the party attacked accompanied the messengers. They accused the sons of the Mangis Malita chieftain, Lagi and Merimgai; but it proved that they knew neither of these young men by sight. "Every one said they were present!" This did not go far as evidence, but that the Kayans had been murdered there could be no doubt at all, and various facts put forward gave reason to suspect that some warriors of Mangis Malita were concerned in the affair. Apilagi and his sons received an order to present themselves at the capital. They betrayed no alarm, and only just so much surprise as was natural. Arrived at Kuching, in a gunboat, they were confronted with the accusers, who instantly identified Lagi and Merimgai.

They confessed offhand, as Dyaks nearly always will, if guilty. Apilagi had known nothing of the affair until his sons' return, on the very morning of our visit. The young men engaged had left their homes on the pretence of hunting or seeking jungle produce. They lay in wait for the Kayan embassy at Tanah Lidah, sixty miles or so above Kennowit. It was fortunately preceded by a strong force of scouts and heralds, whom the Sakarrans attacked. The fight was desperate. Two praus with ten corpses on board remained in the hands of the assailants, when the main body of Kayans fled; but upon counting their numbers, the victorious party found their own loss to be thirteen. To Dyak notions this was a terrible defeat. In misery and confusion they returned, reaching home at daybreak. While the old chief and his tuahs sat horror-struck, while the widows and relations of the fallen indulged the first outbreak of

their grief, a messenger arrived announcing our approach. Instantly tears were dried, sobs repressed perforce. Women howling and dishevelled postponed their demonstrations, washed, arrayed themselves in gala costume, wreathed their lips in smiles. Family affection is very deep among this people. They are certainly not hypocritical by character. But with aching hearts, with nerves a-quiver, these Dyaks, men, women, and children, gave us a hearty, cheerful welcome. Not one failed; not one lost self-possession. When we had gone out of sight, doubtless the wailings were renewed with all sincerity.

But these same people who could practise such deception confessed their guilt without subterfuge as soon as challenged. The Dyak who will act a lie will not violate the truth one jot in words. So thoroughly is this known to officers of Rajah Brooke that they receive a prisoner's statement almost unquestioned. If he have explanations or counter-charges, if he exonerate one comrade or accuse another, conclusive evidence is needed to satisfy an experienced judge that the prisoner has not spoken truth, so far as he knows it.

Upon his sons' declaration, therefore, Apilagi was released from prison, and suffered to roam the fort at will. When I speak of prison, it is not to be understood that the young men were shut up. That would be a punishment too terrible. They lived under a shed in a small courtyard set apart for criminals awaiting trial.

The case came before His Highness, Mr. Crookshank, Resident of Kuching, and the Datus Patinggii, Bandar, and Tomanggong, a full court for this grave business. The Rajah sat in an arm-chair behind the table, dressed in black alpaca jacket with gold buttons, white trousers, and sword. The wooden firmness of his jaw was relieved by no twitch of kindly humor; the shadeless eyes had no smiles. Forty years of life had he devoted to the repression of such outrages as these young men had committed. They had no such excuse as their elders could plead, and no mercy to expect.

Upon the Rajah's right hand sat Mr. Crookshank; on either side of these two the Datus, hereditary native chiefs, in

the handsome costume of their rank—turbans of Damascus cloth beautifully worked with yellow silk, striped silken shirt (bajo), with gold buttons, waist-cloth and petticoat (sarong) glistening with gold, white trousers, and sandals. Gravely and intelligently they heard the evidence, making shrewd remarks—with a courteous bow to His Highness. A bench more dignified, and more competent to judge the cases brought before it, does not exist in Christendom.

There was really no defence. With quite singular ingenuousness, the accused assisted the prosecution. I reduce their statement to a narrative.

At the close the harvest, Merimgai went to look for swallows' nest with two comrades. At that idle time of the year, the men of a Dyak village generally betake themselves to the woods, and seek jungle products; gutta percha, or camphor, or damar, or wax—a thousand articles of merchandise. The off-chance of securing a head was still valued at that time, though they dared no longer accept the public applause due to that trophy. Merimgai reached Tingjiran, where nests are found, in safety, but starving. When going on their expeditions, Dyaks only take a little salt wrapped in their waist clothes, trusting to find game upon the way, or cabbage palms, or edible fern. In the last resource, they eat an oily earth. Tingjiran is a lofty cliff undermined with caves. All the foundations of the rock are hollowed out, leaving enormous pillars to support the mass above. These halls, so to term them, are open along one side to the forest, which generally presses in as far as light extends; but there are spots where a flake has tumbled from the cliff, and smothered vegetation. Here the cavern gives on a white, bare space.

The swallows build not in these outside chambers, but in the deepest, darkest passages which open into them. It was evening when the Dyaks reached their ground. They had but time to look where the footprints of game lay thickest, and the glimmering space outside gave most light. Then they lay down supperless, Merimgai keeping watch. For what purpose, under what circumstances, deer, pigs, antelope, and all other animals congregate in these holes, I have no definite idea. Dyak

shikaris declare that when an accident has driven them from the usual salt-licks, they come hither, to get the best substitute they can in the limestone drippings. Their visits certainly are intermittent. But the soil, puddled with hoofs, shows that they assemble in great numbers when the fancy takes them.

Merimgai declares that he never even winked; his hunger was too keen. Hours passed by. It was not a pleasant vigil. For strange noises floated round, now murmuring at a distance, now gathering and rushing here and there, now hurrying, pattering, squealing, at arm's length. The Dyak knew that this uproar was caused by snakes and rats, but it oppressed him. Suddenly his heart stood still, his limbs stiffened in the paralysis of fear. He sat agape, staring at a glow which crept over the small white patch, spreading and strengthening. It came from behind a mighty column. The outermost branches of the jungle caught it, glittered, reddened, lit up. Broader and broader it swiftly grew, until the clearing shone as in ruddy daylight. Merimgai never thought of fire or peril. He knew that radiance was no earthly light.

Round the column muffled figures stalked slowly in procession. They held torches of splendor unbearable. With downcast heads they went by. Not a feature could be seen, limbs and gait were shrouded. But an inner voice identified them, put a name to one after another, though they had been dead for ages. Merimgai recognized great chiefs of the Sakarran people, semi-mythic heroes, who had gathered heads as a reaper gathers paddy. They made ceremonious gestures to each other, like persons of renown who meet an honored equal. At the end, naked, alone, without torch, went Pambikut, brother of Apilagi, treacherously slain by Kayans fifteen years ago. He looked at his nephew with awful intensity of expression, and vanished, after the others, upon the other side the clearing. Then darkness descended like a pall.

You think I am inventing; that a Dyak would not dream such dreams. I never invent; and for this vision alleged I have the authentic record.

Merimgai understood at once, when he awoke from stupor in the chilly dawn.

His comrades heard the tale with awe. The three started back, resolved and ready. In the first of their traps they found a deer, in the next a pig, in the third a kijong. They only paused to smoke the meat; fat and glossy-sleek, with heavy loads, they arrived at home. But meanwhile, Lagi, the elder brother, had also taken to the jungle; on his strong arm and great influence the young men relied. Merimgai went in search, found him after many days in woful plight, and persuaded him to share the sacred task. Then, as in the other case, luck changed. More game was found than needed on the back trail.

At Mangis Malita reports already circulated of an embassy approaching from the Kayans. Protecting spirits thus arranged to save their devotees a long and perilous journey. None of the young warriors sounded refused to follow an expedition for avenging Pambikut's death. Fear of the English Rajah had checked their elders; but the tutelary spirits who enjoined this enterprise would not fail to protect their agents. So, with the utmost secrecy, all was prepared; four canoes, with provisions, stealing up the river to a place appointed. Thirty of the bravest youths set out, by threes and fours, their war dresses hidden in the basket slung behind their shoulders. There was nothing suspicious in the movement at that season. For a month they hung around the spot chosen for their ambushade, hunting, searching the woods. Merimgai and his two friends kept watch at a day's journey up the stream.

At last—it was a week before our arrival—the scouts came flying at full speed of paddle. They had seen the flotilla, two large praus of chiefs, and two smaller craft, with twenty warriors in each, which kept three hours ahead. Inferiority of number did not daunt the Sakarrans. The advantage of surprise more than balanced it, and man to man Kayans have seldom held their own against Sea Dyaks. They were not sorry either to avoid a fight with the ambassadors themselves. A head is a head, no matter whose, to the Dyak. And the death of a few mere warriors would not rouse agitation like that of potent chiefs.

The ambush had been laid just beneath

a camping ground frequented by those who go up or down the Rejang. The Sakarrans expected their enemies to land here, for cooking supper against the arrival of the chiefs, and they hoped to creep upon them, to decapitate a few and bolt. But Kayan wariness disappointed this shrewd plan. Next day, toward evening, the praus came in sight upon the other side of the river. Things looked ill. With strained eyes and angry mutterings the Sakarrans watched from their hiding place among the foliage. The last hope soon vanished. Straight on the Kayans paddled, keeping the further shore. Their foes, dismayed, held a moment's council. To cross that broad river unseen was impossible by daylight, for the canoes would raise suspicion. If they swam, a long detour, and a night march through unknown woods, would ring them on the ground too late. No course remained but to abandon the idea, or to risk a front attack, most perilous in every way. Merimgai made a brief harangue, assured them of supernatural protection, and led them eager and confident to the fray. They boldly paddled out.

At this distance above the sea, three hundred miles or so, the Rejang is still eight hundred yards in breadth. The Kayans saw their danger instantly. They could not return without a fight, and to go on was to desert their chiefs. Both parties hastened to close. Dyaks have no missile weapon except the spear, and not commonly a blowpipe; Kayans generally have the latter, and an iron dart, weighted to fall perpendicularly. I have a specimen of this curious instrument; but they are rare. As the Sakarrans drew in, raising no shout, the little sumptuous arrows began to fly. Two or three luckless wretches, struck on arms or face, where the fighting jacket of padded cotton or wild bull's hide gave no protection, cried aloud and dropped their paddles. But those unscathed pushed on, making their small craft leap. Thicker the arrows flew, but neither party dared to raise the war-shout. Then the fragile timbers grated, parangs swung and clashed, men tumbled splashing overboard. In an instant all was ring and clatter. A Kayan prau broke through, and sped up stream. Those aboard the other who had strength and luck, swam

after it ; but the wounded who could be seized were dragged across the gunwale, and beheaded. While the victors thus exposed themselves, a flight of tiny arrows softly sped among them, here and there pricked a naked limb, and perhaps dropped out, so trifling may be a death-wound. But those who felt the scratch knew their doom. They cried a little mostly ; some raved with impotent despair ; but after a while they closed their eyes, drowsy and quiet, never to awake.

Ten heads the Sakarrans had taken, but thirteen of their comrades lay dying around. This disaster overwhelmed the survivors, for it upset all their faith in

supernatural aid, and left them, sobered, profoundly disheartened, alarmed, in face of the avenging law. After burying the dead, for five days they lacked courage to return with the awful news. My sumpitan and other loot they found in the Kayan prau.

The court sentenced Lagi and Merimgai to death, and severely fined their village. The decree was heard without emotion by the prisoners, but all who know the Dyaks like them, and this stern doom caused a general sadness. Their crime had no valid excuse, however, and the example was most important.—*Cornhill Magazine.*

THE LATE DR. MOFFAT.

THE many-sided work of the great pioneer British missionaries will perhaps be better understood by the generations to come than it can be by their countrymen of to-day. Some idea of the versatility of faculty, skill, and labor which has been brought to bear upon missionary work in foreign lands has been happily brought within general reach by two books which have become classics in our literature. Williams's "Narrative of Missionary Enterprises in the South Sea Islands," and Moffat's "Missionary Scenes and Labors in South Africa," have long since found their way to the homes and hearts of English-speaking peoples throughout the globe. For strangeness of incident and adventure these wonderful records may vie with the works of Defoe or Jules Verne, while they have the added charm of telling truths far stranger than any fiction. Even to-day the reader feels that the heroism and manifold resources of the chief personages in these memorable stories grow upon him as he reads. The transformation of the native character by directly evangelical means occupies the first place in the pages of Moffat and Williams, and everywhere appears as the great motive power of their lives. But the underlying picture of the Christian missionary as the greatest of civilizers, involuntary as it may be, is in truth inseparable from the portrait. It is perhaps the distinguishing honor of British

Protestant missionaries to have exemplified the joint character of the civilizer and the Evangelist, and to have introduced to barbarous and cruel races with unexampled success the arts of peace and industry with the more abiding blessings of Christianity.

The late Dr. Moffat may well be taken as an example of the typical missionary to uncivilized peoples. His method of work necessarily differed in some respects from that of Carey, Martyn, and other evangelical laborers among old and corrupt forms of civilization. He taught the Bechuana and Hottentot tribes among whom he sojourned all the simpler and more useful arts of civilization. It has been truly said that of the toils and dangers of South African travel, which is, off a few main roads, toilsome and dangerous enough even now, and was far more so then, he had probably a larger share than any other living man. Beginning his career so early as he did in the present century, his character and work have had a powerful influence upon the conception of missionary work among semi-barbarous tribes.

Now that the national interest in his richly-storied and heroic life has been rekindled by his death, it will be useful to recall some of the extraordinary qualities and achievements which have placed him in the front rank of British worthies as well as of British missionaries.

Moffat's early life has often been de-

scribed, but a brief outline of it may well introduce a notice of his missionary work.

Robert Moffat was born at East Lothian, on the 21st of December, 1795. His earliest years were spent at Carron Shore, near the Carron Ironworks, where his father held an appointment in the Customs. He first tried the sea, but soon was apprenticed to a gardener. His father removed to Inverkeithing and the lad was employed in the gardens of Lord Moray. In 1813 he came to England and found employment as a gardener with the family then living at High Leigh, some eight miles from Warrington. A year or so after coming to High Leigh he saw in Warrington a placard referring to a missionary meeting which had been held some three weeks before. This recalled his mother's talk about missions, and led to the resolve to devote himself to Christian work in heathen lands. Having left High Leigh he was received into a missionary college at Manchester, under Dr. Roby, working part of the day with his future father-in-law, who had nursery gardens in the neighborhood. From Manchester he went to the missionary college at Gosport, and, in 1816, he and John Williams, the "Martyr of Erromanga," were set apart for mission work.

Those who imagine that a missionary's life is always one of comfortable maintenance may be interested to know Moffat's position at this period. On arriving at Cape Town he ascertained for the first time the amount which was apportioned to him in the shape of salary and allowance. The scale, which he rightly describes as "very scanty," appears to have been fixed by the late Dr. Vanderkemp and some of his colleagues. It was, "For a single missionary, £18 7s.; for a wife, £5 5s.; for building a house, £6 3s.; and, when we started, one year's salary in advance." Altogether it was much less than he would have got as a skilled gardener in England.

Dr. Moffat's further career has now become a part of the annals of South Africa. His arrival in Cape Town, the delay of eight months, during which he employed his time in learning the Dutch language, his famous visit to Africaner's kraal on the Orange River, and his sub-

sequent commission to Bechuanaland, where he settled with Mrs. Moffat, establishing a mission-station at Kuruman, and the great work he was able to accomplish there, have been admirably described by himself. Perhaps his greatest achievement was the translation of the whole of the Scriptures into the Bechuana language, which had never before been reduced to writing. Before taking his final leave of Africa in 1870 he was privileged to see a great revolution in the character of the savage people among whom he had worked amid prolonged and incredible discouragement. He not only established a flourishing Christian church at Kuruman; he preached and taught in important native settlements within a hundred and fifty miles radius, and prepared the way for the establishment of mission-stations in which the Baptist, Wesleyan, and Church Missionary Societies are now advancing.

In order to understand the nature and extent of the work accomplished by Dr. Moffat in Bechuanaland, the character of the natives as described by himself should be borne in mind. These members of the great Bantu family of Africa were by no means the simple, gentle, unsophisticated savages so dear to the mind of Rousseau and other advocates of man in a state of nature. "That the Bechuanas were less ferocious than some tribes," Dr. Moffat writes, "we admit; but this is saying little in commendation of those who could with impunity rob, murder, lie, and exchange wives. No matter how disgraceful the action might be, or what deceit, prevarication, duplicity, and oaths were required to support it, success made them perfectly happy in a practice in which most of them were adepts." It has sometimes perfectly astounded him, he declared, "to see how individuals, who he had supposed were amiable and humane, when brought into certain positions would, as if in their native element, wallow in crimes which he expected they would naturally shudder to perpetrate."

Such was a general outline of the character of the people to whom Moffat was to devote himself—amid incredible toils, hardships, and dangers—for fifty years. In the vast and apparently limitless country which spread before the young Scotch missionary on his first visit to the

Orange River he became profoundly impressed with the evils of a nomadic life, as exemplified in the condition of the Bushmen and Namanquas. The very way in which he found the Bechuana Bushmen passing their days in a hard and almost unrelenting struggle for a bare existence is piteous to look back upon. Among the less nomadic tribes the same disadvantages are powerfully brought before us. The entire absence of agricultural knowledge and handicraft is described with many graphic touches. The obstacles to improvement which are ever present in a people whose chief occupations are war and hunting pressed heavily on his mind. "Hunger and ignorance," he was accustomed to say, "have been in all ages the great brutalizers of the human race;" and this saying probably affords a key to one department of his work in South Africa—his persistent attempt to improve the temporal condition of the people. "A nomad, and especially a hunting life," he writes, "is a fearfully circuitous road, either to civilization or the soul's salvation, and particularly the latter." Selecting one class as an example, he says: "Elephant hunters among the natives invariably retrograde in everything that is good. I have watched the influence of this occupation for many years, and could heartily wish that the elephant, that noble animal, existed nowhere but in the menagerie or under the care of the mahout."

As a means to his great end he set the example of regular industry and the practice of regular labor and handicraft. He had to begin with the most elementary lessons of civilization. His tools and materials were often of the rudest character. He tells us in his own artless and often humorous manner how he was often reduced to become his own carpenter and his own smith. At Africaner's kraal the sudden collapse of his wagon, which the natives looked upon as a supernatural being, is one of many occasions on which he displayed his ready resource and inventiveness. Contemplating the broken axle-tree, he writes: "After ruminating for a day or two on what I had seen in smiths' shops in Cape Town, I resolved on making a trial. I got a native bellows made of goat's skin, to the neck end of which were attached

the horn of an elk; at the other end two parallel sticks were fastened, which were opened by the hand in drawing it back and closed when pressed forward, but making a puffing like some broken-winded animal. After a good perspiration the iron was only red-hot, and I found I must give it up as a bad job. I set my brains again to work to try and improve on the bellows, for it was wind I wanted. Though I had never welded a bit of iron in my life, there was nothing like a 'try!'" The result of the second effort was satisfactory. With a blue granite stone for an anvil, a clumsy pair of tongs, and a hammer never intended for the work of a forge, success crowned the amateur smith's efforts, to the no small delight of the dark-skinned spectators, and the axle was repaired and the wagon put in travelling condition. The occasion was an eventful one, and was often referred to by Dr. Moffat in his later years as having fairly opened his eyes to the variety of the demands which mission work in such a country would make upon him.

His appreciation of good tools and his remembrance of his many exigencies in this respect in his earlier years are thus expressed in a letter from Kuruman in August, 1861, to the directors of the London Missionary Society: "The tools I see are of a first-rate description, and the most useful that have been sent out. In a country like this the missionary finds it necessary to turn his hand to the anvil, the carpenter's bench, to turn tinker and cobbler, and everything that comes in his way; and happy is he who has a few suitable tools. The day is gone by when I have been obliged to turn to make tools before I could work. I remember well when visiting some shops at Sheffield I stared with amazement to see tools turned off like magic which cost me hours of hard labor."

The Bechuanas, as Dr. Moffat was careful to point out with his usual sense of justice, were by no means among the lowest of uncivilized races. To some extent they had the use of metals. But the community was largely nomadic, and regular industry was despised. In the work of agriculture and building which he so assiduously followed at the Kuruman mission station, he describes himself as employed at manual and menial labor

the whole day, "working under a burning sun, standing in the saw-pit, laboring at the anvil, or treading clay." It is only incidentally that such glimpses are offered of the course which Moffat pursued for many thankless and weary years, the butt of the people for whom he was devoting his life. Enough, however, transpires to show the almost incredible resource and cheeriness of spirit which he brought to bear upon his work. Mere temporal reverses and difficulties, sometimes of a grave kind, he would meet not only with equanimity but often with bantering humor. In one year he was slaving for months to carry a water ditch several miles in length from the Kuruman River into the kitchen garden of the humble mission-house. The site of the station was a light sandy soil, where no vegetables would grow without irrigation. The aqueduct constructed with such enormous labor passed in its course through the gardens of the natives. Artificial irrigation was to them entirely unknown, and fountains and streams had been suffered to run to waste, even where crops of native grain which support amazing drought are seldom very abundant, owing to the infrequency of the rainfall. The natives saw the effect of irrigation upon the mission-house garden, and did not scruple to divert the stream in order that it might flood theirs. The result was that Mr. Hamilton and Mr. Moffat were daily compelled to go alternately three miles with a spade about three o'clock in the afternoon—the hottest time of the day—and restore the water way, so that they might have a little moisture to refresh their burned-up vegetables during the night. Thus after working hard all day they were obliged to irrigate during the precious hours which were devoted to sleep. Even then the natives stole the crops which had been so raised with such difficulty, and after a year's toil the missionary and his household scarcely reaped anything to reward them for their labor.

At a later period, when the people had become truly evangelized, irrigation and even the preparation of the soil were intelligently adopted in the Kuruman district. Writing in the year 1864, Dr. Moffat records the progress made. He tells us: "The views of the natives have undergone a material change upon many

points of importance, and among others as to the cultivation of their fields and gardens. When they first saw us employ people to convey the contents of our cattle folds to our gardens, the act was, in their judgment, too ludicrous to admit of reflection; they laughed boisterously, supposing it to be one of our foolish customs, in order to 'charm the ground,' as they were wont to do to their own gardens (their own custom was to chew a certain root and spit on the leaves, to make the plant more fruitful). Thus from time immemorial millions of heaps of manure were turned to no useful account. It was very long before they were convinced, but at last they discovered that manured gardens not only did not 'get old,' but could be made very young again. To-day, therefore, the veriest heathen among them may be seen carrying manure on their backs, or on the backs of their oxen, to the garden ground. Lately one of them remarked to me on this subject: 'I cannot persuade myself that we were once so stupid as not to believe what we saw with our own eyes.' " Writing at a later period with regard to ploughs, Dr. Moffat says: "When I went out there was but one plough in the country, now there are thousands. The same may be said of wagons. It was formerly women's work to plough, but now the men have been induced to take that work upon themselves."

Instances of Dr. Moffat's attainments as a true "captain of industry" would fill a volume. The difficulty of raising a high roof on a newly-built chapel in a country where there were neither blocks nor tackle for the purpose is perhaps only known to those who have tried it. At New Lattakoo Dr. Moffat and his helpers found it an herculean and dangerous task. Few would trust themselves on naked walls while engaged in the work. The feat, however, was successfully achieved. While it was proceeding, the natives often remarked that the missionaries must have been brought up in the baboon country, and so have become accustomed to precipices and walls.

The natural resources of the country and their capacity for development did not escape Dr. Moffat's observation even during journeys of the most hazard-

ous kind. Even when famine or death by wild beasts stared him in the face his trained eye was involuntarily noting the plants, the minerals, and the geological structure of the tract through which he was passing. He remarks the meteorology as affected locally by mountains and other causes, a problem subsequently worked out in detail by his son-in-law, Dr. Livingstone; and he is struck with the extent to which the climate must have been affected by the natives' reckless habits of destroying the forests. It must be remembered that fifty years ago the climatic effect of disforestation a country was by no means the familiar topic it has since become, and Dr. Moffat's observations are among the very earliest made by modern travellers. He says the whole country north of the Orange River and east of the Kalahari Desert presented to the eye of a European something like an old neglected garden or field, and the explanation was not far to seek. "The Bechuanas," he says, "and especially the Batlapis and the neighboring tribes, are a nation of levelers, not reducing hills to comparative plains for the sake of building their towns, but cutting down every species of timber without regard to scenery or economy." Thus, of whole forests, where the giraffe and elephant were wont to seek their daily food, nothing remains. To this system of extermination may be attributed the long succession of dry seasons. "Missionary Scenes and Labors" shows how persistently the author labored to teach the natives the necessity of preserving the forest.

Dr. Moffat's early practice in his native country as a gardener and botanist proved of admirable service in South Africa, where he took every occasion of applying it and enlarging his knowledge. Many of his interesting geological observations were doubtless due to his early habit of noting soils and their constituents. The traveller in South Africa to-day finds it interesting and instructive to compare Dr. Moffat's earlier notes on the rocks of the country with those of later and more official investigators. Travelling in his route they are struck in Namaqualand as he was with the old volcanic dykes, which have forced themselves up to the surface at a later period than the schistose rocks which figure so

frequently in his pages. At Griquatown beyond the plateau (now a diamond-field), the visitor with an eye for rock scenery will recognize the long parallel range of jaspideous rock cropping out, and presenting the wonderful group of yellow, brown, chocolate, and red jaspers with magentic and other ironstone, and beautiful seams of the blue and yellow mineral known as crocidolite. The blue asbestos at Gamperi was duly noted by Dr. Moffat, and it was fortunate for him as a traveller on several occasions when taking the compass bearings that he knew the magnetic character of the schistose rocks, on the top of which, as he found, the compass moves at random. He was constantly noticing the way in which the rocks decompose at the surface, and become fitted more or less to support vegetation; and long after he had left Africa he took a keen interest in the progress of geological survey by the accredited officers from Cape Colony.

It is easy to see how such observations, added to agricultural knowledge acquired in his earlier years, increased Dr. Moffat's means of usefulness to his African protégés. He introduced into suitable soils, and on levels available for irrigation, both grain and fruit, among the former being wheat, barley, peas, potatoes, carrots, and onions. The improvement in the implements was quite as marked. Instead of the primitive pick used by the women, the plough was introduced and driven by the men. Harrows, spades, and mattocks followed. "The man who before would have disdained to be seen in such occupations with the old tools, was now thankful to have it in his power to buy a spade. In their appreciation of irrigation several of the natives set to work one day in good earnest, and in their enthusiasm cut courses leading directly up hill, hoping the water would one day follow."

Happily there came a time when affairs at the Kuruman mission-station improved, and the strain of laboring year after year to make the place yield sufficient supplies of food for himself and his family could be relaxed. He was at length able to proceed to his great work of acquiring the Bechuana language. To achieve this object Dr. Moffat spared himself none of the drudgery and self-sacrifice it involved. It required among

other measures the temporary abandonment of his own home for some three months, during which he tells us he lived a semi-savage life among heathen dance and song and immeasurable heaps of dirt and filth. In short, this is doubtless one of the experiences which made him remark to friends on his return to England that a missionary to people in the condition of the Bechuanas needed a strong stomach in addition to a warm heart. He, however, succeeded in his object, and was the first to reduce the language of the Bechuanas to a written form. The task of reducing a vernacular to its elements and then presenting it in a synthetic and grammatical form was not one for which Dr. Moffat had been equipped when he left England, but he accomplished it, even under the greatest disadvantages. No wonder that after the further task of translating the Bible into the Bechuana language he complained that he felt as if he shattered his brain. In the interval he went to Cape Town and learned the art of printing. Returning to the mission-station with type and a printing-press, he produced catechism and spelling-books for the schools. He gratefully acknowledges the help he received from the British and Foreign Bible Society during this period.

Much might be added in illustration of Dr. Moffat's extreme versatility in acquiring every industry or art which the exigencies of the place might demand of him. His treatment of the bodily ailments of the natives who came to him was almost prophetic of the medical missionaries, of whom so much has happily been heard in later days. Enough, perhaps, has been said to indicate the manifold resource and adaptiveness which helped to establish the memorable mission to Bechuanaland.

The question of the bearing of civilization in such circumstances upon the work of evangelization is a weighty one, and the testimony of such a veteran missionary as Dr. Moffat would not fail to be of the greatest value. It is one, also, on which he has spoken with no uncertain sound, for the facts were pressed upon him at an early period of his work among the Bechuanas. After twenty-six years of missionary work he writes: "Much

has been said about civilizing savages before attempting to evangelize them. This is a theory which has obtained an extensive prevalence among the wise men of this world, but we have never yet seen a practicable demonstration of its truth. We ourselves are convinced that evangelization must precede civilization. It is very easy in a country of high refinement to speculate on what might be done among rude and savage men, but the Christian missionary, the only experimentalist, has invariably found that to make the fruit good the tree must first be made good. Nothing less than the power of Divine grace can reform the hearts of savages, after which the mind is susceptible of those instructions which teach them to adore the Gospel they profess."

Dr. Moffat here spoke from practical and dearly-bought experience, and his narrative, to which we have so often referred, supplies an ample explanation of the verdict so explicitly given. It is true that he was for many years occupied in maintaining those civil and social relationships with the Bechuanas that were the base of the spiritual campaign which was the sole object of his presence, and during this period he sought to exemplify in all outward things the blessings of a Christianized civilization. "It would appear a strange anomaly," he said, "to see a Christian professor lying at full length on the ground covered with filth and dirt, and in a state of comparative nudity, talking about Christian diligence, circumspection, purification, and white robes." Moffat accordingly did his best for civilization as a matter of course, and always made light of it so far as personal toil was concerned. It is, moreover, a significant commentary on his view of civilization that none of its blessings were really appropriated by the natives until after their evangelization. Then all the past work which had cost him so much became as it were fertilized at once. Their habitations, their dress, and all the external hindrances of better habits of life, were reformed, the outward means having been brought within their reach through years of the missionary's devoted labors. Dr. Moffat's views of the first principles to be held by all missionaries to uncivilized peoples, as given

in the sixteenth chapter of his well-known work, have to-day lost none of their high and almost unique value.

The question may be asked, What is the condition of the Kuruman district after these laborious years of Christian teaching and civilizing influence? It has been well answered during the present year by one of Dr. Moffat's fellow-workers, the Rev. J. Mackenzie.

"There are at present," Mr. Mackenzie says, "over four hundred church members on the roll of the Kuruman Church, representing the 'inner circle' of the Christian community, and consisting of those who are believed to be Christians, not in name merely, but in deed and in truth. Then we have those who, for various reasons or excuses, do not come forward as church members, and those who, although they have given up their belief in heathen practices, have not attained to the purity of life required in the Christian Church. In every village there is a village church, which is used also as a school. The services of some Christian man as schoolmaster are given gratis in the majority of cases as a Christian duty. The people in South Bechuanaland have ceased to live in the large native town, as they found that their farms needed their constant care. The numerous fountains which are found throughout the country have been laid out for the purpose of irrigation; and agriculture and stock-farming have been engaged in largely by the people. To illustrate the condition of the people, it

may be mentioned that during the week of prayer at the commencement of the present year there were some eighty wagons at Kuruman, which had brought their owners and their families to the services. The large church was not nearly capable of holding those who came, the overflowing congregations having to be assembled elsewhere. On an average, each wagon would cost £120; and it would be pulled by a 'span' or team of, say, ten oxen, each of which would cost some £4. Thus, at a moderate estimate, over £12,000 were represented by the travelling appliances of the Bechuana people who attended the devotional meetings at Kuruman at the commencement of the present year. A great deal of what they possess has been earned by hard work, the rest represents inherited wealth. What is true of Kuruman district is true to some extent of all parts of Bechuanaland."

Dr. Moffat returned to England in 1871. On attaining his eightieth year he received a deputation from the Congregational ministers of London, congratulating him on having been spared to reach that advanced age; he then declared that had he a thousand lives he would willingly live them all again in mission work among the heathen. Of late years he resided in Leigh, in Kent. He died there on the 16th of August, in his eighty-eighth year, and was buried at Norwood Cemetery, in the presence of a very large concourse of mourners. —*Leisure Hour*.

THE EMPEROR JULIAN'S VIEW OF CHRISTIANITY.†

BY ALICE GARDNER.

Of all the types of heroic character which have exercised a fascinating influence on the imagination of posterity, there are two which always excite a peculiar and pathetic interest. The one is that of the pioneers who prepare the

way for a good work and perish without seeing the fruits of their labors; the other is that of the last defenders of a dying cause who, hoping against hope, vainly try to stop the inroads of an inevitable tendency till they are themselves swept away by its current.

* "Sunday at Home," July, 1883, "Bechuanaland and the Bechwana Tribes," with pictures of the Moffat Institution at Kuruman, and the Kuruman Chapel.

† "Juliani Imperatoris quæ supersunt præter reliquias apud Cyrillum omnia." Edited by F. K. Hertlein. Leipzig, 1875.

"Juliani Imperatoris Librorum contra Chris-

tianos quæ supersunt." Edited by K. J. Neumann. Leipzig, 1880.

"Flavius Claudius Julianus, nach den Quellen." By A. Mücke. Gotha, 1867.

"Oeuvres Complètes de l'Empereur Julien, avec une Étude sur Julien." By E. Talbot. Paris, 1863.

Of this latter type, one of the most remarkable specimens is the Emperor Julian. In more than one respect his character and historical position are noteworthy. Sprung from a family infamous for its deeds of bloodshed, and himself constantly provoked by personal injuries and affronts, yet lenient almost to a fault; transparently pure in an age of universal corruption; called from a life of studious seclusion to the head of an army, and displaying at once the qualities of a great general; nominated to absolute dominion by an insurgent soldiery, yet deeply imbued with a sense of the responsibility of rulers, and ever casting back regretful looks to the quiet literary life he had been forced to abandon;* frank and sincere by nature, yet consenting for many years to maintain strict secrecy as to his religious views, and induced to write eulogiums on a character which he held in contempt;† full of earnest longings and eager plans for the moral regeneration of the world, yet hating with a bitter hatred the men and the measures alone capable of achieving that regeneration—he stands before us as one of those complex and many-sided figures in history which have been interpreted in many fashions according to the sympathies and antipathies of partisan historians.

Julian is scarcely an exception to the rule that with regard to their posthumous reputation, men often suffer as much from their friends as from their avowed foes. Dr. Mücke complains of the unfair and unscholarly rendering of his works by the Marquis d'Argens, a French sceptic who wrote in 1764. Even Gibbon, whose masterly and generally appreciative sketch of his life and character cannot fail to create in the ordinary reader a strong impression in favor of this remarkable man, yet seems, through want of sympathy with the deeply devotional nature of Julian; to miss those points of his character which raise it from a spurious to a genuine heroism.‡ On the other hand, the

modern apologists for Julian, either professed Christians themselves, or at least respecting Christianity as one of the great motive powers of civilization, may have been inclined in some cases to slur over, or to note with disapproval, the marks of strong anti-Christian feeling which pervade his works. Thus Dr. Mücke, in his most thorough, scholarly, and appreciative account of the life and writings of Julian, says very little concerning the "*Contra Christianos*," in spite of its characteristic style and literary merit,* and even regards as totally unjustifiable the thoroughly Julianic attack on the doctrine of baptismal regeneration at the end of "*The Cæsars*." This same passage is in M. Talbot's translation rendered in a way which makes it meaningless and highly unsatisfactory. But, in truth, we do no service to the reputation of Julian by ignoring even in a single passage that enmity to Christianity was one of the ruling passions of his life. We may regret the fact, yet that it is which constitutes the chief historical and psychological interest of Julian's character. If we leave theological questions aside, Julian the Philosopher will still interest us, and assume the proportions of a somewhat less dignified, but more energetic, Marcus Aurelius. But Julian the Apostate is a perfectly unique figure, which will ever rivet the eyes of historical philosophers and philosophic historians.

It is the ground of this apostasy, and the mental attitude which Julian assumed toward the religion in which he had been brought up, that forms the subject of our present investigation. We shall not deal, except incidentally, with the facts of his remarkable and tragic life and death, nor with any of his literary works, except so far as they bear on the subject in hand. The story of Julian is well known from the brilliant account in Gibbon. A more unbiassed view is given in Dr. Mücke's "*Julian's Leben und Schriften*," which forms the second part of his work on Julian; while M. Talbot's "*Etude sur Julien*" is pleasing

* See especially the interesting letter to Themistius. Hertlein, cap. 253--267. Talbot, pp. 218-230.

† Cf. the character of Constantius, given in the "*Eulogies*," and in the "*Letter to the People of Athens*."

‡ e. g. Gibbon says (ch. 23): "The powers

of an enlightened understanding were betrayed and corrupted by the influence of superstitious prejudice," etc.

* Dr. Mücke explains his silence, however, by the prospect of a new edition of the "*Cont. Chris.*," shortly to appear.

and sympathetic, and the same writer has conferred upon readers unacquainted with Greek the advantage of being able to peruse the works themselves of the Emperor in a pleasant and readable, if not always quite faithful, French translation.

In using the word apostasy, however, we mean no more than an abandonment of a religion once professed. We have no evidence to show that Julian ever was a warm and sincere adherent of the Christians, and from his writings we should be inclined to draw a contrary inference. The assertion he makes in the "Letter to the Alexandrians,"* that for twenty years he "followed the way" of the Christians, need not imply more than an observance of Christian ritual with an absence of any other strong religious convictions. Whether he ever received the rite of baptism is a doubtful point, and the balance of probability seems to be against that supposition, though perhaps Dr. Mücke lays too much stress on a circumstance which is not of primary importance, for whether baptized or not,† Julian was well instructed in the Christian Scriptures, which he used to read publicly in the church of Macellum, or perhaps of Nicomedia.‡ But from the way in which he quotes those writings it seems improbable that he ever felt much reverence for them. Bitter as is his opposition to them, it is scarcely like that of a renegade.§ This point, however, will be brought out in the course of our inquiries.

Many causes have been assigned by different writers for the abjuration by Julian of the faith in which he had been educated. It may be thought that since he has left in writing the most serious of the imputations which he cast upon the whole Christian system, we need search no further for his motives. But a very slight reflection will convince us that no man, least of all a man like Julian, with

strong emotions and vivid imagination, adopts a religious belief on intellectual and argumentative grounds. However unbiassed a man may think his judgment to be, it is certain to pay most attention to those considerations which favor a belief to which his feelings and inclinations are already predisposed. Theological disputations make few conversions, and are interesting far more in pointing out what men consider as the strongholds of their faith than in showing the actual grounds on which that faith has been adopted. Thus the "Contra Christianos" will, especially by the emphasis it lays on some points of Christianity most obnoxious to Julian, help us to understand the way in which he regarded the religion which he had abandoned, but it is not alone sufficient to answer the preliminary question, why he abandoned it at all.

Among the forces which repelled Julian from the Christian faith, most of his modern biographers are inclined to lay great stress on the evil examples of the professed Christians from whom, in his impressionable youth, he derived his conception of the character of the whole sect. He lived at a time when public spirit and manly virtue had reached a very low ebb, and also when Christianity was ousting all the older forms of worship. What more natural to a religious mind than to regard the latter phenomenon as cause of the former? Again, how could his philosophic and widely philanthropic nature fail to be shocked by the bitter feelings existing among the various Christian factions, often on grounds which must have seemed to him entirely frivolous? And above all, the imperial family which had publicly eschewed the former gods of the nation and given to the new doctrines official recognition and approval, had caused the destruction of his father, his brothers, and almost all his kindred, though closely related to the murderers themselves, and had done all that was possible to blight his own hopes and cripple his activities. As Gibbon says, "The names of Christ and of Constantius, the ideas of slavery and of religion, were soon associated in a youthful imagination which was susceptible of the most lively impressions." This view is partially borne out by the writings of

* Letter 51.

† See authorities quoted in Prolegomena to Neumann's edition of "Contra Chris."

‡ If this point be admitted, it does not necessarily follow that Julian had been baptized, for his uncle Constantine used to dispute and preach publicly without even being admitted to the rank of a catechumen.

§ Again, Ammianus says that Julian was from early boyhood attracted to Paganism.

Julian. In the "Misopogon" and in "The Cæsars" he identifies the cause of Christ with that of Constantius and of Constantine. In the "Contra Christianos" he rebukes the Christian leaders for their quarrelsome and intolerant behavior toward one another,* and throughout his writings he evidently judges of Christian morality by the very worst specimens of Christians whom he has met. Yet, after all, several considerations should lead us not to lay too much stress on these circumstances. Even if Julian were more easily prejudiced and more apt to hasty generalization than was consistent with pretensions to philosophy, we may observe that among those also who held to the old religion he did not find a very high level of morality. In more than one passage he complains of the lukewarmness and selfishness of the professed Hellenes.† Yet in questions relating to the Pagan priesthood, he shows a remarkable power of discriminating between the office and the person of those to whom respect is due. This same faculty should have led him, had no counteracting tendencies existed, to distinguish between Christianity as it is in its essence and as it is imperfectly shown forth by its votaries.

Several writers attach importance also to the unpleasing, even violent way in which Christian doctrine and discipline were forced on him as a boy. Gibbon dwells on the dulness of Julian's life at Macellum, in Cappadocia, from his eighth to his fifteenth year, where his only recreation was to take part in some religious ceremony, and the whole aim of his education to fit him for an unambitious ecclesiastical life. That this life was exceedingly disagreeable to him we have his own testimony,‡ yet if we consider that childhood of painful memory, it would seem that religious instruction was not presented to him under more unfavorable auspices than some other branches of knowledge to which he became passionately attached. His first acquaintance with Homer was made through a hard, unsympathetic preceptor, who had the charge of him during

his childhood in Constantinople. By this man he was kept so strictly that he might have thought there was only one way to school, for he never took but one, and along that the child must walk with downcast eyes. If he expressed a desire to see games or dances, or even green trees, he was bidden to take his Homer and read about the funeral games of Patroclus, the dances of the Phæacians, the groves of the isle of Calypso. But since in later years, Julian was able entirely to dissociate the thought of Homer from these dreary remembrances,* there must have been some deep underlying cause to prevent his shaking himself free from the unpleasant associations of his early study of the Gospels.

Dr. Mücke urges as a further apology for Julian's apostasy that he had been educated, not in pure Christianity, but in the Arian heresy. But even if the Arians were as black as their orthodox opponents have painted them, why in abjuring them should not the young theologian have turned to a purer form of Christianity rather than to an outworn superstition? From early youth he was well acquainted with the Gospels and Epistles, and from his writings we can clearly see that his quarrel was with those elements of Christianity professed by all the sects of his day, and by most of those of our own, not with any corrupt form which happened to be in the ascendant during the reign of Constantius.

But after all, Julian needs no apology. If, with open mind, and after deliberate reading and meditation, he preferred the Theogonies of Hesiod to the Book of Genesis, the heroes of Homer to the judges and kings of the Jews, the morality of Plato and the Stoics to that of the Epistles and the Sermon on the Mount, it does not follow that his preference was due to a radical vice either of head or of heart. The ideas of Hellenic mythology and philosophy so entirely pos-

* I follow Mücke, who says that Julian speaks of Mardonius, *immer nur mit Abscheu und Widerwillen*. Talbot, on the other hand, calls him an *homme savant et honnête*. Both writers seem to have their opinions on passages in the "Misopogon," where Julian is speaking in a vein of banter, so that his real meaning is hard to discern.

* Especially "Contra Chris.," § 206.

† Letter 49, etc.

‡ *λῆθη δὲ ἔστω τοῦ σκότους ἐκείνου*. (Oration concerning King Helios.)

essed his mind as to make the reception of Christianity a total impossibility to him. And when we consider how potent those ideas still are in minds which can yield to their dominion, even after a widely different system of belief has prevailed for so many centuries—when we read how the half-apprehended principles of classical culture seemed, in the time of the Renaissance, almost to lead to a spurious paganism in educated society—when we see the deep and strong influence exercised by Greek ideas on sober minds like that of Wordsworth* and of Schiller†—when we see in our own day a still more remarkable effort to recover the beauty and joyousness of life which prevailed under the gods of Hellas, we cannot wonder at the indignation which was felt by a young and enthusiastic mind, saturated with the very principles of Greek culture, when he saw those principles giving place to others which were totally foreign to his whole view of life. For the fact that Julian lived and moved in a world peopled with the imaginations of the Greek poets, and illumined by the splendid speculations of the Greek philosophers, no one can doubt who sees the readiness with which, on every possible occasion, illustrations from Greek literature come forward to support every thesis he would maintain, to heighten the praise he bestows, or to intensify the effect of any representation which he desired to make vivid. Nor is there any doubt that, whatever may have been the case with less ardent souls or more quiet minds, with him at least no compromise between Hellenic and Christian culture was in any degree possible. He regarded as contemptible charlatans men whose influence over mankind has been greater even than that of Homer or of Plato, and their noblest sayings found no response in his heart. Even the character of the Christian ideal caused in him neither reverence nor admiration. The Christian doctrine of sanctification seemed to him to attribute magic power to ceremonial ablutions.‡ The disciple of Marcus Aurelius considers the Agony in the Garden

as unworthy of a manly, not to say of a divine character;* and the call of Christ, "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest," is to him but the invitation of Wantonness to throw aside all burdens and responsibilities, and repose in slothful ease.†

It must not be supposed, however, that the Hellenism of Julian consisted merely of that free, joyous, life-loving spirit which has ever and anon asserted itself in opposition to the more austere and ascetic types of Christianity. On the contrary, his notions of the binding force of moral laws, even in the realm of thoughts, of the duty of kindness to all men, even to enemies, and of the entire dependence of man on the help of God, may seem to some to be borrowed from the very religion he was endeavoring to crush. But we must remember that the doctrine of universal brotherhood, and of the sacredness of duty, were the most prominent articles of the creed of the Stoics before they were at all influenced by Christianity. And this sober, earnest type of paganism which Julian wished to put in the place of the advancing religion of Christ, was as different from its rival in many important respects as was the religion of Homer. Julian believed as heartily in the universal beneficence of the gods, and the divine origin of the human reason, as the Christians of his time believed in the exclusive privileges of the Jews with their spiritual descendants, and the entire depravity of the human heart. Nowhere is he more bitter in his denunciations of Christian impostures than where he is exhorting to what are now considered as peculiarly Christian virtues.‡

All biographers of Julian blame his want of foresight in not perceiving that the effete system of polytheism could never be galvanized into life, and that under no circumstances could it afford sanctions for a high code of moral duty. But they do not all of them perceive how in another direction Julian displayed remarkable foresight. In the

* See his sonnet beginning, "The world is too much with us, late and soon—"

† See the poem, "Die Götter Griechenlands."

‡ "Con. Chris.," 245.

* Ib. Fragment.

† See the closing paragraphs of "The Cæsars."

‡ See especially Fragment to a Priest and Letter 63 to Theodorus.

triumph of Christianity he foresaw the Dark Ages. There can be little doubt that even had there been no barbarian inroads, the substitution of the Bible for the works of classical Greece, as the first requisite in the education of every cultivated man, must have led to a lessened regard for the latter works, and perhaps to the total loss of many of them. It was because Julian saw this that he issued his celebrated edict against Christian schoolmasters,* one of the very few measures of persecution against the formerly dominant sect, and stigmatized as "inclemens" even by the impartial Ammianus.† But from Julian's point of view, these enactments were justifiable and even necessary. More than half a century before his time, Tertullian had desired to substitute Christianity for Pagan authors in schools. True, the classics held their own for a time even after the empire had again become Christian. Augustine speaks of his early delight in Virgil,‡ yet he regards that delight as something to be ashamed of, and blames Christian parents for bringing up their children on such absurdities. But even if Homer had been permanently retained as a textbook, no earnest believer in his mythology could have endured to see it handled and interpreted by teachers who represented it either as a tissue of empty fancies or as an ensnaring web of idolatry and deceit. He would regard any toleration of such teaching in much the same light as a French Catholic might regard a permission given to Positivist or Atheistic schoolmasters to teach children the creeds and formularies of the Christian faith.

To return, however, to the question of Julian's apostasy — it follows from the above remarks that the cause thereof should be sought less in the negative

than in the positive determinants of his creed; the question is not so much why he was not a Christian, as what made him such an ardent Hellene. To answer this question fully, it would be necessary to detail all the events of his childhood and youth, and even then we should leave a large residue of the phenomena to be explained by peculiarity of temperament. We should have to observe the child Julian drinking in Homer with his mother's milk—or rather instead of it, for it is one of the pathetic features of Julian's life that he was motherless from infancy.* We should follow him into his dreary exile at Macellum, where, with no companionship but that of his brother Gallus, from whom, though he seems to have loved him tenderly, he can have experienced but little sympathy, he developed an almost morbid sensitiveness to the glory of the starry heavens, and at the same time derived a more healthy moral influence from the writings of Xenophon and Plato, and learned to accept the duties of life as the part assigned to each man in the divine government of the world.† We should have to see how in his student life at Nicomedia and at Athens he came to add to his ethical principles the strange metaphysical and theological system of the Neo-Platonists, in which the Platonic doctrine of ideas and the Platonic myths of the emanation of souls become parts of a mystic representation of the whole divinely-ordered universe. We should have to trace the influence on his mind of the study of Iamblichus, of the oracular verses attributed to Apollo, and of the mythology of the East. In the "Oration concerning King Helios," Julian's positive views on theology, sometimes sublime, oftener subtle and obscure, may be traced, and there as in other writings we may observe the freedom with which he learned to handle the myths that had amused his childhood so as to turn them into vehicles of spiritual truth. Here,

* His mother seems to have been a cultivated woman, for she studied Homer, under Marodonius.

† See in Letter to the Athenians, § 276, a most pleasing account of the considerations which determined him not to shirk the duties imposed on him by Constantius. It reminds one of the "Crito," but still more, perhaps, of Marcus.

* The edict (as given by Mücke from the Theodosian code, with which, however, cf. Letter 42) does not mention the Christians by name, but merely reserves appointments to the magistrates and the emperor. It was evidently regarded by Ammianus, however, as directed primarily against them, and Augustine ("Confessions," Bk. 8) tells of a professor of rhetoric who had to give up his post or else abjure Christianity.

† Bk. 25.

‡ "Conf." (Bk. 1.) Augustine's account of his education affords an instructive commentary on Julian's edicts.

however, it is his negative ideas, his objections to Christianity, that chiefly concern us, though these cannot be understood without an effort to obtain some grasp of his own views as to religion and theology.

We may come now to examine more in detail the nature of these objections. They are to be met with in various portions of his works, but chiefly, of course, in the treatise written expressly with a view to proving that the whole Christian system is a work of man and an attempt to impose upon human credulity. Unfortunately the greater part of that work has met with the same fate that Julian thanked Heaven for sending on the books of Epicurus and of Pyrrho. There were probably three books, if not more, devoted to this subject. The first contained a comparison of Christianity with Hellenism and with Judaism, and attempted to show that the Christians adopted all that was evil and nothing that was good in both the Greek and the Jewish systems. The second book probably dealt with the Gospels, and the third with the Epistles. All the fragments that have been preserved by Cyril and other Christian writers have been edited with an elaborate introduction in the learned work of Dr. Neumann. The first book is restored almost entirely in an order superior to that followed by M. Talbot, and in such a way as, in spite of obscurities here and there, to be generally intelligible and often very forcible, while the connection is as well maintained as in most of Julian's works, for his impulsive mind is ever ready to fly off at a tangent and subsequently wind its way round again to the original argument.

Let us see what were Julian's views on the dogmatic theory, the moral practice, and the ritual observances of his opponents.

In approaching Julian's objections to Christian doctrine, we must not expect a similar idea of doctrinal proof to that which prevails in our own age, steeped as it is in the sceptical spirit generated by the study of the inductive sciences, and demanding for every theory, whether of sensible or of supersensuous things, an absolutely verifiable basis of fact. Many of the modern difficulties with which Christianity has to contend

are altogether out of harmony with the spirit of Julian. The miracles, for example, recorded in the Old and New Testaments are so far from presenting in his mind a stumbling-block to the faith, that he speaks scornfully of the comparatively small number and unimportant character of the miracles attributed to Christ. But here, perhaps, we may draw a distinction. Where he is dealing with things that are said to have actually happened, or to be about to happen, in the material world, and which are amenable to the evidence of the senses, Julian argues quite in the spirit of a modern sceptic. When dealing with the story of the Tower of Babel, for instance, he naively remarks that if all the earth were made into bricks, it would not furnish material sufficient for a tower reaching only to the orbit of the moon. Again, he asks from what source St. Luke could possibly derive his information as to the presence of an angel strengthening Christ on the eve of the crucifixion. He complains of the confused and contradictory accounts of the resurrection of Christ, and in one fragment, in speaking of St. Paul's promises (1 Thess. 4) of the Second Advent, he utters the remarkable proposition that not to distinguish, in forecasting the future, the possible from the impossible, is the very climax of mental aberration.

But in judging of those matters of religious theory which lie outside the region of observation and experiment present, past, or future, the proofs that Julian demands are of another character. In his eyes, any abstruse religious doctrine, handed down by tradition, or thought out by a great original mind, is worthy to be received if it be sufficient to account for known facts, and if it harmonize with our innate ideas of the character of God and the duties of man.

Thus in combating the Jewish account of the Creation of the World, Julian does not ask for evidence or appeal to physical improbabilities,* but tries to show that it is inconsistent with itself, that it is insufficient to account for the facts, and that it presents un-

* Unless we regard as such the rather captious inquiry as to what language could serve as a means of communication between the woman and the serpent.

worthy notions as to the character of the Deity. In Genesis, he says, nothing is said about the creation of angels, and certain existences, "the waters," "the darkness," and "the deep," are left wholly unaccounted for as to origin. Again, the Creator is said to have made some things and simply commanded others to be. And in making man—how could an omniscient being form woman to be a helpmeet to man knowing all the while that she would be the cause of his fall from Paradise? Still more serious are the two objections to the story of the first disobedience: the notion that God would withhold from man so excellent a gift as the knowledge of good and evil, and the malicious jealousy which would keep him from tasting of the Tree of Life. Julian makes no remarks on the origin of evil. He seems, from one or two passages in his works, to regard it as an imperfection due to the connection of soul and body,* but the absence of belief in an active power of evil is one of the causes of his incapability of appreciating either the Jewish or the Christian religion. In the story of the Confusion of Tongues, again, besides the objection just cited to the possibility of building a sky-reaching tower, Julian objects to the narrow view that must needs account somehow for differences of speech among nations, but never thinks of seeking for the origin of far deeper distinctions in customs and nature. And even if the Babel story be accepted, it is insufficient to account for the facts. Natural distinctions are not to be attributed to an arbitrary fiat, but the commands of God are always in accordance with the essential nature of things.

For these reasons Julian greatly prefers, as a religious explanation of the origin of man and the differences among men, the splendid myth in the "Timæus," where the Demiurgus is represented as delegating to the inferior and derivative deities the creation of the various orders of living beings, to whom within limits the divine element or the rational soul is to be distributed. This myth both affords a theory of the differences existing among various orders of life and various races of men, and also

shows more clearly than the Jewish stories the universal beneficence of the Creator. The point in Jewish theology which most deeply stirs Julian's ire is its exclusiveness, and that in two ways: The supreme God is represented as jealously refusing to share His glory with the inferior deities, whom (from the use of the plural number in Gen. 11: 7, and other passages) the Jews must have supposed to exist; and, again, He is supposed to have squandered all His favor upon one little race in one corner of the world, to the neglect of all the rest of mankind. "I, the Lord thy God, am a jealous God." What more unworthy notion of the Almighty could be formed than this? Jealousy is a hateful passion in man; must he study to acquire it in order to become like God? And has not Divine Providence bestowed on the Greeks far greater benefits than those possessed by the Jews? Arts, science, politics, all those elements of Greek life and culture which the devout mind associated each with the idea of a particular divinity; were they not a standing protest against all Hellenes who abandoned the faith of their fathers for the worship of an arbitrary and jealous tyrant, and of a dead Jew?

To the Christians, in addition to the objections urged against those points of theology held by them in common with the Jews, Julian asserted that in their interpretations of prophecy, and their elevation of Jesus to the rank of divinity, they were taking unwarrantable liberties both with the Jewish scriptures and with the Gospel narrative. The "Prophet like unto Moses" (of Deut. 18: 15), the "Shiloh" (of Gen. 49: 10), the "Star out of Jacob" foretold by Balaam (Num. 24: 17), the "Virgin-born" (of Isaiah 7), are not to be identified with Jesus, and even if they were, they would not prove His divinity, which is so contrary to the Mosaic doctrine of the unity of the Godhead, even if we do not refer to the passage in which Israel, and not Christ, is called the first-born of God (Ex. 4: 22). It is St. John who first asserts the divinity of Christ, and even he does it in such ambiguous language that it is doubtful whether he entirely identifies the Word of God with the man Jesus. The doc-

* See Fragment to a Priest, § 299.

trine of the λόγος was by no means strange to Julian's theology, but the conception of the "Word made Flesh" was to him a gross absurdity. He preferred to regard as the exact image and manifested power of the Changeless One the life-giving, ever active Helios, who fulfils a function in the world of ideas and among the subaltern gods, which is a counterpart to that of the revolving sun in the material universe.*

Let us proceed next to Julian's views as to Christian practical morality. In this part of his subject, as in the theoretical portion, some of his strictures are directed against what is common to the Christians with the Jews, others to what is peculiar to the former. He regards the Decalogue as unworthy of the high estimation in which it has been held. With the exception of the commands not to worship strange gods and to keep the Sabbath, it contains, he says, no elements which are not to be found in the codes of all peoples, and the exhortation against polytheism is enforced by the assertion of that doctrine so hateful to Julian, of the jealousy and revengefulness of God. For the rest, the laws of the Jews are far inferior in justice and gentleness to those of Solon, of Lycurgus, or of the Romans. Indeed the Jewish stories of vengeance taken, or allowed to be taken, on innocent and guilty alike (especially the story of Phineas and the Israelites, Num. 25) tend to confuse all one's notions of calm and deliberate justice.

But to this law, whatever it may be worth, the Christians have not kept faithful, in spite of the saying of their Founder that He "came not to destroy but to fulfil." They have rejected the mild institutions and customs of the Greeks, but they have only learned to combine Jewish presumption with Gentile impurity. With a strange unfairness, Julian tries to prove the loose lives of Christians by citing St. Paul's description of what the Corinthians were before their conversion (1 Cor. 6), and when he comes to the words (ver. 11) "but ye are washed, but ye are sanctified," he asks contemptuously how such a washing can have been effected by the

rite of baptism, which is unable to cure diseases of the body and surely incapable of reaching the soul. This protest against the doctrine that the mere sprinkling of water can do away with sin seems to have been much needed in Julian's day, when baptism was often delayed till the death-bed, that the catechumen might feel no fear of living freely so long as he might be purified before death.* His indignation at so pernicious a doctrine is very strongly expressed in the passage already alluded to at the end of "The Cæsars," where he represents Jesus as standing and crying, in words which are a parody on Matt. 11 : 28, "Come unto me all ye that are corruptors, blood-stained, impure, and shameless, and I with this water will make you clean, and if again ye become subject to the same ills, I will give to him that beateth upon his breast and striketh his head that he shall be purified."

This passage will show more clearly than any other how far Julian was from recognizing in the Gospels any power to reclaim from evil or stimulate to good. He himself believed in the possibility of repentance and amendment,† as did his master Marcus,‡ but in the Christian scriptures he saw nothing which could by any possibility make any man better. If in one or two passages he quotes the authority of Christ against His professed followers, it is simply an *argumentum ad hoc*, and does not show that personally he felt any respect for that authority. When, for instance, he upbraids the Christians for their quarrels among themselves, and says that neither Jesus nor Paul left any rules for persecution, he hastens to explain the latter fact by declaring that when Christianity was first set on foot, its promoters had no notion that it would ever spread much beyond the miserable little set of fanatics who had first received it.

It is not surprising, therefore, that Julian could see nothing but simulation

* See Gibbon, chap. 20. The doctrine of baptismal regeneration is certainly to be found in St. Augustine, who tells (Bk. 4.), how a friend of his was converted through being baptized while in a swoon.

† See Letter 62, to an offending Priest. The concluding sentence is remarkable.

‡ "Meditations," 8 : 34.

* See Oration concerning King Helios, and also Letter to the Alexandrians, 51.

in the apparent virtues of the Christians around him, and that he was but too ready to believe in all the vices attributed to them by their adversaries. Many of the passages in which he inveighs against the enormities practised by the Galilæans, especially at their love-feasts, have been long ago erased by some pious hand, without any loss, certainly, either to posterity or to the fame of the emperor. But many passages relating to the benevolent deeds of the hated sect* remain to show how he was touched to the quick by the forced admission of the fact that the believers in Zeus Xenios were less careful of the needy and the stranger than were the followers of the crucified Galilæan.

In all matters connected with religious worship, Julian shows himself strongly conservative,† and though he is willing to acknowledge the substantial identity of the spiritual objects of reverence in widely different places and under very diverse forms, he would yet have each nation keep to its peculiar traditional observances. In these matters he has the least fault to find with the Jews and the most with the Christians. He admires the fidelity with which the Hebrew law and ritual are maintained. He tries to find traces of augury and of astronomy in the history of Abraham.‡ He acknowledges that he is himself a worshipper of the God of Abraham, of Isaac, and of Jacob, who is indeed the Supreme Lord, though worshipped by the Jews with a narrow national exclusiveness, and whose temple he had unsuccessfully tried to restore at Jerusalem.

But the Galilæans have rejected all the Jewish ritual and accepted from the Gentiles one thing at least—the license to eat what they will and never to fear defilement. They refuse to sacrifice because, they say, God does not need our gifts. Does He then need our praises? Yet we render them as a mark of homage. They do not practise circumcision, saying that "circumcision is of the heart," as if, forsooth, they were really separated from other men by superior virtue! They despise the images of

the gods, and stigmatize as idolaters all those who reverence them. But why should we not respect any representation of the gods as the child loves his father's picture? The noblest images of the gods are the sun, moon, and stars, which all nations regard as divine,* or as the clearest manifestations of Divinity. Those which are made by man are inferior and perishable, yet in caring for them we please the gods who need not our personal attention. And by what authority was the Jewish law ever annulled for the followers of the Jews? What right had Paul, that supreme charlatan, ever hovering between a Jewish and a universal interpretation of his doctrines, to declare that "Christ is the end of the law?" But the Galilæans depart most decisively from both Jewish and Hellenic forms of worship in their degrading reverence for the graves of martyrs and dead men's bones. Christ Himself spoke of sepulchres with manifest aversion, and bade the dead bury their dead, and Isaiah prophesied against those who "sleep in the graves and in the tombs that they may dream dreams."† And again, the worship of Christ he finds, as we have already seen, directly contrary to Jewish monotheism.

We turn away from these torrents of fiery invective and mazes of incongruous arguments with a sense of weariness and regret, and a certainty that the labor spent upon them must have been in vain—that they could never have convinced any man who had felt the power of Christian influences, and that even when the reproaches were well deserved they were not directed in such a manner as to be likely to diminish the evils complained of. Deeply interesting they are indeed, not however from a polemic but from an historical point of view. Gibbon sneers at the desire of the Abbé Blêterie that some modern philosophical theologian should undertake the work but imperfectly accomplished by Cyril, the refutation of Julian's works against the Christians. But the refutation of fundamental objections to a whole religious system lies far outside of the province of the theologian. If a religion has in it any

* See Fragment to a Priest and Letter 49 to Arsacius.

† *Ibid.*

‡ Gen. 15, quoted not as in our version.

* Fragment to a Priest, § 293, and "Contra Chris."

† Isa. 65: 4, differently rendered in Authorized Version.

element of life and of truth, if it presents to the soul of man a worthy object of devotion, a constant rule of life, and a confident assurance in which he can live and die, it can deal with calumnies and objections as honest men do with aspersions on their character, and simply live them down. Of the charges brought by Julian against Christianity many seem to us so inapplicable that it requires an effort of imagination to realize the fact that they could ever sound plausible. Others, we can see clearly, must have applied but too justly at one time, but have been removed through successive reformations from within. Since Julian wrote, Hellenism has died and come to life again, and in its later form it is no longer incompatible with the more central and vital parts of Christianity. From time to time, indeed, one of the two great elements of modern civilization — Judaism and Hellenism — has seemed to prevail exclusively, and then to have provoked a reaction which left the field to its rival. But we, who have outlived the Hellenic Paganism of the Renaissance and the Old Testament

severity of the Puritan Reformation, are able, as those were not who lived in the fiercest of the struggle, to frame for ourselves a system of thought and life, the material of which comes, whether we recognize it or not, from the spiritual store-houses of Jews and Greeks alike. For this reason we are able to look on Julian and on his brave though futile efforts to set up a revived and purified Hellenism with different eyes from those of either his ecclesiastical opponents or his sceptical apologists. In the failure of the movement which he led and the triumph of the cause which he opposed, we see a striking example of the "survival of the fittest," which in the world of ideas, as in that of physical life, ever follows the "struggle for existence." And the love and reverence which we cannot but feel for all the nobler elements of ancient civilization dispose us to treat tenderly the memory of one who was well-nigh their latest champion, and to regard with regretful admiration the work of the fallen hero — Julian the last of the Hellenes.—*Macmillan's Magazine*.

THE SECOND PART OF "FAUST": A STUDY.

BY M. BETHAM-EDWARDS.

"It will not cost me much time to let you know what I think of Goethe's character. He had none for anybody to think about. He was never in earnest about anything but art and some scientific speculations which were suggested to him by his poetical view of nature. But as for any practical interest of humanity, morals, politics, or religion, he played about them like a bee, only to take in honey for his art-cell."—*Thirlwall's Letters to a Friend*.

SUCH a misconception of Goethe's genius and character is astonishing in a many-sided man like the late cultured Bishop of St. Asaph; but had he ever read the second part of "Faust"? Goethe did not attain to the highest type of morals, but he is here seen as a moral teacher. In this his last, and, in many respects, his greatest work, his sense of the poet's moral responsibility manifests itself. If Goethe had never written anything else, he would here have made good his claim to character and earnestness, both denied him by Bishop Thirlwall.

It is perhaps not strange, all things considered, that so little interest has been awakened in England by this stupendous work. I say, all things considered, because the study presents even to German students enormous difficulties, difficulties not lessened here, as on German soil, by extraneous aids, such as spectacular representations, Goethe societies, and perpetual discussion. Perhaps no poem ever stood more in need of elucidation. Like Aristophanes, Jean Paul, Browning, Goethe here needs both exposition and thought. But when we have once mastered the problem, we find ourselves enriched forever.

While in England to the majority of readers the second part of "Faust" is a sealed book, in Germany it may now be said to be as familiar to German students as the first. The admirable adaptation of the play for the stage has greatly helped this appreciation, and the two

parts are now generally given on successive nights. While both teem with philosophical problems to be solved by the student in the quiet of his library, the scenic representation does undoubtedly enable us more fully to realize the splendid poetry of the drama in every part, and the completeness of Goethe's "Faust" as a whole. We have here brought before our eyes the career of Faust from manhood to old age, when he sinks into the grave prepared for him, his destiny at last accomplished. The riddles involved in the life of Faust, as I shall show later, bound up in the moral interests of humanity, are here brought before us with a splendor of external circumstances and a wealth of imagination worthy of such a subject. The first part of "Faust," moreover, is a fragment, just as the "Prometheus Bound" is a fragment, and in the second, we have the sequel just as we should have in the great work of Æschylus, unhappily lost. The vast amount of learning herein displayed forms but an elaborate and suggestive background to the picture. The wealth of accessory is never for a moment suffered to interfere with the protagonist and his story. From first to last these rivet our attention, but they are of no simple and straightforward kind, as in the case of Calderon's "Magic Doctor." In the career of Faust we are brought face to face with a complex existence, acted upon not only by the spirit of the age, but far in advance of it, forced by intellectual tendencies into sympathy with the spirit of ages to come. The second part of "Faust," just as the second part of "Wilhelm Meister," abounds in passages pregnant with wisdom and insight into the destinies of humanity, pregnant also with deep feeling which it passes our comprehension that a bishop possessed of as much culture as the late Dr. Thirlwall never found out. The very purpose, moreover, of this wonderful drama is moral, and the palmary proof of this is to be found in the sequel of Faust's narrative, which is nothing else but a story of expiation, chiefly for intellectual rather than moral lapse. Goethe leads us to suppose that the repentance of Gretchen's seducer, suggested in the first part, was sincere and active. But

it was intellectually, as in the case of Calderon's "Magic Doctor," that atonement was chiefly to be made. For what was Faust's intellectual curiosity but a compact with evil?—man's surrender of the best portion of his immortal soul for the possession of more knowledge than falls to the share of mortals. This was the sin to be atoned for. If indeed there is no moral teaching in the magnificent concluding scene in which the purified spirit of Gretchen intercedes for the soul of her lover, then we know not to what poet to go for it.

The only means of finding our way through this labyrinth of mysticism, philosophy, and science, is to keep steadily before our minds the leading thought and purpose that the poet had in view. We must remember that the play is the completion of a life, the development of a destiny, and sequel of a career, that it is no simple one, but complex as human passion, aspiration, knowledge, and experience can make it. As we watch Faust through the concluding stages of his existence, we find the seductive arts of Mephistopheles gradually losing their power, and foresee his future deliverance through a purified progressive activity from Satanic toils. The moral of the story cannot be better conveyed than in these musical verses of that true poet, if mystic, Dr. Newman—

There is not on the earth a soul so base
But may obtain a place
In covenanted grace.
So that his feeble prayer of faith obtains
Some loosening of his chains,
And earnest of the great release which rise
From gift to gift, and reach at length the eternal prize.

All may save self; but minds that heavenward
tower

Aim at a wider power,
Gifts on the world to shower;
And this is not at once—by fastings gained,
And trials well sustained.
By pureness, righteous deeds, and toils of
love,

Abidance in the truth and zeal for God above.

Opinions, especially at first, have differed widely as to the merits of the play, which originally appeared as "Helena." Niebuhr found it a "strange hatching up" (*seltsam ausgeheckt*). W. von Humboldt was much of the same opinion, but from beginning to end found it informed with the highest and most stirring poetry. Carlyle was among the first to recognize

its merits, while certain German critics unsparingly condemned the work. Loeper's annotated edition is an admirable clew through the labyrinth. Mr. Bayard Taylor's translation is a meritorious attempt to achieve an impossible task. Düntzer, Fische, Hermann Grimm, and W. Kyle have contributed elaborate studies and criticisms. Loeper's work is the most useful to students.

I shall now proceed to give a short account of the complicated plot of the second part, advising all who have the opportunity to follow my example and visit Weimar during the theatrical season on purpose to witness the complete "Faust" on the stage. I dare aver they will be amply rewarded for their pains, for the spirit of Goethe still animates the Weimar stage, and the popular enthusiasm and understanding of the play witnessed there greatly contribute to the stranger's intelligent enjoyment of Goethe's great work.

In 1849 Karl Gutzkow, dramatic critic to the Court Theatre of Dresden, put on the stage all those scenes in the second part of "Faust" referring to Helen of Troy. In 1854 the entire play was given at Hamburg by Da Konseca, but the attempt did not meet with much success. The next important representation took place at Weimar in 1876, when both parts were given, the second part arranged by Devrient, and still the generally accepted arrangement in Germany, especially at Weimar. Other adaptations have, however, been made by Herren Klaar and Wilbrandt, respectively of Frankfurt and Vienna.

The first representation of Devrient's Faust, with music by Lassen, was given at Weimar in 1878, on the occasion of the hundredth anniversary of Goethe's arrival in that city, and frequent representations have been since given, also at Dresden, Hanover, Cassel, Karlsruhe, and Mannheim. The triple scenic arrangement of Devrient corresponds to that of medieval miracle plays, the three divisions representing heaven, earth, and hell, and others built up, or in tiers, or made apparent on a level. The piece is considerably shortened, as was necessary to bring it within compass of one performance.

The play opens with a charming prelude, in which Ariel and his elfin compan-

ions hover about the sleeping Faust. The following lines convey but the bare meaning of Ariel's song—

When the spring-tide raineth blossoms,
Shedding brightness everywhere,
Gladdens earth's green benediction,
Eyes of mortals dull with care,
Crowds of elf-folk, tiny sprites,
Haste to help where help they can,
Whether saintly, whether sinful,
Pitying each unhappy man.

Their happy influence soothes the restless Faust, and when at sunrise they leave him, he awakes to give utterance to one of the finest passages in the book. The entire prelude is conceived in a vein of richest poetry.*

Faust greets the sunrise.

Quick beat Life's pulses, once again alert,
Gently to greet the day-spring.
Thou Earth so still and mute throughout the night,

Already dost thou breathe me round,
Stirring and quickening purpose,
Urging to grasp at highest destiny !
In this dim dawn the world lies folded close,
The earth resounds with thousand voiced life,
Mists circling valleys' depths and valleys' rim,
Yet heavenly clearness penetrates the gloom.
And branch and bough stirred with new life
shine forth

From the abyss wherein they lay in sleep ;
Out of the deep color on color glows,
Where leaf and flower tremble with dewy pearls ;

A paradise doth hem and girt me in.
Behold the mountain tops now one by one
Announce the glory of the hour to come ;
Already they can revel in the light,
To be our portion later.

And now unto the verdant Alpine slopes
Is given form and brightness,
As step by step the light comes gradual down.
'Tis here ! But ah ! the dazzling rays
Blind me. Perforce I turn my head away.

Thus is it when a hope long nursed within,
That grows to steadfast wish, finds all at once
The portals of fulfilment wide,

Then bursts from hidden depths eternal
Flame that consumes. We stand transfixed !
The torch of Life it was we fain would kindle.
A sea of fire surrounds us ! What a fire !

Say is it Love that glows, or Hate,
Dispensing bliss and pain alternate ?
So once again we turn our thoughts to earth
To hide us in the veil of youthful feeling.

Let me then keep the sun behind !
Yon waterfall that cleaves the precipice
With leap on leap it bursts impetuous forth,
Causing to flow a thousand streams,
High in the air spray over spray ascending.

Glory past words ! A rainbow spans this storm,
Now clearly painted, now in broken rays,

* Suggested by a sunrise Goethe witnessed in the Swiss mountains.

And round about the cool and airy shower
 Mirror of man's endeavor.
 Muse deep thereon ! and thou wilt understand
 A bright reflection ! Such is human life ! *

Wir sehen die kleine, dann die grosse Welt.
 (We see the small world first and then the great.)

This first act is full of movement and splendor. We see the court of the Emperor Charles V., where Mephistopheles, disguised as court jester, appears just in time to save the court from a pressing embarrassment. The imperial revenues are exhausted. Sedition and disorder are rife in the kingdom, and the Emperor and his ministers know not where to turn. Mephistopheles proposes by magic art to obtain possession of the treasures lying hid in the world's bosom. The proposal is accepted. It is the season for Carnival, and Mephistopheles, under cover of a masquerade, introduces Faust disguised as Plutus, who by means of paper money puts the Emperor in possession of the desired wealth (a reference to the invention of bonds or assignations). Then Faust, in his character of magician, is once more appealed to ; and, in accordance with the imperial wish, summons the vision of Helen and Paris. Faust no sooner beholds

The eyes that launched a thousand ships
 And fired the topless towers of Ilium,

than he forgets his assumed part and bends his mind to one object only, that of hindering Paris from carrying Helen off. This portion of the play, as a critic remarks, must be seen and heard, although without careful reading beforehand the whole act would appear mere phantasmagoria. Every passage teems with mythical or classical allusions, and much is pure allegory.

Faust's appearance as magician at the court of the Emperor is in accordance with the spirit of the Middle Ages. Many princes after the fashion of Wallenstein, had their private astrologer, and alchemy was a favorite pastime of the great. The fabrication of gold was a familiar quest. A brilliant picture of the Middle Ages is given in these court scenes, and already we begin to realize the fact that the second part is a sequel to the first, as therein foreshadowed by the words of Mephistopheles:—

* Here and in one or two other passages I attempt to give the meaning, no more, of Goethe's rich poetry, for the benefit of non-German students.

Allusions here and there to the first part are especially to be noted, as they bring out more forcibly the sequence of the whole and the notion of continuity in the poet's mind.

The fact, moreover, is characterized not only by an extraordinary richness of poetry, but also by an abundance of those pregnant and witty sayings for which Goethe is famous, such as—"Schlaf is Schale, wirf sie fort" (Sleep husk, away with it). "Doch ist das leicht schwer" (Hard is the easy thing). "Das Schaudern ist der Menschen-bester Theil" (Awe is man's best mood). "Alles kann der Edle leisten, Der versteht und rasch ergreift" (The noble mind, clear-seeing, swift to grasp, can all things bring to happy issue.)

In the second act we are introduced to Faust's study, already made familiar to us and a figure equally so. This is the student who, in the second act of the first part, pays his respects, as he supposes, to the learned Dr. Faust, and instead is schooled by Mephistopheles, in Doctor's robe, into the devil-me-care philosophy therein described. But we see now no meek stripling eager to profit by superior wisdom, instead an arrogant bachelor of arts, ready to express his scorn of all that is behind the times. The learned discern in this scene a satire on the Hegelian school of philosophy. On the disappearance of the student after a witty dialogue, the door opens on to the laboratory, with Wagner, Faust's secretary, over a glowing flame, above which is suspended a burning glass. After years of laborious research, Wagner has at last and to his great joy succeeded in producing the elemental principle of life, and in the vial before us we see the result, namely, Homunculus, from whose fully developed brain is emitted a white light. Herein is symbolized the light of knowledge. Mephistopheles' object is to procure the aid of Homunculus in seducing Faust a second time by the charms of Helen of Troy. Homunculus will guide them to the Pharsalian fields, where on a certain day the anniversary of the Battle of Marathon is celebrated by Thessalian witches. Here we have a classic Walpurgis-night, counterpart to

the romantic Walpurgis of the first part. Faust is transported to the scene on the magic mantle of Mephistopheles, guided by Homunculus.

The rest of the act is very complicated, and teems with classic learning, symbolism, and allegory; sphinxes and griffins, sirens, nereids, and tritons, with other mythological and fabulous figures crowd before us in bewildering confusion, and not till Helen appears in the third act does the play really take hold of the imagination.

The opening lines in which the "Verwundert viel und viel gescholten Helena" (Helen, the too much execrated, too much loved) bewails her fate are full of majesty and beauty, and further on occurs a lyric chorus of which it has been said by a learned critic that it is the most successful effort in this kind of poetry in the entire German language, and that if thousands of years hence nothing else remained of it but this fragment from the second part of Faust, all the wealth and nobility of which it is capable might be therefrom gathered, as Michael Angelo realized the entire Hercules from the torso, and made of it his model. I am sorry that I cannot venture upon a rendering of this chorus,* ("Vieles erlebe ich, obgleich die Locke zugenüchelt wallet mir um die Schläfe.") The same critic aptly calls this part of the play, "classic-romantic phantasmagoria."

There is great splendor in the spectacular representations of the act. The stately figure of Helen, surrounded by her maidens before the palace of Menelaus, the Greek coloring and *entourage*, the Spartan landscape in the distance, all are calculated for stage effect. Nor when the scene changes to a Gothic edifice in the Middle Ages is there any diminution of pictorial splendor and variety. Now take place the espousals of Helen and Faust: and, after a supposititious lapse of time and an announcement to the chorus by Mephistopheles of his birth, Euphorion their son appears as a beautiful boy with a lyre in his hand. In Euphorion we have an embodiment of genius or superhuman endowments and their oftentimes self-inflicted ruin. Goethe here, indeed, allegorizes Byron's

gifts and fate, and, when Euphorion disappears, his early end symbolizing the self-consuming fires of genius, an elegy is sung by the chorus which was, in fact, inspired by the premature death of the English poet.

Highly poetic also are the lyrical utterances of the youthful Euphorion, who, winged and radiant, figures here rather as a genius or semi-seraphic being than one cast in earthly mould. Wild, impetuous impulse leads him, a second Icarus, to quit this earthly sphere and lose himself in the Light Universal. Vainly do Helen and Faust cling to him, and try to hold him back. Mantle and lyre only remain in their hands, and soon Helen follows, the voice of her son bidding her join him. Euphorion is supposed to allegorize modern poetry, child of classic and romantic lore.

This is Helen's farewell utterance:

Now cometh to my mind an ancient saw,
Beauty and joy cannot long dwell together.
Severed is now the link of life and love;
And, mourning, both, I bid a sad farewell.
Persephone, receive thy son and me!

Mephistopheles appears throughout this act under the guise of Phorkyas, and plays rather the part of a cynical philosopher than a satanic tempter to evil. Here epigrams and wise saws are numerous.

The fourth act is laid in Germany, amid a wild mountainous district. Faust gives utterance to a monologue, from which we gather that the union with Helen has awakened heroic thoughts in his bosom. He craves activity and a career that shall be beneficent to human kind. The seductive arts of Mephistopheles are gradually losing their power, and his spiritual deliverance is already foreseen. He says to the tempter:

Place is there in this round wide world
For noble deeds.
I feel within strength for audacious toil.

"Is it fame thou wouldst fain acquire?" asks Mephistopheles. Faust makes reply:

Renown is naught. The deed is all in all.

To another cynical speech of his companion Faust answers:

Who would fain command
Must therein find beatitude.
His breast is full of highest purposes
Close shut within, that, whispered soft
To trusty ears, no sooner turn to deeds,

* "Berlin Conversations-Blatt," 1827: "Helen."

Than all the world admires.
So shall he even be the loftiest, the best.
Enjoyment but makes common (*Geniessen macht gemein*).

Here are other pithy utterances :

Not voiceless is the world unto the wise.
("Dem Tüchtigen ist diese Welt nicht stumm.")

From the heart must come that which shall move the heart. ("Denn es muss von Herzen gehen, was auf Herzen wirken soll.")

Tarry not. Be bold in action,
Though the multitude delay.

(*Satime nicht, Dich
... zu erdreisten
Wenn die Menge zaudernd schweift.*)

Mephistopheles, in order to gratify Faust's newly awakened thirst for action, now proposes that he should offer his services to the Emperor Charles the Fifth, then at war with his enemies. Faust is put in command of the Imperial forces, obtains a victory, and, as a reward for his services, is given a vast territory of uncultivated land by the sea-shore.

In this closing act when we find Faust, now a gray-haired bent old man, full of schemes for the amelioration of the human lot by means of colonization. Highly striking and dramatic is the appearance of Gretchen's lover leaning on his staff, his steps supported by the tempter, who has been the close companion of his earthly career.

Loeper aptly remarks that Faust the adventurer ends his career as colonist. Faust, like Hercules, must merit heavenly rewards by means of great deeds. He must drain marshes, and make healthy and habitable large tracts of earth before he can earn the better kingdom. Faust, indeed, may typify the eucalyptus planter, who makes the Algerian wilderness to blossom as the rose. Goethe's far-reaching intelligence could but have discovered that the problem for philanthropists and political economists in the future would be less what to do with human beings than where to find room for them. Faust's newly awakened energies, therefore, were naturally thrown into the same arena now occupied by the author of "Progress and Poverty," and other social reformers, who believed that the "Golden age is before us and not behind."

The first scene gives a new and charming rendering of the story of Philemon

and Baucis. Near Faust's palace by the sea-shore, and amid wide-stretching marshes, which he is making habitable, live an aged pair, whose mission it is to take charge of a chapel close by. There enters a wanderer whom they have befriended years before, and who has come to pay tardy thanks—

Wanderer. Yes, there they are; the dusty linden trees,

Strong in their age. And shall I also find,
After long wanderings, the self-same hut
That gave me timely shelter years ago?
When storm-tossed breakers cast me all forlorn
Upon the water. And now I fain would bless
These worthy hosts of mine, already aged.
Ah! they were pious folk: I knock and call,
All hail! and if ye have survived till now,
Still to dispense hospitable rights,
Then have ye reaped the bliss of doing good.

[Enter *Baucis*, a little old woman.]

Baucis. Soft, soft, dear stranger, let my husband sleep;
Long sleep the old need always,
Short wakings age befit and doings prompt.

Wanderer. Say, mother, say, art thou the very same;
Canst hear the man now thank thee for the good

Thou didst the stripling? So thou art Baucis,
Who friendly restored the drowning man;
And this is Philemon who with such care
Snatched from the deep my treasure:
Unto your altar flames, your silver bell,
That night was vouchsafed rescue.
Now let me gaze upon the boundless sea;
Let me fall down in prayer, so more than full
This heart of mine.

He steps forward toward the house.
Philemon aroused, to Baucis:

Haste thee now thy board to spread
In our little garden croft;
Let him roam about and gaze,
Since he trusts not e'en his eyes.

Approaching the Wanderer—

When so harshly you are treated,
Wave on wave in fury rushing,
Now a garden greets you fair.
See! a paradise around you.

An old man now, my strength has ebb'd away,
Even as waves receding from the shore.

See what has happened meanwhile:
Quick ministers of mighty lords,
Forcing the sea, have checked its right of way,
And many a mead and garden have sprung up.
Village and wood umbrageous.
Come and enjoy, ere yet the sun goes down.
Gaze wide around; for on the blue sea's marge,

Far as the eye can reach, is now beheld
A fruitful, peopled land.

They sit down to their frugal feast, when lo! signs are given of the evil machinations of Mephistopheles. In order to frustrate Faust's benign intentions tow-

ard the old couple, he has determined to fire their dwelling. "Let us enter our chapel," cries the old man, when made aware of the danger; "let us pray to our ancient God"—

(Lasst uns zur Kapelle treten,
Letzten Sonnenblick zu schauen,
Lasst uns läuten, knieen, beten,
Und dem alten Gott vertraute.)

The scene changes. We see Faust, now approaching the end, surrounded by mythic personages.

"Hast thou never known care?" asks of Faust the grim impersonification of Care. To which he replies:

. . . . I have roamed the world,
And each desire I clutched at by the hair.
What captivated, straightway I pursued,
And what would fain escape me, ever followed.
Thus did I live only to long and have,
And evermore desired; and so with force:
I led a stormy life—once wild and strong,
Now wiser grown, more circumspect,
What Life is, and the world I know full well,
What lies beyond is hidden from our ken.
Fool! who would blindly pass these boundary
lines,

Seeking his fellows who have gone before.
Let him stand steadfast here and gaze around.
Not voiceless is the world unto the wise.
Why would he penetrate Eternity?
That which he knows let him but fully grasp,
And so fulfil his course of earthly days;
Taking no heed of shadows, if aught come,
Finding at every step mishap and bliss,
Contented never.

Faust's sight is now growing dim, but by compensation the inner light of truth burns brighter—

Deeper and deeper grows the night around,
Only within burns steady, clearest light.

His earthly career is drawing to a close. Alert to the odor of dissolution, now enters Mephistopheles, with him four Lemures, or spirits of the dead,* who straightway prepare a grave, singing weird songs. Faust totters toward it, charging Mephistopheles to furnish new relays of workmen for the purpose of clearing the swamp to be peopled. He now repeats the memorable words which sealed his pact with Mephistopheles in the first book. But in what a different sense. No longer a materialist or voluptuary craving the quintessence of sensual gratification, Faust can say to the moment:

Stay, thou art wondrous fair!

* See Rich's "Antiq." Lemures are generally regarded as possessed of malignant propensities.

without shame in the most solemn moment of life.

Already he feels the film of death gathering over his eyes. Close at hand is the minister of evil awaiting to clutch his soul. But Faust's mind in this supreme moment can occupy itself with one problem only, and that is the destiny of the human race and each individual's share in ameliorating it.

He sees in imagination the desolate region he has rendered habitable, a very Eden teeming with busy, cheerful life, and it is this picture on which he dwells as he sinks into the grave made ready for him.

A swamp below the mountain stretches wide,
Poisoning all husbandry. To draw away
The deadly damp, that were the highest gain.
I open place for millions, here to dwell
Busy and free, if not secure from ill.
Green is the plain and fruitful; man and herds
Together on this newest spot of earth
Shall cheerful live, and, nestled mid the hills,
Active as ants, shall thrive the fellowship.
Here, in the land's deep bosom, Paradise,
There flows the river to the coast,
Filling each barren place.
Yes; now indeed my mind is quite made up.
This is the last conclusion of the wise—
Those only merit freedom, Life also,
Who day by day must earn it,
And so fulfil, with danger girt around,
Of childhood, manhood, age, each active year.
Fain would I see my colony
Free on free ground, around free nations,
thrive.

To such a moment could I say indeed,
Stay, thou art wondrous fair!
Already, in a foretaste of such bliss,
To-day I breathe a joy ineffable.

He sinks into the grave. The Lemures, still singing strangely, cover his body with earth, and Mephistopheles, casting off his disguise, springs forward, a Satanic leader of Satanic hosts, to seize his long expected prey. But the immortal part of Faust is to escape the tempter at last. From above streams heavenly brightness. An angelic choir is heard, and at the sound Satan and his troop retreat. Then the heavens open, showing the hierarchy of angels and archangels, while a train of penitents surround the grave of Faust to carry off his soul.

"Now," sing the angels, exulting over the rescued Faust, "now is a noble member of the spirit-world snatched from the thrall of the evil one. Him indeed can we save who has ever striven, ever endeavored. And if the Love, whose abid-

ing place is above, feels concern in his fate, then doth he receive a glad welcome."

Satan, in grim fury, plunges downward to rejoin his satellites, already surrounded by flames and sulphurous vapors. A brilliant light is seen shining round the figure of the Mother of God, who holds the infant Christ in her arms. Near is Gretchen in the guise of a penitent, who utters a prayer slightly differing from that of the lost, despairing Gretchen in the first part :

"Bend down thy face," she now sings, "benign in the moment of my bliss. The once Beloved, no longer desolate, comes back."

The Mater Gloriosa, thus appealed to, summons Gretchen to draw near, and enter the upper spheres amid a chorus of praise and thanksgiving. Faust and Gretchen are borne upward to the foot of the Eternal Throne, and a final chorus, in which all the heavenly ranks join,

exalting the power of Love as the essence of religion, closes the play.

The much criticised concluding lines—

Das Ewig, Weiblich,
Zieht uns hinan,

have reference to eternal love and the charity that never faileth described by St. Paul : to the words also "Death is swallowed up in victory"—while the songs of the penitents have reference to the mysticism and religion of the Middle Ages.

It is to be noted that in the admirable arrangement of Herr Devrient many episodes, passages, and dialogues are omitted. The choruses are also cut short. This was inevitable, and there is no doubt that the play itself is a little long, and thereby suffers as a work of art. But to students of Goethe and lovers of philosophical poetry, no feeling of weariness will be felt as he makes his way through the labyrinth, and he will assuredly return to it again and again.

THE NAPOLEON MYTH IN THE YEAR 3000.

UNDER this title Señor Sequeira has published in the *Commercio Portuguez* a philological *jeu d'esprit*, written throughout in the doctrinaire style of Continental scholars. It is a delicious piece of fooling, in the shape of a grave lecture, and we propose to give our readers an abstract of it. The aim of the lecturer is to prove that Napoleon I. never existed, and that his supposed career is only a sun-myth.

"According to tradition," says the Professor of the year 3000, "the hero Napoleon Bonaparte was born on an island of the Mediterranean, as son of a certain Letitia. It is recorded that he had three sisters and four brothers of whom three became kings ; as well as two wives, one of whom bore him a son. He ended a great revolution ; had sixteen marshals, of whom four were not active ; he triumphed in the South ; he was vanquished in the North ; and he vanished amid the western seas after a twelve years' reign begun in the East." The Professor then goes on to point out how all this applies to the sun. With regard to the name, Napoleon is obviously a mutilation of Apollo, the sun-

god, or rather the purer Greek form : for the Greeks really call the sun poetically "Apollyo," Ἀπολλων, or "Apoleon," Ἀπολεων—that is to say, exterminator. From all that tradition tells us, Napoleon is said to have been a great exterminator. The initial letter N is doubtless the abbreviated form of Ne (ναι), the Greek affirmative, which pointed out that it was the true Apollo that was in question. The second name, Bonaparte, means "good part," and therefore presupposes a second, bad part. It is clear that by this was meant day and night. An ancient poet already says, speaking of the night, "*Abi in malam partem*." The sun, which represents the day, is therefore rightly designated as Bonaparte. Napoleon was born on a Mediterranean island ; so was Apollo, at Delos, which stands in the same relation to Greece that Corsica stands to France. The Gallicizing of the Apollo myth is thus unmistakable. Pausanias relates that the god Apollo was held in high regard in Egypt : of Napoleon, too, it is averred that the Egyptians greatly revered and feared him. All this sufficiently proves that

Napoleon and Apollo were one and the same mythological figure. But let us go further. Napoleon's mother was named Letitia—that is Joy : a poetical appellation for Aurora. And does not the dawn give to the world the sun? Besides, let us remember that Apollo's mother was called Leto (in Latin *Latona*), from which form, in the nineteenth century, Letitia was evolved, probably as a substantive of the verb *lato*, which means "to rejoice."

When the legend maintains that the son of Letitia had three sisters, unquestionably the three Graces are intended, who, with their friends, the Muses, were Apollo's inseparable companions. As to Napoleon's four brothers, in them we discern the four seasons. Thus, three of the brothers are said to have been kings. These are the spring, which reigns over the flowers; the summer, which reigns over the seeds; and the autumn, which reigns over the fruits. And as these three seasons owe all their power to the sun, they were made into brothers. The fourth brother does not reign; he, of course, is winter. This clearly appears when we remember that this fourth brother was said to be Prince of Canino, after Napoleon's fall. Canino is derived from the word *cani*, which means "white hairs." Now the snowy woods were called poetically "white hairs," as the following verse proves: "*Cum gelidus crescit canis in montibus humor.*" Therefore this fourth brother is merely the personified winter, which comes to prominence when the three fairer seasons are driven away by the rude winds of the North. Thus we may find an easy interpretation of the words of the myth: "At the invasion of France by the rude sons of the North, the country was covered with a white banner and Napoleon disappeared." This "white banner" is, of course, the winter snow.

By the wives of Napoleon the earth and moon must be understood. Plutarch calls the moon the consort of the sun, and the old Egyptians gave him the earth as spouse. The sun had no issue with the moon, but conceived with the earth Horus, the son of Isis and Osiris. The latter represents the field-fruits; and we therefore find that the son of Napoleon was born on the 20th of

March, the spring equinox; for in the spring the field-fruits attain their greatest development. Further, it is averred that Napoleon made an end to the Hydra or Revolution. This hydra, or snake, is the serpent Python, whose destruction is the first heroic deed of Apollo. The second word, revolution, comes from the Latin *revolutus*, and indicates that the snake was curled round itself, as is indeed actually to be seen in all antique representations of the Python. Again, it is said that the great warrior had at the head of his army twelve marshals, and four others were at his disposition. It is easily perceived that these twelve marshals only represent the twelve signs of the zodiac, which, under the command of the sun, each lead a division of the innumerable starry host. The four marshals on the retired list, on the other hand, indicate the four quarters of the globe; which are thus excellently characterized as immovable amid the general movement. All these marshals are merely symbolical beings. When the legend relates that Napoleon gloriously marched through the lands of the South, to penetrate into the North and there lose his strength, this again must be read as one of the peculiarities of the sun, excellently indicated. The sun is all-powerful in the South; in the North he is weak. Out of this was evolved in the nineteenth century the fable of the campaign of Moscow.

If another proof were needed that in the Napoleon myth there is only question of the sun's course, it would be found in these words: "Napoleon reigned twelve years; his empire began in the East and ended in the West." It needs no reference to the fact that the sun rises in the East and, after an empire of twelve hours, disappears in the West. The Professor closes his address with these words: "If we, then, resume our considerations regarding the hero's name, his descent, his family, his marshals, his deeds, etc., we shall see that they evince with irrefutable certainty that Napoleon Bonaparte concerning whom so much has been written never existed. The error into which all scholars fell sprang from the circumstance that they did not understand allegorical mythology, and took it for real history."—*St. James's Gazette*.

MARTIN LUTHER.

It is no wonder that the estimates of Luther differ so widely as they do. Even the keenest Roman Catholic must often be bewildered by the passionate intensity of his faith, the unfathomable depth of his hope, the tenderness of his love. Even the most ardent Protestant must be revolted by the fury of his controversial language, his utter scorn for the notion that the will counts for anything in the religious life, the coarseness of his morality, the private sanction which he gave to polygamy, his violent exaggeration of the contrast between nature and grace, and his exhortation to "sin strongly" that grace may the more abound. Yet Luther wins admiration from the most unexpected sources. No one could have been more heartily opposed to Luther's moral and religious philosophy than Coleridge, yet almost everything Coleridge says of Luther is said in admiration. "Luther is, in parts," he said, "the most evangelical writer I know, after the Apostles and Apostolic men;" and qualified as this praise is, by the expression "in parts," nothing could be truer, though nothing could be falsier, if it had been applied to the whole of Luther's teaching. Luther was at home in the circle of Scriptural ideas wherever his own strong personality had not revolted against those ideas, as few men have ever been at home in them, and there was a *naïveté* and a simplicity in his mode of expressing these ideas which hardly any other religious teacher has equalled. Again, Luther's words had a natural life of their own—hands and feet, as he himself said of the words of the Bible—which gives him a singular advantage in dealing with the spiritual life. Coleridge has well contrasted Luther with Erasmus, when he said, "Erasmus's paraphrase of the New Testament is clear and explanatory, but you cannot expect anything very deep from Erasmus. The only fit commentator on Paul was Luther—not by any means such a gentleman as the Apostle, but almost as great a genius." Yet Luther undoubtedly more or less misunderstood St. Paul, when he explained his teaching, as he always did, in the sense of the positive predestination of the

elect to eternal life, without any question of the part taken by the human will. "The law does not endure grace," said Luther, "and in its turn grace does not endure the law." No wonder that at the end of his life he had to make almost as great a fight on behalf of "the law," in order to save the best leaven of civil society, as he had ever made against it in his theological ardor for the doctrine of justification by faith; and no wonder that, hampered as he was by his own deeper teaching, his comparatively superficial struggle on behalf of "the law" was but vain. The truth is that Luther embodied a great insurrection on behalf of nature and grace against all the conventions of an artificial ecclesiastical system, and that everything which tended to mediate between nature and grace, everything which, like the Sacramental principle, pointed in the direction of reconciling nature and grace, *i.e.*, of making grace natural or nature gracious, was to Luther repulsive and artificial—unless he thought he had for it some positive text, from the literal wording of which he could not escape. He could not endure the discovery of anything like reason or adaptation to our nature, in revelation. He loved to exaggerate the paradoxes of nature and grace in their most unmitigated form, though he delighted, in a way, in both—delighted in the earthliness of the earthly nature, and in the supernatural feat by which—that earthliness notwithstanding—human nature was to be redeemed. Some one the other day, writing in the *Times*, said truly enough that any one who wants to see the repulsive side of Luther should read his sermons upon Marriage. From those sermons one understands how Luther came to commit the worst act of his life—the disgraceful theological sanction given to the Landgrave of Hesse to live in polygamy. For Luther took the lowest possible view of marriage, and denied its sacramental character; indeed, he would probably have got rid of every Sacrament, if he had but seen how to dispute a few express commands of Christ. In justifying, for instance, marriage between Christians and people of the most anti-Christian faiths,

he says, with his own peculiar rudeness, "Know that marriage is an outward bodily affair ('ein äusserlich leiblich Ding'), like other worldly occupations. As I may eat and drink, sleep, walk, ride, buy, speak, and trade with a heathen, Jew, Turk or heretic, so, too, may I marry with him, and remain married to him." Marriage to Luther was nothing but an outward transaction, involving no mutual transformation of the inner life by the persons joined in marriage, at all. And just what he taught in relation to marriage, he taught in relation to the natural life generally. It had nothing to do with the spiritual life, except to stand over against it, and increase the wonder and marvel of it. And yet Luther was a man of tender affections, and often expressed himself with wonderful beauty concerning the domestic side of life. For example, he commented one day on the text, "Serve the Lord in fear, and rejoice with trembling," thus, "There is no contradiction involved in this text, at least for me. My little boy, John, does exactly this in respect of myself. But I cannot thus act toward God. If I am seated at table, and am writing or doing anything, John sings me a little song; if he sings too loud and I tell him of it, he still sings on, but with some fear, and to himself as it were. God wills that we also should be constantly gay, but that our gayety should be tempered with fear and reserve." And yet he could also say—"Human nature is so corrupt that it does not even desire celestial things. It is like a new-born infant, who, although you may offer it all the wealth and pleasure of the earth, is heedless of everything save its mother's breast."

In truth, Luther felt profoundly the attractions of the natural life in the rude and coarse form in which a nature of gigantic force and of the homeliest possible breed would be sure to feel them, and he felt equally powerfully the mystic solicitations of the supernatural life, and seemed to care not at all for a reconciliation between the two. He was raised up apparently to embody a protest against the elaborateness, the artificiality, the systematized casuistry, the technical subtleties, the empty theological discriminations of the degenerate Church of the

fifteenth and sixteenth centuries; and most powerfully, if also most coarsely, he discharged his mission. Partly as the consequence of the contradiction ever surging up in his mind between nature and grace, his mind was always alive and bubbling up with wonder and awe. Hence, there is no table-talk in the world like his, the table-talk of a *most* natural man, to whom the supernatural was, nevertheless, near and dear. Dr. Johnson's table-talk, indeed, surpasses it in wit, but falls far short of Luther's in the weight and massiveness of the subjects treated, and in the vividness of the natural feelings which these weighty and massive subjects elicit. We have often quoted before, and probably may often quote again, that striking saying of Luther's which brings out the contrast between the Roman system and the Lutheran revolt in all its force: "We tell our Lord God, that if He will have His Church, He must uphold it, for we cannot uphold it; and if we could, we should be the proudest asses under Heaven." The Roman conception of the Church was that of a mighty institution, to which God had indeed promised indefectibility, but the indefectibility of which was to be produced through highly elaborate and artificial means—through the checks and balances and delicate regulation of a most complex ecclesiastical machinery. Luther's conception of the Church was that of an association of men hearkening to and waiting upon the voice of God as best they could, and living by every word that proceeded out of his mouth. "The poor, miserable appearance of the Church, and the many crosses and failures and sects to which it is subjected, in order that it may be troubled by them, offend the worldly wise, for they let themselves dream that the Church is pure, holy, blameless, the dove of God, etc. And this, indeed, is true for God; with him, the Church has this dignity, but for the world she is like her bridegroom the Lord Christ, hacked and torn, despised, scoffed at and crucified."

It was the attempt of Rome to elaborate a majestic ecclesiastical system, equal to all emergencies, almost as much as the gross failure of that attempt witnessed by the age in which Luther lived, that excited his displeasure. He felt to the very bottom the coarseness and

weakness of human nature, and of the Church so far as it was human, and his delight in contemplating the marvels of divine grace only made him exaggerate that coarseness and weakness. In any other age, Luther would have rejected wholesale the Sacramental principle—that principle which is, indeed, part of Christianity itself, though Luther did not perceive it, so intent was he on the profound contrast between the human beings to whom the Gospel came, and the God who gave the Gospel. As it was, though he retained two of the Sacraments, the whole tendency of his creed was to depreciate the earthen vessels in which the grace of God was to be received, till it almost came to this—that God by a miracle promised to transform ultimately these vessels of dishonor into vessels of honor, but so long as they remained in this world, they must remain vessels of dishonor still, not so much as even effectually receiving God's grace

into them, far less as being transmuted by it into something nobler than themselves, but only as destined to be so transmuted whenever their terrestrial career came to an end. A mind of Luther's gigantic stature, which spent itself in exposing the technicalities, conventionalities, and artificialities of the Roman Catholic system, could not but produce a tremendous effect on the world, an effect partly good and partly evil—good in a very high degree, so far as it brought men's minds back to God from the mere ecclesiastical machinery which had been confounded with the divine agency; profoundly mischievous, so far as it undermined men's faith in the possibility of true sanctification on earth, and left them to make their own compromise between the human works which were "filthy rags" at best, and the divine faith which reserved all its mightiest alchemy for another world.—*The Spectator*.

AN ANNAMESE DECALOGUE.

MINH MANG, the grandfather of Tu Duc, was a remarkable man for an Eastern potentate. He hated the French, and, as he identified Christianity with them, persecuted the Christians most cruelly. The Jesuits had their revenge on him. As far as Europeans are concerned, they have the making of the history of Annam, and they have lavished on Minh Mang all the bad names they could draw from ancient history or personal indignation. But, apart from his animosity to the Christians, his Majesty was quite an amiable personage. His cruelties were partly due to his own strong religious convictions, and partly to a prophetic distrust of the intentions of the French. From the very moment he ascended the throne he was bound over to regard the French with suspicion. His father, the great Gia Long, the founder of the present empire, called him to his bedside as he was dying, and delivered himself of the following testament: "Love France and the French, my son, but never grant them an inch of land in your dominions." Gia Long himself was greatly indebted to the French, for it was mainly through the exertions of

Mgr. Pigneaux de Behaine the famous Bishop of Adran, that the monarch, from being a fugitive in danger of his life, was enabled to regain the throne of Cochin China, and finally to reduce Tong-king to the position of a province of Annam. In gratitude, therefore, he allowed the Jesuit fathers every facility, and the result was a great extension of evangelizing missions over the country, and especially in Tong-king. Unfortunately, however, Tong-king was precisely that part of the kingdom where the civil war of the beginning of the century lingered longest. The Tong-kinese did not relish their subjection to the southern and less warlike State, and the last of the Tay-son rebels found ready protection from the populace and abundant coigns of vantage in the northern hills, whence they could sally out and flutter the Annamese dovescots, and regain their friendly shelter before the King's troops had fully realized the situation.

When Minh Mang came to the throne he found from the district mandarin's returns that there were over a hundred thousand Christians in Tong-king, and

that the new faith was rapidly spreading. He immediately connected this fact with the disturbed state of the province, and issued orders for the repression of Christianity. Several French fathers were tortured; others were simply put to death or lodged in prison, which implied the same thing. Great numbers of native Christians were executed, and a good many more apostatized. Immediately upon this there occurred a terrible outbreak of cholera and the plague, and, added to this, a water famine. The Jesuit fathers were not slow to declare this to be a visitation from heaven to punish the country for the impiety of the king. The accusation spread about quickly in the panic-stricken villages, and Minh Mang soon became aware that the people blamed him and his debauches and despotism and persecutions for the pestilence which depopulated whole townships. His Majesty was never wanting in energy and resolution, and he very speedily resolved to put an end to complaints of this kind. Accordingly he made a public and general confession of his sins, to appease the gods and his subjects. The whole was drawn up in a proclamation written by himself. Minh Mang had the credit of being the most cultivated man in the country. He was well versed in the Nine Classics, and could cap quotations with the best read of the *litterati*. He left behind him a number of fugitive verses, which are as good as anything there is in Annamese literature; and to the present day many of his *jeux de mots* and *calembours* are quoted with approval. Into this confession, therefore, he threw all his powers of composition, and the result was regarded as quite a triumph of literary skill. The royal document ended as follows: "In the face of heaven, and in good faith, we, as the chief culprit, form the resolution to change our manner of life; we exhort the mandarins to follow our example and the common people to imitate the mandarins. So shall heaven consent to reopen the canals which our sins have choked up, and so shall the divine beneficence once more flow over and fertilize the land." Not much good was expected to come of this remarkable production. The King indeed seemed to be really penitent for six weeks, and then the virtue induced by the moral altitude of

the sentiments expressed in his edict evaporated, and he returned to his Bordeaux. His Majesty was very fond of Bordeaux, and was wont to say that the only thing in which the French excelled was in the preparation of that wine and the construction of ships. Beyond these two items he would, however, concede nothing, and strenuously denied the existence out of his dominions of any virtue which was worth cultivating, or of any knowledge worth having. The mandarins from the very first regarded the edict as a mere literary *tour de force*. They admired the turn of the sentences and the pretty reminiscences of Confucius and the Lè Kè, the Book of Rites, but the idea of looking upon the exhortations as anything beyond mere rhetorical clothes-horses, or subjects for academic discussion, never dawned upon them. The people had therefore no models set before them. They could not read the royal effusion, and when it was read aloud to them in the market-places they were only puzzled by its balanced periods. The season of national humiliation was therefore a failure. An insinuation that the public calamities were caused by the evil eye of the French priests appealed much more to the common imagination, and thenceforward great interest was taken in the executions of the Christians. The blood of sorcerers was looked upon as a panacea for all diseases. The executioners scraped their sabres dry, and sold a pinch for a silver nen, about seven shillings. The hair of the martyrs and the cages in which they were confined were eagerly bought up. The blood that soaked into the ground was gathered together, and fetched marvellous prices as a preventive against cholera and small-pox. The King had now directed public attention more than ever to the persecution of the Christians. The people were as anxious as he could be for the multiplication of martyrs, but this was hardly a result he desired, and certainly it was one he had not contemplated. There were periodical revolts against his rule, both in the northern parts of Tong-king and down in the south in the provinces which now make up French Cochin China. Minh Mang was afraid that desperation might send the Christians into the arms of the rebels, and they would then form a body

formidable enough to seriously endanger his throne. He thereupon issued an order banishing all foreigners from his dominions at once, and followed this up by another, forbidding any European to enter the country on pain of immediate death. Here, again, he was baffled for a time by the return to Annam of M. Chaigneau, a French officer who had enjoyed the complete confidence of the late King, and was highly esteemed throughout the country. M. Chaigneau, moreover, held the title of a mandarin of the first rank. He remained, however, little over a year with the new sovereign, and then went back to France.

His Majesty reverted to his old ways again for a time, but he was speedily convinced that he could not kill off all the Christians. He was a very well-read man, as we have said, and he came to the conclusion that it would be much more simple as well as infinitely more glorious if he could supplant the Western faith by a new religion devised by himself. He knew little about Christianity except that it had a Decalogue, and that the Buddhist priests themselves spoke of these commandments as very praiseworthy and almost as good as the rules laid down by the Buddah. Minh Mang therefore as a Prince-philosopher, determined that he would oppose cult against cult, State festivals against religious mysteries, and Decalogue against Decalogue. Accordingly he set the chief *literati* of the country to make a digest of all the moral works known to him—chief among them being of course the works of Confucius. The affairs of the country were left to manage themselves while the principal officers of State noted down the finest and most elevating passages in these classics. Those which were supposed to have any analogy to Christian doctrines were especially marked. Then all these disjointed bits of wisdom and morality were tagged together and snipped as the edges as much as possible so as to take away any tendency to jerkiness. This hotch-potch of philosophy was then further condensed, and finally divided into ten separate heads. His Majesty set to work to compose a pompous preface. Desirous, he said, to follow in the steps of his illustrious ancestors, the King in his paternal solicitude had drawn up ten Religious Pre-

cepts. They were based on the wisdom of the divine philosophers; they were seasoned by the practical experience of many ages. The exact observance of these Ten Commandments could not fail to obtain from heaven tranquillity and happiness for the inhabitants of the kingdom, and abundant harvests would reward the pious land. His Majesty himself had new-modelled his life on these rules, and he expected his lieges to follow that august example.

Each division of the Decalogue begins with a concise statement of the virtue to be practiced. A commentary then follows giving the authorities for the rule, and setting out at length the advantages that are to result from its observance. The Ten Commandments are as follows:

1. Observe carefully all social relations. That is to say, honor the King and take him as the supreme model; bow down before all magistrates and men of learning, and let each man rear his family to be good citizens.
2. Cultivate purity of intention beyond all things.
3. Let each man carry out with diligence the duties of his estate and condition in life. These two rules are explained to mean the strict observance of the established laws of the country, whether the Luat, the fundamental and "natural" law, common to all peoples of Chinese race and civilization; or the Lê, the "civil" law, the enactments special to the kingdom of Annam.
4. Be sober in eating and drinking. The commentary explains that excess leads to gambling, gambling leads to poverty, poverty to theft, murder, and brigandage.
5. Observe the Rights and Usages. This refers directly to the study of the Lê Kè, the Book of Rites, to carry out the provisions of which there is a permanent Board established in Peking.
6. Let fathers and mothers rear up their children with care, and let elder brothers render the same duty to their younger brothers. The commentary points out that home education is the soundest foundation of the national welfare. This one rule is sufficient to raise Minh Mang to the dignity of a modern social reformer, and proves that he was not the mere erratic despot his critics would have us believe. The Annamese course of education may, no doubt, be most wooden and useless. The best scholar

is the man who is most brimful of texts, who can read and trace the greatest number of characters. Beyond this he knows nothing, and does not want to know anything. But the King was not formulating an education code. He was inventing a State religion. 7. Avoid evil doctrines, and study only the good. The commentary is an invective against the Jesuits and all their teaching. 8. Observe chastity and modesty. The priestly opponents of Minh Mang are very scathing in their remarks on this ordinance. It is an anomaly, they say, in a country where the law itself despises chastity, and none but the poor people know how to set about the practice of it. Nevertheless the royal commentary promises rewards to all those who shall distinguish themselves in the practice of virtue; whereon a Monsignor is constrained to remark that Minh Mang should have appointed an academy of literary men to distribute these rewards after the fashion of the *prix Monthyon* in France. His Majesty seems, however, to have had a shrewd suspicion that the recipients would probably do as little credit to the judgment of the electors as is ordinarily the case in the Republic. 9. Obey implicitly the laws of the kingdom. This would seem to mean more particularly, Do not fail to pay the taxes punctually—a very practical kind of religion from the governmental point of view. 10. Practice good works. This is the essence of Buddhism, having for its reward a favorable trans-incorporation in another existence.

There is no mention whatever in this rationalistic Decalogue, or in the commentary attached, of deceit, thieving, or homicide. Neither is there any reference to a Supreme Being, which, however, was to be expected in a country where Buddhism is the ostensible religion. Whether the observance of these rules was assumed to preclude any of the more obvious forms of wrong-doing, or whether too much philosophy made the drafters forgetful of the commoner human frailties, or whether the omission was designedly made, does not appear. At any rate it is significant, and furnished a convenient text for denunciatory sermons. Having drawn up his Commandments, Minh Mang resolved

that they should be inaugurated by a solemn religious function. He had the manuscript inclosed in a sort of casket like a reliquary, and ordained that on a certain day it should be carried out of the palace, and that all the officials and the people should come in solemn procession to meet it. This was to bring its provisions into force. The edict prescribed the number of prostrations and genuflexions to be performed, and was composed very much in the style of the document respecting the image in the plain of Dura, which Nebuchadnezzar the King had set up. It was also provided that there should be quarterly assemblies of the people to hear the new Decalogue. The district magistrates were to preside, and were to deliver lectures and give interpretations wherever they might seem necessary. The mandarins faithfully carried out the ceremonies as ordered. That, however, was all the success the new religion obtained. The Christians were alarmed; the unconverted laughed, and stuck to their old Buddhistic and Taouistic observances; nobody obeyed the new Commandments. There was, indeed, nothing particular to obey. The regulations laid down contained nothing that differed radically from the faith the people had been accustomed to. It was therefore impossible to lay hands on disloyal heretics, unless it were the Christians, and the persecution of them was nothing new. His Majesty, however, was perfectly pleased. He had no fanatical belief in any one of the established religions, and the cult he had invented was so vague in its injunctions that hardly any one could do great violence to his tenets in declaring that he followed them. There was therefore nothing in the way of direct opposition to be seen. That was enough for him. He had revived religion upon earth, and looked on the title, Tang-kin Fo Yeh, the Buddha of the present day, as particularly his due. He had written the preface to the Decalogue, and was placed by admiring mandarins on a level with Confucius in regard to literary ability. The plague had worked itself out and did not return to the country—a fact naturally ascribed to the new Decalogue. Minh Mang issued his edict in 1835. For six years he built many canals and

improved the roads of the country from Saigon to Hué and from Hué to Hanoi. He also devoted much time to organizing the studies for the Government examinations. In 1841 he died of a fall from his horse. Since then his Deca-

logue has remained quietly in monastic muniment boxes, or among the properties of the various local magistracies. It is no longer read aloud to the people, but it is just as well, or as ill, observed as ever it was.—*The Saturday Review*.

SIR WILLIAM SIEMENS.

THE work of Sir William Siemens deserves notice, not only because of the interest which attaches to great achievements, but also because his career bears witness at every step, to the practical value of scientific generalizations. Whereas Englishmen are peculiarly apt to disdain general truths and to doubt their applicability. Sir W. Siemens has given it as his deliberate conviction that, "The further we advance, the more thoroughly we approach the indications of pure science in our practical results." Here lies the secret of his success; and his inventions are really important, inasmuch as they attest the value of this rule. As for the events of his early life, it suffices to say that he was born at Lenthe, in Hanover, in 1823; that he was educated at the Polytechnic School at Madgeburg, and at the University of Göttingen; that he came to England in 1843, for the purpose of introducing a method of silvering by galvanic deposit, that this invention was so well paid for that he compared himself to Cræsus, and resolved to make England his home. From that time on until the moment of his death, on the 19th of last month, the history of his life is the record of a series of great inventions. And as he himself attributed these inventions to his endeavor "to realize in practice the indications of pure science," it becomes necessary to speak of the results arrived at in some branches of science about the year 1840. It will be remembered that Davy was the first to demonstrate the immateriality of heat, by melting two pieces of ice in an atmosphere below freezing-point by rubbing them together. Guided by this and similar experiments, a German physician named Mayer arrived at the conception of the interaction of forces; indeed, if we may believe Professor Tyndall, "Mayer had in 1842 actually cal-

culated the mechanical equivalent of heat." This honor, however, Mayer must be content to share with Joule, who came, at nearly the same time, to the same result. In 1849, Joule published the formula which has since been universally accepted; he established, namely, that 772 foot-pounds of work—that is, 772 times the amount of force required to raise a weight of one pound one foot from the ground—is required to generate as much heat as will raise the temperature of a pound of water by one degree. Now, Siemens had studied the writings of Mayer and Joule, and while still in his teens he adopted the new theory. Forthwith, he set himself to compare this theoretic power of heat with the mechanical power of heat developed in the steam-engines of the day. He found $\frac{1}{4}$ of the total heat in the boiler was lost, the remaining $\frac{3}{4}$ part alone being all the heat really converted into mechanical effect. Here was a large margin for improvement, and he at once determined to try to save some of this wasted heat—that is, he set to work to construct a regenerator or accumulator which would utilize a great part of it, and so approach in practical results more nearly to the theory as above formulated by Joule. For many years his labors were only partially successful, and on these we need not dwell. At last, more than ten years after his first attempts, he tried the plan of volatilizing the solid fuel, and by first converting the coal into gas, and then using the gas in regenerators, he obtained practical results of the utmost value. In his regenerative gas furnace, he utilized almost double as much heat as the steam-engine can utilize. The last lecture ever delivered by Michael Faraday was delivered in 1862 before the Royal Institution, and had for its subject this invention of Siemens. The great discoverer lauded

the good qualities of the furnace, its economy, its facility of management. It has since come into very general use. It has been recently stated in a most interesting book, "The Creators of the Age of Steel," which will be published this week by Messrs. Chapman & Hall, that the inventor received a million dollars, or two hundred thousand pounds, in royalties for this patent in the United States alone—no mean proof, one would say, of its usefulness; yet Sir William Siemens prophesied for it a still more extended sphere. In 1882 he expressed his belief that it must yet be introduced into all factories and on shipboard, nay, that "the time is not far distant when both rich and poor will largely resort to gas as the most convenient, the cleanest, and the cheapest of heating agents, and when raw coal will be seen only at the colliery or the gas-works." If this hope be realized, and the probability is that it will be, the regenerative gas furnace will have revolutionized industry as completely as did the steam-engine. Let us consider one result of this invention. When Mr. Siemens took out the patent for his furnace, in 1861, he stated that it was specially applicable to the melting of steel on the open hearth. That is, he thought that by means of this furnace "steel could be made directly from the raw ores, without the intermediate use of huge blast-furnaces and laborious refining processes." With this object in view, he erected experimental steel works at Birmingham in 1865, and two years later he succeeded completely in converting old iron rails directly into steel. Almost immediately his method was adopted at Crewe, by the London and North-Western Railway Company; a little later, by Krupp, at Essen. Since that time it has made its way. In 1873, only 77,500 tons of open-hearth steel were made in Great Britain, as against 436,000 tons in 1882. One effect of this cheaper process of producing steel deserves mention; it has revolutionized shipbuilding. Not only are steel vessels safer, because stronger, than those built of iron—they are also lighter. Their carrying-power accordingly is so much greater, that they are said to earn twenty-five per cent more than iron ships. Now, "in 1879, only about 20,000 tons of steel

vessels were built, whereas in 1883 over 260,000 tons were built, being one fourth of the total tonnage of new shipbuilding for that year." These are achievements which would in themselves entitle William Siemens to the gratitude of mankind, yet in another field he has made for himself a still greater name; and his method remained the same; he ever sought to realize in practice theoretic truths.

It was in 1808 that Davy produced an electric light, although at an excessive cost. The thing lacking was a strong and continuous current at a cheap rate. In 1831, Faraday showed that electric currents might be produced by permanent magnetism. These currents, however, were very weak. This defect Siemens set himself to remedy; in 1856, he produced what has since been known as the Siemens armature, by which the strength of the electric current could be increased almost indefinitely; and this discovery led, some ten years later, to the discovery of the dynamo-machine.

In February, 1867, Mr. William Siemens sent to the Royal Society a paper, "On the Conversion of Dynamic into Electrical Force, without the Use of Permanent Magnetism." Ten days later, Sir Charles Wheatstone announced—also in a paper to the Royal Society—the same discovery, arrived at quite independently. Both papers were read upon the same night, February 14th. "It would be difficult," says Professor Tyndall, "to find in the whole field of science a more beautiful example of the interaction of natural forces than that set forth in these two papers." A suggestion contained in Sir C. Wheatstone's paper led Sir W. Siemens, in 1880, to a further improvement of the discovery. Without going into details, it will suffice to say that the invention of the dynamo-machine made electricity available for industrial purposes. It has already been proved capable of transforming into electrical work 90 per cent of the mechanical energy employed as motive-power. It is daily giving fresh evidence of its utility; and, although but just introduced, some of its effects belong, indeed, "to the fairy-tales of science." First among these must be named the electric light. The leading part played by Sir W. Siemens in the improvement

of this light is so well known as to render comment superfluous. But his opinion of the light itself may here be reproduced. In 1882 he said, "Electricity must win the day, *as the light of luxury*." We have already noticed his belief that gas will come to be used for all heating purposes. Sir William Siemens, too, employed the electric light in horticulture with good results; the fruit and grain, we are told, which were subjected to the electric light at night, grew with extraordinary rapidity, and were superior in size and quality to the fruit and grain produced under ordinary conditions. The electric railway of our day is the work of his brother, Dr. Werner Siemens, who, as early as 1847, distinguished himself by insulating telegraph wires by means of gutta-percha, and so making submarine telegraphy practicable. In passing, we may say, that the electric telegraph, as it is today, owes almost as much to the improvements of the brothers Siemens as to Sir Charles Wheatstone or to Mr. Morse, the American, both of whom claim the honor of having invented it. But whatever may be the value of electricity in horticulture, or as a light generally, no one can doubt that as a dynamical force it is destined to revolutionize industry. In 1877, Sir William Siemens calculated that "all the coal raised throughout the world would barely suffice to produce the amount of power that runs to waste at Niagara

alone," and he added that it would not be difficult to realize a large proportion of this wasted power by turbines, etc., and to use it at great distances by means of dynamo-electrical machines. Some five years later, a similar power was in England transmitted to a distance by means of electricity, and used for pumping water, etc. When this fact is considered, we seem led to the portal of a new world, stranger and more fascinating than any pictured by the imagination. To turn, however, from the possibilities of the future to reality, we cannot avoid mentioning one fact which seems to throw some light upon the personality of Sir W. Siemens. In 1879 he constructed a house-grate that brought the power of economizing fuel within the means of the ordinary householder, but "*in order that it might be used without restraint and at the least expense, he did not make it the subject of a patent*." Whether the worth of this grate be much or little, the kindliness of the action enhances our admiration for the genius of Sir William Siemens by a touch of purely human sympathy. With this incident we might well conclude our sketch of the man and his work, but we cannot help remarking that his successes come to commend a reform he was never weary of advocating, viz., that the State should establish free technical schools and science-laboratories in every part of the country.—*Spectator*.

LITERARY NOTICES.

MARIA EDGEWORTH. By Helen Zimmern.
Boston: *Roberts Brothers*.

This is the latest issue of the "Famous Women" series and for the general reader will easily rank with the most interesting yet published. Maria Edgeworth is one of the brilliant and enduring names in English literature. Her father was an Irishman with all the gay, careless and brilliant traits of his countrymen; and Maria though born in England had from her earliest years the deepest fondness and affection for the country and people, whose life and social characteristics she was destined to illustrate so effectively. Her literary life began when she was less than twenty years old, and continued without intermission up to the time of her death. During this time she assumed

the place of foremost rank among English novelists. Fond as she was of Ireland and the Irish, she indulged in no sentimentalism regarding them. She saw their virtues and their weaknesses exactly as they were, and painted them with a poignant and searching insight, as well as with a vivid and realistic style. Mr. Edgeworth her father, co-operated with her in much of her work, but that which makes the name of Edgeworth a permanent one in literary records bears her stamp alone. In children's stories she almost surpassed her ability as a novelist for adults. Many of the former are veritable masterpieces of style and execution, and such tales as "Lazy Laurence," "Tarleton," "The Bracelets," "Forgive and Forget," etc., are no less marked by her finest

genius than in "Almeria," "Castle Rackrent," "Ormond," and "The Moral Tales." Our authoress was the first to raise didactic fiction to a high rank and she did this by the ease, sprightliness and vivacity of narration, which carried the moral purpose lightly and swiftly on the surface without protruding it unduly on the attention. It is perhaps in her tales of Irish life that Miss Edgeworth's genius shines the most brilliantly. The happy blending of pathos and humor, her profound knowledge of Irish character her perspicacity of statement, her happy faculty of characterization unite with a delightful style to make these stories almost matchless in their way. Had she possessed a little more imagination and a keen sympathy with external nature and scenery, she would have done nobly for Ireland, what Sir Walter Scott did for Scotland. As it is Miss Edgeworth ignored the romance and glamour of history and legend, and confined herself to a study of Ireland in its social and realistic, rather than in its picturesque phases.

Miss Zimmern has given us a vivid and well studied picture of Maria Edgeworth's life, in which there is of course but little to record except her literary work and the social conditions and influences which influenced. During her home life and foreign travels she made the acquaintance of all the brilliant people of her time and with many of them she was intimate. In her social life she appears to have been exceedingly fascinating and sympathetic and to have shown great tenderness of disposition, a fact we can hardly reconcile with her lack of tenderness as a writer, one of her most noticeable defects as a novelist. We can heartily recommend this life of Maria Edgeworth not only because it is singularly readable in itself but because it makes familiar to readers of the present age, a notable figure in English literary history, with whose lineaments we suspect most readers especially of the present generation are less familiar than they ought to be.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY AND LETTERS OF ORVILLE

DEWEY, D.D. Edited by his Daughter Mary E. Dewey. Boston: *Roberts Brothers*.

Dr. Orville Dewey stood prominently among the clergymen and scholars of the last generation, and there is many an elder who still says when the great orators of the pulpit of the present generation are praised, "Oh but you should have heard Dr. Dewey in his prime. However great or small Dr. Orville Dewey may have been when compared with the leading lights of the pulpit of the day, there can be no doubt that his life was singularly rich, wholesome, well rounded, and fertile in good influences. As high as was his reputation as a pulpit orator, it was the man behind the

voice which gave such dignity and weight to his utterances. Dr. Dewey was born in Sheffield, Mass., in 1794 of a family in easy circumstances, and from early youth as might be expected his tastes were of a literary and studious character. After trying teaching and business life his purpose set with irresistible force toward the ministry and he entered the theological seminary at Andover. It was at Andover that his doubts in respect of Trinitarian theology took deep root and so much was he disturbed that he could not accept any invitation to preach before the so-called orthodox churches. Dr. Dewey, however, appears to have reconciled himself to the inconsistency, if such it can be called, of preaching before congregational audiences for in 1823 we find him accepting a call from a parish of this denomination in the beautiful town of New Bedford, where he remained for ten years in the pursuit of the very arduous duties of a country clergymen. His sermons even at this time had the burning poignancy and directness, that freshness of method and treatment which made one of his fellow clergymen say that Dr. Dewey wrote "as if nobody ever wrote sermons before." He himself says, "The pen was dipped in my heart, I do know that with burning brain and bursting tears I wrote. Little fruit perhaps for so much struggle; be it so—though it could not be so to me. But so we work. Each one in his own way; and altogether something comes of it." In 1827 he was invited to New York City, and it was here that he became distinctly identified with the Unitarian denomination though previously his theological bias had leaned that way and his dearest friends, among whom was Dr. Channing, had been of that sect. Of Dr. Dewey's life of nearly forty years in New York, and of his identity with the great religious, political, social and literary interests of this period we cannot speak at length. In addition to his labors as a preacher he was a voluminous contributor to magazines and reviews, and took the most active part in all the important controversies of the day. As a pulpit orator he was famous not so much in view of his profound thinking or felicity of style though in neither of these respects was he lacking; but his great hold on the public was the burning sincerity of his utterances and the directness with which he went to his work. During his long and useful life Dr. Dewey was associated with the foremost minds of the age, and the letters which are appended to the autobiography give us very pleasant glimpses of the cordial admiration and friendships which bound him to other great men. Indeed to most readers the letters will be more interesting than the narrative portion of the book, as they give a

more searching insight into the personality of the man. This view of Dr. Orville Dewey will give pleasure, we have no doubt to thousands who knew and loved him living; and it will keep worthily alive the fame of a great preacher, and a good man.

THE GOLDEN TREASURY OF THE BEST SONGS AND LYRICAL POEMS IN THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE. Selected and Arranged with Notes by Francis Turner Palgrave. With a Continuation Embracing Selections from the Works of Recent and Living English Poets., Edited by John Foster Kirk. Philadelphia: *J. B. Lippincott & Co.*

This anthology is well known as one of the best in the language within its limits. It was first published in 1860, and no revisions have since been made until the present time. The poetry treated ended with the Wordsworthian period, and the magnificent outburst of song which has glorified our literature since was totally ignored. Mr. Kirk the editor of the present edition has undertaken to correct this defect. We think that most of our readers will be disappointed in what Mr. Kirk has done. He has chosen to confine his selections, representing what may be called the Victorian poets, to Tennyson, Browning, Mrs. E. B. Browning, Clough, Dante Rossetti, Charles Kingsley, Swinburne, Matthew Arnold, Christina Rossetti, and Landor. Several of these are very fully represented, but many other brilliant names specially among the younger poets are totally ignored as if indeed they did not exist. Mr. Kirk's preface does not altogether justify his omission. Among the younger poets of our generation are many whose genius is essentially lyrical, and worthy of a place in any anthology. But whatever the faults of omission it can be said that those poems which have been admitted are marked by the highest degree of excellence. The book is beautifully printed and is in every way a very neat example of book-making.

HISTORICAL HANDBOOK OF ITALIAN SCULPTURE. By Charles C. Perkins, Corresponding Member of the French Institute, Author of "Tuscan Sculptors," "Italian Sculptors," etc. Illustrated. New York: *Charles Scribner's Sons.*

If Greek sculpture of the fifth century before Christ was the highest reach in plastic art, so was the tenth century after Christ the lowest. The Byzantine school of sculpture had succeeded the decadence of the Greek, and all forms of art were regulated by strictly conventional rules which utterly crushed genius under the weight of a most cumbersome and artificial pedantry. To this succeeded Medievalism which valued all art as merely a means of con-

veying religious instruction through symbolical or direct representation. So sculpture in Italy dragged out a feeble existence until after the year 1000 when the end of the world was confidently expected to take place. When this dread passed away, and the activities of life got once again a keen hold on the senses of men, art at once claimed attention and found expression among other forms in the restoration and building of churches. As sculpture formed an integral part of the façades, friezes, and portals, improvement in the decorative use of the chisel quickly asserted itself.

The genuine revival of sculpture as an art expressing the free and untrammelled aspirations of the age began, however, with Nicholas Pisano of Pisa in the first quarter of the thirteenth century. His powerful genius fused and unified the struggling attempts of his predecessors, and inspired the result with a freshness and vitality which put a new life into the sculptor's work and theories. While his labor was, for the most part, of a decorative character and confined itself to ecclesiastical and architectural forms, its spirit was fresh and prophetic. His greatest work was the pulpit for the Baptistery, at Pisa. Here really begins true Italian sculpture. His scholars and those of Andrea Pisano another great sculptor filled Italy with works of genius and wrought great activity in the whole working of plastic art. But sculpture did not reach its great and free development till the time of the Renaissance when those mighty masters Ghiberti, Brunelleschi, and Donatello came to the fore. The passionate Greek inspiration, which loved beauty for its own sake, then breathed its life through all forms of art, and Italy was a veritable hot-bed of art products in every form. Mr. Perkins in this book has given us an admirable digest of the movement in Italian plastic art from Pisano to Ghiberti; from Ghiberti to Michelangelo; from Michelangelo to Cellini. His study of the influences, which thus worked out the wonderful flowering of Italian plastic art, is very thorough; and his sketches of the great men who made such a brilliant chain of gifted sculptors sufficiently full of detail without being wearisome. There is a nice sense of historical perspective in the book, and parts are duly related to each other so as to make a symmetrical statement of the subject. The work is abundantly illustrated, and there is a complete index of towns and artists' names.

FAIR WORDS ABOUT FAIR WOMAN. Gathered from the Poets by O. B. Bunce. New York: *D. Appleton & Co.*

This novel and delightful anthology ought to attract attention even at a time when anthologies collected and classified on every possible

theory are so common. The unique title instantly suggests the purpose of the book, a glorification of the beauty, the virtue, and the fascinations of woman as found in the poets. The book is divided into seven evenings, the plan of the book finding form under the meetings of a little club who gather together at different times and bring each one, to the common stock contributions from the world's poesy. The first evening includes those poems which notably exalt the sex and present noble pictures of maidenhood and womanhood; the second evening includes a great number of poems from the old English singers from Spencer to Waller, poems of admiration which relate to the qualities of particular women; the third evening unfolds the gorgeous gallery of feminine portraits, painted by that greatest modern master of his art, Alfred Tennyson; the fourth presents us with selections from Moore, Burns, and other Scotch and Irish poets; the fifth evening gathers together extracts from Greek, Latin, Italian, French, German, Spanish and other foreign bards, who have written in the glory of the female sex; the sixth evening offers a great variety of miscellaneous poems ranging from Swift to the poets of our own day; the seventh evening considers woman as the angel of home and the domestic circle; and in the eighth woman appears as the heroine of romantic story. It will be readily seen that the plan of this collection is a very charming and attractive one, and certainly the editor has carried out the plan with remarkable taste and good judgment. We cannot fancy a more dainty and attractive gift-book from man to woman. Each evening has a vignette illustration drawn by Will H. Low symbolically expressing the plan of the chapter. The book is beautifully printed and bound, and altogether it is a truly dainty work, veritably fulfilling the motto on the title-page: "*A Gorgious Gallery of Gallant Inventions, garnished and decked with divers dayntie devices, right delicate and delightfull, to recreate eche modest mind withall.*"

THE ORGANS OF SPEECH. By G. H. Von Meyer, Professor of Anatomy in the University of Zurich. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

This new volume in the "International Scientific" series worthily sustains the character of its predecessors. The object is to give an adequate scientific explanation of the organs of speech and their application in the formation of articulate sounds with reference to philology. Nowhere in the physiology and anatomy of the human system can be found a more beautiful adaptation of means to ends than here, nowhere a more perfect adjustment

of delicate and sensitive machinery. Professor Meyer takes the ground that a complete knowledge of the character and combination of the organs of speech is necessary to the philologist, and that a true knowledge of the laws which govern the transformation of the elements of speech into the formation of dialects or derivative languages can be obtained from a study of the physiological laws of the formation of articulate sound. The author's method is thus making the physiology of the voice the key to philological differences in language is that he has started from the structure of the organs of speech, and given a sketch of all possible articulate sounds. He claims to have constructed a system in which are not only all known articulate sounds, but all those which in possible future evolution of language may come to exist. Dr. Meyer has found it possible to trace the relations and capacity for combination of the various articulate sounds. So, too, the leading characteristics in the manner of the employment of the organs of speech have been deduced from the manner in which words in an original language have changed in the period of transition, as for example in the changes of words of the old Latin stock into the corresponding ones in French, Italian, and Spanish. It will be seen that Professor Meyer's book is less designed, then, to enlighten a mere physiological curiosity, than to meet the needs of philologists, musicians, and of educated people generally. The first chapter treats of the formation of the organ of speech; the second discusses the relations between the organ of speech and the formation of sound; and the third chapter is taken up entirely with the formation of articulate sounds. The book is illustrated with forty-one woodcuts, and has the pretty red cloth binding of the series to which it belongs.

LAURA: AN AMERICAN GIRL. By Elizabeth E. Evans. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

This story of American life is of a very mild and innocuous character and has to do with the summer experiences of a party of visitors to Castine, Me., which is the jumping-off place, we believe, of "Way Down East." The flirtations, love-making, and adventures generally of the heroines of the story are of the most simple and prosaic sort, and the conversation is after the same pattern. The object of the book appears to be the delineation of a sweet, wholesome, simple-hearted American girl, who while thoroughly national and not in the least guided by foreign traditions or convention (we are given to understand that she has travelled abroad) is full of the truest womanliness. This purpose is well enough, but we regret that

the author should have set her picture against a background so dull, stupid, and absolutely uninteresting. The events of the book touch none but the most placid surface feelings, and there is no issue of life suggested which in the least stirs the imagination or sympathies. The story is left even without a *denouement*. The hero disappears after we have been prepared for some downright love-making with a simple good-by, and so there's an end on't. We fancy, however, that our heroine, the American girl, doesn't cry her eyes out for it, as the recreant one is a milk-and-water sort of a fellow at the best. The book is one which will pass well enough, however, with the endless grist of fiction turned out to meet the demand of the age.



FOREIGN LITERARY NOTES.

PROFESSOR DUNTZER's latest work, "A Life of Goethe," may be fitly described as a dictionary of Goethe's life. No pains have been spared to make it a model of accuracy. No labor has seemed too great which could add one iota to our knowledge, or deceive us in what we wrongly knew. If the Professor's aim was merely to write a useful book of reference, he may be congratulated on having successfully accomplished his task. He has given us facts in abundance, but has not attempted to attach to each its due importance; consequently the book lacks proportion. The pettiest details are there side by side with the most important events of the poet's life.

TIME has not been permitted to change the old Leather Bottle Inn at Cobham, Kent, nor its parlor, so minutely described in the "Pickwick Papers," wherein Mr. Tupman on a memorable occasion was discovered. Within and without the quaint inn remains as it was fifty years ago, and is in the hands of a landlord and landlady proud of its associations.

MRS. OLIPHANT, who has apparently an endless capacity for composition, is now living in Venice. She is about to bring out a work on that city, in addition to her promised novel of "Hester." It would be interesting to know how well Mrs. Oliphant could write if restricted to one book in two or three years.

THE British people seem to take a sentimental interest at least in the miseries of their poor. No fewer than twenty thousand copies of Mr. G. R. Sims's book, "How the Poor Live," were ordered by the trade in advance of publication.

DR. CHARLES WALDSTEIN, of Cambridge University, has notified his family of his election to the honorable position of Director of the Fitzwilliam Museum at Cambridge, as succe-

ssor to Prof. Sidney Colvin. Dr. Waldstein had six competitors for the position. This is a new and striking success in an extraordinarily successful, and still very brief, career; for Dr. Waldstein is now only about twenty-seven years of age, having been born in the City of New York in the year 1856. He is already a Reader (lecturer) on Greek Art in the University of Cambridge, and has been engaged in establishing there a new archæological school. His father is the well-known optician in Union Square, and a brother, Dr. Louis Waldstein, has lately begun the practice of medicine in this city, after the completion of his European studies. Dr. Charles Waldstein will visit this country this month, but will probably not remain more than four weeks. He has been invited to deliver a course of lectures at Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore.

M. ALPHONSE DAUDET is at work upon a new novel, which is to be published simultaneously in French and German at Paris and Dresden about the end of February. Heinrich Minden, the Dresden publisher, has made public a characteristic extract from a letter addressed to him by the novelist. "If it be practicable," writes M. Daudet, "I shall esteem it a great kindness to myself if you can confide the German translation of my new work to the poor lady who served me as the model for 'Madame Ebsen' in *L'Évangéliste*. The old lady has now become quite deaf. She is consequently incapable of giving the German lessons by which she lived, and there is every fear that she may fall into the most wretched poverty. She is a German, moreover, and is well educated."

THE English translation of *John Bull et son Ile*, in which the weaknesses and greatneses, peculiarities and prejudices, virtues and vices, of John Bull are good-humoredly hit off, and described as seen through French spectacles, is definitely announced for publication from Y^e Leadenhalle Presse early in December. Of the original French text some thirty *éditions fortes* have been disposed of within a period of two months, or at the rate of an edition every other day; and it is stated that the French publisher has already paid more than a thousand pounds to the fortunate author who writes under the pseudonym of Max O'Rell. The English translation will be published at half-a-crown; and we learn that nearly the whole of the first edition, consisting of 5000 copies, is already bespoken.

In reply to Anthony Trollope's statement in his Autobiography that he never received any money for the sale of his books in America, and that in his belief his publishers were not paid five per cent of the expense of such sale, the New York *Critic* affirms that Messrs. Appleton paid Trollope's publisher £300 for the use of

"Ralph the Heir" as a serial, and that Messrs. Harper paid altogether £3000 to him and his publishers.

THE Russian Government has decided to transfer the archives now preserved at Siedlce, Radom, Kielce, Lublin, and some other towns to Warsaw, where they are to be deposited with the Polish State Papers. This step seems to be a continuation on a larger scale of the policy begun in 1880 by the removal of the Plotsk and Petrikof records to the capital of the province. The measure, it is stated, is undertaken in order to facilitate the arrangement and description of the documents and render them more accessible. How far this last purpose may be realized is perhaps doubtful. Certain it is that the whole collection will contain a vast and but little explored mass of materials for the history of Poland.

THE sumptuous work which is being prepared at the expense of the Russian Government to commemorate the coronation of the Czar is making rapid progress. It is to contain about forty plates, from the designs of the Academician M. Zichy, which depict the most striking scenes during the ceremonies and festivities at Moscow, and in which numerous portraits will be introduced.

MR. FURNIVALL, as director of the New Shakespeare Society, has received an amusing offer from New South Wales. A gentleman there has, after seven years' search, discovered not only the well-known historical character who wrote all Shakespeare's plays and poems, but the very month and spot in which eleven of the plays were written, and the probable date and locality in which the rest were composed, the author's object in writing them, and the historical characters and events meant by the dramatic ones; further, that one character was interpolated, and one entire play was written by the author after Shakespeare's death. This antipodean discoverer can also now date and explain all the Sonnets except four (123, 124, 144, 146), and those "will be explained on a future occasion." He knows who "Mr. W. H.," the begetter of the Sonnets, was, and all the persons to whom they were addressed; and he can show that our royal family is descended from Perdita. So certain is the researcher of the value of his discoveries that he offers to come at once to London and unfold his secrets to the members of the New Shakespeare Society, if only they will guarantee him the payment of £30,000 in case he can convince the majority of them of the truth of his discoveries. A letter from the Premier of New South Wales attests the high standing and sanity of the discoverer.

"THE retirement of Mr. Harwood from the editorship of the *Saturday Review*," says one

of the English literary weeklies, "marks the close of a long and honorable journalistic career. One of the staff of the *Morning Chronicle* under Mr. Douglas Cook's editorship, Mr. Harwood followed his chief when he started the *Saturday Review*, being sub-editor of the new journal from its commencement. On Cook's death, in 1868, he succeeded to the editorship of the paper, and for the last fifteen years he has devoted his entire energies to his task. He proved one of the most painstaking and courteous of editors, and every one who has known him will regret that advancing years have led him to withdraw from active life."

MISCELLANY.

THE ORIGIN OF THE CHOLERA IN EGYPT.—A Belgian contemporary, the *Opinion*, mentions the following additional evidence in support of the contention, first, that the cholera had not been imported from India; and, secondly, that the theory of quarantine is faulty and antiquated. According to Dr. Dutrieux Bey, who, as Belgian delegate on the Sanitary and Quarantine Commission of Alexandria, and intrusted with an official mission into the cholera district, had special opportunities for investigating the matter, the cholera can be traced in its worst forms to various points of the Delta previous to the month of April, which would conclusively prove its endemic nature. Thus he mentions that one hundred and sixteen deaths took place at Mel-el-Goura, south-east of Mansourah, in the month of February, but that the Sheikh concealed the fact, and falsified the register of deaths for fear of a military cordon. Again he traced the cholera to Mehallet as far back as April 4th, while it made its appearance at Damietta on April 27th. He further calls attention to the fact that from April until the end of June, when a quarantine was established, Damietta was in constant communication with the neighboring ports of Syria and Greece without a single case of cholera having come to notice at any of them. This invalidates singularly the theory adopted with regard to quarantine by the Mediterranean Powers, and the logical result of similar investigations will be the total abolition of quarantine, against which the highest medical authorities in most countries have long been agitating. Already at the International Sanitary Conference at Vienna, in July, 1874, the representatives of Germany, Austria, Italy, Russia, Hungary, Sweden, Norway, Netherlands, and Denmark, gave opinions favorable to the abolition of quarantine and to a substitution of the English mode of "revision" but to no avail; it will, therefore, be satisfactory to learn that

the Belgian Government are at present considering the advisability of adopting at Antwerp the rules applied in British ports with regard to the cholera.

SOOTHSAYING IN INDIA.—The Commissioner of Police of Madras has received the following curious native petition, which was numerously signed: "Respected Sir—We, the undersigned inhabitants of Numgumbakum, beg to bring to your notice the existence of what we sorely feel an unmitigated public nuisance, and pray for its immediate removal. Amid a thick, dark, shady grove, only about one hundred yards from the Agra harem, and not half a furlong from the public road there is a Kali temple, which, from the peculiar nature of its situation, has been marked out as an advantageous place of soothsaying and exorcism. Here once a week (and now twice or thrice, as he chooses) a soothsayer manages to gather about him a number of people of both sexes and various castes by his powers, of which we need hardly say anything, of soothsaying, casting out devils, etc. Not to speak of the superstitious practices that take place, we feel such meetings grossly reprehensible, and extremely objectionable on the following grounds, which, however, are but a few among many: That the place abounding as it does with snake-holes, is a very dangerous one for people to resort to in the night, the usual time when he begins his business being 11 or 12 P.M.; that it has been found to be a resort of wicked persons with necessarily bad designs; that it being the dead of the night when the *slance* commences (and it continues the whole night and some hours in the morning), his dread howling and jarring drums disturb our night's sleep and startle young children in bed; add to these the general behavior on the occasion, which is an outrage upon the public sentiment of refinement and morals. On these grounds we petitioned the Commissioner last year, and, on inspection by the inspector, he was pleased to order that the soothsaying should stop at 10 P.M., which order, however, we grieve to say, came to be relaxed as soon as it was passed. We beg further to state that a public meeting was held in the reading-room premises for concerting measures to put a stop to the soothsaying and exorcism nuisance, and that this petition is only the outcome of a resolution adopted therein. P. S.—An instance omitted in the body of the petition we beg to mention here—the ill-treatment of an adult girl of about twenty years. This girl, it was given out, was possessed by a devil. She was cured, but a period of strict regimen must be allowed to make sure of the effectual cure; eight days of severe confinement in an entirely isolated room, alone and unaccompanied, three times bath, nine

vessels of water each time during which she was to come round the temple with a vessel each time, perfect waking all day; a regimen extremely impossible and very irrational. The girl observed all, but whenever she was oppressed by sleep she indulged a little in a talk with her neighbor. On the Friday night, which was the last day of the term, a woman who had also come to the temple and who is supposed, sometimes permitted, to act for the soothsayer, suddenly pulled this almost emaciated girl by the hair and shaking her violently (the locks of her hair still firmly grasped by the other's arm), screamed that the devil had not left the girl, and pretending to torture the devil inflicted excruciating pain upon the girl. Thus the devil was chastised out of the girl. In a few hours more, Madurai Viram came boldly forth, and the girl was summoned before the soothsayer, now his Awful Majesty. 'What! your father spends so much money for you; your mother exerts and almost exhausts her energy in drawing water for you from the well; I took so much trouble to cast the devil out from you, and, silly girl, you don't think of all this, but thoughtlessly wander about and chat away with your neighbor? The girl appealed piteously to the man (not the man surely): 'Keep away my sleep that is so heavy on my eyelids, and I will not do it.' 'So audacious to talk to me! Hold out your hand will you?' The girl shrank back, but the man pulled her by the hair by a cane with an angle at the end and he was assisted by the push of the mother from the back, and using all words which no ear can hear and no tongue can utter, thrashed her most mercilessly till her limbs became black. It is a notorious fact, and too well known to require labor of proof. It being so important, it is hoped that you will not disdain for it the notice which it deserves from your hands."

ACTING IN EARNEST.—It is well known that during those hours which the late Mr. Charles Dickens devoted to literary labor, so thoroughly did he throw himself into the different characters of his works, that for the time being he thought, plotted, spoke, and acted only in their respective persons, forgetting altogether that he was either a novelist or Charles Dickens, or indeed any other than that particular individual whose portrait had so long by mental intercourse become indelibly implanted on his mind. To the habitual practice of this trait, therefore, a very large proportion of his success is to be attributed; for it must always be maintained that in the truthful delineation of character—and each individual character embodies a variety of the human passions—all the genius of an exceptionally qualified novelist or dramatist is to be traced; and he who can so

completely identify himself with the creations of his imagination as to sink in them the consciousness of his own personality, must needs present a chain of characterization, as natural as it will be imposing and attractive. And if this be true of an author, with how much greater force must it not apply to an actor, who becomes at once the instrument or the interpreter of the dramatist, and whose business it is to represent faithfully all those emotions which have been allotted to the character that he impersonates? It is therefore not only necessary that the *histrion* act his part with all due intelligence, and with every attention to details in the matter of costume and other accessories; but he must actually *feel* the character—to lose himself so completely that, for the time present, he become in turn Othello, Macbeth, Romeo, or any other of those personages which his art calls upon him to assume. A characteristic anecdote, ably illustrating this fact, has lately been reported—on the authority of M. Jules Claretie—touching upon Salvini's conception of Othello. It appears that one evening the great tragedian was sorely pressed by a party of friends to give them as a recitation the last monologue of Othello. At length he consented, and after a few moments rose, and began in that fine resonant voice with which few members of his profession have been so gifted. But suddenly, and in the middle of a line, he paused, then, with a gesture significant of disappointment, exclaimed: "No; it is impossible! I am not in the situation. I am not prepared for this supreme anguish. In order to render the frantic despair of Othello, I need to have passed through all his tortures. I need to have played the whole part. But to enter thus the soul of a character without having gradually penetrated into it—I cannot; it is impossible!" Salvini is moved by the associations of his part; and from the moment that he steps on the stage, he is no longer Salvini, but Othello, Lear, or any other of Shakespeare's masterpieces. It is jocularly said in Italy, that Salvini always carries in his pocket a free pardon, signed by Victor Emanuel, and countersigned by the Minister of Justice, in case when he plays Othello, of his smothering Desdemona in downright earnest. Another impassioned actor of the very highest class was the late Mr. Macready. "I have often watched him," writes Mr. George Augustus Sala, "from the flies before he went on, standing at the wing, apparently lashing himself into the proper frame of excitement needed for the particular part which he was playing, and muttering meanwhile in a seemingly incoherent manner to himself. But I have been assured that these utterances were by no means incoherent, and that thoroughly identi-

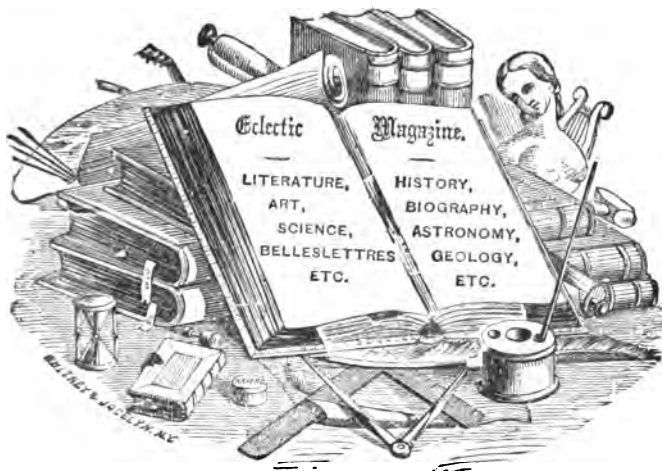
fying himself with the part, he unfeignedly believed himself, for the nonce to be Hamlet, Macbeth, or what not; and would hold the most passionate discourse with himself, touching the guilt of Claudius, the gray hairs of Duncan, and the potency, gravity, and reverence of the Signory of Venice, his very noble and approved good masters." On one occasion, immediately after the curtain had been rung up on the first act of *Macbeth*, an unlucky actor in the company chanced to stumble upon the tragedian during his passionate preparations, the consequence of which was that Macready quite unwittingly, dealt him a blow on the hand with such force that the blood flowed forth; and as at that instant the victim was to make his entrance on the scene, he impersonated the "bleeding soldier" only too naturally, and much to the astonishment of the other actors. Talma, also, was so realistic an actor, that, in order to work up his grand bursts of passion, he would seize upon any unfortunate super whom he came upon behind the scenes, and shake him until he himself had become breathless, and the man frightened beyond all control at his assumed violence. Nevertheless, the peculiarities both of Macready and Talma were only in accordance with that precedent furnished in ancient history, though with less disastrous results. According to Plutarch, Æsop, the Roman actor, so interested himself in the characters he undertook, that one day when he played Atreus, he, in that scene where it falls to his lot to consider how he might best destroy the tyrant Thyestes, worked himself up into such a pitch of ungovernable rage that he struck one of the minor performers with his sceptre and laid him dead at his feet.—*Chambers's Journal*.

A NEW FORM OF DINNER.—"Somebody ought to introduce into England," says the *Pall Mall Gazette*, "a form of entertainment which has, we are told, been for some time in vogue in Paris—*dîners en tête*. At these dinners—and the rule has been sometimes extended to dances—all the guests are bound to appear with their heads attired in some fancy costume. An old gentleman goes as a Doge of Venice or a Pope, a young lady as Marie Antoinette or an Incroyable. The choice of both ladies and gentlemen is unlimited, and as the disguise is of the head alone the great expense of a complete fancy dress is avoided, while at the same time the opportunity for accurate imitation of antique types is increased through the much greater facility offered by prints and paintings which so often give only the head and bust. We commend the novelty to the country houses. In Paris the function is notified to the guests by the addition of the words '*en tête*' to the card of invitation."

A SCULPTOR'S STUDIO.—It is large—thirty-five feet in length—and the sloping roof is high ; but being somewhat full, it scarcely gives the idea of its size. Here, too, the walls are tinted the same Pompeian red. But the principal first impression is that here the workshop element has been minimized until it may be said to be eliminated. Mr. Thornycroft says that he does not like the room in which the greater part of his life is spent to be comfortless. Certainly few sculptors' studios are so pretty, so cosey. There is no dirt, no untidiness, no parade of the utensils of his craft. The very water-pot that holds the brush with which, as with a holy-water asperge, the sculptor must sprinkle his clay in order to keep it moist, is inclosed in a brass pot of quaint design, being in fact a Breton milk-pail. It is to be seen on the rug beside the modelling stand, which is surmounted by the clay sketch of a monument to a dead father and son to be erected in Liverpool for the widowed mother. Culture, true culture, not its tea-cup semblance, pervades the very air of the room. For while paintings, sketches, photographs line the walls, a piano occupies the place of honor, and a violoncello rests against the jamb. Then there is a book-case, and books are carelessly strewn around—sure tokens that they are kept to be read, not merely looked at. And examining them we shall see that poetry, and poetry of the best and highest kind, predominates. Upon the floor is spread a matting, with here and there an Oriental rug, forming patches of pleasant color ; another notable feature in Mr. Thornycroft, and rare in a sculptor, being his fine eye for color. The quaint fireplace, designed by the artist, incloses a hearth with Early English dogs. And, as is fitting, and as it has been since all ages, that the hearthstone be the guardian of whatever is sacred to the house-owner, so here Mr. Thornycroft has accumulated his Penates. On each side the lintel hang photographs of portions of the Elgin marbles, which Mr. Thornycroft recognizes as his chief masters in his art ; while over the centre is a cast of one of the tigers in Professor Halnnel's "Bacchic Procession," so unfortunately destroyed in the fire that consumed the Dresden Theatre. Over the fireplace itself, beside two Doulton vases, are Mr. Thornycroft's favorite antiques, which he places here, as he expresses it, to keep his eyes fresh, and which enables him, when he lifts them from his work, "to see how bad it is" as contrasted with these masterpieces. It is the period of the Elgin marbles, the highest, purest type of Greek art, that Mr. Thornycroft loves best ; and it is characteristic of his sense, his taste, his freedom from conventionality, that the specimens he had chosen to be his Penates are not those that one would, perhaps, look to see upon his fireplace.

True, a large photograph of the Venus of Milo surmounts the whole altar, as it may be justly called ; but then it would, indeed, be rank heresy in any artist to exclude from his work-room the dearest of the antiques. Beneath the Aphrodité stands a copy of the fine dignified bust known as the Oxford Fragment, probably a Demeter. And truly it is fitting that the Earth Mother should preside over the hearthstone of one of her healthy sons. On her one hand is a torso of the Cyrenian Aphrodité, on the other the so-called "Hera" of Kensington, with her placid, archaic, curiously thoughtful beauty. The other busts and statuettes all testify to the sculptor's sympathy with early Greek art.—*Magazine of Art*.

ENGLAND AND EGYPT.—M. Gabriel Charmes, in an article on the Egyptian Question which he contributes to the *Journal des Débats*, maintains that, whether the British troops be withdrawn or not, England will none the less retain her influence on the banks of the Nile. Far more important, however, is his confession that France has lost all the influence which she possessed in Egypt. Since her occupation of the country England has not met with a single obstacle that she has found it difficult to surmount. She conquered Egypt "in a quarter of an hour," and everyone immediately bent to her will. "It is perhaps as well," continues M. Charmes, "that this fact should be borne in mind here. At the moment of the opening of the session, it is right that attention should once more be drawn to the unpardonable weakness which led us to surrender to England a country which is the key of the seas and the necessary foundation of every colonial empire. This was the greatest and the most fatal of the political blunders committed in our foreign policy since our disasters in 1870. It has been said, and with reason, that those who were responsible for it led us to a Mediterranean Sedan. The expression is not too strong. All the misfortunes that have befallen us since have been the result of this grave error. Our rupture with England and our abandonment of Egypt have left us isolated in Europe, and have given us throughout the whole world such a character for pusillanimity that no one has hesitated to brave us. Hence the complications with which we are now contending in Tonquin, Tunis, Madagascar, and on the Congo. They have, doubtless, been aggravated by the inconsiderate rashness which we have thought it necessary to display in order to clear ourselves of our reputation for weakness, which, however, we cannot efface. But is not this very temerity to be laid at the door of those who have rendered it possible as a natural reaction against their forgetfulness of the interests and greatness of France?"



Eclectic Magazine

OF

FOREIGN LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

New Series.
Vol. XXXIX., No. 2.

FEBRUARY, 1884.

Old Series complete in 63 vols.

EVOLUTIONARY ETHICS AND CHRISTIANITY.

BY GOLDWIN SMITH.

MR. LESLIE STEPHEN, at the conclusion of his "Science of Ethics," a work to which I desire to pay my sincere though tardy homage,* admits, with his usual candor, that one great difficulty remains not only unsolved but insoluble. "There is," he says, "no absolute coincidence between virtue and happiness. I cannot prove that it is always prudent to act rightly or that it

is always happiest to be virtuous." In another passage he avows that in accepting the Altruist theory he accepts, as inseparable from it, the conclusion that "the path of duty does not coincide with the path of happiness;" and he compares the attempt to establish an absolute coincidence to an attempt to square the circle or discover perpetual motion. In another passage he puts the same thing in a concrete form. "The virtuous men," he says, "may be the very salt of the earth, and yet the discharge of a function socially necessary may involve their own misery." "A great moral and religious teacher," he adds, "has often been a martyr, and we are certainly not entitled to assume either that he was a fool for his pains or on the other hand that the highest conceivable degree of virtue can make martyrdom agreeable." We may doubt, in his opinion, whether it answers to be

* The bulk of the book consists of moral analysis which is almost equally valuable on any hypothesis as to the Basis of Ethics. With regard to this part, I would only venture to suggest that a distinction should be drawn between the love of speculative truth and practical veracity. Practical veracity is a part of justice. The duty of telling a man the truth is measured by his right to be told it. He has no right to be told it when it would light him to crime. He has a right not to be told it when it would kill him with grief. Martyrdom implies a divine revelation or something equivalent to it: it is loyalty to God.

NEW SERIES.—VOL. XXXIX., No. 2

a moral hero. "In a gross society, where the temperate man is an object of ridicule and necessarily cut off from participation in the ordinary pleasures of life, he may find his moral squeamishness conducive to misery; the just and honorable man is made miserable in a corrupt society where the social combinations are simply bands of thieves, and his high spirit only awakens hatred; and the benevolent is tortured in proportion to the strength of his sympathies in a society where they meet with no return, and where he has to witness cruelty triumphant and mercy ridiculed as weakness." So that not only are men exposed to misery by reason of their superiority, but "every reformer who breaks with the world, though for the world's good, must naturally expect much pain and must be often tempted to think that peace and harmony are worth buying, even at the price of condoning evil." "Be good if you would be happy" seems to be the verdict even of worldly prudence; but it adds, in an emphatic aside, 'Be not too good.'" Of a moral hero it is said, that "it may be true both that a less honorable man would have had a happier life, and that a temporary fall below the highest strain of heroism would have secured for him a greater chance of happiness." Had he given way, "he might have made the discovery—not a very rare one—that remorse is among the passions most easily lived down." Mr. Stephen fully recognizes the existence of men "capable of intense pleasure from purely sensual gratification, and incapable of really enjoying any of the pleasures which imply public spirit, or private affection, or vivid imagination;" and he confesses that with regard to such men the moralist has no leverage whatever. The physician has leverage; so has the policeman; but it is possible, as Mr. Stephen would probably admit, to indulge not only covetousness but lust at great cost to others without injury to your own health, and without falling into the clutches of the law.

The inference which I (though not Mr. Stephen) should draw from these frank avowals is that it is impossible to construct a rule for individual conduct, or for the direction of life, by mere in-

spection of the phenomena of Evolution without some conception of the Estate and Destiny of Man. In what hands are we—in those of a Father, in those of a power indifferent to the welfare of Humanity, or in those of a Blind Fate—is a question which, let the devotees of physical science in the intoxicating rush of physical discovery say or imagine what they will, must surely have the most practical and abiding, as well as the highest, interest for man. The ship of life is not, nor is it likely ever to be made, so comfortable that the passengers will be content to float along in it without asking for what port they are bound. It is true that in the ordinary actions of life we do not think definitely of the end of our being; we eat that we may live, we work that we may eat, we sleep that we may be refreshed and go forth again to our labor until the evening; we do what the pressure of domestic or social necessity requires, and avoid breaking our heads against the law as we avoid breaking them against the wall. China and Japan, in short, exist. But there are extraordinary actions in which we must think of the end of our being, and stake happiness on the truth of our conception of it; we must think of it in those moments of reflection to which man is liable though apes are not; and our view of it will determine our aim in the promotion of character and in the general disposition of our lives; while in disaster and bereavement, especially when we lay in the grave those whom we have loved, we can hardly help asking whether we ought to sorrow as those who have no comfort except the conservation of matter. In extraordinary actions the thought will be present to the mind of all of us; it will be habitually present to the minds of extraordinary men, those men upon whose efforts human progress most depends. Mr. Stephen founds everything upon the social tissue; that phrase is, one might almost say, the sum of his philosophy. Taken metaphorically it is a very good phrase, and conveys most important truth. Taken literally, I cannot help thinking, it conveys, mixed with the truth, a serious error. A tissue is not made up of personalities; no cell of a tissue ever retires into itself, conceives in mental solitude high de-

signs, or deliberately sets itself against the other cells in the cause of a grand tissue reform. Can a single great benefactor of our race be named who was not upheld in his struggle with difficulties by a belief in something beyond sense and the domain of what is called science, whether he did or did not belong to any church or profess any definite creed? Comte, if he was a great benefactor, had his religion, and the language of his disciples is spiritual in the highest degree. Napoleon, no doubt, tells us that he deliberately excluded from his mind all thoughts about God or a hereafter, and that had he not done this he could not have achieved great things. Of the great things which he unquestionably did achieve his Agnosticism was not less unquestionably the condition. But of the great things which the Antonines and other Roman Stoics achieved, the condition was unquestionably the constant presence of the thoughts which Napoleon excluded. It was not a definite religious belief, but it was a belief in a Power of Righteousness and in a moral end of our being.

Can the question of our Destiny be prevented from forcing itself upon our minds? If it cannot, is it possible, without a satisfactory solution of that question, to attain the happiness to which it must be the aim of any science or system concerned with human action to light mankind? A beast may graze happily from day to day, because, so far as we can see, it has no idea of death. But man has an idea of death, and one which must grow more vivid and importunate as he draws nearer to the bourne. A captive may be in high health both of body and mind, and well fed, but he can hardly be called happy if he knows that in a few days he will be hanged. It is childish to bid us forget that which is always impending over us and is ever before our eyes; that for which, in the conduct of our worldly affairs, we must always be making provision. Can a man when he buries his wife or child shut out of his mind the idea of death? Even the enjoyments in which the thought of annihilation is to be drowned, the more intellectual they become, bring, mingled with their sweetness, more of the bitterness which

springs from a sense of perishableness and imperfection, so that the advance of civilization is likely itself to defeat the counsels of the philosophy which bids us fix our minds on life and not on death. The highest of our joys is affection; and the more intense affection becomes the more bitter will be the reflection that, if this world is all, love must die.

A pure Altruist might face all difficulties with his feet firmly planted on the Altruistic theory. But is it possible to believe in the existence of pure Altruism, that sort of Altruism which alone can render martyrdom reasonable, as Mr. Stephen affirms it to be? Can my pleasure ever be really your pleasure, or my pain your pain? Is not this as impossible as that my thoughts or emotions should be yours? Social pleasure, of course, we can understand; a Christmas dinner-party is a familiar instance of it; but while all the members of the party contribute to the sum of enjoyment and the cheerfulness is reciprocal, the pleasure of each member is as much his own and not that of any other member as is the pleasure of an Alexander Selkirk eating his solitary meal on the desert island. The same theory is true conversely of social pains. Yet heroic self-sacrifice can surely be reconciled with reason only by showing that the happiness, to save which the hero gives his life, is in some way actually his own. If the notion that self-sacrifice pays is a tribal illusion, though the illusion may be useful to the tribe, it clearly cannot be too soon dispelled so far as regards the personal interest of those who have any propensity to self-sacrifice. It is perfectly true that Christianity is egoistic. The Christian is bidden to lose his life, but only that he may save it. The self which he sacrifices is the lower and transitory self, and he sacrifices it to the higher and more permanent. Paul merely uses a rhetorical hyperbole when he says that he is willing to be accursed for the sake of his brethren. It is true that Christianity points to a union in Christ which would ultimately, as it were, remove the barrier of individuality and make happiness actually common. This may be a dream, as it certainly is a mystery; the Agnostics would of course say that it was the

wildest of dreams ; but it is, at all events, a different thing from Altruism, and not liable to the same objection.

For the religious hope as a motive power and a justification of self-sacrifice, some Evolutionists substitute the hope of a Social Utopia, which is to be the goal of progress. If the coming of the Utopia could be certainly predicted, this would still be cold comfort to the shades of the myriads who have lived and died, and are now living and dying, in a state very far from Utopian. But Mr. Stephen is too wary to build on anything of the kind. "Speculations," he says, "about the future of society are rash." "We cannot tell that progress will be indefinite ; it seems rather that science points to a time at which all life on the planet must become extinct ; and the social organism may, according to the familiar analogy, have its natural old age and death." Besides, "Progress means a stage of evolution ; evolution from the earliest to the latest stages means a continuous process of adjustment, which is always determined by the fact that at any existing stage the adjustment is imperfect ; complete equilibrium or an elimination of this discordant element would therefore mean, not perhaps stagnation, but a cessation of progress, an attainment of the highest arc of the curve, after which we could only expect descent." Professor Clifford distinctly looked forward to a catastrophe in which man and all his works would perish. So does Mr. Herbert Spencer. Progress under his mechanical law must end in the equilibration of death. He thinks that we ought to feel a religious or quasi-religious satisfaction in working with the Power manifested throughout evolution, since that Power is working toward the highest form of life. But supposing this to be true and certainly known to us, the highest form of life will be produced only to be thrown back, by the reversal of the machine, into primordial chaos. When differentiation and heterogeneity are complete the return to homogeneity will begin. Instead of joyfully co-operating in the process, our moral nature rebels against it, and would like, if it had the power, to arrest this ruthless Gnome in the middle of his fell sport, when he is just about to destroy

that which he has brought into existence at the expense of so much labor and suffering to beings gratuitously made sentient and conscious when nothing but a mechanical result was in view. Who would endure pain and labor, who would give up his dinner, merely to increase the expensiveness of the final crash ? Surely any man not extremely scientific, when he reads all this about arcs and curves and descents, and moving equilibriums and equilibrations, must profoundly feel, if he cannot distinctly prove, that it belongs to mechanics, not to morals, or to any account of a universe of which morality is an essential portion.

The bearing of these mechanical theories of the universe upon Ethics seems not to be fully seen by their authors, who are apt, when treating of morality, to lay them aside or to accord them only a faint and almost nominal recognition. They must govern the character of human actions as they govern everything else ; and the character of an action will be fundamentally determined by its relation to the mechanical process and the stage of that process in which it happens to occur. If it occurs when the movement is toward heterogeneity, it will be right and good in proportion as it tends to the heterogeneous, if in the other part, it will be right and good in proportion as it tends to the homogeneous. During the ascent of the curve an upward direction will be moral ; but a downward direction will be moral when the highest arc of the curve has been passed. Opposite characteristics, and those the most essential, will be at different epochs in unison with the working of the Power which is manifested throughout Evolution, and to co-operate with which, Mr. Spencer tells us, is our bliss. In the downhill stage of Evolution, that action will be the best which most conduces to the dissolution of society. From this conclusion I see no escape : and when we add to it the doctrine of Necessity, under the new name of Determinism, the principle of morality will surely become difficult of expression to ordinary minds. That Evolution is non-moral some of its bold German hierophants at all events do, to use Bacon's quaint phrase, "ingeniously

and without fig-leaves confess." But Evolution is in the contemplation of Agnostic Science the Supreme Power of the Universe, or at least the sole manifestation of that Power. What footing then, at bottom, has Morality? May it not be destined to disappear before the advancing light of Science, like Animism and other superstitions? May not those prove to be right who, with Dr. Van Buren Denslow, say that the commandment against stealing or lying is the law of the "top dog" and nothing more? When the belief that Evolution is all, and that Evolution brings forth only to destroy in the end, has thoroughly penetrated the human mind, will not the result be a moral chaos? We are still living in the twilight of Religion, and the grim features of Evolution are not yet distinctly seen.*

* In the *Contemporary Review* of March, 1882, Mr. Herbert Spencer replied to my article "On the Basis of Morality," which appeared in the preceding number. But instead of answering me on the broad issue, he preferred to pick out from my article a sentence in which he thought I could be shown to have misrepresented him, and to ask his readers to draw general inferences of a convenient kind with regard to my trustworthiness as a critic. The sentence on which he fixed was this: "An authoritative conscience, duty, virtue, obligation, principle and rectitude of motive, no more enter into his (Mr. Spencer's) definitions or form parts of his system than does the religious sanction." I am here giving my own view of the fundamental character of his system, not in the way of denunciation but of description; and I use the terms in their obvious sense and in relation not to anything merely provisional, but to the ultimate basis of Ethics. If this is borne in mind I shall be acquitted of any misrepresentation. Mr. Spencer may recognize an authoritative conscience, the religious sanction and the rest, in a peculiar sense, as provisional phases of opinion, and think that he has furnished substitutes for them in his system. As a substitute for the religious sanction he tenders the design of the Power manifested throughout Evolution; but I am not bound to accept the exchange. He asks, with uplifted hands, to what conclusion such a system as I describe would lead. To the conclusion, I answer, that the best example of an absolutely right action is a woman giving suck to a child, which, as I said before, seems to involve no more morality than the suckling of a calf by a cow. It is needless, I trust, to protest that to impugn a man's theory of Ethics is not to impugn his virtue; at all events I guarded thoroughly in my article against any such inference. If Mr. Spencer fancies that I am one of his orthodox persecutors, supposing

A mechanical theory of the Universe, if accepted, would settle the question of Free Will. Mr. Stephen's exact position on that question I should find it rather difficult to state; but I venture to differ from him if he thinks it possible to set the controversy aside as one that has been threshed out and is practically of no importance. It lies, on the contrary, as appears to me, at the very root of the matter. If "free" means arbitrary, fortuitous, or unconnected with disposition and circumstance, let the epithet be dropped, provided it is understood that volition is essentially different from mere inclination, however produced, and that it implies a power of choice; a real power of choice, and not merely the absence of one particular kind of coercion, such as forcible pressure from without. Let the doctrine be called Necessarianism or let it be called by any deodorizing name you will, if the fact is that a man's actions are absolutely determined, like the occurrences of the physical world, like the rising of a jet of water or the falling of a stone, by causes which operated before he came into existence, responsibility is an idle name and the symbol of a departing illusion. Actions will still be beneficial or noxious to Society; but a poisonous gas is noxious without being responsible. Consciousness itself apparently becomes a mere futility, so that the Pessimist will be warranted in treating it as a cruel aberration on the part of Nature, who might just as well have carried on her development without causing all this gratuitous pain. Even Personality becomes very difficult to conceive when a man is reduced to a complex phenomenon, and his action to the working of a general law. That the value of an action is proportioned to the degree in which the action indicates character is true, in so far as the character is self-formed, but this of course brings us back to the point from which we started. Mr. Stephen is, to my apprehension, not quite clear upon this head. "Undoubtedly," he says, "every man is

such enemies of truth and beneficence to exist, he was never more mistaken in his life. I am no more orthodox than he is, though I should think it scarcely worthy of philosophy to court sympathy by ostentation of the heterodoxy which happens to be just now in vogue.

always forming his own character : every act tends to generate a habit or to modify character, and consciously to form character is an act like any other, and subject to the conditions already stated." Is it the *man* or the *act* that forms the character? If the act, is the act done by the man, or through the man by a supreme force of which the man's nature and everything that emanates from it are mere manifestations? Is there anything original in action, or is there nothing? Again I find myself a little puzzled by such words as these : "A man's *character* is in all cases the product of all the influences to which he has been subject from his infancy acting upon his previously existing *character*" (p. 402, American edition). Elsewhere, character seems to be identified with the "innate qualities," upon which hypothesis, and supposing the merit and demerit of actions to consist in their being manifestations of character, the two most responsible of all conceivable beings would apparently be an angel created without a capability of doing wrong, and a devil created without a capability of doing right. To tell me that any being is responsible for that which he could not possibly have helped, inasmuch as it was ordained by irresistible power long before his birth, is to put a heavier strain on my faculty of holding contradictory propositions together than is put on it by any paradox in the Athanasian Creed. Why all this perplexity and mystification? Why cannot we accept as a philosophic or scientific truth that verdict of our consciousness which we assume to be a practical truth in all our dealings with each other, in every reflection upon ourselves, in the whole course and conduct of our lives? Why is a verdict of consciousness less trustworthy than a verdict of sense? Upon what can a verdict of sense rest, if consciousness, to which the verdict of sense must first be delivered, is deceptive? "It may, perhaps, justly be concluded that since the whole process of action, through every step of it, suspense, deliberation, inclining one way, determining, and at last doing as we determine, is as if we were free, therefore we are so"—is not this reasoning as good as *Cogito ergo sum*? How can we say that in the nature of things it

was impossible that after physical causation, from which our ideas are taken, there should come into existence another kind of causation, such, perhaps, as we have no language accurately to define, but of a nature consistent with our consciousness of free will? Mr. Stephen seems to assume that nothing can be which is inconsistent with the "universal postulate" of Evolution. But surely this is to turn Evolution from an observed fact, or series of facts, into a dogma just as arbitrary as any which theology has framed respecting the nature and counsels of the Deity. Evolution, after all, like Gravitation, is merely a formal law : it may describe correctly, but it can explain nothing : it postulates as the cause of movement a power which is assumed to work consistently, but of which it can give no account, and to the operations of which, therefore, it can set no rational limit. If the idea of real volition is an illusion, whence, let me ask once more, did the illusion arise? How came the Automaton automatically to fancy itself free, and again automatically to conclude that it was an Automaton? There must be a curious power in the human intellect, at all events, of rising above and surveying that to which it is all the time itself subject. Jonathan Edwards, to whom Mr. Stephen refers, reduced his own reasonings, as I have said before, to an absurdity, as he is himself half conscious, by making God the responsible author of moral evil ; and if his followers really believed in his conclusions they would give up self-improvement and cease to preach or pray. His philosophical fallacy consists in the unqualified translation to the moral sphere of ideas and language belonging to physical causation. His view has never been acted upon for a single moment by any human being.

In Mill's Autobiography there is a passage which vividly presents this question in its practical aspect, and shows that it is not a mere metaphysical puzzle :

"During the latter returns of my dejection, the doctrine of what is called Philosophical Necessity weighed on my existence like an incubus. I felt as if I was scientifically proved to be the helpless slave of antecedent circumstances ; as if my character and that of all

others had been formed for us by agencies beyond our control, and was wholly out of our power. I often said to myself, what a relief it would be if I could disbelieve the doctrine of the formation of character by circumstances ; and remembering the wish of Fox respecting the doctrine of resistance to governments, that it might never be forgotten by kings nor remembered by subjects, I said that it would be a blessing if the doctrine of Necessity could be believed by all *quoad* the characters of others, and disbelieved in regard to their own. I pondered painfully on the subject till gradually I saw light through it. I perceived that the word Necessity, as a name for the doctrine of Cause and Effect, applied to human action carried with it a misleading association, and that this association was the operative force in the depressing and paralyzing influence which I had experienced. I saw that, though our character is formed by circumstances, our own desires can do much to shape those circumstances, and what is really inspiring and ennobling in the doctrine of Free Will is the conviction that we have real power over the formation of our own character ; that our will, by influencing some of our circumstances, can modify our future habits or capabilities of willing. All this was entirely consistent with the doctrine of Circumstances, or, rather, was that doctrine itself properly understood. From that time I drew, in my own mind, a clear distinction between the doctrine of Circumstances and Fatalism, discarding altogether the misleading word, Necessity. The theory, which I now for the first time rightly apprehended, ceased altogether to be discouraging. And besides the relief to my spirits, I no longer suffered under the burden, so heavy to one who aims at being a reformer in opinions, of thinking one doctrine true and the contrary doctrine morally beneficial. The train of thought which had extricated me from this dilemma, seemed to me, in after years, fitted to render a similar service to others ; and it now forms the chapter on Liberty and Necessity in the concluding book of my System of Logic."

Surely it is clear that the extrication was really effected, not by the change of names or the metaphysical legerdemain, but by the dispersion of moral shadows and the reviving sense of liberty. "Desires" cannot shape circumstances, though Will may.

Without real will there can be practically and to common apprehension no such thing as effort. Mr. Stephen's view on this subject, like his view on the subject of Free Will, I shrink from attempting to condense. It can be safely gathered only from his own pages ; to send readers to which may be, perhaps, the best effect of this paper. Though he does not directly traverse, I apprehend he distinctly excludes, the opinion that effort is an essential part of human

virtue, and that the highest thing of which we can conceive is excellence of character produced by overcoming evil. He would see no special value in the character which Socrates, according to his own account, had formed by victoriously battling against the naturally bad disposition betrayed by his uncomely face. That effort is in itself desirable, nobody has affirmed ; much less has anybody affirmed that it is the end. This would be an ascetic doctrine indeed. Humanity struggles and stumbles toward perfection, hoping that in perfection it may rest. But effort is the law of the world and clearly a part of the plan, if plan there be. Does not Mr. Stephen himself imply as much when he says that "the whole race is perpetually, even when unconsciously, *laboring* at the production of the most vigorous type ?" It might have been better to create at once infallible excellence, but this has not been done ; and so foreign is the idea to our experience, that when we try to depict a seraph, the result is merely insipidity with wings. "A man," says Mr. Stephen, "who felt no disposition whatever to commit any sin, would so far be absolutely perfect, and such a character is attributed by Christians to a divine man." "Christ," he adds, "was not the less perfect if He never felt the least *velleity* to do wrong ; on the contrary, such a character represents the unattainable moral ideal." It is perplexing in ethical discussion to be called upon to deal with the ecclesiastical conception of Christ, and I am not going to maintain the "sweet reasonableness" of the Athanasian Creed ; but the history of Christ's life given in the Gospels distinctly implies resistance to temptation, and however victorious the resistance, temptation implies liability to fall. If this world is merely a state of existence, it is a fearful failure, even in comparison with the works of man, who economizes material and tries to spare labor and avoid inflicting pain. If it is a theatre of action and a school of preparation for something higher, its imperfections may be capable of explanation ; and supposing the Eye of Supreme Equity to look on all, the Parable of the Talents may be true, and the effort to be good may, for some reason beyond our ken, be more valuable than goodness without

effort. In the highest of human characters there is probably as much effort as in the lowest; the lowest may be struggling to keep out of the pit, the highest is striving to realize an ideal.

To realize by effort a Moral Ideal embodied in the character of Christ has been since His coming the avowed object, and in no small degree the real endeavor of the whole progressive portion of humanity. The established belief has been that the Ideal was perfect; that in proportion as it was realized, human nature, individually and collectively, would be raised and made like that of the Author of our being; that the world would thus at last become the kingdom of God, and that the spiritual society so formed would survive the physical catastrophe of the planet. This belief, so far as it extended and was operative, has hitherto been the practical basis of Christian Ethics, and whether true or false, has furnished a definite rule and aim for the lives, personal and social, of those who held it. It includes, from its very nature, an assurance that man, whose form the Ideal took, is the crowning product of Creation, and will not be superseded on earth by another order of beings, of which no assurance apparently is offered by Evolutionary science. Granting that there is a plan in the world, as the most thoroughgoing Positivists and enemies of Teleology will be found, in spite of themselves, and perhaps with doubtful warrant, so far as their philosophy is concerned, to assume, there seems nothing inherently absurd in the supposition that this is the plan. Mr. Stephen recognizes the existence of Types, which in another point of view are Ideals; there have been many of them, such as the heroic type embodied in Achilles, which probably had great influence on character in Greece; that of the Platonic Socrates; the great-souled man of Aristotle's Ethics; the bastard Christian type of Rousseauism: and no one can doubt that, apart from any analytic appreciation of their qualities, they have moved admiration, love, and imitation, or that this is a peculiar and important force in the moral sphere. Not all perhaps who think that they have renounced faith in the Ideal have really done so. The Positivist worships Humanity.

What is Humanity? Is it an abstraction? I must say again that I would rather worship a stone idol, which at least has real existence. Is it an aggregate? Then it includes the wicked. Is it an induction? Then it will be incomplete till the scene of history is closed. I believe that it is an Ideal, and I declare that I fail to see how it differs from the Ideal of the Christian.

In Ontology I confess that, like Mr. Stephen, I find little comfort; and what I do find is unphilosophic and unproductive in discussion. My understanding also yields implicit assent to the array of arguments by which it is proved that with our limited capacities we should in vain attempt to comprehend the Incomprehensible. But there is surely nothing extravagant or manifestly beyond the range of human faculties in scanning our own nature or the circumstances of the dispensation under which we live, to discover the design of the Being who has placed us here. That there is a design, I repeat, almost every one, however rigorously scientific, asserts or implies. Mr. Stephen speaks of Nature as "wanting" a particular type of man. He is careful to add that Nature is "a personification for things considered as part of a continuous system;" yet if she "wants" she is a female Deity, and her want is the Plan. Mr. Spencer assumes, though he does not prove, that the Power manifested through Evolution is seeking to produce the highest form of life, the term "highest" plainly assuming an Ideal. They all, in short, would apparently "find it easier to believe all the fables in the Legend and the Talmud and the Alcoran, than that this universal frame is without a mind." One great Evolutionist is inclined to endow the primordial atoms with intelligence, and to insinuate that the universe is the product of a Pan-atomic Council. There is nothing, therefore, ridiculous or unsanctioned by high authorities in believing that the universal frame is not without meaning; or in trying to find out by inspection what it means. But if we look to the physical dispensation and the lot of man as a part of it, perplexity and despondency fill our minds. Design there is, certainly, in us, who are a part of Nature, and if we may reason from

analogy, in Nature at large ; at least there is far-off and complex preparation for things to come, as in the case of the prenatal provisions for life, which irresistibly raises in us a sense of design. But there is also undesign, there is abortion, there is failure, there is waste, there is wreckage on a fearful scale, not only of brute material, but of material that bleeds and groans. If there are signs of beneficence, there are terrible signs also of cruelty. If there is beauty, it is mated with hideousness and loathsomeness. "Teeth," says Paley, "were evidently made to eat, not to ache;" but they do ache, as do hearts also; and we should not listen to a watch-maker if he told us that though half his watches stopped they were evidently made not to stop but to go. If the Pessimist affirms that the life of man has in it no happiness, plainly he is wrong; if he affirms that, taken alone, it has in it but a tantalizing taste of happiness, that the higher and more intellectual it becomes the greater is our sense of imperfection, that hitherto toil, pain and misery have preponderated over pleasure, his assertion can hardly be gainsayed. No view of Nature, in short, can reconcile power with beneficence, or assure us that we are under the dominion of Good, not under the dominion of Evil. If a clew is to be found, apparently it must be in history; and on the hypothesis that man is really the crowning work, and that the ruling power of the universe is not mechanical but moral, to which, as to any other hypothesis, we are entitled, it seems as likely that the clew should be found in history as in the pigeon-house. Great physicists neglect history; they call it gossip, and plume themselves, not without justice, on their superior ignorance of the subject; it is, therefore, at all events, a field which they have as yet left unexplored.

I base nothing upon miracle, or upon supernatural evidence of any kind. It is my own belief that the proof of miracle has failed. I set aside all theological dogma respecting the Trinity, the Incarnation, the Scheme of Redemption and the Atonement. I confine my view to the facts of history. The historical importance of the coming of Christ and of the foundation of

Christianity has, it seems to me, been overlaid and obscured by the exclusive attention paid to miracle and dogma. Progress, as was said before, is contemporaneous with Christendom. Outside the pale of Christendom all is stationary; there have been notable outbursts of material wealth and splendor, transient flashes even of intellectual brilliancy, as in the Caliphates and the Mogul Empire, though the light in these cases was mainly borrowed; real and sustained progress there has been none. Japan, to whatever she may be destined to come, has kindled her new civilization with a coal taken from the Christian hearth. Before Christendom there was in the world generally nothing but material preparation carried on through a series of empires, each of which in turn yielded to the material law of decay. The exceptions were Judea, Greece and Rome. Jewish progress terminated in Christendom, to which, when the fulness of time was come, Judaism delivered its principle of life, and having done so itself became typically stationary. Christendom also received and assimilated the parts of Greece and Rome, in each of which progress, though real and brilliant, so far at least as intellect and politics were concerned, was comparatively brief, and carried in it from the first its own moral death-warrant. We are vaguely conscious of this fact, but we do not apprehend it distinctly because we are accustomed to talk in general terms of the progress of mankind, forgetting that the mass of mankind is not progressive, but, on the contrary, clings to and consecrates the past, as in theory and sentiment did even the Greek and the Roman. What makes the fact more notable is that Christ appeared, not in the line of such material, intellectual or political progress as there was, but out of that line, in a province of the Roman Empire which was materially poor, as the Gospel narrative shows us, intellectually backward, and, as a dependency, devoid of political life.

Philosophers speak of four universal religions—Christianity, Judaism, Mahometanism and Buddhism. There is only one. No religion but Christianity has attempted to preach its Gospel to the world. Mahometan or Buddhist

missionaries at London or New York ! Mahometanism and Buddhism are more than tribal perhaps, but they are far less than universal. Mahometanism is military, as its Koran most plainly avows ; in conquest it lives, with conquest it decays ; it also practically belongs to the despotic, polygamic and slave-owning East ; it has never been the religion of a western race or of a free and industrial community ; by arms it has been propagated or by local influence and contagion, not by missions. Buddhism, if it is really a religion and not merely a quietist philosophy engendered of languor and helpless suffering, is the religion of a climate and a race ; its boasted myriads are all inclosed within a ring-fence, and it may have a prospect of becoming universal when an Englishman becomes a Hindoo, while in the heart of its domain Hindoos are becoming Christians. Judaism, after surrendering its universal and spiritual element to Christendom, fell back into a tribalism, which, as a relapse, is of all tribalisms the narrowest and the worst, being not primitive and natural but self-chosen and obstinately maintained in the face of humanity. Witness the Talmud, that hideous code of antagonism to the spiritual faith of the prophets and the psalmists.* Witness also the total cessation of the proselytism so rife in that epoch of Judaism when it was verging on the universal.

Wonderful treasures of spiritual lore were supposed to be hidden in the sacred books of the East. Thanks to the University of Oxford and Professor Max Müller, they have now been opened, and after a perusal of the long series, I confess my profane reflection was that there had been no such literary revelation since Monkbarns constrained Hector McIntyre, with much hesitancy, to give him a specimen of an Ossianic

lay. Social and legal antiquities of the highest interest doubtless there are in these books ; much, too, of the poetry of primitive nature-worship ; but of anything spiritual, universal, moral, hardly a trace. "Sinful men are, he who sleeps at sunrise or at sunset, he who has deformed nails or black teeth, he whose younger brother was married first, he who married before his elder brother, the husband of a younger sister married before the elder, the husband of an elder sister whose younger sister was married first, he who extinguishes the sacred fires, and he who forgets the Veda through neglect of the daily recitation." This is about the religious level ; much grosser specimens might be cited ; and the consecration of caste is the perpetuation of iniquity. There is but one spiritual and universal religion. There is but one religion of which Renan could say, as he says in his passage on the words of Christ at the well, that if there were religion in another planet it could be none other than this.

Let us consider what changes came with Christianity, I do not say suddenly or without previous glimmerings, yet for the first time in a distinct form. Tribalism was abolished and gave place to a brotherhood of men without distinction of race or nation, and to the hope of gathering the whole of mankind into one spiritual community, the transition being marked by the substitution of baptism for the tribal mark of circumcision. Hope for the future of humanity, the indispensable condition of sustained progress, was proclaimed, whereas the ancient communities, as has often been observed, had looked back hopelessly to a lost Paradise of the past, and the Jewish hope, so far as it had a definite existence, was only for a single nation. The things of Cæsar were divided from the things of God, a principle entirely new, or but faintly foreshadowed in the philosophic organizations of Greece, on the immense importance of which Comte has with justice dwelt, since, without it, thought must forever have remained enslaved to political expediency, as it would be under Hobbes's Leviathan, who is not necessarily a despot but any civil power supreme in Church as well as in State.

* The presentation of the Talmud by Mr. Deutsch, is, by this time, probably understood to be about equal in genuineness to Mr. Shapira's Deuteronomic Roll. "With the exception of Hillel," says Delitzsch, who is the best of authorities, "all Talmudical teachers whose maxims correspond to the words of the New Testament, are of a far later date than Jesus and the records of Christianity." Hillel manifestly belonged to that element of Judaism which passed into Christendom.

Christianity, too, first asserted the spiritual equality of all men, and of the two sexes. The consequence of the first was the gradual but sure abolition of slavery, the doom of which we read in the Epistle to Philemon. The consequence of the second was the institution, in place of the marital despotism which prevailed in early, or the concubinage which prevailed in later, Rome, of that real union which, without subverting the headship indispensable to the unity of the family, blends two lives into one higher than either, and has been the mainstay of private virtue and of moral civilization from that hour to this. Again, the enunciation of the principle that morality is internal, that the true law is not "Do this," but "Be this," that the commandment ought to be directed not against killing but against hatred, not against adultery but against lust, is recognized by Mr. Stephen as a momentous discovery in morals, and as forming the point at which the moral code first becomes distinctly separated from other codes. "The greatness of Christ," he says, "as a moral teacher was manifested in nothing more than in the clearness with which he gave utterance to this doctrine." "It would be easy," he adds, "to show how profoundly the same doctrine, in various forms, has been bound up with other moral and religious reformations in many ages of the world." In many ages since Christ, no doubt—but in many ages before Him? It seems overbold in the face of the fearful violations of freedom of opinion of which many who bore the Christian name have been, and still are, guilty, to say that freedom of opinion came with Christianity; yet it did come with the separation of the spiritual from the temporal; it was the principle of the Early Christians, nor did it cease to be so, I apprehend, for half a century after the union of the Church with the Empire. It certainly was not the principle of Rome, or of Athens which put to death Socrates. Wherever Gospel Christianity has appeared, it has been the enemy of persecution. The massacre of the Albigenses was the act of Papal ambition, from which Christianity suffered in all other respects as well as in this. The hideous crimes of

the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries can hardly be said, I believe, to have been mainly perpetrated by religious bigotry, though religious bigotry played its fell part; they were mainly the crimes of political despots and an enormously rich clergy alarmed, and justly alarmed, for their power and wealth by the progress of innovation. I believe it might be shown that, in almost all cases, the persecuting Catholic monarchies were willing to ally themselves for the purposes of their political ambition with heretics and even with infidels. There can be no doubt that, after the recovery of the Gospel at the Reformation, intolerance gradually departed and tolerance returned, though nothing comes or goes with a bound. When a great Evolutionist persuades himself, as the late Professor Clifford seems to have done, that the eighteen Christian centuries, with all their progress and productions, have been worse than a blank in the life of humanity, and that history has been a retrogression since the Empire of the sword and of slavery as it was under Tiberius, surely we receive a practical warning to be on our guard against the fervor of a new faith which sees facts through a medium of its own.

Is Christianity exhausted? It can hardly be thought so by those who, with too much justice, upbraid Christians for falling short of their moral standard. What says Mr. Herbert Spencer? At the end of his chapter on the Reconciliation of Egoism with Altruism, after launching anathemas against Fifeshire Militiamen* and Jingo bishops for being still in the military stage of their evolution, he says:

"But, though men who profess Christianity and practise Paganism can feel no sympathy with such a view (as his own), there are some, classed as antagonists to the current creed, who may not think it absurd to believe that a rationalized version of its ethical principles will eventually be acted upon."

* It seems that the anathema launched against the militiamen was misdirected, the story of their bloodthirstiness, which Mr. Spencer tells, being as they protest, unfounded. I owe them an apology for having innocently transcribed the story. It was, indeed, not likely that a commanding officer would offer his regiment for active service against which ever Her Majesty chose of two powers, with both of which Her Majesty was at peace.

It is not easy to see how the ethical principles of the current creed can be so rationalized as to separate the precepts of Christ from His example ; or how, unless this is done, the creed of Calvary can be made to harmonize with a system which pronounces that the absolutely right and good in conduct can be that only which produces pure pleasure, unalloyed with pain anywhere, and that conduct with any concomitant of pain, or any painful consequence, is partially wrong, so that the highest claim which can be made for it is that it is the least wrong possible under the conditions, the relatively right. However, what Mr. Spencer has written, he has written. The fundamental principles of morality were enunciated by an unscientific peasant of Galilee, who died upon the Cross eighteen centuries ago. Is not this almost enough to make one doubt whether morality is a science ?

A scientific hypothesis is verified by comparison with facts. A moral ideal is verified by practical experience individual and social. Each inquirer must judge for himself whether the characters and lives of the best Christians, those who have most distinctly formed themselves on the Gospel model, the state of the communities in which the ethical mode of the Gospel has most prevailed, and the general advance of society under the influence of Christianity, have not been such as to render it credible that the Christian ideal is the true ideal ; that it fits the facts and meets the requirements of man's estate ; that the attempt to realize it is the right line of progress for us individually and for mankind at large. This is the main question, the question by the answer to which it must be determined whether we shall adhere to Christianity or look for some other guide of our moral life. It will be noticed that Mr. Spencer, in denouncing the shortcomings of Christians, incidentally contrasts Christianity with Paganism in a manner which implies that there is an ethical difference of a radical kind between them to the advantage of Christianity.

Is the Christian Ideal anti-scientific ? Why should it be so ? What is there in it opposed to the love of any kind of truth ? Is not its self-devotion favorable, on the contrary, to earnest and

conscientious investigation, and has not this appeared in the characters of eminent discoverers ? In Monotheism there can be nothing at variance with the conception or with the study of general law. Mr. Spencer tenders us an equivalent for the Divine Will, the Will of the Power manifested throughout Evolution, and it can make no difference to the scientific inquirer which of the two equivalents is chosen so long as observation is free. That belief in miracle has practically interfered with the formation of the scientific habit of mind, and thus retarded the progress of science, is true ; though it need not have done anything of the kind, inasmuch as miracle, instead of denying, assumes the general law, and Newton was a firm believer in miracle ; but the Moral Ideal is a thing apart from miracle. In the only prayer dictated by Christ, the physical petition implies no more than that the course of Nature to which we owe our daily bread is sustained by God, as sustained by some power it must be. Prayer for spiritual help, however irrational it may be deemed, cannot possibly interfere with physical investigation. That the character of Christ should be scientific was of course impossible ; so it is that the characters of Christians who lived before science or remote from it should be scientific ; but surely there are enough men who are scientific and at the same time believers in the Christian Ideal to repel the assumption of an inherent antagonism. Any objection grounded on the theory that morality is a science and could arrive only in due course when the other sciences had been evolved, is met by the fact virtually admitted in the words quoted from Mr. Herbert Spencer. It is met so far as the principles of morality and the ideal of character are concerned ; ethical analysis is a different affair, and could become possible only under intellectual conditions which were not fulfilled in Galilee, including a knowledge of physiology in its bearing on moral character.

Is the Christian Ideal ascetic and therefore opposed to sound good sense and morality ? Asceticism is treated more philosophically by Mr. Stephen than by those who can see in it nothing but devil-worship. Fakirism is devil-worship, and it spread from the Ganges

to the Nile, where it produced Simeon Stylites and the self-torturing monks of the Thebaid. But Asceticism, as was said before, is not devil-worship or self-torture, it is severe self-training; its aim is to give the higher part of our nature ascendancy over the lower parts; it pursues that object irrationally, and runs into extravagance; but we must judge it with reference to the days before hygiene, and before those other influences, social and intellectual, which sustain the reasonable temperance of highly civilized men. We shall then, perhaps, find that it won for us a victory which entitles it to our gratitude. We must consider too, the authority which it gave the missionary with barbarians, who were the slaves of their lusts. No one can question the services rendered to civilization by western monasticism, among other things in giving shelter to gentleness during the iron times. It may be doubted, however, whether the Ideal presented in the Gospels is really Ascetic. The career begins with a wedding feast and ends with a Paschal supper. Christ seems to mix in the social life and share the meals of the people. He is called by his enemies a glutton and a winebibber. His abstinence from food in the wilderness is not a feat of fasting, as in the life of an Ascetic it would have been, but a suspension of hunger. His homelessness and his poverty are simply those of a missionary; He could not teach except by wandering; there is nothing about Him of the Begging Friar. He is unmarried, but no merit is made of His celibacy. Yet He was in contact with the asceticism of the Essenes. The austerity of John the Baptist is not self-torture, but a preaching of repentance by signs.

"Nature," says Mr. Stephen, "wants big, strong, hearty, eupeptic, shrewd, sensible human beings, and would be grossly inconsistent if she bestowed her highest rewards of happiness upon a bilious, scrofulous, knock-kneed saint, merely because he had a strong objection to adultery, drunkenness, murder and robbery, or an utter absence of malice, or even highly cultivated sympathies." There is no reason why a saint should be scrofulous or knock-kneed; bilious, if his diet is spare, he is pretty sure not to be; and we know that he may be long-

lived and intellectually prolific. But if what Nature wanted was the set of qualities here enumerated, why did she not rest content when she had got it? In the museum at Oxford are some of the bones of a Saurian which must have been so large as absolutely to dwarf any creature now on earth. Here were bigness, strength, heartiness, eupepsia in perfection; here too were practical shrewdness and sense enough to make the best of physical existence; nay, the monster may be said to have reached the height of positive philosophy, for he was a real Agnostic, which hardly any human being is, and had never lapsed into Theism. Nature can hardly have attached paramount importance to the human form, so long as the essential qualities were produced. Why, I ask again, did she not rest content? Why did she retrograde to a weaker type, to say nothing of invalids like Alfred, Pascal and William the Third? After all, while we heartily recognize the advantages of soundness in mind and body, and the duty—the moral and religious duty—of cultivating it, is there much hope of attaining universal perfection in this line? Will not minds especially be always required to sacrifice something of their balance to the division of labor in a complex society? Will poets ever be thoroughly practical or pinmakers very large minded? But poet and pinmaker alike may aspire to the Christian Ideal, and to anything which the realization of that Ideal brings along with it.

Steeped in sadness the character of Christ is, though, as I conceive, it is not ascetic; and the life ends in an agony. Accepted that Ideal cannot be by any philosophy which makes pleasure and pain the unconditional tests of conduct. Yet this does not prove that the Christian Ideal affords no clew to the enigma of our being. When Origen and Butler tell us, by way of apology for a revealed religion, that the same difficulties which we find in Revelation are found in Nature also, the answer is that Revelation came to clear up the difficulties of nature. But an Ideal in unison with a world of suffering is not to be at once pronounced on that account false or a failure, provided it brings with it the secret of turning suffering ultimately into happiness and triumphing at last

over evil. Evil is a mystery as inscrutable as Being itself. We can only say that apart from a struggle with it and a triumph over it we have no conception of human excellence.

Is the Christian Ideal anti-economical? Strict economists like the late Mr. Greg seem to be repelled from it on this ground. No missionary can be commercial; but Xavier and Heber did not oppose commerce. It is said that in the Gospel poverty is blessed and wealth is cursed. But is poverty blessed apart from lowliness of mind? Is wealth cursed apart from selfishness and insolence, which in these times were its general concomitants; for the sense of the duties of poverty and of what the rich owe the poor had really their origin in Christianity? Is any blessing pronounced on indolence or mendicancy? What has been the practical result? The practical result has been the wealth of Christendom, a wealth both far greater and far better distributed than any wealth elsewhere. And whence has this wealth come but from honest industry, which the Gospel preaches and to which Paul was so loyal that instead of taking that to which he had a right as a missionary, he chose to live by the work of his hands? We forget to how large an extent the world outside Christendom always has been and still is predatory, counting conquest, and conquest for the purpose of sheer plunder, not only lawful but most glorious, while of Christendom honest industry is the principle, and though the lust of conquest is but imperfectly subdued, the motive is now hardly ever sheer plunder. The substitution of free labor for slavery was another grand source of increased wealth as well as of increased happiness; and this, I repeat, it is impossible not to ascribe in a large measure to Christianity. How otherwise can we account for the fact that nowhere outside Christendom has slavery been condemned? Temperance and simplicity of life, which are certainly taught by Christianity, lead to frugality and saving, which again increase wealth. To those who seek the Kingdom of God and his righteousness first, the other things are, as the Gospel says, added. The Communism of the Early Church was not, like that of the present day, a Com-

munism of public robbery. It was a voluntary Communism of fraternity and of missionary zeal: it distinctly recognized property, telling Ananias that his field, while he chose to keep it, was his own. Allowance must be made for Eastern hyperbole and for the strong language of reform; but is it not true that it is hard for a rich man, especially for one who has not earned his riches by labor, to enter into the Kingdom of Heaven? Does not wealth tempt with pleasures which make the heart gross and stifle high aims and pure affections? Has not heroic patriotism been less often found in those who had a great stake in the country than in the poor? If Christ had preached that riches were stable and that our affections might safely anchor on them, would He not have preached untruth? To provide for the morrow, it is not necessary to be vexed with care about it. To gain riches, in the way of fair and regular industry, it is not necessary to set your heart upon them. There are men who have put forth great energy, made large fortunes, won high place, yet would resign all with hardly a murmur, retaining their Christian hope. The spiritual life is an inner life which a man may live to himself, and which in that sense takes him out of the world, yet leaves him free to play his part in the world and to play it with the best effect.

Is the Christian Ideal opposed to political effort and improvement? No life could be political in a dependency of the Roman Empire, and it has been shown a hundred times that there was no political significance in Paul's submission to Nero. But, as in the case of slavery and other social questions, so in politics; the change began inwardly in the hearts of men and worked outwardly to institutions. We have seen the opposite course adopted on a large scale by the French Jacobins, and we can compare the results of the two methods. In both of the two movements to which British liberty owes its existence, that of the thirteenth century and that of the seventeenth, there was a moral and religious as well as a political element; of the second, the moral and religious element was the strongest part. What was valuable in the politics of Greece and Rome Christendom has absorbed.

together, perhaps, with some things of doubtful value. Saving Greece and Rome, there has been no political life outside Christendom, because nowhere outside Christendom has there been a real sense of community, hope for the future of humanity or the conviction that institutions were made for man, not man for institutions. "That is the best form of government which doth most actuate and dispose all members of the commonwealth to the common good," is a maxim which would hardly have a practical meaning for any but a Christian ear, or the ear of one trained up to the notions and sentiments of Christianity: it has its source in, the doctrine that we are members one of another. Constantine was not a religious convert: he was a statesman who, seeing that the best citizenship, the real political life and force, were in the sect, vainly persecuted of the Nazarene, embraced the manifest destiny of the Empire. It has been asked why the Empire was not regenerated by Christianity. For Rome, which was not a nation or the centre of a nation, but merely an imperial and predatory city subsisting on the tribute of a conquered world, no regeneration was possible or to be desired: the only thing which could be done for Rome was to turn it from a military into a religious centre, and send forth the eagles of the Christian Missions to conquer the barbarians. To Constantinople, which was the centre of a nation, or at least of a people united territorially and by language, was given a new life of eleven centuries; a life was given to it which has remained inextinguishable through four centuries of Turkish conquest, and is again kindling into Hellenic nationality. If the early Christians shunned military service, it was because they shrank from the Paganism of the camp religion, perhaps also, and not without reason, from camp life. With regard to all the relations of Christianity with Paganism, including what seem and to some extent are persecutions of the Pagans, it must be borne in mind that Paganism was not a creed, though Julian tried to spin a creed out of it, but a set of practices embracing groves of Venus, orgies, and gladiatorial shows. The Council of Arles threatened deserters with excom-

munication. Certainly there have been truly Christian soldiers, though not truly Christian lovers of war; and they have done their duty none the worse for knowing that war would be extinguished if Christianity prevailed.

Again, it seems to be felt in some quarters that there is an antagonism between Christianity and Art. If there were, it would be an objection to Christianity, the compass of which would thereby be shown to be less than the full circle of Humanity. Beauty is an essential part of the dispensation, and one on which it is cheering to dwell, inasmuch as it seems to indicate tenderness in the Author of our Being, while Humor, perhaps, which also falls within the scope of Art, but to which moral philosophy has paid little attention, indicates indulgence and condescension to human weakness. But is beauty alien to the Gospel? How comes the Gospel to have furnished subjects for so many masterpieces. Sculpture, other than monumental, may have suffered by Christian aversion to worship of the flesh and nudity; but with regard to painting and music as well as with regard to poetry, has not Christianity been rather the soul of Art than its enemy? Did the passion for Art ever show itself so strong as when, in an age poor in science and mechanical appliances, above a city almost of hovels uprose the Christian Cathedral? That the love of hospital pathos did mischief, æsthetic as well as moral, is true, but it was the offspring of monkery, not of Christianity. In the most glorious works of ancient Art, and those of which the execution is most transcendent, such as the works of Phidias, is there a depth of sentiment comparable to that which is found in the works of Christian artists? If Art is itself a religion demanding exclusive devotion, there will be a contest for the throne. If it is only an instrument of expression there can be no opposition, supposing that the ideas which it wishes to express are only clean and healthy; and if they are not, the antagonism will be with the purity and welfare of society, not with the Christian Ideal alone.

Since its appearance the Ideal has passed under many successive clouds of human opinion, from which there was

no supernatural intervention to save it. It has passed under the cloud of Legend, which among a primitive people in an uncritical age was sure to gather round the figure of a great Teacher ; of Alexandrian Theosophy ; of ecclesiasticism, and of sacerdotalism begotten by Pagan contagion ; of Popery ; of Monasticism, of Scholasticism ; of Protestant sectarianism and the dogmatism which was left in existence and perhaps in some respects intensified by an imperfect Reformation. It has passed also under clouds of political influence, such as Byzantine Imperialism, Feudalism, Spanish and Bourbon despotism, and has been obscured and distorted in transit. Yet it has always emerged again, and even in passing it has filled the cloud with light. Compare the Christian Legend with the Legend of any other religion ; compare the dogmatism of the Nicene Creed with the

dogmatism of the Zendavest, the Koran or the Talmud. Even Jesuitism had a Xavier.

The Christian Ideal has just been subjected to a test, which in its unsparing application at all events is new—the test of ridicule. Before me lies a “Comic Life of Jesus,” one of the publications of the Atheist Propaganda in France, which I bought at an anti-clerical book shop in Paris. The writer, inspired by the iconoclastic fury of his sect, has done his utmost, and has been aided throughout by the engraver. I will venture to say that any man of common taste and feeling, however hostile to Christianity he might be, would pronounce the book, as satire, a disgusting failure, a brutal and pointless outrage, not so much on Christ as on Humanity. It is the yell of a baffled fiend.—*Contemporary Review*.

THE ANCIENT, MEDIÆVAL, AND MODERN STAGE.*

THE drama in its early Greek cradle was not the amusement of leisure-seekers, but the festive business of the entire community. That spectacle “knit up the ravell’d sleeve” of antagonism, and closed for a while the open seams of faction, in the feeling of civic brotherhood. The spectacular purpose, moreover, was a religious one, and every drama had a hymnic motive. Each individual of the nation or city, thus met to dedicate their common joy, renewed the pledge of mutual incorporation, which rallied again to unity the rivalries of litigation, politics, and commerce. Packed thus in time of peace

into a single building at their great Dionysiac gatherings, the representative manhood of the State would abandon to the women and children, to the aliens and slaves, to the sick and impotent, the entire residue of the city’s area. Thus the stage became the crater at which a flood of sentiment, at once national and devotional, at once patriotic and artistic, found its vent. The muse of tragedy gazed from her mask on all orders of her native realm, gathered in solemn pageant as for a festive liturgy, an ovation of æstheticism heightened by an enthusiasm of religion which knew no sects to divide, no puritanism to estrange. The muse of comedy peeped forth upon a laughing throng, redolent of the wine-vat, eager for an orgy. The theatre became a temple for the time, whose votaries were the constituents at once of pnyx, dicasteries, agora, and senate ; and as the volcano is the mountain, that seething vortex of exalted humanity was the State itself. There was the highest honor for the actor, the supreme triumph, the all but apotheosis, of the poet. Even criticism felt the nobility of its mission to applaud the worthiest, not to expose

* 1. “A New History of the English Stage.” By Percy Fitzgerald, M.A., F.S.A. Two volumes. London : 1882. 2. “Histoire Universelle du Théâtre.” Par Alphonse Royer. Quatre tomes. Paris : 1869. 3. “Our Old Actors.” By Henry Barton Baker. Two volumes. London : 1878. 4. “Mémoires de Samson de la Comédie Française.” Paris : 1882. 5. “Reports Published by the Council of the Church and Stage Guild, London, 1880, 1881, and Papers read before the Guild by Rev. Stewart D. Headlam, Mrs. Stewart Headlam, Miss Ella Dietz, and others.” 6. “Hroswithæ Gandeshemensis Comœdiæ Sex.” Edidit I. Bendixen. Lubecæ : 1862.

the feeblest ; and the critic was present to gather honey and not to sting. So far from degrading attributes clothing the stage, the choregus and protagonist found in it a patent of nobility, and its humblest accessory became the acolyte of a cultured mystery, the trainbearer of "gorgeous Tragedy in a sceptred pall," and basked in the halo of her splendor. To such a pile of human sympathies as the world had never seen before, including patriotic fervor, religious rapture, exuberant jocosity, and frolic ecstasy, the altar of Dionysus supplied the torch ; and the whole of living Athens became a conflagration of enthusiasm with which no modern audience of playgoers, each anxious for his half-guinea's worth or half-crown's worth, can ever hope to compete.

The only state of public feeling comparable to it in later times was that of the vast concourses met in the fervor of faith to celebrate some mediæval Passion-mystery, whence crowds who came in singing would return in tears.* For the development of the modern European drama has its point of departure everywhere in the Church. In France, where the genius of the people most favored the continuity and fulness of Latin influence, the play was at first a mere appendix to the sacred offices and hardly distinguishable from them. The name, "mystery" was given to each alike ; the Church itself was the theatre, the altar serving in the oldest mystery, that of the Passion, for the Saviour's tomb. A church choir or a company of friars were the first performers. First, in the process of development, the dramatic part was detached from the church office proper and played between mass and vespers. Then we hear of a scaffold erected in the chancel. In due course the scene migrates outside the church door, but is still in the sacred precinct. Lastly, municipal rivals arise to the religious fraternities which had had the monopoly before, and scaffoldings were erected in the towns. The French Trouvères of the thirteenth century not only dropped Latin and adopted the vulgar tongue, but, while retain-

ing something of a religious tinge, drew plots from existing social relations. Thus we have in *Robert et Marion* a shepherdess damsel carried off by a *seigneur* whom she resists "tooth and nail ;" her swain meanwhile keeping at a judicious distance from his long sword, but, when she has effected her escape, bragging of the feats he had intended. They found another source for their plots in the earlier *fabliaux*, which lent themselves easily to dramatic treatment. Here we find, then, on the one hand the germ of the comic opera, on the other that of the modern adaptation of the play from the novel. Germany runs a parallel course, but takes each stage somewhat later. It boasts, however, of the dramatic *Dialogues* of the nun Hroswitha, supposed to have been written by her at the age of twenty years in the Saxon convent of Grandersheim, about 950 A.D. There are six of these preserved, all teaching the lesson on which the elder brother dilates in Milton's *Comus*—

" 'Tis chastity, my brother, chastity."

The characters are wholly taken from the legends of saints, but the situations and speeches are worked up from the imagination of the writer. All are in Latin, marvellously pure for the period, without a trace of the base monastic idioms current among the "religious" in the time of Otho the Great. Each piece is a single act, comprising sometimes as many as fourteen scenes. They have been sometimes spoken of as echoes of Terence, and it is possible that the currency of his works may have suggested their form ; but their Latinity, although superior, is not Terentian.* M. Royer throws doubts on their antiquity, merely on the general ground that the turmoil and wild confusion of the age seem ill suited to literary repose and leisure. But there must have been intervals in the fits of havoc, or religious societies could hardly have existed at all ; and in those intervals it was more easy to throw off the lighter work of the imagination than to carry

* "Les foules y vont en chantant et en reviennent en pleurant."—Royer, i. 214, citing a "Breton proverb" as authority.

* They are largely charged with the vulgate and patristic Latin ; e.g. *mansiuncula*, *acceptabilis*, *insensatus*, *lucifluus*, *carnalis*, *secpitas*, *inremediabiliter*.

on a prolonged strain of ponderous thought on serious subjects. The Germans, however, although they remained constant to the cycle of sacred subjects for a longer time, yet made early advances toward the partial disuse of Latin. A mixed language known as the *lingua farcita*, *langue farcie* (perhaps the origin of "farce"), appears early in the eleventh century, and was an allowed medium of the representation of scriptural stories.

But down to the close of the twelfth there appears to be no certain trace of any dramatic piece wholly in the vernacular except in France. Even there, however, Latin,* or a similar transitional admixture of Latin and Provençal, is common throughout both these centuries, during which the dramas continue to be on sacred themes, occasionally including original combinations. Thus the parable of *The Wise and Foolish Virgins* is introduced into a drama on the Resurrection. These Virgins visit the sepulchre and have the news of the Resurrection announced to them; on which the foolish, but the foolish only, go to sleep and spill their oil. In due course, their alarm and rejection follow, much as in the parable. The manuscript of this play includes most naïve and concise stage directions, or rather instructions for the *mise-en-scène*, in the days when actors managed all that for themselves; e.g. "Let hell be on one side and the houses on the other, and then heaven . . . Galilee to be in the midst, an Emmaus also required; then, when every one is seated and silence prevails, let Joseph of Arimathea approach Pilate and say:"—and thereupon follows the opening dialogue. In a Munich manuscript of the thirteenth century the mystery of the Nativity shows a delightful unconsciousness of all chronological trammels. Balaam on his ass, Isaiah and Daniel uplift their prophetic voices to unison. To them enter the chief of the Jewish synagogue, who, hearing the Virgin-birth predicted, denounce it straightway as a monstrosity dire enough to turn

the stars in their courses and topsyturvy the whole realm of nature, and "rails in good set terms" on the prophet Isaiah for hazarding such an oracle. The latter leaves the argument for the defence to his distinguished contemporary, St. Augustin, who in orthodox fashion proceeds to demolish the unbeliever. In the twelfth century, while the vernacular was encroaching on the French stage, Latin and Liturgy ruled the entire Teutonic development of the dramatic germ.

Then we come upon the *lingua farcita* in which Latin and Old German appear by turns. Further in the thirteenth, although all "mysteries" still follow simply the text of Scripture or holy legend, and the Passion-mystery is still the sun of the dramatic system, yet the vernacular has nearly overpowered the Latin, all the principal parts of the piece being in Old German; and, as we progress further, in stage directions only is Latin retained, and the whole delivery is in the people's tongue. The word "Exit," still retained in English dramatic literature, is probably the last vestige of these classical traditions. In the first editions of the Elizabethan dramatists, many of the stage directions are in Latin. M. Royer doubts, and, we think, with good reason, whether the *Mystery of St. Catherine*, performed in this country in the twelfth century, was done in English, and points out that Geoffroy,* its reputed author, was a Frenchman and a member of the University of Paris. He further insists that the *Spectacles of London*, mentioned by William Fitzstephen in the second half of the same century, do not prove the existence of English dramas; and maintains that two centuries must yet elapse before we touch bottom in English at the miracle plays by Chester of Coventry, and that, with the exception of France, and partially of Germany, from the fall of the Roman Empire to the end of the thirteenth century Latin continued to be the exclusive dramatic vehicle. Thus the drama had scanty interest for the common people, and remained either a didactic form of worship, or, as in the case of

* M. Royer affirms that Latin plays, on subjects sacred or profane, continued to be performed in all continental countries down to the end of the eighteenth century.

* He was master of the school at Dunstable Abbey, and afterward abbot of the same. The performance was probably in Latin.

Hroswitha and the extant plays of Terence, an amusement of the learned leisure of the cloister.

As regards Germany, M. Royer skips, with one or two general phrases at most, the entire fourteenth century and lands us in the fifteenth at the *Meistersänger*, with their organized societies of authors and actors. He dwells through sixty pages exclusively on France, with a glance merely at the Netherlands, which in the very late thirteenth and early fourteenth centuries begin first to furnish materials for his review. The prevailing form of the French stage at this period is that of the *Miracles de Notre Dame*, to which the Netherlandish pieces run parallel. Forty pieces seem to be extant under that name, but these are probably a mere fraction of a produce which a single province yielded. M. Royer regards these *Miracles* as the repertory of a monastery. But there are broad popular features about some which he cites, especially about the "drame bourgeois" of the *Dame Gibour*, which seem to show an appeal to wider than conventual sympathies. M. Royer ascribes to them a dramatic invention and an aim at truth to nature not found in the works of the previous or following age, which would be strange if they were so purely monastic as he would have them. The plots always turn on celestial aid, mostly that of the Virgin, but sometimes that of an angel, as in *Robert le Diable*; of the plot of which, not as cooked into an opera, but as drawn doubtless from the *fabliaux*, we will give a specimen outline. Robert is a young noble, fierce, unscrupulous, and steeped in every crime of a violent age. His father seeks by herald-messengers to reprove and reclaim him, but in vain; he ill-treats the messengers and scorns the message, and is accordingly by paternal decree banished. He has a last interview with his mother, not of filial tenderness, but threatening her sword in hand. She avows that, being by divine ordinance barren, she had invoked Satanic aid to remove the ban, and that his birth followed. On this Robert's horror of conscience is aroused at last. He goes to Rome, confesses, and has penance imposed—to herd with beggars and feed with dogs, and counterfeit the state of one mad and dumb.

Meanwhile the Empire rings with the alarm of a Saracen invasion. The angel Gabriel shows him marvellous white armor and bids him arm. He does so and saves the Empire. The emperor's daughter is promised to the hero of the day, when forward comes a seneschal to claim her with counterfeit armor and a precisely similar wound to that received by Robert. The princess herself "qui a tout vu," exposes the fraud; on which the Pope remits Robert's penance, but he persists in self-mortification. A hermit at last appears as the *deus ex machina* to declare the decree of heaven, cut short his penance, and crown his career with the nuptial blessing. In the older romance he turns hermit, and dies "in the odor of sanctity," and the crowning splendors of the drama are not nuptial but funereal. The whole is in octosyllabic rhyme, and shows how firm a grasp of incident and character the nascent drama of the fourteenth century had acquired in France.

The fifteenth century brings us to the *Mystères Cycliques*, the aim of which was to give full development and completeness to the several parts of the sacred story which had formed the themes of disconnected or merely outlined pieces before. They affect the completion of each cycle of events in one whole, and, to grasp their object effectually, ran sometimes to the length of 40,000 lines, spread over an eight days' sustained performance, displayed on a stage a hundred feet long, sustained by vast scaffoldings abutting on house fronts, and drew a vast concourse of spectators, exhausting the known resources of scenic art, device, and decoration at the period, and kindling an enthusiasm comparable to that of Athens in the palmy days of the Attic stage. Such was the *furor* thus excited that great risks sometimes beset the actors. The Christus of a Passion-mystery is mentioned as narrowly escaping actual death on the cross, and the Judas of the same as almost hung in earnest. The Passion-mystery was, as usual, the centre of all interest; every fibre of the sacred text was made to spin a new coil. It would be utterly impossible therefore to attempt to give an idea of the full-length effect. But a few of the touches of dramatic coloring imparted may be

gathered from the following snatches of M. Royer's text. St. John the Baptist is preaching—"on voyait le saint entouré de sauvages, de serpents et d'animaux hideux. Il disait aux spectateurs que ces bêtes représentaient l'image de leurs péchés;" and St. Mary Magdalene, converted from a life of vanity, "ira lui baiser les pieds et répandre sur lui les précieux parfums qu'elle réservait pour ses toilettes." The Judas expands into a character of much complexity, sudden reverses, and subtle intrigue. One drama assigns him an early life of exposure and adventure, modelled on the classic lines of Œdipus. After this he takes service with Pilate, who esteems him highly as a *bon compagnon*, and the link between this later stage and the earlier one is his shipwreck "on the island of Iscariot."

Side by side with these colossal pieces we find traces of Terence's comedies being still in request, and a single historical piece founded on the achievements, then recent, of Jeanne d'Arc is mentioned and analyzed by M. Royer. It is spoken of as "lately found in the archives of the Vatican," and as having been annually played at Orleans in memory of its rescue by the Maid. It only carries the heroine through her career of victories, loyally sinking her capture, trial, and execution. The most racy and effective parts in the popular eye of the period were perhaps those of the stage demons, to whom the utmost license, both of costume and antics, appears to have been conceded, and whose presence was felt not only on the stage, but in various practical jokes on one another or the audience. In an older Mystery a stage direction bids them "clatter their cauldrons and stewpans." One may suppose how the hair of the audience would stand on end at the sound, and may conjecture what a very different set of nerves it would tickle *now*. Stage demons with horns and scaly tails used to appear within living memory in the last scene of *Don Giovanni* as ministers of retribution, but have lately been dropped in order to keep the ridiculous at a respectful distance. As relief to the public mind from the overstrain of these terrors, comedy and farce found their fitting place, and flourished

as reagents to the terror and pity of the Passion-play.

Italy in the thirteenth century shows no vernacular drama, but hovers between Latin Church offices on the one hand and pantomime on the other. In the fourteenth we find, but still in Latin, a quasi-historical drama, in the larva stage of monologue recitation, founded on a subject from the national annals—that of Ezzelino, tyrant duke of Padua. The story slightly recalls that of Robert le Diable, but crowns the hero's tyrannies and fluctuations of fortune with a fine moral effect in the massacre of himself and family. Similarly Petrarch is credited with a Latin comedy, which is not extant. In the fifteenth century appeared the vernacular *rappresentazioni*, taken, however, from the legends of the saints or from Scripture story. The earliest by Féo Belcari, a Florentine, is said to contain a medley of tournaments, combats, songs, and dances, emulating such entertainments as amused our own childhood at Astley's Royal Amphitheatre. But in these *rappresentazioni* an angel always prologises, and often reappears to dismiss the audience with some maxim of Holy Writ—the moral at the end of the fable.

At the close of this century the classic vein of Italy opens, preferring, however, for its tragic model the stilted verbosity of Seneca. With the revival of classic themes on Italian soil the meretricious taint of rhetoric, which flavors Latin poetry from the silver age downward, revived also—*quippe solo natura subest*. The sentiments, moreover, are narrow, the composition flat, the turn of expressions less happy than in the French "Cycliques;" and indeed the demand was rather for display than for good taste; and the enthusiasm was of that somnolent kind which is seen when a public like that of Florence under the Medici, merely takes on trust what its august patrons give it. Even in the sixteenth century we find recitations modelled on those of the Virgilian shepherds, the pastoral dialogue easily expanding into a kindred drama, cumbering the stage of the Italian Renaissance, e.g. in the *Orfeo* of Poliziano, the *Aminta* of Tasso, and the *Pastor Fido* of Guarini. Public taste in histrionic performances was not

really aroused even in its Tuscan cradle. Italian tragedy of this period is shambled with horrors which would pollute, if they did not revolt the mind. In comedy Italy inherited the happier inspirations of Plautus and Terence, and there were some few of her sons who could construe the remains of Menander, then probably extant in considerable bulk among the newly imported Greek MSS. But no appreciable effects of Greek comedy on the Italian stage can be traced. Still, under the powerful genius of Ariosto, of Machiavelli, and of Tasso, all of them comic writers, although more popularly known for other works, Italian comedy rose to a height which it has never since attained.

The seventeenth century was content with translations from the great Spanish masters, then in the zenith of European fame, and with outline sketches of extemporaneous comedy, left for the native quickness of the actor's apprehension to fill up. Flaminio Scala in 1611 published a collection of such, just as divines have published skeleton sermons. A sacred drama, the *Adamo*, of Andreini, 1613-1641, has been thought, but doubtfully, to have given Milton his first dramatic idea of "Paradise Lost." In France even in the fifteenth century, we find municipal interest enlisted in the performances, with an animated public paying for their places, eager to fill them, and bent on exercising the full privilege of popular censure so acquired.

In Spain we have an undoubted trace of an early satirical drama in a royal ordinance of 1260 for its suppression; permitting, at the same time, the representation of sacred subjects, but only in towns, not in villages. Hence we may infer a popular diffusion of rustic *facetiæ* on the Spanish stage, which the gradual extinction of ancient liberties and the growth of Church influence overpowered. Very probably there were personal satires on the clergy with the usual license of grimace and scurrility. A glimpse of true comedy, but ill-sustained, peeps out about 1480-1510 in the *Celestina* of Rojas and Cota and the *Calandra* of Bibbiena; then we fall back again into mawkish dialogue or eclogue, and the orthodox *auto* which the Inquisition sanctioned. The *Celestina*, known also as *Calisto* and *Melibæa*,

ends tragically, but has been pronounced by Mr. Hallam* "the earliest modern comedy known to be extant." M. Royer describes it as a "trop fidèle peinture de mœurs détestables." The lines of pleasant comic sketches hover before us, ill-defined and incomplete, in the scenes of *Lopez de Rueda*, for some of which Cervantes wrote prologues as also plays on his own account, until we reach, at the end of the sixteenth century, the monarch of Spanish comedy, Lopez de Vega, the number of whose known plays is set at over six hundred, although the texts of rather more than two thirds alone are extant. To these about a score of *autos sacramentales*, or directly sacred pieces, should be added. Among his extant comedies is one on the plot of Shakespeare's *Romeo and Juliet*, but with the tragic element struck out of it. The lovers' marriage, at first concealed, is acknowledged by Capulet, and all ends happily. There is evidence that Lopez had no knowledge of his great contemporary's achievement on the same theme.

In Poland plays on historical subjects are said to be older than those on religious—a curious exception if true. Thus we hear of a scenic representation before Prince Premislas in 1290, in which the ghost of his own wife, whom he had recently murdered, was made to appear; but no extant manuscript is adducible in proof of this. The earliest repertory, dating from 1521, that of some Cracovian Dominicans, contains the usual *Mysteries*, side by side with lighter dramatic diversions of the comic popular kind; while some pieces contain a satirical vein, dealing with the vices of the aristocracy, embedded in grave religious matter. The nobility, however, had their Latin theatre, with such pieces as *Ulyssis Prudentia*, *Judicium Paridis*, etc. A century later we find the story of Jephthah dramatized, but with a treatment borrowed from a similar classic theme, the sacrifice of Iphigenia at Aulis. As the Reformation reached Poland, its dramatic sentiment took up the defence of the old faith and ritual, and about the same time was even more eminently conservative in satirizing the then novel planetary system of Copernicus.

* "Literature of Europe," i. 361, ed. 1840.

As we trace Spanish drama into the seventeenth century, Calderon widens the road opened by Lopez, including tragic, historic, comic, and tragi-comic pieces. His hero is mostly the conventional *hidalgo*, gallant, jealous, resentful, revengeful, but his plots are more concisely packed, and have neater turns, his combinations and contrasts are more skilfully articulated and more nicely shaded.

The genius of stage intrigue reaches its acme in him. Of his 520 known dramas only 180 are extant, of which perhaps a third have been translated into various languages of the neighboring nations. Both he and Lopez were by turns soldier, poet, and ecclesiastic; and the triple thread of chivalry, gallantry, and religion, which runs through their scenes and tinges their sentiments, faithfully reflects the influence of their chequered careers. The father of modern comedy, however, is Alarcon. He avoids the tedious descriptions which overload his predecessors' scenes, and shows a scenic instinct for what will strike the eye and ear at once in force of situation and truth of character. From him Corneille borrowed directly and entirely the characters, the intrigue, and details of his *Menteur*. Similarly he drew the famous *Cid* on the lines of a Spanish piece by De Castro, transferring without stint situations, scenes, and passages of dialogue. Spain and France bear the dramatic palm from all continental nations in this seventeenth century. In the latter country the names of Corneille, Racine, and Molière leave a long track of lustre behind them, too broadly marked to need illustration here. The *Cid* is said to have had a distinct political value in the eyes of Richelieu, serving as a "tub to the whale" of popular clamor, and diverting public criticism from his Spanish policy. Now for the first time we gain the starting-point of a continuous line of great actors. Indeed the value of the actor as an artist may be said to date from this period. M. Royer notes that Tirso de Molina, who died in 1648, the year of Murillo's marriage—a date thus connecting sister arts in Spain—has in his *El Burlador de Sevilla*, *Le Séducteur de Séville* given the prototype of *Don Juan*, copied by Molière, and

since become a property of all nations through the universal language supplied by the genius of Mozart. This may remind us that the stand-still of Italian dramatic genius in the same seventeenth century is chiefly due to the fact of the Italians being then concentrated in the development of opera; which first appeared in Florence in 1596, and in the following century took complete possession of the Roman and Venetian stage; was imported into France by Mazarin in 1646, and peeps out in England for the first time under the austere rule of puritanism about a decade later. The ballet begins first, but with the aid of partial dialogue or song, in the days of Henri III. of France. He and Henri IV. encouraged it, but only at their court theatres and private entertainments. The grave Sully himself, when Grand Master of the Arsenal, built a big theatre for it, and was solicited by a court lady to take a part. Bassompierre, Marshal of France, is credited, in conjunction with several nobles of the highest rank, with extemporizing a ballet to quiz their sovereign lord, Louis XIII. Ballet, however, did not run itself quite free of dialogue and song, and become a mutely mimetic drama, until the eighteenth century.

The Slavonic drama has its earliest national title deeds in a Tcheck ms. ascribed to the latter part of the thirteenth century, with the stage directions, as in the kindred German play, still in Latin. On comparing, however, the Tcheck with the German, M. Royer assigns the priority to the Tcheck on the score of greater simplicity of structure. He notes that the Churches of Dalmatia, Croatia, Bohemia, and Poland paid religious allegiance to Rome and the West, Russia and Bulgaria to Greece and the East, and that their dramatic impress followed that allegiance. The piece which this ms. contains is entitled *Mastickar*, and means properly a seller of drugs, from the well-known "mastic," but is nearly equivalent in use to the French "Charlatan." This piece was probably a part only of a Passion-mystery, which formed a larger whole. In it the *Three Marys* come to buy their "spices and ointments." Ruben, the Mastickar's apprentice, assumes that they want the perfumes as cosmetics;

for the sublime and the ridiculous had not even a step between them, but went arm in arm, in those simple days.

Thus, then, we have followed the development of the national drama among all the leading states of Europe down to the seventeenth century. It may be worth while to trace the same in our own country with a little more fulness. We will pass by, as a mere parallel variety of which sufficient examples have already been given, the nursery drama which flourished in the Middle Ages under the protectorate of the Church, of which some early specimens have been recorded above, and start from the time when stage-players in England were mere dependants of royalty and nobility. We find flourishing at this period, that of the early Tudors, a social form of the drama, termed a "disguising," in which no strict line separated actors from spectators, which seems to have been highly popular in great houses, and at the Court itself under Henry VII. and Henry VIII.,* as well as a more distinctly histrionic form, that known as the "interlude," performed in the pauses of stately banquets to amuse the guests, and in which, therefore, the line of distinction was inherent in the circumstances. Organized dramatic entertainments were less frequent, and might follow any of the customary forms which the Church had bequeathed, or which the revival of classic taste was introducing. Thus Henry VIII., we find, took over a company of players from his father's house-

hold, and in 1514, set up another, distinguishing the former as "the king's old players." The "Gentlemen of the Chapel" and "Children of the Chapel" were also on occasion converted into "comedians," a service which the traditions of the Church redeemed from the imputation of novelty. One of these latter was John Heywood, a boy at the time, who became afterward of some note as a poet and dramatist.

"Interludes," from the frequent introduction of them, became the most current form of dramatic entertainment, and that term the one best known in popular use as generally descriptive of it.* Thus Henry VIII., besides making the Mastership of Revels,† in 1546 or earlier, a permanent office, whereas before it had been occasional only, had also a standing corps of "players of interludes;" and in Heywood's *Interludes*, which begin about 1530, we have the first strongly marked departure from the miracle plays and morals, or moralities, of the early Church style. Mr. Collier remarks in his "Annals of the Stage," that these interludes "have frequently both clever humor and strong character to recommend them." The entertainment known as a "masque" appears in 1513, as a novelty newly imported from Italy, in which the king himself "with eleven other appeared disguised after the manner" of that country. How it differed from a "disguising" is not clear. But probably it had something more distinctively dramatic in the way of plot and incident, derived from the classic traditions of which Italy was the home. We know that it had such later, from the lovely exemplar of *Comus*; and it appears to have continued popular at

* A "Booke of all manner of orders concerning an Earle's House," cited by Collier, vol. i. pp. 24-5, bears a date in Henry VII.'s reign, but, as the handwriting is described as late Henry VIII.'s, it is probably recopied. It contains elaborate rules for a pageant dance performed by "disguisers," who are to come in, "make their obeysaunce, and daunce such daunces as they be appointed," and "when they have doon, the Morris to come in incontinent as is appointed." It provides for the share of women in the pageant, in which case they are "to come in first," as by a courteous recognition of the dues of chivalry. This suggests something quite different from the presence of the professional actress, a class which, indeed, in England did not exist until much later. The book recognizes, further, a "maister of the disguisings," as well as a "maister of the revills," each being a distinct officer with discretionary powers.

* Thus "interludes" is the generic term for all theatrical representations in the Declaration of Lawful Sports on Sundays in 1618, and occurs similarly in early enactments touching the stage.

† Termed in the patent "Magister iocorum, revillorum et mascarum." The "mask," as mentioned above in the text, had then newly been introduced at Court. The "masques" in *Merchant of Venice*, act ii. sc. 5, are a public entertainment in the open streets. In *Romeo and Juliet*, act i. sc. 4, the allusions to "prologue" and "prompter" show that the masking which follows had dramatic affinities, although dropped, to further the plot of the masquers.

the Court of the early Stuart princes. Nor did Charles I. and his queen, whose foreign tastes it eminently suited, disdain to mingle among the masked performers in the semi-private theatricals of their household. We may add that in 1520 we have the first mention of a Latin play, "a goodly comedy of Plautus," presumably intended for the recreation of French hostages of high distinction, then in the king's hands for the surrender of Tournay, Latin being then and later the accepted medium of foreign communication. Latin plays, however, formed a staple amusement of scholastic and learned bodies. It seems likely that St. Paul's School, as well as Westminster, in which alone it still survives, gave such performances; although the "Children of Powle's" and those "of Westminster" is an ambiguous term, applying equally to the chorister scholars of either cathedral in the year 1528. Nor, indeed, are the Westminster scholars clearly distinctive from these latter until the Queen's re-foundation under charter in 1560. It is recorded, however, that "the Boys of the Grammar Skolle of Westminster played before the Queen" at "Twelfth-tyde" in 1564. Richard Mulcaster, the first master of Merchant Taylors' School, certainly wrote a play, probably in Latin, which the "boys under him" performed at some time later than 1560-1, the date of this school's foundation. The period, 1550-65 gives us the first clear example of English comedy in *Ralph Royster Doyster*, *Misogonus*, and *Gammer Gurton's Needle*. In 1592 we find a rather amusing passage between the Privy Council and the university authorities at Cambridge, who, seeking to purge their seat of learning of "interludes and plays, some of them being full of lewd examples and most of vanity," had inhibited a performance at the neighboring village of Chesterton, and proceeded the next year to request of Lord Burghley fuller powers against actors, "that badd kinde of people who are (as we thinke) the most ordinary carriers and dispensers of the infection of the plague." While the university was thus upholding *bonos mores* on sanitary principles, and banning "that badd kinde of people," the players, as the irony of

fate would have it, there came by special messenger a royal command, directing an English comedy to be got up at Cambridge for her Majesty's entertainment, inasmuch as her own actors could not, owing to the prevalence of the plague, perform before her at the coming Christmas. The Vice-Chancellor wrote to request that the play might be in Latin, "the English vaine nothing beseming our students." In 1594-5 the university provided a performance of "certaine comedies and one tragedie," when we find the then Vice-Chancellor; who was himself the author of the Latin tragedy of King Richard III.—perhaps the "one tragedie" so favored—writing to request the loan of the royal wardrobe from the Tower, "upon sufficient security, there being in that tragedie sundry personages of greatest estate to be represented in ancient princely attire."

In the reign of Elizabeth, stage-players are feeling their way to become a distinct profession. The Common Council of London, in reply to the patronage and introduction which the royal patent of 1574 insured to Burbadge's (*sic*) company "as well within our cyty of London and liberties of the same as within other cyties," urge first that constant topic which was the most presentable argument against the stage, viz., the danger of plague-contàgion thence arising. They then proceeded to note that heretofore players *had not made their living by their art*, but "used other honest and lawfull artes," and then learned some "interludes" for extra gain "in vacant time of recreation." This shows that a new profession was setting itself up, and that the fact was viewed with suspicious jealousy by civic authority. The whole calling of an actor had hitherto been a mere "interlude" in the graver affairs of life. It was now to be a substantive calling, *and the art must maintain the artist.**

* In their address to the Privy Council, 1575. "Her Ma'tie's poor players" urge that "the tyme of our service draweth very neere," that they must practice in order to be ready when required by the queen, *i. e.* at Christmas and Twelfth Night especially (the dedication of which festival to the drama is preserved in the title of Shakespeare's comedy of that name), and that meanwhile they must live; and, "the

The deeper cause of antipathy was the growth of puritanic feeling which had made its way largely among municipal bodies, and to which the statute of 1574 was no doubt traceable. At Leicester, in 1572, Lord Worcester's players defied the mayor, and performed in spite of him, but had to submit and apologize. At Banbury,* where Puritanism was rampant in 1633, the mayor and justices lodged a company of players as "wandering roages" (*sic*) in the common jail, although bearing a royal patent and the commission of the "Master of the Revels."† This was when the tide of puritanic feeling had well-nigh reached its height, but it serves to illustrate the tendency all along. Middle-class respectability being thus largely adverse to them, the players were forced back on the protection of the Crown and the nobles on the one hand, and on the favor of the lower classes on the other. There was, indeed, much to be said on the side of civic authority. The players were most in request for seasons of festivity when license most prevailed. The feeble powers of police at the period found it easier to prohibit the incentives to disorder than to keep them within due limits. The defective sanitary arrangements and ignorance of the means to prevent or combat contagion caused an alarm, as times went, from

which London and the older popular centres were hardly ever entirely free. Thus the Privy Council propose as their limit the number of fifty deaths per week by plague as that within which plays should be permitted (1574-5) in London; and James I., in a patent to the Blackfriars House, forbade performances when such deaths were over forty per week. Between plague and Lord Chamberlain, Justice Shallow and constable Dogberry, the players must have had a bad time of it. Besides this argument, which, as unanswerable, leads their file of objections, the Common Council, in their order for the city of London, 1575, allege the "corruption of youth with incontinence," the "wasting time and thrift," the "provoking the wrath of God, the ground of all plagues," the "withdrawing the people from the resort to public prayer," and adds that plays were "daily cried out against by all preachers." And still more outspokenly, in their previous correspondence with the Privy Council, they urge "how uncomely it is for youth to runne streight from prayer to playes, from God's service to the devell's," and that "to play in playe (*sic*) time is to increase the playe by infection; to play out of playe time is to draw the playe by offendinge of God upon occasion of such playes." In this dilemma, the objects of suspicion to the "unco guid" of the time, on the score alike of physical and moral contagion, the players were like the flying fish between wind and water. If they attempted even a tour of the provinces when an alarm of plague was reigning, the plague-terror followed them to the country, and made the rustics shy of them. In the earlier Elizabethan period the players retained by divers noble houses exhibited in nearly all the large towns, and generally with the assistance of their corporations. But, as Puritanism leavened the municipal mind, the amusements authorized on occasions of burgher festivity ceased to include theatricals of any sort. Thus, outside the privileged circle of royalty and nobility, the drama was banned from civic limits.* The more, however, they

season of the year being past to play at any of the houses without the city of London," they request letters to the Lord Mayor of London and justices of Middlesex, to enable them to play within their jurisdictions. This shows that the statute 14 Eliz. was practically adverse to the players, and that the patent of 1574 was an attempt to restore to a select body of them the protection so infringed. They still found that statute too strong for them, and request royal or privy council letters accordingly.

* "More devout than a weaver of Banbury" is a proverbial phrase in Davenant about this same time. So Ben Jonson makes Zeal-o'-the-land Busy (a Puritan character in his *Bartholomew Fair*) a Banbury man (Collier, vol. i. p. 473 and notes).

† The Banbury authorities professed to suspect some tampering with one or both of these documents. The Privy Council professed to adopt the suspicion, remanded the players, after some days in jail, to London, examined and released them under bond "to be forthcoming whensoever they should be called for"—clearly a course of policy, in order not to clash with local authority backed by popular feeling. (Collier, vol. i. p. 475)

* The order of Common Council, 1575, not only forbade within the city and liberties stage

were prohibited in the city and liberties, the more they flourished in the outskirts. Thus, in the last thirty years of the century, eleven houses were built,* all just beyond the landmarks of the Lord Mayor's jurisdiction; and all were in use, either permanently or occasionally, at the beginning of the next century. The drama grew in the favor of the populace, perhaps by the very fact that it incurred the frown of municipal authority. These houses, however, were not erected without a frequent struggle on the part of the resident neighbors, who regarded them, and with some reason, as a nuisance. Popular as was the resort to the play, the neighborhood of the playhouse was avoided. The rise of the Blackfriars House in 1576, and its rebuilding in 1596, were alike the subject of hostile petitions from its neighbors, but without effect. Being the site of a dissolved monastery, the region at this time was probably a purlieu of royal jurisdiction, and thus afforded a sanctuary to the distressed players, near enough for the citizens' winter resort, when they were unwilling to face the risk of returning in the dusk from the "Bankside." From the badged and liveried servants of the Crown or the nobility issued, in the first instance, probably all the companies which played at these houses. They gradually grew to depend on the public

more, and on noble patrons less. They built themselves houses where they could, like swallows at the eaves, just on the outside edge of the municipal pale; but the houses always belonged to the companies, not, as later, the companies to the houses; and the impress of union which each company received when they were one nobleman's servants, they retained long after they had achieved independence of that tie. This exceptional *status* made them the subject of unusual legislation and jurisdiction. Enjoying a large measure of favor from the Crown, at a time when the Crown was disproportionately powerful, they were allowed a large measure of license by popular feeling, and were proportionately obnoxious to all local authorities. Thus the actors were a sort of *fera natura*, and the regulations under which they were placed were something like the game laws—an abnormal legislation arising from an eccentric position.

Outside such regular companies were an unrecognized and promiscuous set of artistic Bohemians, reaching down to the acrobatic, funabulist, and pantomimic amusers of the public, including jugglers, tumblers, and clowns. These wandered about to wakes and fairs, shunning honest labor, neglecting at a pinch the scrupulous niceties of *meum* and *tuum*, and catering for the mirthful moments of the mixed multitude; and were more closely allied to the "vagrom" class than the surgeon to the barber, the painter to the glazier, or the chemist to the druggist. Reserving themselves at the greater festivals for the larger centres, they took advantage of the large crop of local holidays which the wake or fair represented, faithfully visiting every shrine of provincial mirth as the calendar brought it round. The mediæval Church had purveyed the amusements of its public under the guise of lessons of piety, even as it in several countries provided society with pawnbrokers under the guise of charity. Now, the strolling crew of players and mountebanks caught up, free from its responsibilities, the tradition of festive representation which fell from the ecclesiastic's hand; and to the "miracles, mysteries, and moralities" succeeded entertainments combining too often the wit of a tap-room with the ethics of a

plays containing any words or actions of immoral or seditious tendency, and interdicted the use of any innkeeper's premises for dramatic entertainment, the book of which was not first "perused and allowed" by a censor of their own, but added other restrictions plainly meant to make such representations within their jurisdiction impossible.

* These were as follows: The Theatre and the Curtain, in Shoreditch, opened 1570; the Blackfriars, 1576; the Whitefriars, 1576; the Newington Butts, 1580; the Rose, Bankside, 1585; the Hope, Bankside, 1585; the Paris Garden, 1588; the Globe, 1594; the Swan, 1595; the Fortune, 1599. Of these the Globe was the "summer house," and the Blackfriars the "winter house," of the same company including, with Shakespeare and Richard Burbage (son of the Burbadge mentioned on p. 168) Thomas Pope, John Hemmings, Augustine Phillips, William Kempe, William Slye, and Nicholas Tooley. Besides the above-named erections, the Blackfriars playhouse was nearly rebuilt in 1596. The Puritan city party made a strong attempt in 1599 to reduce these to two, but signally failed.

bagnio. Caring only to hit the public humor easily and cheaply, they found their easiest market that for the coarse stimulants of scurrility, as knowing that whole audiences will laugh in public at what each would be ashamed of in private. The irregularities which festive license tolerated on occasion only, as chartered *libertate Decembri*, became the fixed standard of the life of the strolling comedian. Classified with "rogues and vagabonds," they lived under the lash of society, and were pretty sure to earn the castigation fully, and perhaps leave something of a balance due. The law itself had echoed the social voice in fixing a stigma on all the scattered members of a widely ranging profession, save a specially privileged minority. Puritanic feeling viewed that minority as ministering to the pleasant vices of the Court and the nobles, and extended the same censure to them too. Thus the Common Council, in 1575, stigmatizes the predecessors of Burbage and Shakespeare as those "whoe, if they were not her Ma'tie's servants, should by their profession be rogues."

But the histrionic episode of Bottom in the *Midsummer Night's Dream* suggests that, the face of local magistracy being thus set against the drama, the lower ranks of the free men in the civic body, who had some appetite for fun, and scanty resources and traditions of art, sometimes took upon themselves to organize such entertainments. The sock-and-buskin business, thrust away by the furred and gold-chained magnates, was taken up, we may suppose, by such "rude mechanicals" as are represented by Nick Bottom, Peter Quince, and Co. The greatest and most influential of the Tudor sovereigns, Henry VIII. and Elizabeth, had an in-born love of pageant, a strong instinct of its usefulness as a means of popularity, and a simple coarseness of taste in gratifying it which was racy of the soil of their own popular origin. Thus it seems likely that neither of these princes would have declined with contempt an entertainment of the class caricatured in the "most lamentable comedy," had it been offered. Possibly Elizabeth might even have welcomed such, as a rebuke to the municipal dignity starched with puritanism which thwarted her Council's

encouragement of the higher class of drama. If Shakespeare had heard of such an incident in a royal progress—for instance, in the notable one to Kenilworth in his own Warwickshire—it would have sufficed for the germ of his idea of the clowns playing before "Duke" Theseus. But then such companies of "casuals," performing after their kind, would be ready-made butts to the wit of the trained players of royal or noble houses, who would have a proper sense of the distance which separated such stage-refuse from themselves. Thus we may suppose that the drama, besides the professionals, whether of the royal train or of some noble's, or vulgar strollers, found a third class of occasional supporters in the municipal dregs of the towns. The popular but hazy distinction of the "legitimate" drama is derived from the line which separated the first of these from the other two.

Before quitting the facts of histrionic history, we may remark that the clown, so copiously introduced by Shakespeare, where there is little or nothing in the plot to suggest it, is derived from the "vice" or fool of the old moralities. This is confirmed by a passage in *Twelfth Night*, act iv. sc. 2, where the clown sings—

"I'll be with you again
In a trice,
Like to the old vice
Your need to sustain :
Who with dagger of lath,
In his rage and his wrath,
Cries ah ha ! to the devil," etc.

But it may be questioned whether, as a matter of fact, since the earliest legitimate players were the king's household servants, the king's jester, who would always have his prescriptive place among them, did not form a large factor in the Shakespearian clown. The rest amused only on the red-letter days in the royal calendar of mirth ; but the fool, like a "pickled herring," was always in season, and would surely be most in season then. Thus to introduce some comic business of which he might be the vehicle, whether the piece was tragic or comic on the whole, seems a necessary result of his presence and office.

Mr. Payne Collier's work on the "Annals of the Stage" is thoroughly bot-

tomed on genuine research, led, by carefully trained accuracy. In glancing at Mr. Percy Fitzgerald's more recent work, we must terrace here and there some of the ground already traversed in the previous remarks. Those volumes are marred by a general looseness of structure, shambling method of narration, slovenliness of phrase, and inaccuracy in names. To speak of "a royal personage of quality" is surely "to paint the lily." On page 9 we find ourselves "under Charles II.," whose "Master of Revels" looked after the comedians and exacted his fees sternly. Mr. Malone quotes the diary of Sir Henry Herbert who filled this office, which shows clearly that the players being "his Majesty's servants," was no Court fiction. Thus in November, 1632 (!) "he writes," etc. So that the example of the Master of the Revels' strictness (in forbidding mimicry of real persons about the court) in Charles II.'s time is really taken from the reign of Charles I. On the next page we work back to 1603, James I.; and in another page again reach Sir H. Herbert and 1635. On pages 7, 8 we have 39 Eliz. c. 4, and 1 James I. c. 1, referred to, as fixing the "vagabond" status of the "common player," and even of the usually protected "servants of his Majesty," if found "wandering abroad." But on page 41 "we now come to another Act of Parliament," *i.e.*, the same 39 Eliz. c. 4 over again. Whereas the earliest statute which fixes that *status* unless for those sheltered by royal, etc. protection or by justices' license, is one twenty-five years earlier, 14 Eliz. c. 5, referred to on page 37; that is thirty pages too late. Of slips in names examples are, "Ralph Alleyn," for which read "Edward Alleyn," vol. i. p. 22; also "Shakespeare and Johnson," p. 63, where "Jonson," the famous Ben, is intended. "Cuddle Wharf," p. 43, should be "Puddle Wharf." "Dr. Fennison," p. 117, should be "Dr. Tennison" or "Tenison." Constant repetitions of the same story, or references to it, occur within a few pages, sometimes thrice over. The art of bookmaking may claim a new departure in Mr. Percy Fitzgerald. It would fill a couple of pages of this journal to detail his slips, errors, and confusions, in

his first 250 pages. We cannot spare space to sweep up litter at this rate, and must pass on.

The Restoration sought to restore all things from the Church and Crown downward, including therefore the stage. The Church was put back, like a holy image into its niche, and soldered there with base metal. The stage, as being an institution more to the personal taste of the sovereign, and keeping up his *role* of the Merry Monarch, suffered relatively greater degradation through its closer contact with his personal influence. The Church he "severely let alone," the stage he fondly patronized.

The patents now first granted permanently gave Killigrew and Davenant a virtual monopoly. No one could build a theatre, put a dramatic piece on the stage, or act a part in its performance, without either the concurrence of one of them or the risk of penalties. The existing players had thus no choice but to take service with one or the other. The policy pursued by each was much the same, *viz.* to draw to his side the strongest company he could, and form them, or their leading spirits, into a commercial company, engaging them to build a new theatre, and allowing them certain shares in the profits, but requiring a daily rent of them in their professional capacity for the use of the house when built. Davenant seems to have had the best head for the business, and was beforehand in engaging the best actors, notably Betterton, the chief star of the period. Killigrew's chief activity lay in jesting and tipping, with other kindred pursuits, such as the accumulating patents, places, and pensions from the too easy-going king, all which failed, however, to keep him from embarrassment. His death in 1682 left his property squandered, his widow destitute, and his house deeply pledged. Davenant started at the "Salisbury Court House" and the "Cockpit," houses already existing. Killigrew kept on for a while the old-fashioned "Red Bull"—an inn accommodated to theatrical purposes—but soon started afresh in a house near Clare Market, then newly built by his company. In 1661 we find Davenant opening a rival house close to this in Lincoln's Inn Fields, and Killi-

grew, not to be outdone, another in Drury Lane—a site since become historical in the English drama—which was burned down about ten years later. This again was trumped by the ambitious rivalry of Davenant's son, Dr. Davenant, who outdid them all by a still newer and more expensive structure, raised by the help of speculative shareholders, in Dorset Gardens, whither the Lincoln's Inn company migrated in 1671. The loss of Drury Lane by fire was soon repaired by a new structure on the same site, but plain in comparison with the splendor of the Dorset Gardens house. But the rivalry was disastrous to both the patentees, especially to Killigrew, whose bad management and improvident habits could ill sustain it. His death precipitated an arrangement which had been in contemplation before, the union of the rival patents into one interest. Thus the monopoly became closer than ever—so close that the public and the actors, both rebelled against it. Betterton led the desertion from the camp, and a royal license from William III., overriding the monopoly of previous patents, allowed him to build, by subscription from "people of quality," another new theatre within the walls of a tennis-court, but still in Lincoln's Inn Fields, which was opened with Congreve's *Love for Love* in April, 1695. Thus we find at the end of the century two principal houses and companies, as in 1660; but one, Drury Lane, representing the united forces of both the original patentees in the person of Charles Rich, to whom the representative of the Davenants had sold his patent rights, and whose unpopular and despotic treatment had helped on the secession; while the other embodied the venture of the seceders and their subscribing supporters. This latter was the legitimate ancestor of the house on the subsequently famous site in Covent Garden, built in 1732. The Dorset Gardens house still continued, but as a secondary to the Drury Lane one, in the same interests; and we hear of it, still under Rich's management, as late as 1707. In this site the drama had found a footing within the liberties of the city, and, some of the old jealousy reawakening when it was proposed in 1700 to rehabilitate it, it went gradually to decay

and was raised in 1709. The tradition of two principal houses, which so long governed the London stage, was thus firmly established. But, singularly enough, Rich, after a long management at Drury Lane, lived to rebuild the Lincoln's Inn Fields house, and carried all the rights of the original patentees with him thither in the reign of George I. Meanwhile, in the reign of Queen Anne, the "Haymarket Opera" had been added, often alluded to in the pages of Addison's *Spectator*; and we have thus a principal group of houses and arrangements connected with them, which perpetuated themselves down to living memory; the Adelphi and the Olympic sprang up as satellites to these; and, more remotely, Sadler's Wells and the Surrey Theatre served to amuse the northern and southern suburbs respectively.

Thus, to sum up, it appears that by the close of the seventeenth century, the more advanced nations of Europe had all, with the exception of Germany, fixed their characteristic types. The political chaos into which Germany had drifted owing to the Thirty Years' War is partly responsible for this; but further, dramatic genius of a high order had not as yet so far awakened in Germany as to call out and marshal those elements, ethnical and artistic, which constitute national drama. In Germany those elements continue to lie fallow till the eighteenth century. In France, Italy, and our own country, that definite type had been reached, and only diversifies itself afterward within the range of national taste and spreads itself with the modern development of manners and society. Germany has on the whole benefited by having so greatly reserved her forces. The determining influence of her leaders in poetic genius has thus acted on the German stage like a force applied further from the fulcrum, or a mould impressed at a temperature when fusion is more perfect. As a set-off against this, German genius missed even that afterglow of the ages of faith which fell on the Elizabethan drama. Omitting therefore Germany, we may say that Shakespeare and his contemporaries rescued our own country from the depraving influence of Seneca and rhetorical tragedy, and mitigated that influence among the

Latin nations. There are symptoms in the avowed imitations of the younger Heywood, and in the exaggerated horrors of the stage of Marlow and Kid, of a similar influence dominating among ourselves, when the great master arose to rebuke it, and, in the advice of Hamlet to the players, gave wholesome teaching, which probably his own example embodied. And when, a century later, Dryden degraded his genius to the imitation of an imitation, to reproduce in English those who had reproduced Seneca in French, the disease came in a mitigated form, like the virus of small-pox to a patient fortified previously by vaccination, and did not strike home to the vitals nor root itself in the system. Dryden, indeed, failed grandly; but he deserved to fail. The keenly-faceted style of workmanship achieved by the great Frenchmen of the seventeenth century shines blurred and garbled in the paste-jewelry of the restoration school. The moral decadence was even more lamentable than the artistic. In Dryden religion is made, if we may so express it, a mere spoon for uncleanness, and the forms of the confessional supply the intrigues of the pander. He touches hands with Congreve, Vanbrugh, and Farquhar. His touch is heavier and theirs lighter; but the same pitch sticks to all their fingers. Once substitute for the "two great Commandments of the Law" the twin code of gallantry and honor, and we have a key to the moral system of all four, and of all their minor imitators. After Rowe the Cato of Addison and the Irene of Johnson land us at the low-water mark of the middle Hanoverian era; then Garrick comes to the footlights, and Shakespeare's ascendancy revives. That ascendancy remains ever a force in reserve, a vast central current in the dramatic channel, exercising a determining influence upon the eddying shallows and ditch-fed backwaters which line the nearer margin of the stream. The quest of violent stimulants may lead authors to rake the kennel for a hero; the passion for accessories of splendor may stifle action in pageant for a while; but the influence of Shakespeare will always make a revival of healthier instincts and a return to truer models possible to the most degenerate age. He has become a part

of the national conscience, and wields in the last resort the moral empire of the buskin and the sock.

Thus at the present moment the company led by Miss E. Terry and Mr. H. Irving are the Shakespearian salt of the London stage. The two whom we name tower, indeed, above the rest with an extinguishing pré-eminence. For reasons of *physique*, perhaps, on which it would be invidious to dwell, *Much Ado about Nothing* suits them better than *Romeo and Juliet*. But when these two protagonists have the stage to themselves, immortal conceptions find due expression, and the entertainment may refresh those memories, if any remain, that go back to the first quarter of this century. Among the rest, the two old gentlemen brothers, Leonato and Antonio, although weak in parts where strong feeling is required, are the best sustained. The Dogberry of Mr. S. Johnson rises sometimes above mediocrity, and is good in details; but the self-conceit bubbling over with indignation into which the part expands is feebly rendered. The "go to" of Shakespeare's vocabulary has indeed a depth of contemptuous, vilipending rebuke in it, which is not easy to express to modern ears.*

Of the modern drama and the present condition of the stage we have but little to say. To judge by the countless theatres springing up in the metropolis, and the audiences which throng them night after night, never were dramatic performances so popular, never was the stage so liberally patronized. Times have vastly changed since, some forty years ago, public meetings were held in London to consider the depressed state of the drama. The patronage of the Court, and the growing love of amusement among the people, have solved that difficulty. Yet in spite of this profuse encouragement, and the manifest improvements which have taken place in our theatres and in the *matériel* of the stage, we cannot discover any corresponding advance in the literary productions of the drama. It is long since

* It is probably the remnant of a profane expression docked of its offensive element, and was originally "go to —." In "sdeath" the amputation is at the beginning.

any original tragedy or comedy of first-rate excellence has been presented to the public. The literary standard of the stage is pitifully low; if it were higher, perhaps it would not attract the public. Mr. Tennyson's plays have not proved very successful, though *The Cup* is a work of singular merit, and was admirably performed. Mr. Herman Merivale's tragedy, *The White Pilgrim*, has passages of great beauty, and deserves to rank among the most poetical of modern dramas; but it was soon withdrawn, and the author, an experienced play-writer, complains, in his preface, that there is no demand for high literary conceptions on the modern stage. The genius of the dramatist is wanting, but what is still more fatal is the low taste and degenerate feeling of the audiences. Sheridan can still touch them by his inexhaustible wit, but Shakespeare alone remains in possession of the power to rouse the nobler passions and touch the present feelings of the British public. All the rest is "leather and prunella." We hardly care to notice it.

As an example of art at the costermonger level, the *Romany Rye* may be cited. It is a serio-comedy of cadgers, poorly played at the Princess's Theatre, but played better than it deserves, and holds a similar dramatic grade to that which the *Police News* does in literature. As for the actors, whatever their individual merits, as a cast they are poor. In such a performance it must needs be so. There is a lack of subordination to any ruling idea, artistic or moral, in the details of the piece itself, which makes stage discipline among them impossible. Studies from the Newgate dock, the thieves' crib, the workhouse ward, the tramps' cellar, sometimes connected with the plot, sometimes resting independently on their pure artistic merits, crowd repulsive images on the mind, until criticism is lost in impatience. Witty and clever nonsense, glorified by Mr. W. S. Gilbert and melodized by Mr. A. Sullivan, is to be found in *Patience*, an *Æsthetic Opera*. Where all talk or sing nonsense alike, there is an end of all character, or rather no beginning. But this defect of *Patience* is the logical consequence of the author's deliberate choice, and we

must take him as he chooses to be found.

"Life would be supportable but for its amusements," said Sir George Lewis, and with less exaggeration one might say, there would be some fun yet on the London stage but for its farces, or rather farce-players; for there is sparkle enough in many of the pieces if it could but find vent. But it goes like a damp firework or a leaden shuttlecock. With one amusing exception, itself degraded by vulgarism, the cap-and-bells of the stage has become a nightcap. One asks one's self, are the supernumeraries and scene-shifters taking a turn at the footlights? But no! The fact is, the custom of putting on a farce before the chief piece, for the twenty minutes or so during which the reserved seats are filling, flattens the acting fatally. Feeling that they are there only to mark time, the actors have all the "go" taken out of them. But farce having thus lost caste, modern comedy, not, of course, Shakespearian, tends to lose caste too, and slip into the place of the former. Such a hybrid is *The Overland Route*—an "original comedy" by convention only. The best makes-up and the liveliest points in *Money* are made by dragging the genius of Lytton down to a farcical level. The frolic memories of Liston, Charles Mathews, Keeley, and Robson flit between us and the proscenium, as we sit and chafe at a too tolerant public, and think that the applause should rather come from the stage, as a tribute to the exemplary patience of the boxes and stalls. Surely the greatest curiosities of current literature are the theatrical articles in the London newspapers! The critic smiles at them; the moralist muses and sighs. Still, the theatre goes on somehow; and so long as the imagination forms the large factor in human nature which we find it doing, and opens an inward *diverticulum* from the practical and prosaic burdens of the mind, so long the drama, in all its kinds, opera and ballet included, though it drag sometimes a weary life, will never die.

For the players who choose for their life's calling that ministry of diversion, society in this country always has a light esteem. Above all, for the human person to become the professional vehicle of

public amusement, and let for hire its features and gestures, in stage display, entails a secret offence to the inbred *morgue* of society, which discredits the histrionic calling, however unjustly. Nor is this sentiment peculiar to England. On the contrary, the class of dramatic performers has long been held in greater respect in this country than on the continent. The Kembles, the Macready's, the Ellen Trees, the Helen Faucits have ennobled it. The prejudice against the profession of the stage is far stronger in France and Italy than with us. Roman law marked actors with a touch of infamy; the Roman Church denied them so much as a consecrated grave. Even in Paris, not strict or prudish in such things, something of the old disdain survives; and it was a marvel when the most accomplished comedian of the day received from the President of the Republic the decoration of the Legion of Honor.

Still, it must be confessed that there is a close analogy between the temptations of the turf and those of the stage. The former lead the jockey to scale as light in truth and in honesty as he seeks to do in *avoidsupois*, reserving sometimes, but not invariably, the duty of his engagement to the colors for which he rides. The latter incline the actor, and still more the actress, to make life a masquerade of flash and glare, a whirligig of sudden triumph and precipitate reverse. For both alike, that most brittle and least moral of all tests, success before the public eye, tends to become a gradually larger and larger factor, and character and conscience sink under the influence of professional habit. These are the temptations, not of course irresistible, but grave and real, which beset the profession of "those who live to please;" and these have so far prevailed in moulding the traditions of the stage in the past, that they tend to exclude any close scrutiny of moral character in the members of a company. Unless he rises above those traditions, no manager will care to press such a question. It is as much outside his province to consider it, as it was outside that of a recruiting sergeant of the great Frederic, who merely wanted his men to be six feet high. It is impossible that such traditional facts should not result

in something of an *dripula*, a social disrating founded upon a moral sentiment, similar to that of oriental castes, which rests on one ceremonial or socially artificial.

The male performer is comparatively a pachyderm, being proof against imputations which sting the female reputation to death. Thus on the head of the weakest and frailest fall the whole, or all but the whole, of the obloquy, which, if due at all, should be divided between the public who demand, and the male performer who assists at, the actress's sacrifice, to whatever it may amount, of social respect. Thus the stage is entitled to say to society, "You exact this work from us, and hold us cheap for doing it. You are bound then to protect the weaker members of our craft against the terrible risks which they often run for your sake. Your duty does not end with payment at the doors, or applause, however judicious, in the house. Your pride and self-love inflict a social disability; and such disparagement ever tends to depress the moral status of those who incur it. The imputation which you freely fling on us ever tends to realize itself in actual profligacy. A profession which stands at a disadvantage in the eyes of public opinion, however unjustly, is only too likely to deserve that of which it is suspected; for the sense of hopeless injustice is apt to sting its more sensitive and impulsive members to desperation. Therefore, as you open the door to disparagement, you are bound by moral reciprocity to guard the opening, and keep it from becoming, by a natural and general law, a downward slope to social perdition." We do not see how it is possible to set aside this claim. The "Church and Stage Guild" is an attempt to recognize and meet it. It is only possible to overcome evil by good; and omitting from our present view any specially religious agencies which that Guild may enlist, so far as it embodies that broad moral principle, we cannot but wish it well. For the amusers and amused to have opportunities of meeting, knowing, and befriending one another, will minimize the chances of any of the former dropping into the gulf; while the latter will perhaps be astonished at the amount of self-respect, unimpaired in the face of

social discouragement, which the ranks of the former have to show. The perilous position of virtue on a slack-rope may gain a less slippery balance under the influence of women of unassailable reputation, by however many degrees of social latitude removed. Sympathy and kindly feeling may go far to outweigh baser temptations and less honorable influences. Society owes protection to women in proportion to the terrible temptations which it forces upon them. One cannot but hope that this Guild, or a similar agency, may hold out a helping hand on the perilous path, where the false step which ruins is but a hair's-breadth from the true track. We remember to have heard that an accomplished lady, now no more, was moved by her admiration for Mlle. Desclée, the French actress, then in London, to call upon her. Such an incident had never occurred to Desclée before in the course of her existence. She was extremely touched by it, and after having received her visitor with every mark of respect, she said to her, as they parted, "Voudriez-vous me permettre, Mademoiselle, de vous embrasser?" She felt, perhaps for the first time, the sisterhood of human kindness.

Some remarks on the specialties of the ballet seem suggested by the above considerations. Every ballet is practically a *double entendre*, and the same is true of the many scenic diversions which rely more or less upon its aid. It is true on the one hand that they array in brightness, movement, life, and sparkle of light and color, the richest treasures of poet's and artist's imagination. What art can elsewhere achieve only in an immovable moment, lives before the eye through all its changeful phases of motion in the mimetic dance. This is artistically its object. But on the other hand the means which it uses appeal with equal force to a baser animalism and pamper the carrion-birds of appetite. There are paintings, and probably sculptures too, which are open to the same charge. But they are dead canvas and marble, and stand fixed changelessly before the eye. If they are public property, they hang or stand side by side with others of a neutral kind, and do not concentrate themselves in the public eye upon the stage given up to

them for the time as its chief attraction, nor make the hoardings of London hideous by the Brobdingnagian picturesque of their illustrative placards. This *équivoque* with which we charge the ballet is understated by Miss Dietz in her pamphlet on "The Work of the Actor," when she says: "The unimaginative person sees in the ballet only a number of half-dressed women jumping about in a ridiculous manner; another person sees the fairie creatures of the hidden world, light, airy, almost flying," etc. What then does the spectator more sensuous than imaginative see in the same? We should answer the question by merely writing a more coarse-flavored adjective instead of "ridiculous" in the above passage. The same lady-advocate pursues her theme: "You honor your soldiers for the sake of their patriotism, because they risk their lives for their country; you honor your sailors who," etc., etc. (a rather long list of honorables here follows) . . . "but a woman who risks her good name to follow a noble art and earn an honest living, this woman you do *not* honor. Is not this feeling a relic of barbarism?" But as regards "the woman who risks her good name" need we quote Othello, or urge how far more intensely true, if true at all, his words are of the "good name" of woman than of man? Is there not a suspicion of runaway morals in a votary of art who has gone ahead so fast as to find "her good name" an incumbrance in the race?

Perhaps burlesque in some of its various forms is even more "advanced" than the ballet. As Falstaff's sack was to Falstaff's bread, so are the superfluities of female toilet to its one necessary. Thus women are hired to become the physical vehicles of æsthetic culture, or rather stage machines of the graces of movement, attitude, and manner. The consciousness of this, were the character of the movements ever so immaculate and the incidental exposure ever so limited, must remove a weight from the scale of self-respect. It is not as in tragedy, comedy, or even possibly farce, where there is a character to sustain which has an ethical ingredient, which rouses the play of feeling while it animates the intellect. In the lowest of these, so long as vice is not directly sug-

gested by the action as a whole, there is a glimpse of a nobler sphere, a possibility of higher touches. Art may here draw out the elements of the entire nature, the loftier elements tempering the lower and repressing their undue development; for here we take the actor or actress as a whole. In the ballet and kindred performances the display of an elegant *physique* in all its variations and combinations is the foremost, if not the sole aim; and the consciousness of this is to the female sex probably more prejudicial than the profession and practice of a prize-fighter to the male. The result of his or her art on the performer is not only direct, but curiously multiplied by what we may call the theatrical consciousness. For the stage performer the audience concentrates, as in the focus of a mirror, all the qualities, moral, intellectual, and physical, of his part, and reflects them back to him. But in the ballet, where the physical so largely predominate as to efface the rest, there is a general public consciousness, inseparable even from its most æsthetic votaries, of the lower note struck as well as the higher, and prolonged when the higher ceases to vibrate. That rival element included in the *équivoque* of art, side by side with the living poetry of the ballet and all its picturesque and statuesque attributes, is multiplied, concentrated, and reflected back on the performer in a vastly greater ratio.

The same prince of poets who has said, "F frailty, thy name is woman," tells us also "Men's vows are women's traitors," and both axioms are signally illustrated by the biographies of that profession which he adorned while living, and which his genius feeds for all time. There have indeed always been those who have ennobled their art by their characters. But to skip such spotted names as Nell Gwynne and Peg Woffington, who, however, hardly scandalized by their effrontery the brazen ages in which they flourished, what an array of brilliancy besmirched and blighted do the annals of the stage reveal! The more terrible the odds against poor weak womanhood, the more unmeasurable, nay, inconceivable, they are to those who are shielded alike by tradition and position from them. Who indeed can rightly gauge the tempta-

tions of these heroines of the *chronique scandaleuse*? Who can understand and allow for the overpowering fascination which besets her who fascinates all? The test of a chronometer is to hurry it from a frozen to a boiling temperature. Similar is the ordeal to which an actress has often been exposed. The woman, or mere girl, emerges from the ice-house of penury and privation, and finds the world blazing with homage at her feet in the course of a season or less; fortified by no strength of education or sanctity of home, no cultured self-respect or holdfast of religious principle. To mark rich and titled fops paying court by scores, and the parasite fools of fashion following suit by thousands; to know that the Comus-rout of rakes, bibulous and libidinous, are wagering her overthrow, bribing her infamy, scheming her degradation, sullyng her fair fame in their foul calumnies, and hunting her modesty to the death; or to be dogged at her lodgings, whispered at the stage door, ogled from the stage box, by some prince of fashion with a cankered heart; to be plied by his missives, waylaid by his toadies, angled for by his panders, advertised in transparent asterisks by his agents in the press; to be pursued, invited, fêted, flattered, and to know that a single word or look would make her conqueress of the conqueror of society, yet to forbear to give it—yet to steel her constancy to confront with steadfast coldness the glow of even-omned adulation—how turbid and terrible is the flood of such temptation! Some have found home itself tainted with an impure atmosphere, and read angry disappointment in a venal father's shrug, or found that a mother's heart has become a serpent's lair. How hard to brace the soul against the narcotics of evil counsel, when one finds vile suggestion everywhere and truth nowhere, when natural affection deserts to the enemy,

"et peccare docentes
Fallax historias monet!"

Some again have married worthless ne'er-do-wells. Imagine a woman with a heart full of affection which she cannot bestow, mated with one who gambles away her earnings, ill-treats the wife by whose genius he pampers his own

profligacy, and is brutally proud of using as a household chattel a creature who is the public cynosure of all eyes. How hard then to resist the temptation, from that giddy pinnacle of the temple of fame to dash at once by a single downward plunge, and snap the tie, and end the struggle! Who can wonder that so many careers have proved as brittle as they were brilliant? The wonder rather is that the number is so great of those who have shone with unassuming modesty, or dazzled with spotless splendor of renown; that so many emerge from that stress of temptation serenely and worshipfully pure.

An actor's career is an eccentric curve to which all things great and small, all personages high and low, may form tangents. All have their charm, and no two charm alike. The play of light and shadow, the sparkle of contrasts which they exhibit, is inexhaustible. Few of their admirers know how dear the admiration costs. For a foremost actor in a first-rate part, often indeed for one far less prominent, there is positively no substitute possible, if through any infirmity of our common nature he or she breaks down at the moment. Hence the desperate struggles to overcome such weakness, the strong temptations to stimulants in support of it, the dire tendency to cling to the stimulant for its own sake afterward, the numerous sudden deaths either on the stage or at or near the theatre door, which such a chronicle includes. Few, again, can estimate how terribly seductive is the intoxication of success—the *Io triumphe* floating on "that sea of upturned faces in the pit," to which Mrs. Siddons declared human life had nothing comparable. Grandest at the moment, fullest of fascination, most transcendently triumphant of all the arts during its acme of an instant, the histrionic is the most evanescent. Hence the temptation, often overwhelming, to live for the hour and let the future take its chance. Hence, too, it follows that the reigning favorite of to-day can never

really be compared with his or her predecessors. The records of public triumphs are most fallacious relatively, whatever their absolute value. For the departed actor, *stat magni nominis umbra*, there remains a general light of tradition only, the blaze of a conflagration in the sky, the embers of which are below the horizon. With the generation in whose living applause they lived the great masters of public emotion die silently away. Their memory lives only in a dead faggot of anecdotes. We read the record of their flashing out from obscurity, passing in a week from the units column to the hundreds; sometimes, like Rachel, "coining their heart and dropping their blood for drachmas," sometimes, like Kean, living only for fame and chiefly on brandy. We have many a thrilling tale how they enchained their audience to a silence fearful of its own applause; but of the analysis of that fascination we can learn only the vaguest generalities; all the bright peculiar difference which specialized the charm to the eye and ear of its own day is dead and gone with it. There is no spectroscope of memory for the star that has forever set.

We will conclude with a characteristic anecdote that needs no comment. "Asseyez-vous, Mademoiselle," said the Emperor Nicholas to Rachel, after she had thrown several crowned heads and a crowd of serene highnesses into ecstasy at Potsdam. She had risen to meet the great Czar, one of the most imperial and chivalresque figures that ever wore an order; but he declined the homage; he came to pay it: "Asseyez-vous," he said; "les royautés comme la mienne passent, la royauté de l'art ne passe pas." This from him "of all the Russias" to her, the little Jewess girl, who had risen to the highest, from the lowest round of the histrionic ladder, as a singer for stray *sous* at a *café chantant* in Paris! The royalty of art, it is true, departs not; though its individual kings and queens, "like chimney-sweepers, come to dust."

G E N I U S .

BY G. B. H.

IN one of the numbers of the *Spectator* we read of "a shepherd who used to divert himself in his solitudes in tossing up eggs and catching them again without breaking them." He could keep up four at a time for several minutes together. "'I think,'" says the author from whom Addison quotes, "'I never saw a greater severity than in this man's face, for by his wonderful perseverance and application he had contracted the seriousness and gravity of a privy-councillor. I could not but reflect with myself that the same assiduity and attention, had they been rightly applied, might have made him a greater mathematician than Archimedes.'" In such an opinion as this Addison has high authority to support him. It is not all men of genius who hold to the full extent the doctrine that *poeta nascitur, non fit*—the poet is the child of nature not of art. There are few lines of life for which a strong natural disposition seems more needful than for an artist's. Almost all men would maintain that his greatness, as much as a poet's, is a special gift of nature. "His grandeur he derived from heaven alone," they would say of Reynolds as Dryden said of Cromwell. Yet Sir Joshua always asserted that it was by accident that as a painter he became famous. He held "that the superiority attainable in any pursuit whatever does not originate in an innate propensity of the mind to that pursuit in particular, but depends on the general strength of the intellect, and on the intense and constant application of that strength to a specific purpose. He regarded ambition as the *cause* of eminence, but accident as pointing out the *means*." Ambition a man must have, for, as Shenstone says: "Humility has depressed many a genius to a hermit, but never raised one to fame."

At the early age of eight Reynolds showed that he had that curiosity which, according to Johnson, is one of the permanent and certain characteristics of a vigorous intellect. In the parlor window of his father's parsonage lay a

copy of the "Jesuit's Perspective." This book the child thoroughly mastered. He next "attempted to apply the rules of that treatise in a drawing which he made of his father's school." When Mr. Reynolds saw it he exclaimed: "Now this exemplifies what the author asserts in his preface—that, by observing the rules laid down in this book, a man may do wonders; for this is wonderful." Later on the lad read Richardson's "Theory of Painting," "where he saw the enthusiastic raptures in which a great painter is described. He thought Raffaele the most extraordinary man the world had ever produced. His mind thus stimulated by a high example, and constantly ruminating upon it, the thought of remaining in hopeless obscurity became insupportable to him." That Reynolds would get fame of some kind—whether it was only the fame of the country side, or the fame of the country—was certain. That he would get it as a tosser and catcher of four eggs at a time, or as a painter, or an architect, or an engineer, or a statesman, or an author, or in a hundred other ways, was settled, if we are in this of his way of thinking, by the book that lay in the parlor window of his father's parsonage. This opinion most probably came to him first from Johnson, but in his own mind it grew into all the force of a strong conviction. Gibbon, in his autobiography, says: "After his oracle, Dr. Johnson, my friend Sir Joshua Reynolds denies all original genius, any natural propensity of the mind to one art or science rather than another." It would seem that Gibbon did not clearly understand what it was that Reynolds maintained, for he continues: "Without engaging in a metaphysical or rather verbal dispute, I *know* by experience that from my early youth I aspired to the character of an historian. This idea," he continues, "ripened in my mind." As a proof of this he quotes passages in his journal which he wrote when he was twenty-five years old. Reynolds, in reply, would have pointed to the days of pain and

languor which the great historian had passed through in his childhood, and to the "kind lessons" of his aunt, "to which I ascribe," he says, "my early and invincible love of reading, which I would not exchange for the treasures of India." He would point, moreover, to the chance which unlocked for the boy of eleven "the door of a tolerable library," where he "turned over many pages of poetry and romance, of history and travels."

The same kind of chance that befell Reynolds befell also Cowley, and as accident made one a painter, so it made the other a poet. "In the window of his mother's apartment," writes Johnson, "lay Spenser's 'Faery Queen,' in which he very early took delight to read, till, by feeling the charms of verse, he became, as he relates, irrecoverably a poet. Such are the accidents which, sometimes remembered, and perhaps sometimes forgotten, produce that particular designation of mind and propensity for some certain science or employment which is commonly called genius. The true genius is a mind of large general powers accidentally determined to some particular direction." In the life of Pope, Johnson examined that poet's "favorite theory of the *ruling passion*, by which he means an original direction of desire to some object." The existence of any such passion, thus innate and irresistible, might, said Johnson, be reasonably doubted. "Those, indeed," he continues, "who attain any excellence commonly spend life in one pursuit, for excellence is not often gained upon easier terms. But to the particular species of excellence men are directed, not by an ascendant planet or predominating humor, but by the first book which they read, some early conversation which they heard, or some accident which excited ardor and emulation." In talking on the same subject he said the same thing in other words: "No, sir, people are not born with a particular genius for particular employments or studies; for it would be like saying that a man could see a great way east, but could not west." From nature must come what Burns calls "a stubborn, sturdy something," and chance must do the rest. Let a child have great activity of mind, and then

there can be said of him what was said of Sir William Jones by his master: "If he were left naked and friendless on Salisbury plain he would nevertheless find the road to fame and riches."

To Sir James Mackintosh it chanced, in his childhood, as he tells us, that he was boarded in the same house with one of the ushers of his school, who, poor man, was suspected of some heretical opinions. "The boarding mistress, who was very pious and orthodox, rebuked him with great sharpness. I remember," Mackintosh goes on to say, "her reporting her own speech to her husband, and the other boarders, with an air of no little exultation. I have a faint remembrance of the usher even quoting the Savoyard Creed, and having heard of Clarke's Scripture doctrine of the Trinity . . . I rather think it contributed to make my mind free and inquisitive." The good that may thus have come to one side of his character from the usher was far outweighed by the evil that, in his character as a whole, he suffered from the master. Had this man been less indolent and less indulgent, Mackintosh might have left something more behind him than "precious fragments" and a rapidly fading name. "I have seen him," wrote Sydney Smith, when describing how, "whatsoever could exalt human character, and could enlarge human understanding, struck at once at Mackintosh's heart, and roused all his faculties; I have seen him in a moment when this spirit came upon him—like a great ship of war—cut his cable, and spread his enormous canvas, and launch into a wide sea of reasoning eloquence." That the great ship made but short cruises we owe to the ill-chance of a weak master. The school-boy had been allowed to come and go, read and lounge as he pleased. The large general powers, so far from being accidentally determined to some one particular direction, were wantonly thus early scattered in all. "No subsequent circumstance," Mackintosh said, "could make up for that invaluable habit of virgorous and methodical industry, which the indulgence and irregularity of my school-life prevented me from acquiring, and of which I have painfully felt the want in every part of my life." He had suffered under a

system of education not very unlike that which, nearly a hundred years later, was the object of John Mill's attack. "I rejoice," Mill wrote, "in the decline of the old brutal and tyrannical system of teaching, which, however, did succeed in enforcing habits of application; but the new, as it seems to me, is training up a race of men who will be incapable of doing anything which is disagreeable to them." "Abating his brutality," said Johnson of his old schoolmaster, "he was a very good master." In the case of Mackintosh's teacher, there was no brutality to abate, but at the same time with it almost every excellence had disappeared.

I have sought, but sought in vain, for the early accident that determined Macaulay's illustrious career. His biographer, indeed, tells us that "from the time he was three years old he read incessantly, for the most part lying on the rug before the fire, with his book on the ground, and a piece of bread and butter in his hand." A boy who, beginning at this early age, day after day, and year after year, almost incessantly had a book open before him, and bread and butter in his hand, might have become either a great writer or a great alderman. Some early conversation that he heard, some accident that excited ardor and emulation, no doubt, made the child resolve to win a name among the dead in Westminster Abbey, rather than among the living in the hall of some city company. But what the accident was that gave us one writer the more and one feaster the less, was perhaps not remembered, and certainly it is not recorded.

To all of us alike time and chance must happen. But it is the chances that come upon us in our childhood that chiefly give the shape to such genius as we have. High up in the mountains above the valley of the Engadine, a rock is shown whence the waters, as they fall from heaven, flow some northward by the Rhine into the German Ocean, some eastward by the Danube into the Black Sea, and some southward by the Po into the Adriatic. A child there might, perhaps, divert a streamlet's course with his little spade, and a tiny bank of snow. He might turn into the sunny Mediterranean waters, which, but for

him, would have lost themselves in the stormy Euxine, or the chilly ocean of the north. So it is with genius in its birth.

In that beautiful piece of writing in which Mr. Carlyle has built up a lofty and lasting monument to his father, he seems to show that in this matter of genius, he too was of Johnson's school. He has been laughed at for likening the old man to Robert Burns. "Were you to ask me," he wrote, "which had the greater natural faculty, I might, perhaps, actually pause before replying, Burns had an infinitely wider education, my father a far wholesomer. Besides, the one was a man of musical utterance; the other wholly a man of action with speech subservient thereto. Never, of all the men I have seen, has one come personally in my way in whom the endowment from nature and the arena from fortune were so utterly out of all proportion. I have said this often, and partly know it. As a man of speculation—had culture ever unfolded him—he must have gone wild and desperate as Burns; but he was a man of conduct, and work keeps all right. What strange shapable creatures we are." That we are shapable creatures, shapable as much from without as from within, is just what Johnson held. That James Carlyle had a mind of large general powers is clearly shown by what we learn of him from his son. But to him the accident never came that should fan the smouldering fire into the blaze of genius. The genial current of the soul remained always frozen. In his father he was unfortunate—a man, we read, proud and poor, fiery, irascible, indomitable, leading a life full of irregularities and unreasons. The son had a hard youth, a youth that trains a man rather for bearing strongly than for doing greatly. "Misery was early training the rugged boy into a stoic, that one day he might be the assurance of a Scottish man." It is easier, it has been said, to do than to suffer. If this be true, then to James Carlyle's genius had fallen the harder part. "My father's education was altogether of the worst and most limited. I believe he was never more than three months at any school. What he learned there showed what he might have learned. A solid knowledge of

arithmetic, a fine antique handwriting—these, with other limited practical et-cæteras, were all the things he ever heard mentioned as excellent. He had no room to strive for more. Poetry, fiction in general, he had universally seen treated as not only idle, but false and criminal." One set of masters alone had he had—the religious men of the neighborhood. From them "he had gathered his most important culture." Yet in two ways he showed that he had that stuff of which the poet was made. He had a depth of feeling and a strength of words. That he had that deep and tender heart, which is the very fount whence all true poetry flows, is shown by the grief he felt when he had to leave the farm where he was born. "I have heard him describe the anguish of mind he felt when leaving this place, and taking farewell of a 'big stone' whereon he had been wont to sit in early boyhood tending the cattle. Perhaps there was a thorn tree near it. His heart, he said, was like to burst." To feelings such as these, he could easily have been trained to give lettered utterance. "None of us," wrote his son, that great master of style—"none of us will ever forget that bold, glowing style of his, flowing free from his untutored soul, full of metaphors (though he knew not what a metaphor was) with all manner of potent words which he appropriated and applied with a surprising accuracy you often would not guess whence—brief, energetic, and which I should say conveyed the most perfect picture, definite, clear, not in ambitious colors, but in full white sunlight, of all the dialects I have ever listened to."

How different was the lot of Burns. His father was a man "valuing knowledge, possessing some, and, what is far better and rarer, open-minded for more." "I have met with few," said his son, "who understood men, their manners and their ways, equal to him." He placed the boy under a good teacher. "Though it cost the schoolmaster some thrashings, I made an excellent English scholar." And then there came to him that accident, which "produced that particular designation of mind which is commonly called genius." "In my infant and boyish days, too, I owed much to an old woman who

resided in the family, remarkable for her ignorance, credulity, and superstition. She had, I suppose, the largest collection in the country of tales and songs concerning devils, ghosts, fairies, brownies, witches, warlocks, spunkies, kelpies, elf-candles, dead-lights, wraiths, apparitions, cantrips, giants, enchanted towers, dragons, and other trumpery. This cultivated the latent seeds of poetry; but had so strong an effect on my imagination that to this hour, in my nocturnal rambles, I sometimes keep a sharp look-out in suspicious places; and though nobody can be more sceptical than I am in such matters, yet it often takes an effort of philosophy to shake off these idle terrors." Who can tell what part each might have played, had James Carlyle's childhood been fed on tales and songs, and had Robert Burns been taught to look upon poetry and pictures as idle, false and criminal? I once knew a good old Quaker doctor, who happened to be feeling a child's pulse, when some one in the room struck up a lively air on the piano. Never did a pulse take longer to feel, never was a tongue more thoroughly inspected. "It was well," he said, with as much of a sigh as can come from one clothed in drab, "it was well that I was born a Friend, for I should, I greatly fear, never have become one."

Mr. Carlyle, overlooking the accident which made Burns what he was, considers those which might have made him something greater still. Had not his father been so poor, the boy "had struggled forward, as so many weaker men do, to some university; come forth not as a rustic wonder, but as a regular, well-trained, intellectual workman, and changed the whole course of British literature; for it lay in him to have done this! But the nursery [his father's nursery-ground] did not prosper; poverty sank his whole family below the help of even our cheap school system. Burns remained a hard worked plough-boy, and British literature took its own course."

The Wanderer of Wordsworth's "Excursion," that noble old Scotch pedler, is another of those men of "large general powers," another of "the poets that are sown by nature," to whose lot had [never fallen the early

conversation, the accident, the book in the parlor window.

"Nor having e'er, as life advanced, been led
By circumstance to take unto the height
The measure of themselves, these favored
Beings,
All but a scattered few, live out their time
Husbanding that which they possess within,
And go to the grave unthought of. Strong-
est minds
Are often those of whom the noisy world
Hears least."

Though chance had not made of him
a poet, he had nevertheless been highly
favored in his early home life. He was
one of

"A virtuous household, though exceeding
poor."

He had been

"Strengthened and braced by breathing in
content
The keen, the wholesome air of poverty,
And drinking from the well of homely life."

Communion with nature had laid
"the foundations of his mind."

"While yet a child, and long before his time
Had he perceived the presence and the
power
Of greatness."

As he grew older he had read such
works as the village schoolmaster's and
"minister's old shelf supplied." From
the nearest town he had now and then
brought home

"The book that most had tempted his desires,
While at the stall he read."

When seeking a calling

"He essayed to teach
A village school—but wandering thoughts
were then
A misery to him."

His restless mind saw no better way
of satisfying itself than that he should
turn a pedler.

"Yet do such travellers find their own de-
light;
And their hard service, deemed debasing
now,
Gained merited respect in simpler times."

Of such a pedler, of "his tender-
ness of heart, his strong and pure
imagination, and his solid attainments
in literature, chiefly religious whether
in prose and verse," Wordsworth him-

self had known. Nay, the poet says
that such a man he might himself have
been, and such a life he might have led,
for "wandering was his passion," had
he been "born in a class which would
have deprived him of what is called a
liberal education."

Simple and natural as the Wanderer's
character seems, yet it became the
object of Lord Jeffrey's scoffs. More
foolishly and flippantly even than many
of the critics of our times have mocked
Carlyle and Carlyle's father, did this
great essayist mock Wordsworth and his
pedler "The wilfulness," he wrote,
"with which Mr. Wordsworth persists
in choosing his examples of intellectual
dignity and tenderness exclusively from
the lowest ranks of society, will be
sufficiently apparent from the circum-
stance of his having thought fit to make
his chief prolocutor in this poetical
dialogue and chief advocate of Provi-
dence and virtue *an old Scotch pedler*.
Why," he continues, "should he have
made his hero a superannuated pedler?
What but the most wretched and pro-
voking perversity of taste and judgment
could induce any one to place his chosen
advocate of wisdom and virtue in so
absurd and fantastical a condition?
Did Mr. Wordsworth really imagine that
his favorite doctrines were likely to gain
anything in point of effect or authority
by being put into the mouth of a person
accustomed to higgler about tape or
brass sleeve-buttons?" Is dealing in
tape and sleeve-buttons lower in the
eyes of dull or even the cleverest respect-
ability than mending pots and kettles?
Had Jeffrey forgotten that Bunyan was
first of all a tinker, and next a maker
of tagged thread laces? Was not Burns
a ploughman, till by promotion he be-
came a gauger? Did not Rousseau at
one time gain his livelihood by copying
music? and had not Goldsmith lived
among the beggars in Axe Lane? In
Jeffrey's insolently expressed contempt
of what he calls "the lowest ranks of
society"—though there is one thing
lower than even an honest pedler, and
that is a rich idler—we can see his
ignorance of mankind. He knows
nothing apparently of those "large
general powers" which have not been
called forth into genius, of that knowl-
edge and that wisdom which may be

found beneath a pedler's pack, or a stone-mason's coat. I know a lady who once lent a copy of the "Pilgrim's Progress" to an old collier. "Ay, it is a grand book," he said, when he returned it. "Yes," she replied, "it is one of the greatest books ever written." His answer straightway was, "What dost thou know about it, lassie? It is only an old chap like me who can feel it." Had the man who could thus feel in his old age the "Pilgrim's Progress" had such a chance as even Wordsworth's pedler, he might have become Wordsworth's Wanderer. Had he been still more favored by accident, his name might now be one of those that the world does not willingly forget.

To this theory of genius some limitation must be set. If people are not born with a particular genius for particular employments, their "large powers" nevertheless may in many cases, perhaps in most, be not so "general," but that they are confined to certain classes of employments. It would not be easy to believe that any accident could have made Johnson a great musician. "He knew," he said, "a drum from a trumpet, and a bagpipe from a guitar, and this was about the extent of his knowledge of music." He might easily have been a great politician or a great lawyer. He might have sunk to the level of the woolsack, and have given up to party what was meant for mankind. Indeed, Burke said, that if he had gone early into Parliament, he certainly would have been the greatest speaker that ever was there. He might have been a great ruler, a great judge, a great physician, and perhaps a great general. But a great musician, or a great painter, he could never have become.

With this limitation, the theory seems to be true. Yet it does not at first sight account for the fact that we have an age of painters, and an age of poets, an age of philosophers, and an age of inventors; that men of genius, like herrings, move so much in shoals, and that at one time the set is toward one art, and at another time toward another. Yet this general movement comes from without, and not from within. Among the accidents that determine the line along which the "direction of desire" is given to these minds of large general

powers, must be reckoned the general opinion of mankind, that so often varies with each age and each country. If in some happy land, and some happy time, the balance were held truly, if eminence in all the arts and all the great ways of life were equally esteemed and nobly rewarded, then we should find genius displayed in the most varied forms. Then we should see in the fullest and freest play that many-sided life which, during one short age, Athens displayed, but even Athens displayed imperfectly. When one way is overvalued, then chance herself joins that side which is already too strong, for among the early conversations which the child hears are more likely to be sounded the praises of that which all esteem. The laurels of Miltiades would not suffer Themistocles to sleep. In what line Themistocles's genius should break forth was, perhaps, settled by the mode in which Miltiades's laurels had been won. If in any age the talk of all men were of bullocks, and if the greatest glory that could be gained were gained by cattle-breeding, then the youthful genius of one generation would be kept from sleeping by the cups and medals that adorned the house of some great exhibitor among his elders. Indeed, it is sad to think how many great painters may have been already lost in great pigeon-fanciers. "Not one man in a thousand," writes Mr. Darwin, "has accuracy of eye and judgment sufficient to become an eminent breeder. If gifted with these qualities, and if he studies his subject for years, and devotes his lifetime to it with indomitable perseverance, he will succeed, and may make great improvements; if he wants any of these qualities, he will assuredly fail. Few would readily believe in the natural capacity and years of practice requisite to become even a skilful pigeon-fancier." It is easy to believe that the same accuracy of eye, the same judgment, the same indomitable perseverance that has produced a new breed of fantails or tumblers, might, if otherwise directed, have given the world another "Blue Boy" or another "Strawberry Girl." Henceforth we shall never at a royal agricultural show see any of these great breeders without sorrowfully thinking of the lost Pleiad, the missing

decades of Livy, and the unfinished window in Aladdin's tower. As we gaze upon them we shall dream "of Raphael's sonnets, Dante's picture."

In like manner other modes of life claim other men. Where soldiers are famous, there chance too often lets the child see the old warrior's sword taken down from the wall, while in the common talk of the table he is ever hearing the names of great captains freshly remembered. In a trading state, chance in the same manner would turn him toward trade, and in a newly settled country, where man has single-handed to fight against nature, it would lead him toward that inventiveness by which that hard struggle is so greatly lightened. In Holland he would be ever hearing the praises of great traders, and in the United States of great inventors. Yet in Holland, too, where man has always to fight for his land against the sea, and nature is more his foe than his friend, it may well be that genius is often irresistibly drawn toward inventiveness. A youth gifted with a mind of the largest general powers, such a mind as went to make a William of Orange, a Rubens, or a Grotius, may be struck, as Reynolds was struck, when he beheld the mighty ramparts built up against the sea. "The perseverance," wrote our great painter to Edmund Burke from Amsterdam, "the perseverance of their industry and labor to form those dykes, and preserve them in such perfect repair, is an idea that must occur to every mind, and is truly sublime." Even from the swampy nature of their soil there might have come that accident which determines genius. "Another idea," he wrote, "of their industry and perseverance, which amounts, I think, to the sublime, is, that the foundation of their buildings, which is piles, costs as much as what appears above ground, both in labor and expense."

While we thus consider these accidents of whatever nature they may be, which give the direction toward particular species of excellence, we must not forget the force of antagonism, which sometimes hurries a strong and eager understanding along the opposite path to that which seems marked out for it by circumstances. Of the father's idols the son often grows sick, and seeks after

strange gods. More commonly than we think are we moved as was the Athenian peasant, and are eager to banish Aristides merely because we are tired of hearing everybody call him just.

If we may trust Dean Barnard's pleasant lines, Reynolds, that "dear knight of Plympton" as he called him, went far beyond Johnson in his theory of genius. Johnson, as we have seen, said that from nature must come a mind of large general powers. Reynolds, if the dean understood him rightly, held that industry could supply everything.

"Thou sayst not only skill is gained
But genius too may be attained
By studious invitation;
Thy temper mild, thy genius fine,
I'll study till I make them mine
By constant meditation."

If Reynolds did not go so far as this, yet that one of the dean's friends who was to teach him "modesty and Greek" held the doctrine to the full. "It was a favorite opinion of Sir William Jones," his friend and biographer, Lord Teignmouth, writes, "that all men are born with an equal capacity for improvement. The assertion will remind the reader of the modest declaration of Sir Isaac Newton, that, if he had done the world any service, it was due to nothing but industry and patient thought. The following lines were sent to Sir William by a friend, in consequence of a conversation in which he had maintained this opinion:

"Sir William, you attempt in vain,
By depth of reason to maintain,
That all men's talents are the same,
And they, not Nature, are to blame.
Whate'er you say, whate'er you write,
Proves your opponents in the right.
Lest genius should be ill-defined,
I term it *your superior mind*;
Hence to your friends 'tis plainly shown,
You're ignorant of yourself alone."

Sir William Jones's answer:

"Ah! but too well, dear friend, I know
My fancy weak, my reason slow;
My memory by art improved,
My mind by baseless trifles moved.
Give me (thus high my pride I raise)
The ploughman's or the gardener's praise,
With patient and unceasing toil
To meliorate a stubborn soil;
And say (no higher meed I ask)
With zeal hast thou performed thy task.
Praise, of which virtuous minds may boast,
They best confer, who merit most."

His friend remained unconvinced. Indeed who would willingly be persuaded that it was the fault, not of nature, but himself, that his attainments were not equal to those of this wonderful man? He died at the early age of forty-seven. His lesser accomplishments were considerable. He had a knowledge of chemistry, he read Newton's "Principia," he had mastered the theory of music, he was an excellent botanist? But beyond this he was a profound lawyer, and a man deeply read in the philosophy and literature of many nations. Eight languages he could boast he had studied critically. Among the eight were Greek, Arabic, Persian, and Sanscrit. Eight he had studied less perfectly, but they were all intelligible with a dictionary. Among these were Hebrew, Bengali, Hindi, and Turkish. Twelve he had studied least perfectly, but they were all attainable. If, as he maintained, all men can do this, then there are not perhaps a dozen men in each century who do even one half of what they can.

John Mill was another of these big men who seem to insult the world by publicly maintaining that what they had done any one else might do. He does not indeed go quite so far as Sir William Jones, but he goes very far beyond Johnson. Who, that has read his autobiography, can have forgotten the amazing reading of a boy not yet twelve years old? His learning at that age would, to use Johnson's phrase, have given dignity to a bishop. In fact there is not, I suppose, one bishop in a dozen who can boast so much. Yet he writes: "What I could do, could assuredly be done by any boy or girl of average capacity and healthy physical constitution." To men such as Jones and Mill, when they maintain that it is by their industry alone, and not by it added to great natural powers that they have gained high honor, we might use, with a change, the reply of Themistocles to the Seriphian. "Neither should we have been greatly distinguished if we had had your industry, nor you, if you had had our natural powers." Whence Mr. Mill got this strange notion I do not know. But in Sir William Jones it may most likely be traced to Johnson's talk. To this same talk

probably is due a striking passage in the "Wealth of Nations," for both Jones and Adam Smith were members of Johnson's club. In the chapter in that work which treats of "the principle which gives occasion to the division of labor" this theory of genius appears in the following shape. "The difference of natural talents in different men is, in reality, much less than we are aware of; and the very different genius which appears to distinguish men of different professions when grown up to maturity, is not upon many occasions so much the cause, as the effect of the division of labor. The difference between the most dissimilar characters, between a philosopher and a common street porter, for example, seems to arise not so much from nature as from habits, customs, and education. When they came into the world, and for the first six or eight years of their existence, they were, perhaps, very much alike, and neither their parents nor playfellows could perceive any remarkable difference. About that age, or soon after, they come to be employed in very different occupations. The difference of talents comes then to be taken notice of, and widens by degrees, till at last the vanity of the philosopher is willing to acknowledge scarce any resemblance. But without the disposition to truck, barter, and exchange, every man must have procured to himself every necessary and conveniency of life which he wanted. All must have had the same duties to perform, and the same work to do, and there could have been no such difference of employment as could alone give any occasion to any great difference of talents."

Adam Smith's porter and philosopher belonged, it is clear, to the country where children of all classes went to the same school. He was thinking of his own playfellows in the grammar school of Kirkcaldy. Yet he forgets all that nature and accident had done for him, long before "the certainty of being able to exchange all that surplus part of the produce of his own labor which is over and above his own consumption, encouraged" him "to apply himself to a particular occupation, and to cultivate and bring to perfection whatever talent or genius he might possess for that par-

particular species of business." He here admits that that quality may exist which is commonly meant by genius, but he goes on to qualify the admission in the way we have just seen. His own childhood had been sickly. In the active sports of his comrades he could not join. "He attracted notice by his passion for books, and by the extraordinary powers of his memory." The young school-boy already showed some of the awkward habits of the confirmed student. He was absent in mind, and he used to talk to himself. He had from the first the mind of large general powers. But when he maintains that the natural difference is slight between men who bear burthens and men who enlarge our knowledge of nature and of life, he reminds us how Wilcox, the bookseller, eying Johnson's robust frame attentively, told him that, rather than try to get his living as an author, he had better buy a porter's knot. But both Johnson and Adam Smith, without much of the vanity of a philosopher, might have refused to acknowledge any resemblance between a common street porter and themselves.

This theory of genius is manifestly not one of merely speculative interest. If what Sir William Jones held could be shown to be true, the results would be vast indeed, were education but once wisely directed. We should all come in time to deserve the title that was conferred on one Mr. Jackson of the last century, and be each of us styled, like him, the "all-knowing." But in the sudden rapture that has come upon us from the contemplation of this golden age of learning, we are forgetting Adam Smith and his division of labor. The knowledge, more or less thorough, of thirty-six languages, of law, philosophy, literature, the theory of music, chemistry, and botany, would be confined to those whom "the general disposition to

truck, barter, and exchange" has so far favored that they need not with their own hands bear home the peck of potatoes or the leg of mutton that they have bought in the market. Nevertheless, when we call to mind what, if we are to trust Mr. Mill, "any boy or girl of average capacity" could do at the age of twelve, and when we remember that the division of labor allows, and the law compels, all children to remain at school till almost that age, we see that even our future street porters and oyster wenches may be so far all-knowing that they shall be able to read Aristotle and Lucretius, Thucydides and Livy, Aristophanes and Terence, while with the differential calculus they shall not be unacquainted. But, allowing that Sir William Jones and Mr. Mill went much too far, yet if the opinion that Johnson taught and Reynolds accepted be just, we may then properly examine whether it is to chance conversations and accidents that must be left the guidance of those "large general powers," that "general strength of intellect," which when directed with intense and constant application to one end the world calls genius. It seems likely that all that chance does wise forethought might do at least as well.

At all events it might take care to multiply the accidents, and to leave in the parlor window books describing many kinds of excellence, so that ardor and emulation may be excited in that way which is most likely to lead to great results. It may see that there is, as it were, a parlor window for every child in the land. It may open everywhere free libraries, where our youths may read of great deeds and great men, till at last haply some one here and some one there may find that he has in him that stern but noble stuff out of which the best and highest ambition should be made.—*Macmillan's Magazine*.

THE IDEAS OF AN EXILE.

BY H. H. PRINCE IBRAHIM HILMY.

I AM the great-grandson of Mehemet Ali, who more than half a century ago laid the foundation of the hereditary rule of our family in Egypt. My cele-

brated ancestor has always been described, even by his enemies, as a man of much determination and rare natural intelligence; it must certainly be

admitted that he understood in a remarkable manner both the times he lived in and the people he governed. It was by dint of these qualities that he succeeded in calling forth order from chaos, and at last exchanged the subordinate position of a Turkish *vali* for the more important career of an almost independent viceroy. We are all of us, I think, justly proud of my great-grandfather, who, to use Lord Dufferin's own words, "proved his right to found a dynasty by emancipating those whom he ruled from the arbitrary thralldom of an imperious suzerain." His son, Ibrahim Pacha, only lived for a few months after his accession; my father, the Khedive Ismail, occupied the throne of Mehemet Ali for seventeen years, and my eldest brother, Mehemet Tewfik Pacha, now reigns in his stead. I was born twenty-four years ago in my father's house situated on the island of Rhoda, opposite Old Cairo, and am an Egyptian of the Egyptians.

If I am an Egyptian by birth and sympathies, and one of the house of Mehemet Ali by descent, I may with equal justice almost claim to be an Englishman by education. My governess when I was a little child, and whose features I can hardly remember now, was an Englishwoman; during ten years General Maclean gave me the benefit of his care as my tutor and governor, and he was succeeded by Mr. Freeland. I then came to England to continue my education at the Royal Military Academy at Woolwich, where I eventually passed the examination qualifying me for a commission in the Artillery. Meanwhile, great changes had taken place in Egypt; for my father, having abdicated in favor of his eldest son, Tewfik Pacha, had gone into exile at Naples. I wrote to my brother to say that, as my proposed course of studies had been thus completed, I intended returning to Egypt. I had yet, however, to learn the bitter lesson that it was an unpardonable offence to be my father's son. Other transgressions I could not possibly have committed, as I had never taken any share in Egyptian politics, being still little more than a boy when I first came to England. My brother peremptorily forbade my coming to Cairo. Lord Granville twice intervened

on my behalf, but the Khedive's resolution on the subject was not to be so easily shaken. He has since emphatically declared that as long as he reigns I shall never see Egypt again. From this decision there is no appeal; so I, too, like my father, am an exile.

I desire to say a few words about those passing events which have so intimate and vital a concern with the future of Egypt, and which may possibly in a more remote degree even affect the destiny of England. My individual position, it is true, may very well counsel me to keep silence; but my duty to Egypt, the land of my birth, and my affection for England, the country of my education and the hospitable refuge of my exile, must be my excuse for speaking.

I more and more deplore the tendency which continually shows itself to treat Egyptian Nationalism either as a fiction or as the shadowy dream of political enthusiasts. It is neither one nor the other. It is a genuine phase of Egyptian thought and feeling which grew up long before the *Pronunciamento* of September, 1831, and has, I think, assuredly survived Tel-el-Kebir. I do not for a moment give Arábi and his associates the credit of inventing it or even bringing it to light; but I sincerely believe they were its faithful and honest exponents to the best of their ability. I also am of opinion that the majority of Egyptians were heart and soul with them in those efforts for reform and redress which, by an adverse combination of circumstances, at last developed into armed resistance. No popular error has entailed more fatal consequences on Egypt than this misunderstanding of her legitimate aspirations. The ridicule so unsparingly cast on her puny attempts at constitutional reform was to my mind something like the pelting of frogs by the boys in *Æsop's fables*: it produced laughter and gibes in Europe, but it brought grief and despair to my fellow-countrymen. Egyptian Nationalism was unsparingly pelted by its European critics, and the Egyptians are still suffering from the effects. The late unfortunate war was to a great extent brought about by a misconception and misrepresentation of Egyptian feeling, and it is only just now that

people are beginning to suspect a blunder. I do not myself wonder at the error into which England fell, and when once the mistake was made, a series of accidents helped to perpetuate it. The key of a real and lasting solution of the Egyptian difficulty is to be found in a *due recognition of Egyptian Nationalism in its broadest sense on the part of England as the pioneer of reorganization, and by the Egyptian Government as the actual and interested reorganizers.*

I am so accustomed to see every conceivable ill connected with Egypt persistently attributed to my father that I am not astonished at a great deal being always taken for granted on this head. As a matter of fact the Khedive Ismail was the first to recognize and even promote the growth of national aspirations, to give his subjects a constitution, to implant the seeds at least of a system of representation in the country, and to carry out such a sweeping measure of judicial reform as was involved in the creation of the International Tribunals. When the last events of his reign come to be impartially considered, history will make up her mind as to the extent which these early attempts to give force to the principle of "Egypt for the Egyptians" contributed to precipitate his downfall; but it is impossible with justice to deny that he himself gave the first impulse to a movement which he saw was only the natural consequence of improved education and increased connection with the civilization of the West. My brother, the present Khedive, after repeated hesitations and changes of opinion, finally determined to crush out Egyptian Nationalism. We were a year ago, and are still, in presence of the consequences. I firmly believe that, until the real nature of those events which have so rapidly crowded one upon the other during the last four years of Egyptian history are better understood, we shall never be able to liberate ourselves from the dire confusion in which the country is still inextricably plunged. As to my brother, I will say nothing. I only hope he will come to realize those mistakes which have brought so many misfortunes to Egypt. He may then induce his subjects to reverse the opinion they have arrived at concerning him. All I wish to do, as far as the limits of this short

paper will allow me, is to point out the error which I conceive has been committed in the wholesale rejection of Egyptian Nationalism as a fiction, and at the same time the inutility of attempts to transfer the blame for the calamities of Egypt to the wrong shoulders.

I will take as an example the question which is at the moment I write of supreme importance to the future of Egypt—the indebtedness of the peasantry. To my great surprise an able writer who has recently told us much about that country would also hold my father responsible even for this. Now, as a matter of fact, when the Khedive Ismail left Egypt in June, 1879, the *fellaheen* owed only two millions sterling; whereas in June, 1883, their debt reached very nearly the alarming total of twelve millions of pounds. I am at a loss to conceive by what train of reasoning my father can be reproached for a state of things over which he could have had no possible control. If the peasants paid heavier taxes before the Law of Liquidation came into force, their interests as regards an adequate water supply for the carrying on of their cultivation were more efficiently protected. Good irrigation enabled them to produce more, and their condition was then infinitely preferable to the state in which they are to-day. The collection of taxes was, I think, better managed in the old time. Nothing favors the usurer more than the monthly or periodical gathering in of the contributions required from the *fellah*. The Egyptian peasant can only pay his taxes when he receives the proceeds of his harvest. If they are not taken from him then he improvidently spends his gains, and must go to the usurer to satisfy each succeeding demand of the tax-gatherer. No half measures can avert the crisis which has been produced by a variety of causes, two of which I have briefly endeavored to indicate. There must be a searching and local investigation. The usurer must not be allowed any great facilities for exacting his pound of flesh, nor do I believe in loans by banks or financial companies to pay off these remorseless creditors. It must first be ascertained what the peasants really borrowed—I mean, of course, what they really receive. When this is done (and it can only be ascer-

tained by close inquiry) schemes for helping the debtors by other loans at a moderate rate of interest are worth considering. I regret to see the consideration of this crying question has been postponed. Even as I write we are furnished with an illustration of the inevitable consequences of delay and mere palliative remedies. A *Standard* telegram from Egypt tells us that "The commissioners which are to be appointed to examine into the question of the debt of the *fellaheen* are not to be intrusted with the work until the end of December, in order that peasants may not be encouraged by false hopes to evade the payment of their taxes and debts." Then follows what might very well have been anticipated: "The *fellaheen* have already learned that the Government intends examining into their condition next year, and instead of the wished for result being obtained, they are simply renewing all their bills with the usurers at exorbitant rates, hoping for ultimate relief." We have, therefore, nothing left to comfort us but the assurance "that Mr. Edgar Vincent is busy at the capital, gathering information from all sources, and endeavoring to find a solution for what has become by far the most serious question of the day." Till some decision has been come to, it is impossible to disguise the fact that another danger for the peace of Egypt will always be looming in the distance.

There are, however, other questions of hardly less importance to the future of Egypt. I allude to the overcrowding of the Civil Service with European *employés* and the crying inequality of taxation as between the native Egyptians on the one hand and the foreign colonists on the other. As yet, I regret to see, no material change for the better has been either attempted or accomplished in these matters. I do not think Arabi can be, with justice, accused of having ever said too much or spoken too strongly on the subject. During my father's reign Europeans often entered the service of the Egyptian Government at his invitation, but no perceptible irritation was caused by their presence. The reason for this is very simple. In the Khedive Ismail's time Europeans were selected for employment solely by reason of manifest personal fitness for

the efficient discharge of the various functions belonging to their different posts. The Egyptians are quick enough to realize evident superior qualifications, and their presence was quite sufficient to prevent outward grumbling or inward discontent. Since then *on a changé tout cela*; Europeans have been appointed merely because they were Europeans, and as such deemed fitting objects for protection; the salaries of their posts have been increased wholly with a view to meet European requirements, while native Egyptians have been unceremoniously elbowed out of the way to make room for the new-comers. These evils have specially abounded in cases where a department has been blessed with a dual foreign superintendence representing two rival foreign influences. Each element in the superintendence naturally enough vied with his colleague in creating a subordinate body of faithful compatriot adherents; and the native Egyptians have had, as usual, to pay the *pots cassés* of these international jealousies. Under these circumstances, I think the complaints of the Egyptians on this head can hardly be wondered at. The Egyptian reformer of the future must take care to be always able to justify the employment of Europeans by the superior qualifications of his nominees; he must strive, at the same time, to create, as far as possible, an intelligent and trustworthy Egyptian Executive.

Foreigners in Egypt must, in the time to come, submit to the same burdens of taxation as the Egyptians. It is difficult to describe the perpetual irritation caused by the present existing glaring inequality of State contribution. Egypt is now asked to pay some millions sterling on account of the losses occasioned to Europeans at Alexandria. This affords an opportunity for an equitable adjustment of the taxation question. The accounts which reach us as to the proposed settlement of the Indemnity Claims are far from reassuring. Here, too, I think some searching and impartial inquiry is needed.

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I have been somewhat surprised to hear it lately asserted that the great network of public improvements my father wove

with so much toil and at so great a cost over the whole face of Egypt was merely designed as a means of improving his own estates. A glance at the map will show this suggestion to be groundless. How the theory I allude to can, with any show of reason, be applied to such enterprises as the harbor of Alexandria, the railways, and the telegraph-lines scattered throughout the length and breadth of the country, I am at a loss to imagine. Ismail Pacha to a great extent certainly incurred the public debt of Egypt; but it is not less true that he labored hard for the progress of his country. The just historian cannot, I think, ignore the contrast between the material Egypt of 1860 and the material Egypt of 1880. Some writers, however, not only fail to realize it, but apparently forget that one fifth of the liabilities of Egypt must be attributed to the expenses she incurred in the construction of the Suez Canal, which has benefited the whole world so much and Egypt herself so little. I do not even attempt to assert that my father's policy was either perfect or free from many grievous errors, nor do I for a moment imagine he thinks so himself. Adversity and exile have afforded time and occasion for reflection. Ismail Pacha (if I may, as his son, take the liberty of saying so) tried to run when he should have walked. The rapid pace at which he desired Egypt to advance in civilization and prosperity did temporary harm at least both to the country and to himself. My father also, I think, erred in concentrating too much commercial enterprise in his own person. His greatest blunder, however, was probably his too confiding trust in the *foreign* element of his administration. I do not wish my readers to think that by the term "foreign" I refer to the Europeans who entered the Egyptian cabinet toward the close of his reign.

From such blame as these three faults entail his highness Ismail Pacha can-

not escape. He has gathered, and is gathering still, the bitter fruit they have brought him. It cannot, however, be denied, as I have said before, that he made Egypt what she is, or rather what she might be, to-day. The education which rendered national aspiration possible was his work. He gave Egypt her first constitution and her first representative assembly. He preserved order through the country down to the very moment he quitted it. Many Egyptians owe their first employment in the public service to him. He succeeded at last in obtaining the semi-independence of his country from the unwilling concessions of "an imperious suzerain," as well as the right of direct succession for his eldest son. He constructed, as I have before said, railways, canals, bridges, telegraphs, and harbors. He opened in person the greatest triumph of engineering skill the world has ever seen. When he became conscious of the growing strength of the national aspirations he had encouraged, he made an attempt to give them a practical form. He was not, however, permitted to complete the experiment in person. A bitter experience of four years has brought us face to face once more with the old question, What is to be the future of Egypt? If ever a satisfactory solution is to be arrived at it can only be found in a patient inquiry into the latest portions of Egyptian history, a generous sympathy with the legitimate aspirations of the people, and a due recognition of the national sentiment which prevails among them. No stable reorganization can be built up either on useless recriminations or unworthy prejudice. I firmly trust that England will yet teach us that "Egypt for the Egyptians" means something more than a political formula. It is this belief, and this belief alone, which must be the excuse and justification for troubling an ever-generous public with the ideas of an exile.—*Fortnightly Review*.

RAMBLINGS OF A PAPER-KNIFE.

DIES TRUDITUR DIE. The question is ever of to-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow; in yesterday to-day had been shadowed, and in to-day "already

walks the morrow." So with books—those varied semblances, or disguises in which the actors in the ever-widening drama of literary enterprise make their

débuts and play their parts. Book displaces book unceasingly; the books of to-day present themselves in front of those of yesterday, and the interest stirred by those of to-day will pale before that to be awakened by their younger rivals of to-morrow. How strange, looking at the numbers also in which they pour forth, would now seem that custom of ancient Rome, according to which authors invited the public to listen to them reading their manuscript before finally deciding on publishing it as a book. "This year," says Pliny, referring to the custom in a letter to a friend,

"has brought us a great crop of poets. During the month of April there was hardly a day on which some one had not a reading . . . yet people come but slowly to listen. Many sit in the lounging-places outside, chatting instead of going in to listen. They even have news brought them from time to time whether the reader has entered, whether he has recited his preface, whether he has got through much of his manuscript yet. Then at last they come in, but slowly and reluctantly; and even then they do not wait, but go away before the end."

Clearly these recitations were tiresome work to the conquerors of the world; but think of such an ordeal now, when books pour forth at the rate of, say, seventy in the week! "Oh, that mine adversary had written a book," is not a wish that can fail of fairly abundant gratification nowadays, for of the making of many books there is now indeed, happily, no end.

Methinks I hear some questioning of this "happily"—some muttering anent "the plague of books." Perhaps the objector means the plague of *bad* books; in that case I am with him so far; but in all probability we should be at issue as to what constitutes a bad book. Now the controversy on this matter (in regard to which opinion seems to be torn in as opposite directions as were the limbs of Ravaillac) presents itself to me from a point of view wholly outside the heats and fumings in which men have enveloped it.

For me, books divide themselves into good and bad; I settle beforehand a definite and intelligible test by which the question of good or bad is in each case as it arises decided at once beyond controversy. Are the edges machine-cut at the time of issue to the public?

NEW SERIES.—VOL. XXXIX., No. 2

that is a bad book. Are the edges uncut? that is a good book. And let me remind any who may sneer at this, that it has its basis in that *il faut vivre* which is the true point of departure of many a more pretentious test. For even the paper-knife's functions have not escaped invasion by the monster which has already converted millions of free-born Britons into mere waiters on machinery, and threatens in the near distance to convert England herself into what Gil Blas declared his now empty bottle had become—a body without a soul. However, looking to how much machinery has done for them, the faith of Englishmen in it is, perhaps, excusable; but why not at least leave the edges of books to the enterprise of individual readers and their paper-knives.

Is not each book as it issues forth a fountain as it were, a bubble or two only indeed it may be in some cases, yet each and all welling up from the Pierian spring? and shall the charming regularities of the natural margins be sacrificed to the monotonous formality of smooth-shaven edges? Does such formality in a material fountain commend itself to sound taste?

"Quanto præstantius esset
Numen aquæ, viridi si margine clauderet
undas,
Heiba, nec ingenuum violarent marmora
tophum."

The hand of Time restored to the fountain of Egeria its native freshness, and an English poet could sing the accomplishment of that for which Juvenal sighed in vain:

"The mosses of thy fountain still are sprinkled
With thine Elysian water-drops; the face
Of thy cave-guarded spring, by years unwrinkled,
Reflects the meek-eyed genius of the place,
Whose green wild margin now no more erase
Art's works, nor must the delicate waters sleep
Prisoned in marble."

Why should it be different in regard to the margins of those many fountains aforesaid, bursting up from the Pierian spring? How much preferable would they be if left to the natural treatment of the paper-knife?

I am not indeed myself prepared to deny that the world once got on without paper-knives; and here turns up the question of the antiquity or otherwise of

our race Had Horace a paper-knife? Who shall answer? or Imogen, that most charming of heroines? In her face, spring-time perennial smiled: her breath the eglantine out-sweetened not; but had she a paper-knife? She was studious: it seems she was in the habit even of reading in bed. "What hour is it?" she asks the lady in attendance on her one night, and is told that it is near midnight.

"I've read these three hours then; mine eyes are weak;
Fold down the leaf where I have left: to bed:
Take not away the taper; leave it burning."

She did not at any rate use a paper-knife as a marker.

Before Queen Elizabeth was seventeen she had read the "Phædo," and used to quote Horace in her letters from Hatfield to her brother Edward VI. She may well, therefore, have had one. Again, when the Chancellor's house at Lambeth was sacked in Wyatt's rebellion, the rebels, as Wiesener reminds his readers in his "Youth of Queen Elizabeth," tore to pieces the books in his library to such an extent that they were "up to their knees" in loose leaves. All probability, therefore, is in favor of their having been a paper-knife in Gardiner's house. Still, that our numbers must have been very small, even much more than a century later, seems certain. Speaking of the latter part of the reign of Charles II., Macaulay relates how

"Few knights of the shire had libraries so good as may now perpetually be found in a servants' hall. . . . An esquire passed among his neighbors for a great scholar, if 'Hudibras' and Baker's 'Chronicle,' Tarleton's 'Jests,' and the 'Seven Champions of Christendom' lay in his hall window among the fishing-rods and fowling-pieces."

Indeed Mr. Edgeworth, writing in the beginning even of the present century, quotes Burke's calculation, made not long before, that there were in Great Britain only about 80,000 readers, or not quite one in a hundred of the population.

Amid all this uncertainty, however, an eminent writer has fixed one great landmark in our history, so far as regards our repute for thoroughness in the performance of our work, be that what

it might. A hundred and sixty years ago we had already attained an excellence in this respect which led Swift to select us as an example (or a warning) to those who aspire to make their way in the courts of kings. "Did you ever," he said, writing to Lord Bolingbroke in 1719,

"observe one of your clerks cutting his paper with a blunt ivory knife? Did you ever know the knife to fail going the true way? Whereas if he had used a penknife or a razor, he had odds against him of spoiling a whole sheet. I have twenty times compared the motion of that ivory implement to those talents that thrive best at court. Think upon Lord Bacon, Williams, Strafford, Laud, Clarendon, Shaftesbury, the last Duke of Buckingham, and, of my own acquaintance, the Earl of Oxford and yourself—all great geniuses in their several ways; and, if they had not been so great, would have been less unfortunate."

That is, had they not been too clever by half, they would have done better, just as the penknife or the razor would fail through oversharpeness where the blunt honesty of the paper-knife achieved perfect success. It may well also have been this conspicuous excellence in the "blunt ivory knife" which suggested to Mommsen a somewhat similar remark as he surveyed the career which closed with Cato's death at Utica.

"Cato," he says, "was anything but a great man; but . . . just because the shrewdest lie inwardly feels itself annihilated before the simple truth, and because all the dignity and glory of human nature ultimately depend not on shrewdness but on honesty, Cato has played a greater part in history than many men far superior to him in intellect."

But enough of this: what avails it to speak of pedigree, when our very existence as a race is threatened? If, however, hard though I find it to believe so, the days of paper-knives are numbered, let note be taken of this: that, for a reason which does not perhaps lie on the surface, but regarding which I shall offer a few remarks, we shall not be the only sufferers. "Think of the saving of trouble in finding the edges of our books ready cut," not a few will say off-hand, as if even being saved trouble must needs be an absolute boon; but let that matter pass. To the remark itself I reply, "Think rather of the extinction of at least one source of that great incentive to human activity—curi-

osity." Does any one take up a book whose leaves have been already cut with the zest he does one whose secrets the paper-knife has yet to disclose to him? Who has not observed the eagerness with which the paper-knife is appealed to, to enable the holder of a newly arrived and virgin book to get at that, be it what it may, which the folded sheets still veil from him? And who, too, has not seen the impatient distress of a man on such an occasion, if the paper-knife be not forthcoming? "Heavens! earth! ocean! oh sacrilege! Oh, abomination, calamity, scourge, pestilence! I have left at your house my knife, the dear knife that never leaves me"—so writes Balzac on such an occasion to his sister. For I assume that temporary separation from a mere penknife could never have called up in him such emotion—created such a commotion rather. But if we picture him having just finished a draught of "my poison of coffee in Anna's covered cup," anew book that moment arrived, and the discovery then made that the paper-knife was not forthcoming—what more natural than his agitation? True, when he had cut the leaves and read the book, he might pronounce it unspeakable stuff; but the zest of anticipation, not its possible collapse afterward in disappointment, is the point of consequence here.

In fact, the superior attractiveness which the as yet folded leaves of a book possess, is, as already intimated, but one phase of a tendency anchored deep in the permanent traits of man's nature. Those "who listen with credulity to the whispers of fancy, or pursue with eagerness the phantoms of hope; who expect that age will perform the promises of youth, and that the deficiencies of the present will be supplied by the morrow," have been invited by the author of "Rasselas" to attend to the history of that prince in order to learn the futility of such expectations. Doubtless every man of mature years will admit the truth of all this: he could indeed, from his own experience, furnish out the teaching of that celebrated story; but was there ever youth, are there even many grown men, who on rising from reading it felt they ~~could~~ ^{lost} their fancy a ~~little~~ ^{the less} the less!

been their wont to do of the future? The answer ever has been, and forever will be, No. In "Rasselas" itself there is no pretence made to gainsay this. What, asks the prince, makes the difference between man and the beast of the field? The latter "is hungry, and crops the grass; he is thirsty, and drinks the stream; his hunger and thirst are appeased; he is satisfied, and sleeps. I am hungry and thirsty like him, but when thirst and hunger cease, I am not at rest. I am, like him, pained with want; but I am not, like him, satisfied with fulness." The present does not suffice for him: he cannot, even if he would, confine his desires to it. If memory on the one hand is ever renewing the past for him, still more powerfully on the other hand do the fascinations of the unknown draw his regards ceaselessly to the future, into which he peers wistfully, were it for no other reason than that it is the unknown.

Hence it is, paradox as it seems, that the zest with which men pursue an object diminishes always on attainment; often does not even survive the period of pursuit; hardly ever lives through fruition. It is anticipation which supplies the zest, while the obstacles intervening between it and attainment ever stinuate it. Many are the degrees and forms of this condition of feeling, but all are essentially the same.

"Think you if Laura had been Petrarch's wife,

He would have written sonnets all his life?"

But the reader may prefer to evade the point of this illustration—may even object to it absolutely, as a libel not on Petrarch only, but on man. I had better then have worked up to Laura less abruptly, from some smaller beginning—the schoolboy chasing a butterfly, for instance. Well, see his excitement; see the heat he is in; torn clothes, hands torn, even the terrors of such punishment as may be in store for a truant, are for the moment nothing, so as he may hold on his chase to the death—for "woe waits the insect" if caught.

Like the schoolboy, adults chase glittering butterflies in all directions.

"bring perhaps more circumspect the pursuit; their wider experi-

ence suggests modifications in detail ; but these are the main difference between them and the schoolboy. The following picture which I came across in a book called " British Cyprus," may help to clear up my meaning here. Speaking of the women of that island, the author says :

" At nine or ten years of age the girls are lovely . . . But in their after-years, when comeliness is needed most, much of this beauty fades. Fine eyes remain ; but contour, color, bloom, expression, all depart. The Moslem females seem to understand their fate. If their sisters of the orthodox rite were knowing, they too would glide about the courts and market-places veiled. A Christian woman bares her neck and face ; a Moslem woman shows no more than a pair of sparkling eyes. No man looks twice at the retreating figure of a Greek, though she be habited in pink and amber ; every one turns and gazes at the gliding mystery of a girl in white whose face is shrouded from his view."

I was about going on to show how important, from the point of view of the foregoing, myself and my race must be to mankind, when my whole train of thought was abruptly cut short by my being thrust between the leaves of a newly arrived book. " Read much, but not many books," it has been said ; but I live and move as if in fulfilment of pretty nearly a contrary injunction—" Read many books, but not much of any one." How often have I reflected on the haphazard and broken opportunities which are mine for becoming acquainted with the contents of books which nevertheless I am continually among. Yet, as I apply these disparaging terms to the conditions of my existence, I ask myself at times whether it is well thus carelessly to bestow epithets. A rose 'tis true would smell as sweet by any other name than its own. Aye, but is that because the name given to anything is of no consequence, or because the perfume of the rose is not at the mercy of a mere name ? Let those dogs who have known what it is to get a bad name answer. If a repute has yet to be made, if the prospects of a career are still in question, may not the name given to the conditions under which any being, even a paper-knife, has to work out a career be of vital import. At the least must it not be of great consequence that at the start

those conditions shall be seen, not through the fogs of despair, but through the golden haze of hope ? If I, for example, call my enforced conditions of life fragmentary and haphazard, no rest vouchsafed to me anywhere, interruptions persecuting me at every point, despair is the only suggestion. But if I call these same conditions under which I must work, a variety of opportunity out of which, if I know how, I may carve a career, the description is as correct as the former one, while it is as suggestive of hope as the other is of despair. Out of necessity I can thus make a virtue, and in the enforced variety and endless shiftings of my reading can pretend the liberty of a wide range, with the words of Eugène Noël in his " Vie des Fleurs" for my motto, " Je ne suivrai de règles dans ces causeries que l'inspiration du moment, tantôt triste, tantôt gaie. Je veux aller en sautillant de fleur en fleur comme l'insecte."

While this mood was upon me, Destiny, ever jerking me about, brought before me a letter from Miss Williams-Wynn to the Baron von Ense, the subject of which is a collection of objects got together in a way apparently as haphazard as my own reading is done. Is this collection a source of vexation ? Nothing of the sort ; reflecting the various moods of a cultured and thoughtful mind which gives a unity of its own to the seeming medley, it is a source of unfailing pleasure to the owner. " I have such a love," so the letter runs,

" for sculpture and works of art, that I regularly ruin myself when I get into a shop where they are to be found. My room in London is a curious medley of incongruities : Kant and Luther are side by side, Hegel and the Virgin and Child ; and so it goes on, much to the horror of strict friends who seem to think one ought to look upon but one set of opinions."

Such a collection some people would no doubt call a mere confusion, while the strict friends would, I suppose, have a harder name for it. Looked at from a point of view higher than that which in such cases supplies merely hard names for things one may not like, the apparent confusion vanishes, and, far from there being grounds for horror, there is much to admire. For myself, on the whole matter, I recall Madame Swet-

chine's remark to Lacordaire as given in her "Letters and Memoirs" :

"One of the most desolating things on this earth is the narrow spirit in which it deals out its absolute condemnations and its as absolute admirations. 'The envious poverty of exclusive love,' as Sainte-Beuve well terms it, shows itself everywhere."

The different sorts of mind, and the differences in training and culture, of which these varying points of view are the reflection, are illustrated in all sorts of ways continually. See, for example, the remains of the ancient castle which crown that moated mound. To one man they speak of great events in long-gone years—they are for him a page in which he may read of the past, as he gazes on that mouldering donjon over which

"Dim with the mist of years gray flits the shade of power,"

and he repeats to kindred minds the tale it tells :

"That time-worn castle owes its origin to a mighty baron of the Conqueror, who accompanied him from Normandy, and, obtaining territory in England, became the progenitor of a powerful line of peers and chieftains, once famous in English history, and long since forgotten. The titles of that great baronial house have been extinct for ages ; its estates have been transferred to other families ; family after family of nobility has held them in succession ; they have passed into possession of the Crown, and have been granted afresh. All the long series of owners have departed ; the Norman, the Plantagenet, the Tudor, the Stuart, the Hanoverian dynasties, have come to an end successively. The ruined donjon has outlasted them all ; and, strange to say, the Norman tenantry, whose ancestors once paid suit and homage at that ancient fortress, are there still. The whole vicinity abounds in purely Norman names." *

Well, another man sees the same ruins, and they speak also to him ; not of the past however, but of the railway which runs near, and of a certain result to which railway and ruins, as things of the actual present, may contribute. He too repeats to kindred minds the tale which these things speak to him :

"The castle grounds are extensive, and, being hidden from the high road, form a beautiful place for picnics. . . . Refreshments, dinners, and teas supplied. Wines and spirits of the choicest description. Ales, porter, stout, etc. ; contracts made for private parties, fêtes, etc. A brass band can be engaged."

* "The Norman People."

Vary the illustration as you will, these differences will be none the less. For example, the sight of "a primrose by the river's brim" can make one man dream dreams and see visions : can call up for him associations far and near from the wide fields of memory, and stir thoughts that lie even too deep for tears. Yet to another man it is silent all :

"A yellow primrose 'tis to him,
And it is nothing more."

So, too, one man will pass unmoved and passionless through scenes whose grandeur will stir the feelings of another man to their depths. Take some well-known centre of interest to which persons resort, with nominally the same object in view—Switzerland for example.

In one of Mendelssohn's "Letters," he says :

"All that you can by possibility conceive as to the grandeur and imposing form of the mountains here must fall far short of the reality of Nature. That Goethe could write nothing in Switzerland but a few weak poems and still weaker letters, is to me as incomprehensible as many other things in this world."

When a German ventured on this much about Goethe, we may expect that he will not spare other people, far worse defaulters in the matter.

"I see people," he continues,

"rushing through Switzerland, and declaring that they find nothing to admire there, or anywhere else (except themselves) ; not in the least affected or roused, remaining cold and prosaic even in presence of the mountains. When I meet such people I should like to give them a good drubbing. Two Englishmen and an English lady are at this moment sitting beside me near the stove, and they are as wooden as sticks. We have been travelling the same road for a couple of days, and I declare these people have never uttered a syllable except of abuse : that there were no fireplaces either on the Grimsel or here, and such like. That there are *mountains* here is a fact to which they never allude ; their whole journey is occupied in scolding their guide, who laughs at them ; in quarrelling with the innkeepers, and in yawning in each other's faces. They think everything commonplace, because they are themselves commonplace ; therefore they are not happier in Switzerland than they would be in Bernau."

Fifteen years again before the time of Mendelssohn's tour this insensibility of some people in the very presence of the grandest manifestations of Nature produced the following paragraph in Byron's "Journal" :

"Went to Chillon through scenery worthy of I know not whom; went over the Castle of Chillon again. On our return met an English party in a carriage; a lady in it fast asleep—fast asleep in the most anti-narcotic spot in the world: excellent! I remember at Chamounix, in the very eye of Mont Blanc, hearing another woman exclaim to her party, 'Did you ever see anything more *rural*?' as if it was Highgate, or Hampstead, or Brompton, or Hayes—'Rural!' quotha. Rocks, pines, torrents, glaciers, clouds, and summits of eternal snow far above them, and—'rural!'"

The incidents just mentioned tell of what may be called the fireplace point of view for natural scenery. Then there is the *nil admirari* point of view, an instance of which is well hit off by Mendelssohn on the occasion of his visit to Isola Madre, as follows: "A fiercely mustachioed German was in the boat with me, and he examined all the lovely scenery as if he were about to purchase it and thought it too dear."

Different again from any of the foregoing examples is the point of view disclosed in the following extract from the letter of an Irish grazier's son on his first tour, as given in Moore's "Diary":

"Dear Father: The Alps is a very high mountain, and bullocks bears no price here."

His frame of mind is really the most reasonable yet under review in this matter. He is indeed quite unequal to the situation; but he has observation, and does his best to criticise without disparaging. Still his point of view marks pretty nearly the nadir of feeling in this regard. As nearly, perhaps, does the point of view of the following passages (from the "Journal" previously quoted), in contrast with all the foregoing mark the zenith:

"Landed at Neuhaus; passed Interlaken; entered upon a range of scenes beyond all description or previous conception. Arrived at the foot of the mountain (the Jungfrau, that is, the Maiden); glaciers, torrents; one of these torrents *nine hundred feet* of visible descent. Lodged at the curate's. Set out to see the valley; heard an avalanche fall, like thunder; glaciers enormous; storm came on, thunder, lightning, hail; all in perfection, beautiful. . . . The torrent I spoke of is in shape curving over the rock like the *tail* of a white horse streaming in the wind, such as it might be conceived would be that of the 'pale horse' on which Death is mounted in the Apocalypse. It is neither mist nor water, but a something between both; and its immense height (nine hundred feet) gives it a wave or

curve, a spreading here, a condensation there, wonderful and indescribable. . . . Ascended the Wengen Mountain; on one side our view comprised the Jungfrau, with all her glaciers; then the Dent d'Argent, shining like Truth; then the Little Giant (the Klein Eigner), and the Great Giant (Grosse Eigner), and last, not least, the Wetterhorn. Heard the avalanches falling every five minutes nearly. . . . Arrived at the Grindelwald; dined, mounted again, and rode to the higher glacier: like a frozen hurricane. . . . Passed whole woods of withered pines, all withered—trunks stripped and barkless, branches lifeless; done by a single winter."

Such and so many are the points of view from which the same scenes may be contemplated or—stared at, as the case may be. A wholly different class of diversities in points of view is admirably illustrated by an incident of one of the conversations which Diderot had with Catherine of Russia, as told by Ségur:

"'I talked much and frequently with him,' said the Empress, 'but with more curiosity than profit. If I had heeded him, everything would have been turned upside down in my dominions. . . . Yet, as I listened more than I talked, any witness who might have happened to be present would have taken him for a severe pedagogue and me for his humble disciple. Probably he thought so himself, for, after some time, seeing that none of these great innovations which he had recommended were made, he showed surprise and a haughty kind of dissatisfaction. Then, speaking openly, I said to him: "M. Diderot, I have listened with the greatest pleasure to all that your brilliant intelligence has inspired; and with all your grand principles, which I understand very well, one would make very fine books but very bad business. You forget, in all your plans of reform, the difference in our positions. You work only on paper, which endures all things; it opposes no obstacle either to your imagination or to your pen. But I, poor empress that I am, work on the human skin, which is irritable and ticklish to a degree."'"

She in fact had to govern Russia, Diderot to write for the "Encyclopædia;" and thus it came that the difference between the point of view from which he looked at the Russian people and her own, in the matter of governing, might make the difference between the continuance or not of her empire.

Again, the same thing may be so differently seen by different persons, that the point of view of one of them may never have been so much as suspected by another of them, and comes on him, when disclosed, like thunder in a clear

sky. The brusque and matter-of-fact summing up of the difference in their positions which the empress delivered herself of to Diderot, may have come upon him just at the moment somewhat unexpectedly; but the great encyclopædist could hardly have been utterly surprised at an announcement from Catherine of Russia that she looked at the art of government from a point of view that was not his.

Far otherwise, however, must it have been with the Abbé of Boulongue, on comparing notes with Talma on the oratorical art, on the occasion mentioned in the "Mémoires" of Madame Récamier. Madame Récamier had known Talma in Paris through Madame de Staël, and when at Lyons invited him to dinner. The Abbé, who was Bishop of Troyes and a preacher of some celebrity, chanced to come to Madame Récamier's the very day on which Talma was to dine there, and asked by her to stay, did so. Though the Bishop had never been to the theatre in his life, he was familiar with the best dramatic authors, and looked on this meeting with the eminent tragedian as a piece of good fortune, and Talma recited for him a piece in which religious sentiment was incidentally expressed.

"The Abbé was delighted, and frankly expressed himself so. Talma in his turn humbly begged the favor of hearing the Bishop deliver a *morceau* from one of his sermons. The Bishop consented, and Talma, after listening with great interest, praised his delivery, and made some remarks upon his gestures, adding, 'It is all very good, my lord, as far as here' (pointing below the chest of the preacher); 'but the lower part of the body goes for nothing with you: one can easily see that you have never thought of your legs!'"

But of all existing categories of diversity in the point of view, the vastest by far is one of which the episode just mentioned is a particular case—a category in which each human being is seen practically ignoring, with a thoroughness more complete than under any other circumstances, the possibility of there being any point of view but his own. It is the subject of a prayer which for well-nigh a century has been in the mouths of thousands continually—a prayer, too, which there

is no reason to suppose will ever be granted:

"O wad some power the giftie gie us
To see ourselves as ithers see us!"

And when it is-remembered that in this one matter alone, the proper estimation of himself, each man in the world adopts a point of view different from that adopted by all with whom he comes in contact, all kinds of dissensions and heart-burnings, antagonisms, jealousies, evil-speakings, lyings, and slanderings being the consequence, it will be seen that I hardly over-estimate the sum total of energies expended on collisions arising out of diversities in points of view of all kinds, when I state it at the half, at least, of all human energies whatever. If further—

I had got just to this, when Destiny once more laid hold of me, thrusting me into a book at a page where a love-story of Zululand is told by Mr. Farrar: here it is:

"It was once determined by the King to make a raid against the Amaswazi for the purpose of robbing them of their cattle; but strict orders were given to the soldiers that all the cattle and captured girls were to belong to the King alone. The raid began; the women and children of the enemy were killed; but one Zulu, when on the point of killing a girl, stayed his assegai, feeling suddenly as if all the anger had gone out of his fingers and toes. He protected this girl from the attacks of his companions; he could not kill her himself, for their eyes had met, and something seemed to soften and melt within him. He thought of his own father and mother at home, and how very likely the girl's parents had been killed that very day. He did not like that she should become a slave to the King, so on the march homeward he managed to let her escape from the captive throng. Then came the review before the King; the lover was threatened with death for his neglect. But he spoke out boldly, telling the dread monarch that the girl had used medicine against him. The King laughed, and the culprit escaped, but he never forgot the girl he had saved. . . . At last, one day, his sisters rushed into his hut: a girl was lying half dead in the garden. There she was whose glancing look on the day of battle he so well remembered, hungry, cold, exhausted. Her people had all been killed, and where could she seek protection better than with the man who had spared her in war?"

Doubtless she showed a most natural instinct. The point of interest, however, in this story seems to me to be, not the climax, but the origin of its romance—

"He could not kill the girl for *their eyes had met*." This power, beyond all eloquence of words, which belongs to the human eye, to win or to control, to subdue, inspire, or awe—this instantaneous and perfect exercise of an influence which language so often toils to exert through its dimmer and slower processes, but which is flashed through the eye from soul to soul direct—is there aught else on earth like it; anything else which makes the presence and action of spirit so visibly felt or which shows so convincingly the overwhelming strength it can give to what is physically the weaker side? A short time back, a writer, referring to the heroine of "Emilia in England," remarked that "with nothing but her divine voice, her wondrous eyes, and her perfect simplicity," she had made a sphere in life for herself. With nothing but *these*! How much more than these is it to be supposed was concentrated in that other Emilia, the "sweet benediction" whom Shelley apostrophized as :

"... Thou Star above the storm,
Thou Wonder, and thou Beauty, and thou
Terror?"

And supreme among all the gifts of feature or expression which combine to form even the rarest examples of beauty, will still be the spirit light and mysterious language of the eye. How varied too is the influence thus brought into play. It may be the all-unconscious fascination whereby the eye of some youthful Ianthe

"Wins as it wanders, dazzles where it dwells;"

or it may be the more developed power which is confessed to in Romeo's exclamation :

"Alack! there lies more peril in thine eyes
Than fifty of their swords;"

or it may make itself felt in that searching of the thoughts of another, when words or mien are suspected of concealing them, which is imagined in Balzac's tale, where Francesca raises her eyes and looks steadily at Rodolphe as he speaks, until he feels her glance penetrating the recesses of his heart and bringing to naught his hopes of concealing anything from her.

Meantime, not to leave the male sex

entirely out in the cold in the matter of this power of the eye, I may mention an interesting instance of the effect of its searching gaze given in the "Memoirs" of Varnhagen von Ense, *à propos* of his presentation to Napoleon in 1810. At this time there was in circulation a song on the Emperor's second marriage :

"To me among others," says Von Ense, "a copy of it, written in a bad hand and with no name to it, had been sent by the city post. I had privately with friends amused myself over the burlesque, and knew it by heart. Just at the wrong time, exactly as the Emperor, gloomy and sour in mood, was passing me, the words and tune of that song came into my head; and the more I strove to repress them the more persistently did they force themselves forward; so that my brain, excited by my fears of what might possibly occur, was getting giddy, and I seemed on the point of breaking forth into the direst offence when happily the audience came to an end, and deep repeated bows accompanied the exit of Napoleon, who to me had addressed none of his words, but did, as he passed, turn on me one searching glance of the eye such that with his departure it seemed to me as if a real danger had vanished."

Nevertheless, the eye language most widely known and felt is that special fascination exerted by woman,

"As with blue laughing eyes behind her fan,
She plays her part to that great actor,
man;"

("blue" being interpreted to mean any other color not repugnant to the general sense of the case). This is the form of it which all men have suffered from, and all poets sung. Of the poets themselves it may be said that, in this respect too,

"They learn in suffering what they teach in song."

A yet more admirable phase of the influence exerted by woman's eye than that shot over the edge of a fan has however been less sung by the poets. Even Shakespeare not only has not risen beyond what may be called the Romeo and Juliet type of it, but even in some passages where a higher form of the influence is alluded to, the words are put into the mouth of that incarnation, shall I say, of ridicule and the fantastic—Biron : for example :

"For when would you my lord, or you, or you
Have found the ground of study's excellence
Without the beauty of a woman's face?
From woman's eyes this doctrine I derive :

They are the ground, the books, the academes,
From whence doth spring the true Promethean fire."

It may be that this limited poetic treatment of the highest form of the influence of woman's eye is allied more or less with that male error (poets being almost wholly of the male sex) which finds expression in habitually speaking too absolutely of woman as "the weaker sex." Weaker she is, physically; weaker she is (as a general rule) intellectually too; but on the total count of the influences at work in human society, is she still the weaker? Who shall answer this question in the affirmative, giving sufficient reason the whiles for doing so?

So much as to the *de facto* state of the case: but if, further, it be asked whether, with reference to her share in the constitution of society, woman was *intended* to be the weaker, here again, who shall maintain with sound reason that she was? At any rate, he who maintains that the power wielded by her in human society is not second to that wielded by men, will find safe standing-ground in the fact that the more civilized society becomes—the more it has achieved in true progress, and the higher and purer its tone has become—so also the more influential do we observe that woman has become in it.

When men virtually set up physical and intellectual qualities as the exclusive test of social strength and excellence, they do woman an injustice as regards the importance of her proper influence in society—an injustice which in recent years she has taken certain steps, excusably enough, if not always wisely, to redress. Not wisely, in some directions, it is certain; for, by practically accepting (as in certain cases has been done) a challenge from men on ground on which they can easily show her to be the weaker and even inferior, she thereby virtually adopts the very error which is the source of the injustice on the part of men. At least a few, only a few indeed, yet still a few of those charming beings are to be seen from time to time essaying to descend actively into the grosser part of the human life-struggle—that arena which it is a woman's province to remain apart from, and in so doing keep herself above it, in that

serener sphere which Nature has pointed out as her own. There she is strong: in it she is even the strongest:

"There woman *reigns*, the mother, daughter, wife;

Strews with fresh flowers the narrow way of life:

In the clear heaven of her delightful eye
An angel guard of love and graces lie."

And here I bethink myself of Plato's quaint description of the function of the eye as the window, so to speak, of the soul.

"They (the gods)," he says, "contrived that as much of fire as would not have the power of burning, but would give only a soft, light, the light of our human life, should be formed into a body; and the pure fire which is within us, and akin thereto, they made flow through the eyes in an uninterrupted and undivided stream."

But as all things deep and wonderful in man's constitution, so soon as one endeavors to peer, be it ever so little, beneath the surface, disclose an element of sadness, so does this language and power of the eye. There are cases—the tie that binds to earth may have begun already to dissolve, the vesture that closes in the spirit to drop away—where the eye reveals the light of the soul more distinctly through the shadow of impending death. This is touchingly alluded to in Tieck's preface (translated in part by Mr. Carlyle) to the writings of Novalis.

"Sometimes," he says, "in the look and figure of a child there will stamp itself an expression which, as it is too angelic and ethereally beautiful, we are forced to call unearthly or celestial; and commonly at the sight of these purified and almost transparent faces, there comes on us a fear that they are too tender and delicately fashioned for this life—that it is Death (or Immortality) which looks forth on us so expressively from those glancing eyes."

From this it is but one step farther to a closing remark—that the fulness and charm of the eye, as a revelation of the living *me* within, is never perhaps so completely felt as when its speaking gaze is remembered in presence of the appalling blank which ensues on its eclipse. So directly during life had it declared the spirit's presence, that when life has fled, it as instantly reveals the fact. The immortal has vanished from its temporary watch-port, and the eye it shone through is as a lamp put out.—*Temple Bar*.

A MATRIMONIAL FRAUD.

ADAPTED FROM A CHAPTER OF A CHINESE NOVEL.

ONE hot August afternoon the Prefect of Ping-chow might have been seen sitting in the veranda of his private apartments smoking his post-prandial pipe and admiring his flowers, which threw a fragrance and beauty over the courtyard which stretched before him. The official work of the morning had fatigued him. Litigants had been troublesome, and witnesses having refused to give the evidence expected of them, he had been obliged to resort to the application of thumb-screws and ankle-squeezers. Having a natural repugnance to torture, its use always disturbed him; and after such occasions as the present, he exchanged his seat in the judgment-hall for his easy-chair and pipe with a redoubled sense of enjoyment. On this particular afternoon his wife, Mrs. Le, was seated by him, and was recounting, among other events of the morning, the particulars of a visit she had received from a certain Mrs. Wang.

"From the moment she entered the room I took a dislike to her," she said. "She had a fawning, catlike manner, with her 'May it please you, madam,' or 'May I be permitted to say Your Excellency'; and all the while that she was thus fawning on me and praising *your* learning and wisdom, I felt sure she had some object in coming besides the desire to pay her respects. Then she went on to say how rich her husband was, and how willing he would be at any time to advance you money in case you should need it. At last out came the canker-worm from this rosebud of flattery. Her son, it seems, is very anxious to marry a Miss Chang, the daughter of a rich President of the Board of War, who is at present engaged on service on the Annamese frontier. His suit is countenanced by the young lady's uncle, but is rejected by herself."

"And why?"

"Well, according to Mrs. Wang—then I should not believe anything because she said it—there is some clandestine love-affair which disinclines her to the proposed match. As her father is away, it was necessary that she should

be consulted, although, of course, her uncle would be justified, as Mrs. Wang hinted, in arranging matters in his absence."

At this moment a servant entered the courtyard and presented to the Prefect a red visiting-card, on which was inscribed the name of Mr. Wang, the father of the would-be bridegroom.

"Why, this is the husband of your visitor of this morning," said he, as he glanced at the card. "They are evidently determined to push on the affair. If they are as keen in the pursuit of virtue as they are of this marriage, they will soon out-virtue Confucius."

"My belief is," said his wife sententiously, "that they might dine off their virtue without breaking their fast."

"Well, at all events, I will go to hear what this man has to say; but having fortunately seen his hook, I shall refuse the bait, however skilfully he may throw the line."

The host and his guest were as unlike as it was possible for two men to be. The Prefect moved into the room with the manner of a polished gentleman—one who, being well assured of his relative position, knew perfectly what was expected of him, and what he had a right to expect from others. He was tall, too, and his refined features expressed a composure which was engendered by power and assured by habit. Wang, on the other hand, was his antipodes. He was short, stout, broad-featured, and altogether vulgar-looking. His eyes were small and ferret-like in their restlessness, while his natural awkwardness of manner was aggravated by a consciousness that he had come on a dishonest mission. As the two men met and bowed, the Prefect surveyed his guest with curiosity not unminged with loathing, much as a young lady might regard a strange kind of toad. To his repeated requests that Wang would seat himself, that worthy feigned a constant refusal, until at last, in despair, the Prefect was fain to sit down, when his guest, with bated breath, followed his example. The progress of the interview

was not more propitious than its opening. Wang attempted some classical allusions, but having but a vague knowledge of history, succeeded only in likening his host to the reprobate Chow-sin, which would be much as if a visitor were to attempt to ingratiate himself with the Lord Chief-Justice, by attributing to him the characteristics of a Caligula. Being a stupid man also, he was quite unaware of the contempt, which was sufficiently obvious in the Prefect's manner, and he opened the real object of his visit with assurance.

"The presence of your Excellency in our district has shed a ray of golden light among us. But a lamp, as I well know, cannot give light unless it is supplied with oil. Now Mencius said—I think it was Mencius, was it not, your Excellency?—that out of their superfluous people ought to satisfy, the wants of those not so bountifully provided for. If, then, your Excellency should at any time require that which it is within the power of your servant to supply, I beseech you, give him the gratification of knowing that he can be of service to you."

"As your classical knowledge is so profound," answered the Prefect, "you doubtless remember the passage in which an ancient sage declares that an official who receives anything, except in return for service performed, is a 'fellow.' Now it happens that I am not inclined to play the part of a 'fellow.'"

"Ha ha, ha!" chuckled Wang, who thought this was a hint for him to state his business in full, "your Excellency, I see, likes to come to the point. The fact is, then, that my son is deeply enamored of a Miss Chang, whom he once saw from a window in her uncle's house, as she walked in her garden. Her beauty has completely ravished him. He can neither eat nor sleep from the intensity of his passion, and his very life depends upon his marrying her. Besides, I don't mind saying to your Excellency that the connection—her father is a President of the Board of War—would be both agreeable and useful to me."

"I am sure I wish your son every success," said the Prefect; "but I cannot see how otherwise the affair concerns me in the least."

"Why, is not your Excellency the 'father and mother' of your people?" and in the absence, therefore, of the President, it is on you that the duty falls of arranging a marriage for this young lady. As was said by Confucius, 'every girl on arriving at a marriageable age should be betrothed;' and it is plain, therefore, that Miss Chang's bridal presents should be prepared. If your Excellency would deign to direct the betrothal of this young lady and my unworthy son, my joy would be endless, and my gratitude without bounds. I may mention, also, that Mr. Chang, the young lady's uncle, who is in every way a most estimable man, cordially supports my son's suit."

"But why," asked the Prefect, "does the young lady decline the proposal which I understand you have already made her?"

"Well, the fact is," said Wang, "that she has formed a foolish attachment for a young man who some months ago met with a bad accident outside her door, and who was carried into her house to die, as every one thought. But, marvellous to say, by the doctor's care and the watchful attention of the lady's servants, he recovered. Unfortunately, however, his cure took some time; and during his convalescence, it seems that the two young people held several conversations together, always, I am bound to say, through an impenetrable screen, and in the presence of attendants; and she was so struck with his sentiments and appearance—for I am told that she managed to see him, though he never caught a glimpse of her—that she vowed a vow never to marry any one but him."

"And who was the young man?"

"His name was Tieh (iron); and he must have been as hard as iron not to have been killed by his fall, for he fell on his head and was kicked by his horse. He doubtless has a certain kind of ability, as he had just taken the third degree, or that of 'entered scholar,' and was on his way home from his examination at Peking when he met with his accident."

"A certain amount of ability, indeed!" ejaculated the Prefect; "why, the whole capital rang with praises of his scholarship; and in his native town

a tablet has already been raised, as a memorial of his conspicuous success. However, as you have appealed to me officially on behalf of your son, I will cause inquiries to be made, and will let you know my determination."

The Prefect was as good as his word, and the reports he received, both of the Wang family and of the young lady's uncle, were so eminently unsatisfactory, that he directed his secretary to write a short letter to Mr. Wang, stating that he must decline to interfere in the matter.

On receipt of this note, the look of cunning which usually rested on the coarse and blurred features of the elder Wang, changed into one of furious hate. Never having been accustomed to exercise self-restraint in anything, his anger, like the many other passions which alternately possessed him, raged with unchecked fury, and he broke out with a volley of imprecations, calling down endless maledictions on the Prefect personally, and casting frightful imputations on the honor of his ancestors both male and female. Hearing his curses—for, like all Chinamen, Wang found shouting a relief to his feelings—Mrs. Wang rushed in to know their cause.

"Nicely you managed matters with the Prefect's wife, you hideous deformity!" screamed her infuriated husband, as she entered. "The hypocritical prig now refuses to have anything to do with the marriage, and has actually returned, without a word, the bill of exchange for a thousand taels which I inclosed him."

"And you don't seem to have done much better with the 'hypocritical prig' yourself," replied his wife; "but don't be a fool; cursing people's grandmothers won't do you any good, and certainly won't do them any harm. So just sit down and let us see what we had better do in the circumstances."

These words fell like a cold shower-bath on Wang. In his heart he was afraid of his wife, who was both cleverer and more unscrupulous than he was, and who, having been the instigator of most of his unrighteous deeds, was in possession of secrets which left his peace of mind, and even his liberty, very much in her power. In all such matters as were at present in dispute, therefore, she took the lead, and on this occasion, sat her-

self down opposite her disturbed lord, and began—

"Well now, since we cannot expect any help from this pattern of assumed virtue, I think we had better try what the girl's uncle will be able to effect by cajolery. You must go to him at once, before the idea gets abroad that the Prefect is against us, and persuade him by promises of money to represent to his niece that he now stands in the place of a father to her, and that as such he strongly urges her to agree to the match. Let him dangle every bait likely to catch our fish that he can think of. He should enlarge on our wealth, on our influence with the official classes, and on the good looks and engaging qualities of our son. Living so completely secluded as she does, she is not likely to have heard of his escapades, and Chang can at times lay the paint on thick, I know. But before you start, take a few pipes of opium to steady your nerves. Your hand shakes as though you had the ague, and you look like a man on the verge of the Yellow Springs."*

This last advice was so thoroughly congenial that Wang at once retired to follow it. His wife, having compassion on his quivering fingers, accompanied him to his study, and having arranged his pillow, proceeded to fill his pipe. With practised skill, she mixed the paste with a long needle, and gathering on the point a piece about the size of a pea, laid it neatly in the small orifice in the centre of the surface of the flat-topped wooden receptacle which protruded from the side of the long stem. When thus prepared, she handed the pipe to her recumbent husband, who eagerly clutched it, and applied the pellet of opium to the lamp which stood ready lighted on the divan. The effect of the first few whiffs was magical. His face, which a few moments before had been haggard with excitement, and twitching with nervous irritability, now softened down into a calm and placid expression; his eyes lost their restless, anxious look; and his limbs, which had been drawn up with muscular rigidity, relaxed their tension. Once, twice, and thrice, did Mrs. Wang refill his pipe;

and then, fearing lest a prolonged indulgence should disincline him to move, she urged him to rise and to pay his visit.

Refreshed and calmed, Wang arose. All his excitement had disappeared; and a sensation of pleasurable enjoyment, which threw a rose-tinted hue even on the present state of affairs, had succeeded to it. A very few minutes sufficed for the arrangement of his toilet. The application of a damp towel to his face and hands, a few passes of a wooden comb to smooth backward the stray locks which had escaped from his queue, and a readjustment of his cap and robe, were all that were needed to fit him for his interview with Chang. As he was borne swiftly through the streets he leaned back in his sedan, lost in a reverie, in which he saw, as in a dream, his son married to the object of his admiration, himself decorated by the Emperor with a blue button in exchange for a few thousand taels; and the Prefect, bound hand and foot, being carried off to prison. Whether this last vision was suggested or not by an official procession which he encountered on the way, will never be known; for so lost was he in dreamy indifference to external objects, that he was quite unconscious of the presence of his arch-enemy in the same street, although his chair coolies had, as in duty bound, stood at the side of the road while "the great man" passed on his way.

Having been warned by a forerunner of the approaching arrival of Wang, Chang was waiting ready to receive him. Profoundly the two friends bowed to one another as they seated themselves on the divan; and after a remark or two on general topics, Wang went straight to the point. He related the Prefect's refusal to interfere, and then enlarged on the proposal indicated by his wife, and ended up by making Chang the offer of a round sum of money in case he succeeded in arranging matters with his niece. Chang listened patiently, feeling confident, from his knowledge of his guest, that a bribe would be offered him, and being well assured that it would be the inducement held out last, though in reality first, in importance. The sum named settled the question as far as Chang was concerned. He was a needy

man, being considerably in debt; and besides, he foresaw that if he could once induce his niece to regard him *in loco parentis*, he would be able to get into his hands, for a time at least, the management of his brother's property. This trust, he knew well, might be turned to profitable account, and his eyes sparkled at the prospect that loomed large before him. When, therefore, Wang ceased to speak, he said, with effusion—

"I have listened to your commands, and have been overcome with admiration at the lucidity of your expression, the knowledge you possess of the rites of antiquity, and the general wisdom of your views. It remains only for me to say that I will obey your orders to the best of my mean ability, and that I regard with infinite gratitude your munificent intentions toward your 'younger brother.' Let me now offer for your refreshment a pipe of 'foreign dirt.'"

Without waiting for assent Chang nodded to a servant, who, being evidently "to the manner born," left the room and speedily returned bearing two small lacquer-trays, each of which contained an opium-pipe and the necessary adjuncts. By the side of both his master and Wang, who were now recumbent, he placed a tray, and then withdrew, leaving the two friends to the enjoyments of intoxication. Pipe after pipe they smoked, until at last the pipe dropped from their mouths, and they passed into the opium-smoker's paradise—a state of dreamy unconsciousness, in which strangely fanciful visions passed before their otherwise sightless eyes, and strains of sweetest music charmed and delighted their ears. It was late the next morning before they awoke, and it was then plain, from the expression of their faces, that the pleasurable sensations of the early part of the night had long since passed away. Their eyes, which were surrounded by broad black rims, bore a haggard and painful look. Their lips were blue and parched, and their complexions wore a mahogany hue, as though saturated with their favorite narcotic. Many "hairs of the dog that had bitten him" and some hours' quiet rest were necessary before Chang was in a fit condition to pay his visit of persuasion to his niece. When at last he walked across to her house, he was

shown, by right of his relationship, into her private apartment—which even he could not fail to observe was prettily furnished and tastefully adorned. Flowers of every hue and shape—azaleas, hydrangeas, and roses—were arranged about it on stands in symmetrical confusion; while on the tables and sideboard was displayed a wealth of ancient bronzes, cracked china, and old enamel vases, which would have driven Messrs. Christie & Manson wild with excitement. The walls were hung with scrolls, on some of which celebrated calligraphists had inscribed sentences from the classics, which Chang did not very well understand; and on others, distant hills, dotted with temples and enlivened by waterfalls, were depicted by old masters. One cool and shady scene, representing two old men playing at chess on a mountain-top beneath a wide spreading pine-tree, and attended by boys bearing pipes and flasks, which might possibly be supposed to contain tea, especially attracted his attention; and so absorbed was he in the contemplation of it, that he was quite unaware that an even more attractive object had entered the room. Plum-blossom, for so the new arrival was named, seemed at first indisposed to interrupt her uncle's meditation, and stood watching him, holding the door in her hand. She had evidently attired herself with some care. Her hair was trimly arranged in a bunch on each side, after the manner of maidens; while a short fringe drooped over her forehead, which was both high and broad. Her silken robe hung in graceful folds over her plaited satin petticoat, from beneath which her small embroidered shoes protruded their toes. In figure she was tall; and her features, which were fine and sharply marked, told a tale of high breeding and intelligence. Her eyes were large and well opened, and paid their tribute to her race by being slightly drawn up toward the outside corner. Her complexion needed neither powder nor rouge to add to its beauty; and the expression of her countenance generally was bright and mobile. Even Chang, when she advanced to meet him, rose to greet her with admiring cordiality.

After the first compliments were over, Chang proceeded to open the object of

his visit. "You are aware, my niece," said he, "how much your future has been in my mind since your father has been engaged in his present distant and doubtful service. I need not remind you of the saying of Mencius, that 'when a boy is born, the desire of his parents is that he may found a household; and from the time a girl appears in the world, the main object of her parents is to see her married;' nor need I go on to quote to you the sage's disapproval of all such who so far forsake the right path as to bore holes in partition walls and peep behind screens to catch glimpses of persons of the other sex" (this was a stab at Mr. Iron). "Now, as I cannot but regard myself in the light of your father, I feel it incumbent on me to urge you to give your consent to be betrothed. I have made inquiries as to the young men of equal rank with yourself in the district, and with one consent my informants join in extolling the young Mr. Wang, of whom I have before spoken to you, as being in every way a carp among minnows, and a phoenix among magpies."

"If the minnows are drunkards and magpies *roués*, that is true enough," muttered Violet, Plum-blossom's attendant maiden, who, standing behind her mistress's chair, had listened with ill-concealed disgust to Chang's address. Fortunately Chang's senses were not very acute, and the interpolation was unnoticed by him.

"But, uncle," answered Plum-blossom, "though it is true that my father is engaged on a distant mission and that I have not heard from him for a long time, yet I have no right to assume either that he is dead—which may the Fates forbid—or that he may not at any moment return; and according to the 'Book of Rites,' it is the father who should betroth his daughter. My obvious duty is therefore to wait until I hear something definite either from him or of him."

"What you say is perfectly true in a general way," said Chang; "but even the sages acknowledged that, under certain circumstances, it was allowable, and sometimes even necessary, to depart from the common usage. Now yours is a case where such a departure is plainly called for. I have talked over

the matter with the Prefect," added Chang, with some slight embarrassment, "and he is entirely of my opinion."

"That certainly adds weight to your arguments," answered Plum-blossom demurely; "for though I have no personal knowledge of the Prefect, I have repeatedly heard of his fame as a man of wisdom and uprightness. So I will go as far as to say, uncle, that if you choose to act in all respects a father's part in this matter, I will give my consent. But, tell me, have you spoken on the subject to the young gentleman himself? I hope you have not been paying me compliments behind my back."

"I have spoken to him several times about the match," replied Chang; "but I should no more think of attempting to compliment you, as you say, than I should try to whiten a cloth washed in the waters of the Han or Keang and bleached in the sun. And, let me tell you, your good sense was never more apparent than at this moment. I felt convinced that a girl of your perception and wisdom would fall into the proposal which I, wholly and entirely in your interest, have so repeatedly made you. And now you know there will be a number of arrangements to be made," said Chang, determined to strike while the iron was hot; "and first of all, you must send to your future husband the eight characters representing the year, month, day, and hour of your birth, that they may be submitted to the fortune-teller."

"But already, uncle," said Plum-blossom, "you are breaking your agreement; and remember, if you break yours, I may break mine. You undertook to act the part of a father to me, and it is therefore for you to send the *Pátsze'* (eight characters)."

"You may be quite sure that I shall not retreat from my engagement," replied Chang; "but that there may not be any mistake, I should like you to write me a draft of the characters, that I may send them to be copied in gold, and that," he added aside, "I may hold your own handwriting as evidence against you, if, by any chance, you should turn fickle and change your mind."

"Certainly;" and calling for paper and pencil, Plum-blossom wrote down

eight cyclical characters, and presented them to her uncle.

"Oh, lady, what have you done?" exclaimed Violet, wringing her hands as the door closed on Chang; "if you only knew as much about that young Wang as I do, you would die sooner than marry him. He is a brawler, a drunkard, an opium-smoker, a—"

"Hush!" said her mistress; "perhaps I know more than you think I do. And now listen to what I say. Don't feel or express surprise at anything I say or do in this matter; and as to the outside world, keep your eyes and ears open and your mouth shut."

The look of despair which had taken possession of Violet's quaint-looking features gradually gave way under the influence of these words to one of surprised bewilderment. Her narrow slits of eyes opened their widest as she gazed with a searching look on the features of her mistress. By degrees she appeared to gather comfort from her inspection, and she promised implicit obedience to the instructions given her.

In the house of Chang there was wild rejoicing over the event. Only Mrs. Chang seemed to have any misgiving. "I cannot make the girl out," she said. "It was but the other day that she vowed and declared she would not listen to the match, and now, with scarcely a show of resistance, she gives way. I hope she won't change her mind again as suddenly."

"There is no danger of her doing that," replied her husband, "for I persuaded her to write out her natal characters with her own hand, and here is the paper;" and so saying he drew from his sleeve the paper given him by Plum-blossom. "But," he added, "she insists that as I am acting in the place of her father in this matter, I must have the characters cut out in gold leaf, and the cards prepared to send to the bridegroom. I should be quite willing to do this, but as a matter of fact, I have not got the money by me to pay for them."

"Oh," Wang will find the money readily enough. Go round to him at once and ask for it, and a little more in addition; and when the cards are ready, our eldest son shall act as emissary to take them to the bridegroom.

It was a clever thought to get her to put pen to paper."

Mrs. Chang was right. Wang produced the money almost with eagerness, and signalized the subsequent appearance of young Chang with the card by a sumptuous feast. In due course, also, the bridegroom, having prepared numerous and costly wedding-gifts, sent word to Chang that on a given day he would "humbly venture to send his paltry offering" to the young lady's "princely mansion." On receipt of this gratifying intimation Chang went in high spirits to warn his niece of the intended ceremony.

"My dear uncle," said the young lady, "in the absence of my father, and in this empty and dismantled house, I could not possibly receive the presents. It would be neither proper to do so, nor would it be respectful to young Mr. Wang. As you were kind enough to send the wedding-card for me, the return presents should, as a matter of course, be carried to your house; and besides, I cannot help feeling that as you have undertaken so much expense on my behalf, it is only fair that the presents, whatever they may be worth, should belong to you."

"Your wisdom and discretion really astonish me," said Chang, who could scarcely conceal his delight at the prospect of turning the presents into gold; "but while assenting, on the ground of propriety, to the arrangement you propose, I think the card of thanks had better be in your handwriting."

"Certainly," said Plum-blossom; "but it must of course run in your name, as it would have done in my father's name had he been here."

So saying, she sat down and inscribed a card of thanks. "There I think that will do. Listen to what I have written: 'Chang Teming bows his head in acknowledgment of the wedding presents sent to his daughter.'"

"Why put 'his daughter'?" objected Chang doubtingly. Young Wang is not going to marry my poor, ugly daughter—I wish he were; it is you, my niece."

"But as you have, with so much kindness and disinterestedness, taken upon yourself the part of a father toward me, it follows that I must be your daughter.

To call yourself 'my father,' and me 'your niece,' would make people laugh and wonder."

"Very well, be it as you will," rejoined Chang, overcome by Plum-blossom's logic.

The new view proposed by his niece as to the ownership of the presents gave Chang an additionally keen interest in their arrival and value; and certainly nothing on the score of costliness could have been more gratifying to him than they were. As soon as he had carefully arranged them with his own hands in the family hall, he invited Plum-blossom over to inspect them. She expressed admiration at the taste shown in their choice, and at their great intrinsic value, and congratulated her uncle on their acquisition, adding, at the same time, that as she had no brother, the bulk of the family property would, she supposed, like these presents, pass into his possession.

"But whatever happens," said Chang, with a wave of his hand, as though all such sordid ideas were abhorrent to him, "remember I shall always consider you as a daughter, and hope that you will in the same way look upon me in the light of a father."

If Chang had observed closely his niece's face as he spoke, he would have seen an expression of suppressed amusement, which might either have suggested to him the possibility that she had doubts on the subject of his disinterestedness, or given him reason to suspect that some scheme lurked beneath her seemingly extremely yielding demeanor. But his mind was just then so full of the prospect of freedom from debt and of large perquisites, that such a trivial matter as his niece's face was obviously beneath his notice.

To young Wang the favorable turn which affairs had taken was an unfailing source of delight, and was marred only by the enforced exercise of patience required by the astrologer, who, after comparing the ticket of nativity sent by Chang with that of the intending bridegroom, had pronounced that the 15th of the next month was the date prescribed by fortune for the nuptials. At last the fateful day arrived, as all days will, however long waited for; and at early morn the impatient bridegroom sent his best-

man to Chang to announce that on that same evening he should come to claim his bride. Chang could scarcely restrain his impatience sufficiently to perform properly the duties of a host to the welcome emissary; and no sooner had that young gentleman executed his last bow outside the front door, than his entertainer hurried over to Plum-blossom to warn her of the bridegroom's intended arrival. Demurely the young lady listened to her uncle's excited congratulations, and with an expression of assumed unconsciousness on her uplifted face, replied:

"But, my dear uncle, although I am profoundly interested in the future welfare of my cousin, Autumn-leaf, yet you can hardly expect me, I am sure, in my present condition of doubt as to my father's whereabouts, and even his life, to appear at the wedding; and I am at loss, therefore, to understand why you, who must have so much to do, should have thought it necessary to inform me in such haste of the coming event."

Surprise, doubt, fear, and anger coursed in turn across Chang's features as these words fell upon his confused ears; and when his niece ceased to speak, all four sensations found full expression both in his countenance and voice.

"What do you mean," he hissed out, "of speaking of my daughter's marriage? Are you joking, or are you trying to play me false? It is you that young Wang is coming to marry, and it is you he shall marry this very night."

"My dear uncle, you are strangely inconsistent in this matter. If you will take the trouble to think, you will recollect that the wedding cards were made out in the name of 'your daughter,' and that when the presents arrived at your house—not at mine, remember, uncle—you returned thanks for 'your daughter.' It is plain, then, that my cousin was the intended bride; for had you meant me, you would have spoken of me as your 'youngest daughter,' or 'adopted daughter'; but there was no such qualification, was there, uncle? I can assure you, also, that I have no present intention of marrying, and least of all marrying such a man as Wang, who, though he enjoys the benefit of your friendship,

would hardly, I fear, prove a congenial companion to me." Plum-blossom could not deny herself this Parthian shot.

Chang listened like one thunder-struck; then springing from his chair, he paced up and down the room with long strides, giving vent to his passion in violent and most unoriental gesticulations.

"You deceitful wretch!" he cried, "do you suppose I am going to be cheated and outraged by an ignorant young girl like you? I'll *make* you marry Wang; and," he added, as a sudden thought struck him, "though you may think yourself very clever, you have forgotten that you have left an evidence in my hand of your consent to the match. A murderer, you know, ought to destroy his weapon, and a thief should hide his crowbar; but you have given me, in your own handwriting, the evidence against you. I have only to produce your autograph-ticket of nativity before the Prefect, and he would order you to fulfil the contract."

This last retort Chang expected would have silenced Plum-blossom, or at least disconcerted her, but her outward calm was unruffled.

"Your answer would be complete, uncle," she replied, with almost a smile, "but for one small circumstance, which, strangely enough, you appear to have overlooked. The cyclical characters on the ticket represented the year, month, day, and hour of my cousin's birth, not mine."

The sound of a chuckle of suppressed laughter from behind the door where Violet was hidden, was interrupted by a vehement outburst from Chang.

"You lie!" he shouted; "and I will prove it." So saying, he burst out of the room so suddenly that he nearly knocked down Violet, who was in the act of peeping round the corner to watch the effect of her mistress's words.

"Oh, my lady!" she exclaimed, as Chang's retreating figure disappeared, "how could you be so calm and quiet when he was raging so?"

"Because," replied Plum-blossom, "I had him in the palm of my hand, being conscious of my own integrity and of his evil intentions. Don't you remember how Confucius played a tune on

his lyre when he and his disciples were attacked by banditti? And if he could show such indifference to danger in circumstances of so great peril, should not I be able to preserve a calm demeanor in the presence of this storming bully?"

The sound of Chang's returning footsteps drove Violet again into her place of concealment. "There," he said as he entered the room, "is the paper you gave me; and now deny your own handwriting if you dare."

"Please sit down, uncle, and let me ask you one or two questions. What was the date of my birth?"

"You were born on the 15th of the eighth month, in the second watch. I and your father were, as it happened, drinking to the full moon when the news was brought us."

"And when did your daughter, Autumn-leaf, first see the light?"

"On the 6th of the sixth month, as I well remember; for the weather was so intensely hot that her mother's life was in danger."

"And now, uncle, will you read the date represented by the cyclical characters on the paper which you hold in your hand?"

"Oh, I don't know anything about cyclical characters," replied Chang.

"Such knowledge," he added in a vain attempt to conceal his ignorance, "is only fit for astrologers and women."

"Is it possible," said Plum-blossom, in a tone of revengeful mockery, "that with your wide circle of knowledge, you don't understand these simple characters? Well, then, let me, 'ignorant young girl' as I am, explain them to you. These first characters, *Ke wei*, stand for the month which is vulgarly known as the Serpent month, which, as perhaps you know, is the sixth month."

"Yes, I know that."

"Well, these next characters, *Keä yin*, represent the sixth day of the month, and this is, therefore, the date of my cousin's birth, and not of mine—the year of our births being the same."

"You have attempted to ruin me," he said, "by an abominable fraud; but I will be even with you. I will impeach you before the Prefect, and then see whether you will be able to escape from the clutches of the law as easily as you think you have from mine."

"You had better not be in too great a hurry, uncle. From things I have lately heard, the Prefect has not been altogether acting with you in this matter; and if I were to charge you with attempting to decoy me into a marriage in the absence of father and against my consent, it might go hardly with you."

"What does it matter?" groaned the wretched man, as he threw himself back in his chair; "I am ruined, whatever happens. So what can I do better than either throw myself into the well or take a dose of gold-leaf, and so end my miseries?"

"I have a better plan than either of those you suggest," said Plum-blossom; "and if you will listen to my advice, I think I can get you out of your difficulty. You would like to have your daughter married, I suppose?"

"Does not a weary man long to throw his burden off his back?"

"Very well, then, why should you not throw this burden into the lap of young Wang? He has throughout the business negotiated for 'your daughter'; then let him take your daughter."

"But he will discover the fraud."

"Not until it is too late. He won't see her face until she is his wife, and then he will be ashamed to confess that he has been hoodwinked."

"Well," said Chang, after a few minutes' reflection, "as it is the only way out of the difficulty, I will risk it. But there is no time to be lost; and the least you can do, after the way you have behaved, is to come over and help us with the arrangements, for young Wang is to be here this evening."

Peace being thus restored, the unnatural allies went to propose their scheme to Autumn-leaf. That young lady, who was as free from any bashfulness or refined feeling as her worthy parent, was delighted at the idea. Being very plain in appearance and ungainly in figure, she had entertained but faint hopes of matrimony, and the prospect, therefore, of gaining a husband so rich as young Wang was charming beyond measure to her. She at once consented to play the part required, and, without a moment's loss of time, prepared to bedeck herself for the occasion. Anticipating a marriage, though not having been certain of the exact day, Chang had arranged

everything in readiness except the bride. The decorations and scarlet hangings were all at hand, and a very few hours' work sufficed to adorn the family hall and altar with the splendors usual on such occasions. But the bride was not so easily beautified. However, after all the resources of Plum-blossom's wardrobe, as well as her own, had been exhausted in choosing dresses and petticoats which became her best, she was pronounced presentable. Much the confederates trusted to the long red veil which was to cover her face and person until her arrival at her new home; and minute were the directions which Plum-blossom gave her for concealing her features until the next morning.

"Assume a modesty, even if you don't feel bashful. Shrink within the curtains when your husband approaches you, and protest against his keeping the lamp alight. If in the morning there should be an outbreak of anger on his part, try to soften him with tears; and if that should prove unavailing, pretend to be in despair and threaten suicide. No man likes a fuss and a scandal; and after a time, you may be quite sure he will settle down quietly."

Primed with this excellent advice, Autumn-leaf went through the ceremonies of the day without betraying herself. The awkwardness with which she entered the audience hall and bowed to the bridegroom was put down by himself and his friends to natural timidity. The remaining rites she executed faultlessly. She did reverence to heaven and earth and to her ancestors, and finally entered the bridal sedan-chair which was to carry her to her new home with complete composure, much to the relief of her father, who all day long was so tremulous with nervous excitement, that, from time to time, he was compelled to seek courage from his opium-pipe. When at last the doors were shut on the bridal pair his gratification was great, although, at the same time, it was painfully mingled with a sense of the possible evil consequences which might very likely ensue on the course he had taken. However, for the present there

was freedom from anxiety, and he wisely determined to let the future take care of itself.

"I should like to see Mr. Wang's face when he wakes to-morrow morning," said Violet, laughing, as she followed her mistress back to her apartments. "But," she added, as the sound of loud raps were heard at the front door, "who can that be knocking at the street gate so violently? He cannot, surely, have found out the trick already? If he has, what *will* you do?"

The first question was soon answered, for just as she finished speaking, a servant announced that the Prefect had sent his secretary to inquire whether Plum-blossom's marriage, which he had only just heard was in course of performance, was taking place with her full consent or not, as he was prepared to interfere in case she was being coerced; and at the same time to hand her a letter from her father, which had been forwarded with the usual official dispatches from Peking.

"Beg the secretary to assure the Prefect," replied Plum-blossom, "that his infinite kindness toward me is deeply engraven on my heart; and to inform him that, happily for me, it was not I who was married this evening but my cousin."

With impatience and deep emotion Plum-blossom now turned to open her father's letter, the contents of which brought tears of delight to her eyes, and caused Violet to perform a dance as nearly resembling a fandango as is possible, with feet just two inches and a half long. That the President should have returned from the frontier covered with honors was only what Plum-blossom felt might have been looked for; but that he expected to arrive at Ping-chow on the very next day, was a cause of unspeakable joy and relief to her. This, however, was not quite all the news the letter contained. "I am bringing with me," wrote her father, "a young Mr. Tieh, to whose foresight and courage I mainly attribute the successful issue of my mission.—*Blackwood's Magazine*."

EXTRACTS FROM THE DIARY OF THE MARQUIS TSENG.

THE following extracts are translated from a diary recently published by the Marquis Tseng, Chinese Minister to England and France. The narrative, which embraces a period of little more than half a year, beginning with the date of the Minister's appointment in Peking and ending shortly after his arrival in London, is chiefly occupied with a description of the various incidents of the voyage and the places visited on the way. Only those portions of the work have been translated which seem to reflect the writer's views on matters of general interest. There is, perhaps, no living Chinaman who is better qualified to express an opinion on foreign questions than the accomplished author of these papers. As the son of the celebrated statesman, Tseng Kuofan, he has seen much of official life in his native country, and to the experience thus acquired he has, in later years, added an advantage rarely possessed by his countrymen, a practical acquaintance with our language and national habits.

Canton.

J. N. JORDAN, Translator.

I. FEELINGS BEFORE STARTING ON HIS MISSION.

The Ministers, Shên and Pao, called upon me in Peking and stopped a long time. They expressed their concern at the length of the journey and the perils of the voyage, and soothed me with kind and comforting words. I felt that the journey, though distant, was not, in these days of rapid steam-communication, attended with more trouble or hardship than one performed by a fellow-officer in going to his post in Yunnan, Kansuh, or some other remote province of the Empire. The sea-voyage had, no doubt, its risks, but still man's portion of ill or good in this world is allotted at his birth, and there is no escape from the inevitable. Neither of these considerations had given me much concern since I received my appointment. What really did alarm me was the weight of responsibility attached to the post, which was greater than my poor abilities were fitted to undertake.

My father's reputation had spread to the lands beyond the sea, and any mistake which I, his son, would commit would involve his fair name. His excellency Kuo, too, had gained the esteem and respect of foreigners, and in now becoming his successor I was deeply apprehensive that, compared with him, any shortcomings would be only too apparent. These fears haunted me night and day. My friends argued that the fact of my father's services being so well known in Western countries would render my mission a comparatively easy task. Others said that the Minister Kuo had pioneered the way, and that I had only to follow in his footsteps. They all tried to console me by presenting the bright side of the picture, but paid no heed to the other side.

II. NATIONAL CHARACTERISTICS OF THE FRENCH AND ENGLISH.

The French and English are both fond of lauding their own national customs, and in finding flaws in those of other countries. My French interpreter jeered at the English, and my English interpreter ridiculed the French.

A Chinese going to Europe suffers from two difficulties, to which he finds it very hard to accustom himself: one is the confined nature of the house accommodation, the other the high price of everything. In the West the cost of ground for building purposes is enormous, and the consequence is that people are obliged to live in houses eight or nine stories high. Not only this, but so sparing are they of land in constructing their houses, that there are generally one or two pits underground, which serve as kitchens and wine-cellar. Their parks and gardens, however, are laid out on a most extensive scale, and care is taken to copy nature in all its wild simplicity. These resorts of amusement and pleasure vary in size from one to three miles in circumference. Here they show no disposition to stint themselves in the matter of land, and bestow much care upon the neat arrangement of such places, thereby embodying the maxim transmitted by Mencius, that, "if the people are made to share in the

means of enjoyment, they will cherish no feelings of discontent." Both France and England are at one in the above respect.

The English excel in their use of ways and means for the acquisition of wealth; the French delight in extravagance and waste. With the former the result of the general eagerness to get rich is that everything, however inferior in quality, is high-priced, while with the latter, extravagance has become a national habit, and prices know no bounds. Such is the difference between the two countries, a difference, however, which entails the same inconvenience upon the traveller in either case.

III. PROPOSALS FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF CHINA IN HER RELATIONS WITH FOREIGN COUNTRIES.

At Shanghai I met Chang Huan-lun, a young man of great promise and extraordinary attainments. He submitted to me six propositions, which evince such originality of thought and such depth of insight, and are so different from the random assertions one often hears, that I reproduce them here. They are as follows:

1. The necessity of contracting a firm alliance with England, for the purpose of repelling Russian aggression.

The condition of Europe at the present day is analogous to that of China in the time of the seven States. Russia represents the State of Ch'in, England the State of Ch'i, and Turkey that of Wei. As long as the people of Ch'in were prevented from carrying out their designs upon the State of Wei, they were unable to make encroachments upon the other States; and in like manner, as long as Russia is kept from having her way in Turkey, she will be unable to override the rest of Europe. The people of Ch'in made terms with the State of Ch'i, with the aid of which they annihilated the State of Wei, and it was by this alliance that the Ch'in eventually succeeded in annexing the whole six countries. But, on the contrary, England, while ostensibly protecting Turkey, in reality acts as the safeguard of the whole of Europe, and it is England's intervention that alone prevents Russia from carrying out her designs upon Turkey. At the Berlin Conference the

representatives of the other Powers maintained an attitude of indecision and indifference, evidently under the impression that the protection of Turkey and the defence of India were matters which concerned England only. This was in a sense true enough, but it ignored the fact that India's danger was England's danger, and that danger to England meant danger to the whole of Europe. Nor is it only Europe which is so affected; China is exposed to equal danger. If China could patch up the roof before the rain comes on, and secure the friendship of England, she would, with England on her side, have nothing to fear from the aggressive designs of Russia. Now, Chinese Turkestan and Ili are close to India, and the success of Russian attempts to coerce China in that quarter would be fraught with trouble to England. It may therefore be possible at some future date to gain England's assistance in effecting an amicable arrangement. If England puts forth all her might to protect Turkey, is it improbable that she would make some slight effort to aid China? To this some may object, and say that Russia and England are alike in their rapacious tendencies, and that there is no likelihood of gaining England to our side. This argument ignores the fact that England, though still to outward appearance powerful, is gradually losing the substance of her strength, and that her present policy is directed toward maintaining her high position by peaceful measures. She is far different now from what she was in Tao Kuang's reign,* and there would be no difficulty in coming to an understanding with her.

2. The importance of adopting an honest and straightforward course of policy in our international relations, with a view to removing feelings of mutual distrust.

For close upon 200 years China has held intercourse with European countries; she has learned and adopted Western methods, and yet still she shows a studied indifference to Western people. Among all classes, from the highest to the lowest, this feeling remains as strong as ever. Western nations are well aware

* Referring to the period of our first war with China, 1841-2.

of its existence, and often decline to meet us frankly in the treatment of international matters. In the West, countries which may have been bitter enemies in the past are ever ready to come to each other's assistance in any question which involves China. Foreign nations are strong in their power of united action, while China stands alone, weak and friendless. If we were able to drive them from our doors, we might afford to ignore their existence; but now that they have gained an entrance into our very homes, can we expect, if we treat them with contempt when all is well with us, to find them cordial friends when trouble arises? An open and frank course of conduct in times of peace would insure a ready exchange of confidence in times of trouble. Their treatment of Japan may be adduced as evidence. The Japanese have gone so far in their imitation of Western ways as to alter their calendar and change their national costume; and though foreigners laugh at their folly, still they are always ready to lend them a helping hand in time of need.

Trouble frequently arises from Englishmen travelling and preaching in the interior, and the mischief, once done, is hard to repair. It would be advisable to come to some satisfactory arrangement with England on the subject. Travellers should be required to procure passports, and as an additional precaution, the officials of the places to which they resort should send the local elders with them to prepare the people for their reception. The foreign consuls, too, might be asked to keep their countrymen under proper control, and not allow them to proceed without authority into the interior under penalty of forfeiting their right to recognition. Though Western Governments do not comply in all respects with the rules of International Law still such rules if properly enforced ought to insure the permanence of dynasties, by linking together the strong and weak among nations in a common bond, and so prove a treasure to those who guide the destinies of the world.

3. The advantages of embracing every opportunity of meeting Western scholars, so as to profit by their intercourse and conversation.

Western officials especially ought to

be received with civility and politeness. International questions are too numerous, and national peculiarities are too marked, to admit the hope of all differences being effaced; still, if Western scholars were certain of a cordial and sincere reception, they would gladly give us the benefit of their opinions, and by constant intercourse with them we should gradually penetrate their inmost thoughts.

One step for which foreigners take credit to themselves is the establishment of schools throughout China. Now, there are many foreigners who would be glad to devote themselves to the study of Chinese literature, and if China founded an educational establishment, with a competent staff of Chinese professors, for the instruction of such, foreigners could no longer claim for themselves a monopoly of good deeds, and the undertaking, while entailing little expense, would earn for us the gratitude of Western rulers. Moreover, a scheme of this kind would be attended with further advantages. In course of time, the students who had attained a knowledge of Chinese literature might be stimulated, by the prospect of gaining a reputation for themselves, to translate foreign books for diffusion in China. Again, in the West, the power of public opinion is second only to that of the Government, and the direction it received from those we had trained might possibly be of use to us in some future difficulty.

4. The advisableness of keeping ourselves informed from time to time of the price and quality of Western mechanical appliances, so as to avoid falling victims to fraud in purchasing them.

If China is to establish foundries, open mines, and engage in similar enterprises, it will be necessary for her to make extensive use of machinery. The machinery hitherto purchased has sometimes been of inferior quality, often unsuitable, and generally exorbitant in price. Contracts have been regarded as a mere empty form, and disputes have generally ended in the seller recklessly repudiating his responsibility. What I would now propose is, that a Chinese officer should be specially appointed to note the constant changes in the machinery market, and to effect purchases on safe terms for China.

5. The translation of treatises on foreign systems of Government, with a view to the adoption of what may be found useful therein.

Their political systems have, undoubtedly, much that is good and admirable, but it is the fashion nowadays, in speaking of Western countries, to ascribe their greatness to the abundance of their natural resources and the superiority of their weapons of war. People who hold such an opinion fail to see that the ascendancy of Western nations is due, not to the extent of their wealth, but to the sympathy which exists between the people and the governing classes, and in this respect they are exemplifying the maxims of China's sages of old.

Hitherto, only books on mechanical science and technical subjects have been translated into Chinese; it would be well to add to these treatises on medicine, agriculture, etc. In my humble opinion, a nation's prosperity or decay is determined by the character and talents of its people, and these again are qualities which depend in a great measure upon the early training imparted to its youth. As in China of old, so in Europe at the present day, there are preliminary schools to which children are sent at an early age. We have, it is true, at this very time an Educational Mission abroad, but the expense of its maintenance is too great to be continued, and the education imparted to a hundred youths or so cannot permeate the masses of the people. A much better plan would be to make translations of the educational curriculum in use in the West, and establish schools, first at the Treaty Ports, and then gradually all over the Empire, upon a system based on a due admixture of foreign and Chinese methods. The expense would be less than that of the Educational Mission, and the advantages would be immeasurably greater.

6. The arrangement, in the interests of China, of some satisfactory understanding with England for the stoppage of the opium traffic.

China has never hit upon a fixed or effective method of dealing with this question. When the matter has been pressed with urgency, it has resulted in a breach of friendly relations; when it has been dealt with leisurely, it has gradually been allowed to drop out of consideration

altogether. The coast-line of China is so vast, and so indented at every point with creeks and inlets, as to render the prevention of smuggling no easy matter. Opium being the great staple of their commerce, it is not to be expected that British merchants will willingly sacrifice the certainty of present gain for the sake of a profitless reputation in the future. I have been informed that an Anti-Opium Society has been established by the people and gentry in England, and that representations on the subject have been frequently addressed by it to the Chinese Minister in London. It may be that the Heart of Heaven, moved to sympathy with the misery inflicted upon China, has prompted the members of this Society to espouse their good cause; but, as long as the British government refuses to yield in the matter, it is to be feared that the efforts of this handful of men will prove a mere delusion, like the picture of a cake to a hungry man. Still, as they have embarked upon this project, they have doubtless some ideas on the subject, and there can be no harm in inviting an expression of their views. Gain is a powerful consideration with Western countries; if England could be induced to substitute the cultivation of cotton, tea, or silk, for that of opium, there might perhaps be some hope, provided she obtained an equivalent profit, of her changing her course of action.

Reports point to a decrease in the mineral wealth of which Great Britain has hitherto had the monopoly. Now, China has countless stores of unworked treasure hidden away beneath her soil, and the possibility suggests itself of effecting an exchange on this plan. This, however, would depend upon circumstances, and the change is one which it will require time to effect. All that man can do is to make some slight effort to win back the Heart of Heaven.

Of the above propositions, the first, which deals with the relations of England and Russia, cannot be accepted in its entirety; and, as to the sixth, respecting the suppression of the opium traffic there will be difficulty in securing such a successful solution of the question as is there indicated. The views expressed in the remaining clauses agree in

the main with the opinions I have always held.

Respecting the Educational Mission discussed in the fifth proposition, I remember being present when the heads of the Mission were paying a visit to my father, before they started for America. The opinion I then expressed on the merits of the scheme was almost identical with that stated above. The result, I said, of sending Chinese youths, who had not studied their own classics, to devote themselves exclusively to the acquisition of Western knowledge in a country like America, where rulers and officials alike sprang from the same class, would simply be to contribute so many citizens to the United States, and to furnish the foreign firms at the Treaty Ports with compradores and interpreters. China, I insisted, would reap no advantage from the scheme. The project was too far advanced at the time to be arrested, but the prediction has been verified by the results.* The advantages derived by the youths who have gone to America fall far short of the success attained by the pupils of the Túng Wén Kuan,† and of the Government arsenals at Shanghai and Foochow.

IV. M. GAMBETTA'S VIEWS RESPECTING MISSIONARY QUESTIONS.

My French interpreter told me that Gambetta, the new President of the Chamber of Deputies, was a man of just views, who would not be disposed to show undue partiality to the Catholic priests, and said that it would be well to cultivate his acquaintance, so as to facilitate the settlement of any missionary

complications which might arise in the future. I have often heard it stated that the wife of the late Emperor Napoleon attached great importance to the priesthood, and that this is the reason missionary questions have given such trouble in the past. Since the establishment of the Republic the influence of the priests has been on the wane, and one now meets with plenty of people ready to abuse them. While on board the steamship *Amazon*, I met a French naval captain, who volunteered the statement that there was not a single respectable person in the Church. My French interpreter and the captain of the steamer both reproved him at the time for making use of such extravagant language, but the interpreter afterward told me in private that it was true enough that there were few good men and virtuous women to be found in the Roman Catholic establishments. Frenchmen like himself, however, he added, could not but take exception to such strong language as that used by the French naval officer, especially when uttered in the presence of a large number of people, the majority of whom were English. None had a better knowledge or a more thorough abhorrence of the priesthood than Frenchmen themselves. From the above it may perhaps be predicted that cases connected with the priesthood will be easier to deal with in the future.

I subsequently went to call upon Gambetta. Since the establishment of the Republic in France, the control of State affairs has devolved upon the Presidents of the two Assemblies. The Presidents have only the power of affixing their signatures and giving their approval. Their position is analogous to that of the Governors and Viceroy in China, who receive reports from their immediate subordinates, the Financial and Judicial Commissioners, and express their opinion thereon. A Governor or a Viceroy can, however, denounce and degrade his subordinates, and if he wishes any particular line of action to be adopted, he can impart his views to them, and require them to shape their reports accordingly. A President has no such powers; and though his posi-

* The students of the Mission here referred to returned to China toward the end of 1881, the reasons given for their recall being much the same as those stated by the writer. "Although the boys have not learned all the useful arts and sciences of America, they adopted all its bad customs," were the words of the Commissioner sent to report on the subject. The lads are now at Tientsin engaged in various ways. Some of them are employed in the working of the new telegraph line, some are studying medicine under a foreign doctor, and others are receiving instruction in engineering, mining, etc., while all are said to be much dissatisfied with the treatment they have received since their return to China.

† Government schools at Peking and Canton for the instruction of Chinese in the various branches of foreign education.

tion is a very exalted one, his authority is inferior to that of his compeers in China. The President of the Chamber of Deputies lives in Paris. I managed to get an introduction to him through a friend, and appointed a day to see him. We had a very friendly conversation. The impression I gathered from what he said was that ordinary international questions between our two countries presented little difficulty, and that the wrangling and differences of opinion which occasionally occurred were due to the trouble created by an unreasoning priesthood. He said that he was not disposed to allow the priests unbridled license. Missionary questions would henceforth be fairly dealt with, and no partiality would be shown to the priests. The object he had in view was to cement more closely the friendly relations existing between our respective countries. I ventured to doubt, however, whether reliance can be placed on such language; still, judging from what the French officer stated on board the *Amazone*, and Gambetta's present utterances, the influence of the priests would seem to be declining.

V. THE PANAMA CANAL.

When I got home I found M. de Lesseps waiting for me. He referred to the great success of the Suez Canal, and said that America was now proposing to open up water communication between two points on the east and west for the transit of ships. The scheme was now under public discussion, and no decision could be taken just yet. A general meeting was convened for a certain date, at which every one was entitled to express his views. He invited me to send a deputy to the meeting to hear the discussion. I replied that, owing to the continuous famines and dearth which had visited the northern provinces of China during a succession of years, I could not undertake to subscribe capital for the object, but that I would gladly send an officer to attend the meeting, if that was all that was required. Lesseps said that no subscriptions would be asked from any of the foreign envoys attending the meeting, and that, the enterprise being one of great moment, the object was to arrive at a just conclusion by aid of the col-

lected wisdom of many. On this understanding I readily assented to his request.

VI. ORIGIN OF BALLS.

I accepted an invitation to go to President Grévy's one evening. The invitations were issued some days beforehand by his wife. At about eleven o'clock we retired to the ball-room, where dancing was kept up for a long time. In the West, men and women follow their own choice in making marriage alliances, and the original idea in instituting dancing parties was to facilitate the arrangement of such contracts.

VII. FRENCH TASTE FOR CHINESE ARTICLES.

Though French porcelain and French embroidery are daily improving in quality, still there is a perfect rage in every household in France for Chinese embroidery and old articles of Chinese porcelain. I am quite unable to assign any reason for this. They lavish admiration upon Chinese articles, and try every means of improving their own, which they still consider poor in comparison with ours. It is not only the common people that cultivate this art, but even the official classes regard it as an important part of their duty to pay attention to the matter. The principle would seem to be the same as that adopted by the Chow dynasty in appointing public inspectors of handiwork. If those who are nowadays charged with the care of China's interests were likewise to bestow some attention on the improvement of such trivial articles of manufacture, the result could not fail to benefit the commercial interests of her people.

VIII. WESTERN ARTS AND CIVILIZATION DERIVED FROM CHINA.

One evening, in conversation with Sung Sheng, he expressed his belief that the systems of government and civilization prevailing in the West bear a close resemblance to the institutions of China in the time of the Chow dynasty. Lao Tsze, he said, after serving as a minister of that dynasty, had gone to the West and transplanted the laws and usages of China into Western soil. The assertion does not, unfortunately, admit of positive proof, but the idea is one of

some interest and novelty. I remarked, in reply, that Europe, having been once inhabited by wild tribes, had in all probability derived its literature and political systems from Asia, whence they had gradually spread westward, and this I considered the explanation of the resemblance between European habits and ways and those of China in olden times. I used to tell my French interpreter in jest that China's sacred Emperor descended in an unbroken line through history, and that even as regards Presidents we had Yao and Shun,* the best that ever existed. This was of course merely a joke, but still it is plain that all Western institutions have existed in the past in China. For example, in the West articles of household use are invariably carved and engraved with taste and neatness, the idea being derived from the inscriptions found upon goblets, cups, and like utensils of antique date in China. It may be said that steamers, steam-engines, and such ingenious contrivances were unknown in past ages. By such an assertion, however, the fact is ignored that mechanical ingenuity depends upon material resources, and varies according to a nation's prosperity or decay. When material resources fail, mechanical arts fall into neglect. In olden times China had no lack of mechanical appliances, but as her national prosperity gradually declined, her people fell into idle and thriftless habits, and mechanical arts gradually died out. As, by a glance at what Europe now is, we may see what China once was, so by noting what China now is, we may learn what Europe will one day become. The time will arrive when Western workcraft, now so active and superior, will grow inept, and Western ingenuity give way to homelike simplicity. The fact is, the earth's productions are not sufficient to provide for the manifold wants of its countless people, and deterioration is one of nature's laws.

IX. INTERVIEW WITH THE BRAZILIAN MINISTER.

His excellency the Brazilian Minister called upon me and had a long conver-

sation. Some days previously I saw from the newspapers that Brazil contemplated sending some gunboats to China, with a view to negotiating a treaty and procuring coolies. The Minister opened the conversation by referring to the large extent of his country, which, he said, was nearly equal in area to the whole continent of Europe. Its productions were so abundant as to afford inexhaustible supplies to other countries. Its existence as a State dated only fifty years back, and its population, which then numbered only two millions, was now upward of fifteen millions. It was by far the largest country in South America; had at one time been a dependency of Portugal, but was now an independent State. Its ruler was most anxious to enter into treaty relations with China, and the matter being one which had to be inaugurated without previous introduction, his Sovereign had instructed him to call upon the Chinese Minister in London to open negotiations. To this I replied that Powers in concluding treaties with China had always sent an envoy thither to meet a high officer deputed for the purpose by the Chinese Government, and that I knew of no instance in which the envoys of two countries went heedlessly to work and made treaties in the capital of a third nation. Not to mention a Minister, even an Ambassador had no such powers, and neither the Chinese Minister in England nor the one in America could assume such a responsibility. A good deal of somewhat troublesome discussion then ensued. He asked me if I would communicate to the Tsungli Yamên the fact that the Brazilian Government was desirous of concluding a treaty. I replied that it was my duty, as an envoy to be the medium of communication between my Government and Foreign Powers, and that, if he addressed me officially on the subject, I would not fail to forward his communication, but that I could pronounce no opinion as to whether his request would be granted or not. He then asked, supposing I forwarded his inquiry, how long it would take to get an answer, and inquired whether a telegram could not be sent on the subject, so as to facilitate the immediate dispatch of Brazilian ships to China. In reply, I

* Two of China's early emperors, who are regarded as the models of all wisdom and sovereign virtue.

pointed out that there was no need of such hurry at the opening of negotiations, and said that I could not telegraph on a matter of such supreme importance, and which required such careful consideration. He then asked whether Brazilian ships could proceed to China before the Yamén's answer was received, to which I replied that there would be no good in their doing so while friendly relations had not yet come under consideration. He seemed to quite grasp my meaning, but always kept going back to the subject of dispatching ships, in a way which showed me that there was some difficulty connected with the matter, and that the probability was that they were already on the way and could not now be stopped. If China should hereafter refuse to enter into treaty relations, gunboats would no doubt be sent to coerce her; while if she consents to entertain the question, much wrangling and discussion will be the unavoidable result. As he was about to take leave, the Minister earnestly asked me whether I thought the Yamén would speedily make a treaty with his country. I replied that it was simply my duty to transmit his communication, and that it was for the Yamén exclusively to decide whether they would accede to the request. Looking, however, to the circumstances, I should say that it could not be granted quite at once. The period for the revision of most of the treaties concluded with Western Powers was now at hand, and as these treaties had been found to entail considerable inconvenience upon the Chinese people, they would probably require alteration in certain respects. If Brazil were to wait until after the revision of the treaties with other powers, and base her proposed treaty* upon the treaties as revised, she might hope by a single effort to secure a permanent and satisfactory result. If a hasty step were taken, while alterations were still being made in the treaties with other Powers, Brazil would have nothing to guide her course of action. I saw him to the door, when he again referred to the question of Brazilian ships going to China, and asked if any re-

strictions would be placed upon their entering and leaving the ports. I told him that there was apparently a great diversity of opinion about the value of Chinese labor. Cuba and Peru were anxious to procure coolies, while America was considering the expediency of driving the Chinese out of San Francisco. I did not know anything of the character and habits of the Brazilian nation, but if their ships engaged in the coolie traffic and did not comply with the Chinese regulation respecting emigration, not only China would refuse her sanction to such a course, but England, France and all nations opposed to slavery would enforce the rules agreed upon within recent years in relation to the subject, and would exert their influence to put a stop to such proceedings. If, however, Brazil was guilty of no abuse in procuring the coolies, and treated them properly, China would no doubt extend the same treatment to her ships as she did to those of all Treaty Powers.

The Brazilian Minister had no great command of English, and both Macartney and I failed to catch all he said. His French being somewhat better, I called in the French interpreter to our assistance.

X. FOREIGN LOANS.

I see from the newspapers that Tso Tsung-t'ang has borrowed 3,500,000 taels, to be applied toward defraying the expenses of the campaign in the north-west. I have no means of knowing whether the report is true or not, but two considerations arise in connection with this subject which give cause for deep regret. In the first place, such an excessive rate of interest as 8 per cent is without precedent in Europe, and its effect can only be to sap the sources of China's strength for the enrichment of foreign countries. Again, the frequency with which China has fraudulently repudiated the loans contracted from her own people makes them dread the very thought of lending to the Government, and her only resource when an emergency arises is to apply to the foreign merchants. Now, it is not likely that the foreigner is going to bring his money all the way across the sea to supply the wants of China. No, a loan is

* A treaty between Brazil and China has since been concluded.

issued and the money is collected from the Chinese people, but both the people and the Government suffer severely from such a vast amount of their own capital passing through foreign hands, as a large share of the interest is appropriated by the foreign agent. A fine scheme this, indeed!

I have been told that the Khedive of Egypt borrowed vast sums from France and England, which he employed not in the construction of railroads, in opening mines, or other productive works, but squandered on frivolous objects. The money having been spent as fast as it was borrowed, there was no means of discharging the debt when the time for repayment arrived. The English and French, seeing the state of misgovernment into which Egypt had fallen, sent officers to take charge of the Khedive's affairs, and, with the very best intentions, advanced further sums to help him out of his troubles. No sooner, however, had the Khedive got the money, than he summarily dismissed the two officers charged with the management of his affairs, and showed a strong disposition to repudiate his liabilities. The British and French Governments are so enraged at the Khedive's action, that there is every likelihood of their making use of force to chastise him for his conduct.

China has ample means and abundant resources, and though these petty loans are not likely to cause her much embarrassment, still, for the material advancement of a country, there are other things more urgently needed than gunboats and armaments of war. It is a poor policy that leaves undone what ought to be done at once, and presses forward what might well be deferred.

XI. THE EARL OF BEACONSFIELD.

On the 27th March, 1879, I called upon Beaconsfield. He is a man of marvellous attainments and great decision of character, and though over seventy years of age, shows no sign of physical decay. The English look upon him as the Great Wall of their country. I have been given to understand that during the struggle between Russia and Turkey, the Turks, conscious of their weakness, were prepared to sue for peace on any terms the Russians might wish to impose. Beaconsfield saw that it was against the interests of England to allow Russia to carry out her designs upon Turkey, and it was entirely owing to him that British troops were employed to assist Turkey and thwart Russia.

The high Ministers and Members of Parliament in England disapproved of the use of force, but Beaconsfield, not heeding their remonstrances, moved the troops and made such a demonstration of war that Russia took fright and finally accepted the English conditions. Beaconsfield's reputation was greatly enhanced by this stroke of policy. When he goes to the House of Parliament, old and young, women and children, flock thither to get a sight of him and hear his words. As they watch his dignified bearing, whispers of approval and respectful deference mark their admiration of the man. Beaconsfield, though far advanced in years, is so pressed with public business that foreign envoys wishing to see him have to arrange the time of meeting beforehand by letter, and so I followed the same course. His manner was gracious and courteous; his words few and impressive. Our conversation was confined to ordinary topics.—*Nineteenth Century*.

THE VIKING'S BRIDE.

BY B. MONTGOMERIE RANKING.

ASMUND THE BOLD, with the silken locks,
Merrily blows the western wind,
 Hath left fair Förnaes' fjords and rocks;
Brown are the braids that Queen Freya must bind.

For sport and plunder he fareth forth,
 And to bring back a bride to the homely north.

She who the silken locks may charm
Must be won by the might of his good right arm.

He hath sailed to the south for a year and a day,
But taketh joy in no outland way.

Eastward he fareth on eager quest,
Till Micklegard towers grow dim in the West.

Gold hath he got him, and sport, and fame,
But yet no maiden to be his dame.

All through a sullen sea and lone
The dragon speeds, by the west wind blown.

The oarsmen bend to the sweeps and sing,
The red sail flaps like a living thing.

At length in the East, as the night comes down,
Glitter the spires of a goodly town.

"Now who may he be," quoth Asmund bold,
"Who lords it over yon stately hold !

"He shall go scatheless, whatever he be,
If he entreat us with gold and fee.

"But if he be prideful, and say us nay,
Forsooth, he shall learn of us Hildur's play !"

As they came by where the city lay
They heard the drums and the trumpets' bray.

As they drew nigh to the landing-place
They knew the Saracens, swart of face.

Swart of face, and lithe of limb,
That rattled their quivers and scowled full grim.

Outlaughed Asmund in boyish glee,
"I take no force of these swine !" quoth he ;

"Over the side now, heroes all,
Who will be foremost on yonder wall ?"

Into the tide have the Norsemen leapt,
Clouds of arrows their decks have swept.

Into the tide and up on the wall
Have leapt the heroes fair and tall.

The darts and arrows they fly like rain—
And yet no man have the Valkyrs ta'en.

The swart-faced Paynims are all a-rout,
They flee like stares when the hawk is out.

Like wolves that hunt through the winter snow
The Berserks drive the hiding foe.

Now to the palace the wolves have come,
And why stands Asmund fixed and dumb?

Under the portal there crouches a king,
Over him towers a wonder-thing.

A maid might match with Gerda fair,
Who flings her cloak o'er the silver hair;

With cheeks like berries and eyes like night,
Who cries on high o'er the trembling wight;

"Who would come at my sire," quoth she,
"Must reach his heart through the heart of me!"

Then outspoke Asmund, blithe and free,
"A pact, sweet lady, it so shall be!

"For I will win thy warrior's heart,
No meaner groom shall in thee have part.

"Thou as my lady shall northward wend,
A new-found son shall thy sire defend!"

She hath looked on his limbs, she hath looked in his eyes,
The brown cheek reddens like sunset skies.

She hath looked on the wealth of his golden hair,
The dark eyes veil, for her fate is there.

Never a word she hath said but three,
"I am thine;" and the Viking hath bowed knee.

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Now many a swart face lies in grave,
With silk and torches the town is brave.

The dotard king he was nothing loath
To save his skull by his daughter's oath!

The Saracen maid so frank and free
She went with her lover in loyalty,

Until the priest her brow might sign
And handfast both with the rite divine.

Micklegard's won, and Micklegard's passed,
Asmund and Maura are one at last.

The bark goes swift o'er the southern sea
As they seek to the north where their home shall be.

Side by side on the stout pine deck
They cling, nor speak, nor of sorrow reck.

Merrily sing the shrouds above,

Merrily blows the western wind,

The wedding song of the Viking's love,

Brown are the braids that Queen Freya must bind.—Belgravia.

THE ANCESTRY OF BIRDS.

BY GRANT ALLEN.

SEATED on the dry hillside here, by the belted blue Mediterranean, I have picked up from the ground a bit of blanched and mouldering bone, well cleaned to my hand by the unconscious friendliness of the busy ants ; and looking closely at it I recognize it at once, with a sympathetic sigh, for the solid welded tail-piece of some departed British tourist swallow. He came here like ourselves, no doubt, to escape the terrors of an English winter : but among these pine-clad Provençal summits some nameless calamity overtook him, from greedy kestrel or from native sportsman, and left him here, a sheer hulk, for the future contemplation of a wandering and lazy field naturalist. Fit text, truly, for a sermon on the ancestry of birds ; for this solid tail-bone of his tells more strangely than any other part of his whole anatomy the curious story of his evolution from some primitive lizard-like progenitor. Close by here, among the dry rosemary and large-leaved cistus by my side, a few weathered tips of naked basking limestone are peeping thirstily through the arid soil ; and on one of these gray lichen-covered masses a motionless gray lizard sits sunning his limbs, in hue and spots just like the lichen itself, so that none but a sharp eye could detect his presence, or distinguish his little curling body from the jutting angles of the rock, to which it adapts itself with such marvellous accuracy. Only the restless sidelong glance from the quick up-turned eye, suffices to tell one that this is a living animal and not a piece of the lifeless stone on which it "rests like a shadow." A very snake the lizard looks in outline, with only a pair of sprawling fore-legs, and a pair of sprawling hind-legs, to distinguish him outwardly from his serpentine kin. Yet from some such lizard as this, my swallow and all other birds are ultimately descended ; and from such a little creeping four-legged reptile, science has to undertake the evolutionary pedigree of the powerful eagle or the broad-winged albatross.

Reptiles are at present a small and

dying race. They have seen their best days. But in the great secondary age, as Tennyson graphically puts it, "A monstrous eft was of old the lord and master of earth." At the beginning of that time the mammals had not been developed at all ; and even at its close they were but a feeble folk, represented only by weak creatures like the smaller pouched animals of Australia and Tasmania. Accordingly, during the secondary period, the reptiles had things everywhere pretty much their own way, ruling over the earth as absolutely as man and the mammals do now. Like all dominant types for the time being, they split up into many and various forms. In the sea, they became huge paddling enaliosaurians ; on the dry land, they became great erect deinosaurians ; in the air, they became terrible flying pterodactyls. For a vast epoch they inherited the earth ; and then at last they began to fail, in competition with their own more developed descendants, the birds and mammals. One by one they died out before the face of the younger fauna, until at last only a few crocodiles and alligators, a few great snakes, and a few big turtles, remain among the wee skulking lizards and geckos to remind us of the enormous reptilian types that crowded the surface of the liassic oceans.

Long before the actual arrival of true birds upon the scene, however, sundry branches of the reptilian class had been gradually approximating to and foreshadowing the future flying things. Indeed, one may say that at an early period the central reptilian stock, consisting of the long, lithe, four legged forms like the lizards, still closely allied in shape to their primitive newt-like and eel-like ancestors, began to divide laterally into sundry important branches. Some of them lost their limbs and became serpents ; others acquired bony body-coverings and became turtles ; but the vast majority went off in one of two directions, either as fish-like saurians or as bird-like land saurians. It is with this last division alone that

we shall have largely to deal in tracing out the pedigree of our existing birds. Their fossil remains supply us with many connecting links which help us to bridge over the distance between the modern representatives of the two classes. It is true, none of these links can be said to occupy an exactly intermediate place between reptiles and birds; none of them can be regarded as forming an actual part of the ancestry of our own swallows and pigeons: they are rather closely related collateral members of the family, than real factors in the central line of descent. But they at least serve to show that at and before the period when true birds first appeared upon earth, many members of one great reptilian group had made immense advances in several distinct directions toward the perfected avian type.

Clearly, the first step toward the development of a bird must consist in acquiring a more or less upright habit: for the legs must be well differentiated into a large hind pair and a free fore pair, before the last can be further specialized into feathered wings; and the body must have acquired a forward poise before flying becomes a possible mode of locomotion. Such an upright habit is first foreshadowed in the larger-limbed and longer-legged lizards like the deinosaurs, which walked to some extent erect, and more particularly in some more highly specialized reptiles like the iguanodon, which had large hind legs and small fore-legs, and could walk or hop on the hind-legs alone, much after the fashion of a kangaroo, or still more of a jerboa or a chinchilla. Now, it is noticeable that the tendency to acquire the most rudimentary form of flying is common among animals of this semi erect habit, especially when they frequent forests and jump about much from tree to tree. For example, among our modern mammals, the squirrels are a race much given to sitting on their hind-legs and using their paws as hands; while they are also much accustomed to jumping lightly from bough to bough: and some among them, the flying squirrels, have developed a sort of parachute consisting of an extensible skin between the fore and hind-legs, which they use to break their fall in descending to the ground. Again, among

the lower monkey-like animals, the so-called flying lemur or galeopithecus has hit upon an exactly similar plan; while in the bats, a membrane which may be fairly called a wing has been evolved to a very high degree of perfection. Everywhere the habit of living among trees or jumping from rocks tends to produce either parachute or wing-like organs; and in our own time the tendency is very fully displayed among a large number of forestine mammals.

During the secondary ages, however, it was the reptiles which took to thus developing a rudimentary flying mechanism. Even at the present day there are some modern lizards, the "flying dragons" of popular natural history, which possess a parachute arrangement of the front ribs, and are so enabled to jump lightly from branch to branch, somewhat in the same manner as the flying squirrels. But this is an independent and comparatively late development of a flying apparatus among the reptiles, quite distinct in character from those which were in vogue among the real and much more terrible flying dragons of the liassic and oolitic age. Far the most remarkable of these predecessors of the true birds were the pterodactyls whose bones we still find in our English cliffs at Lyme Regis and Whitby; creatures with a large reptilian head, fierce jaws set with sharp pointed teeth, and fore-arms prolonged into a great projecting finger so as to support a membranous wing or fold of skin, somewhat analogous to that of the bats. The pterodactyls do not stand anywhere in the regular line of descent toward the true birds; but they are interesting as showing that a general tendency then existed among the higher reptiles toward the development of a flying organ. In these frightful dragons, the organ of flight is formed by an immense prolongation of the last finger on each fore-leg, to a length about as great as that of the rest of the leg all put together. Between this long bony finger and the hind-leg there stretched in all probability a featherless wing like a bat's, by means of which the pterodactyl darted through the air and pounced down upon its cowering victims. As in birds, the bones were made very light and filled with air instead of marrow; and all the other indications of the

skeleton show that the creatures were specially designed for the function of flight. Imagine a cross between a vulture and a crocodile, and you have something like a vague mental picture of a pterodactyl.

But at the very time when the terrestrial reptilian type was branching out in one direction toward the ancestors of the pterodactyls, it was branching out in another direction toward the ancestors of the true birds. In the curious Lithographic Slate of Solenhofen we have preserved for us a great number of fossil forms with an extraordinary degree of perfection; and among these are several which help us on greatly from the reptilian to the avian structure. The Lithographic Slate is a member of the upper oolitic formation, and it is worked, as its name implies, for the purpose of producing stones for the process of lithography. But the same properties which make the slate in its present condition take so readily the impress of a letter or a sketch, made it in its earlier condition take the impress of the various organisms embedded as they fell in its soft mud. Even the forms and petals of early flowers washed down by floods into the half-formed mud bank, have been thus preserved for us with wonderful minuteness. Most interesting of all for our present purpose, however, are the bones of contemporary reptiles and birds which this nature-printing rock incloses for the behoof of modern naturalists. One such reptile, known as *compsognathus*, may be regarded as filling among its own class the place filled among existing mammals by the kangaroo. It was a rather swan-like erect saurian, standing graciously on its hind paws, with its fore-legs free, and probably dragging its round tail behind it on the ground as a support to steady its gait. The neck was long and arched, and the head small and bird-like in shape; but the jaws are armed with sharp and powerful teeth, as in the pterodactyls. Altogether, *compsognathus* must have looked in outward appearance not at all unlike such birds as the auks and penguins, though its real structural affinities lie rather with the emus and cassowaries. The apteryx or kiwi of New Zealand, which is a bird that does not fly, because it has no wings worth

mentioning to fly with, approaches even nearer in the combination of both points to this very bird-like oolitic reptile.

Even *compsognathus* himself, however, though very closely allied to the true birds, cannot be held to stand as an actual point in the progressive pedigree, because in the very same Solenhofen slates we find a real feathered bird in person. Accordingly, as the two were thus contemporaries, the one could not possibly be the direct ancestor of the other. Nevertheless, it is certainly from some form very closely resembling *compsognathus* that the true birds are descended. We have only to suppose such a reptile to acquire forestine habits, and to begin jumping freely from tree to tree, in order to set up the series of changes by which a true bird might be produced. But the first historical bird of which we know anything, the archæopteryx of the Solenhofen slate, still remains in many points essentially a reptile. It is only bird-like in two main particulars; its possession of rudimentary wings, and its possession of feathers. From the popular point of view, these two particulars are decisive in favor of its being considered a bird; but its anatomical structure is sufficient to make it at least half a reptile; and eminent authorities have differed (with their usual acrimony) as to whether it ought properly to be called a bird-like saurian or a lizard-like bird. There is nothing like a mere question of words such as this to set scientific men or theologians roundly by the ears for half a century together.

Archæopteryx, then, is just *compsognathus* provided with rude wings and feathers, but in most other respects a good lizard. Unlike all modern birds, it has a long tail composed of twenty separate vertebræ; and opposite each vertebra stand two stout quill feathers, so that instead of forming a fan, as in our own pigeons and turkeys, they form a long pinnate series like the leaflets of yonder palm branch. These feathers, like all others, show traces of their origin from the scales of lizards. Moreover, in the jaw are planted some small conical teeth, the like of which of course exist in no living bird. The skeleton is for the most part

reptilian ; and though the legs are bird-like, they are not much more so than those of *compsognathus*, an unmixed reptile. Even the wings are more like the fore-legs, and could only be used for flight by the aid of a side membrane. Accordingly, we may say that we have lithographed for us in *archæopteryx* a specimen of the intermediate state, when reptiles are just in the very act of passing into birds. The scales and protuberances on the body had already developed into feathers ; the forelegs had already developed into rude and imperfect wings, and the feet had become decidedly bird-like ; but as yet there was only a very small breast-bone, the tail remained in internal structure like that of a lizard, the jaws still contained pointed teeth, and the wing ended in a three-toed hand, while flight was probably as rudimentary as in the flying lemur and the flying squirrel. Nowhere in the organic series has geology supplied us with a better missing link than this uncouth and half-formed creature, nature's first tentative rough draft of the beautiful and exquisitely adapted modern birds.

Such an animal, once introduced, was sure to undergo further modification, to fit it more perfectly for its new sphere of action. In the first place, the tail was sure to grow shorter and shorter, by stress of natural selection, because a more fan-like organ would act better as a rudder to steer the flight than the long lizard-like tail of *archæopteryx*. In the second place, the general bony structure was sure to grow better adapted for flight, by the development of some such feature as the keeled breast-bone, and the general modification of the other parts (especially the wing) into better correspondence with their new function. At the same time, it must not be supposed that all intermediate birds would lose their reptilian features equally and symmetrically. Some for a time might retain one lizard-like peculiarity, say the teeth, and some might retain another, say sundry anatomical points in the structure of the skeleton. It was long indeed before the whole tribe of birds acquired the entire set of traits which we now regard as characteristic of their class. During the intervening period they kept varying in all directions, tentatively if one may say so,

and thus the early forms of birds differ far more among themselves than do any modern members of the feathered kingdom. In other words, when the full bird type was finally evolved, it proved so much better adapted to its airy mode of life, than any other and earlier creature, that it lived down not only the rude reptilian pterodactyls, but also the simpler primeval forms of birds themselves : exactly as civilized European man is now living down, not only the elephants and buffaloes, but the red Indian and the Australian black fellow as well.

Some of the varying primeval forms have been preserved by us as fossils in the chalk deposits of the Western States, which are of course later in date than the oolitic slates of Solenhofen, where we find the *compsognathus* and his cousin the *archæopteryx*. One of these first sketches, the *ichthyornis*, has a row of teeth in each jaw, and displays another strikingly early reptilian or fish-like peculiarity in the joints of its backbone, which are cup-shaped or hollow on either side, exactly like those of a cod. This strange bird must have resembled an emu in many respects, and it might easily have devoured the large ganoid fish of this period with its formidable jaws. Still more reptilian in some particulars is the *hesperornis*, also found in the western American chalk. *Hesperornis* was a huge swimming ostrich, and it had pointed teeth like a crocodile's set in a groove running down the jawbone. They were supported on stout fangs, in the same way as the teeth of its reptilian allies, the mosasaurs. Like the ostrich, *hesperornis* had a broad breast-bone, but this breast-bone was destitute of a keel, as is still the case in all the ostrich family. The wings were also very imperfect, like those of the cassowaries. In its tail, *hesperornis* resembled its predecessor, *archæopteryx*, so far as regards the lizard-like separateness of the vertebræ, except at the extreme end, where they were slightly massed together into the first resemblance of a ploughshare bone, such as the one I hold in my hand. Thus these two intermediate birds of the chalk period, though slightly more bird-like than their cousins of the oolitic age, still retained, each in its own way, many unmistakable relics of their descent from

reptilian or almost amphibian ancestors. As usual, the farther we go back, the more do we find all the lines converging toward a common centre.

The primitive teeth died slowly and gradually out as time went on. In the still later eocene deposits of the London clay in the Isle of Sheppey, we find the remains of a true bird, known as *odontopteryx*, in which the teeth have entirely coalesced with the beak, and have assumed the form of bony projections. Strict biologists will tell us that these projections are not teeth at all, because true teeth are not bony in structure, and are developed from the skin of the gums. But such hair-splitting distinctions are of little value from the evolutionary point of view; the really important fact to observe is this, that while *hesperornis* has teeth in a groove, reptile fashion, *ichthyornis* has teeth in distinct sockets, mammal fashion, and *odontopteryx* has them reduced to bony projections from the bill, in a fashion all its own, thus leading the way to modern birds, in which the teeth are wholly wanting, and the bill alone remains. Indeed, among our existing kinds there are some which still keep up some dim memory of the *odontopteryx* stage; for the merganser, a swimming fish-eating bird, has bony ridges on its bill, which help it to grasp its prey; and the South American leaf-cutter has a double set of bony bosses on its beak and palate.

The most apparently distinctive feature of birds lies in the fact that they fly. It is this that gives them their feathers, their wings, and their peculiar bony structure. And yet, truism as such a statement sounds, there are a great many birds that do not fly; and it is among these terrestrial or swimming kinds that we must look for the nearest modern approaches to the primitive bird type. From the very beginning birds had to endure the fierce competition of the mammals, which had been developed at a slightly earlier period; and they have for the most part taken almost entirely to the air, where alone they possess a distinct superiority over their mammalian compeers. There are certain spots, however, where mammals have been unable to penetrate, as in oceanic islands; and there are certain other spots which were insulated for a long

period from the great continents, so that they possessed none of the higher classes of mammals, as in the case of Australia, South America, New Zealand, and South Africa. In these districts, terrestrial birds had a chance which they had not in the great circumpolar land tract, now divided into two portions, North America on the west, and Asia and Europe on the east. It is in Australia and the southern extremities of America and Africa, therefore, that we must look for the most antiquated forms of birds still surviving in the world at the present day.

The decadent and now almost extinct order of struthious birds, to which ostriches and cassowaries belong, supplies us with the best examples of such antique forms. These birds are all distinguished from every other known species, except the transitional *Solenhofen* creature and a few other old types, by the fact that they have no keel to the flat breast-bone: a peculiarity which at once marks them out as not adapted for flight.

Every one whose anatomical studies have been carried on as far as the carving of a chicken or a pheasant for dinner, knows that the two halves of the breast are divided by a sharp keel or edge protruding from the breast-bone; but in the ostrich and their allies such a keel is wanting, and the breast-bone is rounded and blunt. At one time these flat-chested birds were widely distributed over the whole world; for they are found in fossil forms from China to Peru; but as the mammalian race increased and multiplied and replenished the earth, only the best adapted keeled birds were able to hold their own against these four-legged competitors in the great continents. Thus the gigantic ostriches of the Isle of Sheppey and the great divers of the Western States died slowly out, leaving all their modern kindred to inhabit the less progressive southern hemisphere alone. Even there, the monstrous *æpyornis*, a huge stalking wingless bird, disappeared from Madagascar in the tertiary age, while the great moa of New Zealand, after living down to almost historical times, fell a victim at last to that very aggressive and hungry mammal, the Maori himself. This almost reduces the existing struthious types to three small and scattered colonies, in Australasia,

South Africa, and South America respectively, though there are still probably a few ostriches left in some remote parts of the Asiatic continent.

The Australian ostrich kind are in many respects the most archaic and peculiar of all. Strangest among them is the kiwi or apteryx of New Zealand, that almost wholly wingless bird who may be seen any morning at the Zoo, gravely stalking up and down, like an important political prisoner, within the small inclosure to which tyrannical circumstances have temporarily confined him. The kiwi has feathers which closely resemble hair in texture, and his wings are so very rudimentary that they can only be properly observed at a post-mortem examination. His bones have no air canals, and some of his internal anatomy is very abnormal. The cassowaries of the Papuan district are somewhat more bird-like in type, but they also preserve many antique features, especially in the relative smallness of the head and brain compared with the general size of the whole body. The Australian emus approach more closely to the true ostriches, and their feathers are far more feathery than those of the cassowary. In both these classes, however, the small and functionless wings are destitute of plumes, which are only represented by a few stiff horny shafts. The true ostriches, including both the familiar African species and the South American rheas, have real wings with real feathers in them, though they can only use them to aid them in running, and not for the purpose of flight. They are, therefore, the most bird-like of their order, with small wings and very feathery plumes. We may fairly regard all these keelless and often wingless birds—the kiwis, cassowaries, emus, and ostriches—as the last survivors of a very ancient group, immediately descended from ancestors not unlike the toothed hesperornis, and never forced by circumstances to develop into the full avian type represented by the swallows, hawks, and herons. All of them are strictly terrestrial in their habits; none of them can fly in even the slightest degree; and the feathers of the most developed among them invariably lack the tiny barboles or small hooks which bind together the cross barbs in the feathers

of the flying bird, so as to form a compact and resisting blade. It is this looseness of the cross barbs which gives ostrich plumes their light and fluffy appearance; while, pushed to an extreme in the cassowary and the kiwi, it makes the plumage of those ugly birds approximate in character to the hair of mammals. Though from the human and decorative point of view we may admire the fluffiness of ostrich plumes, it is obvious that, looked upon as a question of relative development, such loose floating barbs are far less advanced in type than the firm and tightly interlocked quill feathers of a goose or raven, with which alone sustained flight is possible.

Except in such isolated countries where higher mammals do not, or did not till lately, exist, the power of flight, once acquired, was sure to be developed in a high degree. For the possession of feathers gives birds an advantage in this respect which enables even the little sparrows to hold their own in the midst of our crowded cities. Hence all other modern birds, except these lingering ostrich-like creatures, have keeled breast-bones, which imply their descent from forms adapted to true flight. They are linked to the ostriches, however, and therefore to the still earlier toothed ancestral types, by the South American tinamous, which are intermediate in various anatomical points (too intricate for a lazy man to go into here and now), between the two classes. Put briefly, one may say that these partridge-like Paraguayan birds are ostriches in the bones of their head, but game birds in those of the breast and body. This line of descent seems to lead us up directly toward the cocks and hens, the pheasants, and other scrapers. There are more marks of a primitive organization, however, among the penguins, which are almost wingless swimming birds, belonging nearly to the same class as the ducks and geese; and we have reason otherwise to consider the penguins a very early form, since fowls resembling them in many particulars have been unearthed in the upper greensand. Here the wings are reduced to small rudiments, covered with bristly scale-like feathers, and so rigid that they can be only moved in the mass like fins by a single joint at the base. They are used, in

fact, exactly in the same way as the flappers in seals, to assist the bird in diving. The habitual erect attitude of the penguins strongly recalls that of their reptilian ally, *compsognathus*. From such an incomplete form as this, the gap is not great to the equally erect auks, the guillemots, the grebes, and other web-footed divers, which have short pointed wings with true quills, but without any extended power of flight. Some species indeed, cannot fly at all, though the puffins and many other kinds can steer their way through the air with comparative ease. Thence to the cormorants, gulls, and ducks the transitions are slight and easy. We are thus led insensibly from almost wingless erect birds, like the penguins, through winged, but mainly swimming forms like the auks and divers, to creatures with such marvellous powers of flight as the frigate-birds, the petrels, and the albatrosses, which pass almost their whole life upon the wing. It must be remembered, however, that in this line of descent the comparatively wingless forms must be regarded as somewhat degenerate representatives of flying ancestors; for the presence of a keeled breast-bone almost conclusively proves hereditary connection with fully winged progenitors.

By far the greater number of modern birds belong to the still more strictly aerial orders of the perchers, the peckers, and the birds of prey. In almost all these cases, the power of flight is highly developed, and the bird type reaches its highest ideal point of typical excellence. Among the perchers, this perfection of form is best seen in the swallows, whose ceaseless and graceful curved evolutions everybody has seen with his own eyes; while among tropical varieties of the same type the birds of paradise, the sunbirds, and the orioles are the most conspicuous. Among the peckers, our own swifts closely simulate the swallow type, while their American relatives, the humming birds, in spite of their small size, possess a power of rapid flitting and of lightly poisoning themselves in front of flowers which makes them in some ways the very fullest existing embodiment of the avian ideal. To the same order belong also those most intelligent of all birds, the parrots, whose

large heads and crafty eyes mark them at once as the opposite pole from the small-browed, dull-eyed, stupid cassowaries. With them must be ranked the toucans, the barbets, the kingfishers, the trogons, and whole hosts of other beautiful southern creatures, among which the feathers have been variously modified into the most exquisite ornamental devices. As for the birds of prey, the eagles, vultures, falcons, hawks, owls, and ospreys must suffice by way of example.

Even among these central groups of birds, which have varied most and developed furthest from the primitive reptilian character, there are many kinds which retain here and there some small and isolated peculiarities of the ancestral forms. For example, among the duck-like birds, as we have already seen, a single group, that of the mergansers, still keeps up some faint memory of the original sharp teeth in the shape of a few horny projections along the edge of the beak. The tooth billed pigeon of Samoa, a close relation of that early and extinct form the dodo, has also some rudiments of horny teeth; and the South American leaf-cutters, a primitive set of songless perchers, possess somewhat similar relics of the lost fangs. So, too, our earliest known bird, the *archæopteryx*, had three free claws on its fore limb or undeveloped wing; and traces of such claws turn up in sundry unconnected birds even now, no doubt by reversion to the almost forgotten ancestral type. In all modern birds, one of the three fingers which make up the pinion still remains free; and in some species this finger supports an evident claw, sometimes used as a spur for the purpose of fighting. In many thrushes a rudiment of this claw may be perceived in the shape of a small tubercle or knob at the end of the wing, thus pointing back directly to some remote four-footed and claw-bearing reptilian ancestor. Several plovers have spurs, and so has the spur-winged goose; while the horned screamer has two on each wing, which he uses with great effect in battling with his rivals. The Australian brush-turkeys have also the rudiment or last relic of a primitive pinion claw.

There is another way in which modern

birds still partially recall the peculiarities of their reptilian ancestors, and that is in the course of their individual development within the egg. No adult existing bird has all the bones of the tail distinct and separate, like those of the archæopteryx; the last joints are all firmly welded together in a solid expanded piece, known from its queer shape as a ploughshare bone, such as the one which I am holding in my hand as the text for this discourse. The use of the ploughshare bone is to support the fan-like quill feathers of the tail, and also to shelter the oil-glands with whose contents the birds preen and dress their shining plumage, to secure them against the evil effects of damp or rain. But while the young chick is in the egg, all its tail bones still remain separate, as in the ancestral lizard-like bird and the still earlier ancestral lizard; it is only as the development of the embryo progresses that they become firmly united, as in modern forms. In other words every young bird begins forming its tail as if it meant to be an archæopteryx, and only afterward so far changes its mind as to become a crow or a sparrow. Similarly no adult existing bird has true teeth; but the young of certain parrots show in the egg a set of peculiar little swellings inside the jaw, known as dental papillæ, and commonly found as the first stage of teeth in other animals. Moreover, these swellings are actually covered by a thin coat of dentine, the material of which true teeth are made. So here again the young parrot begins its development as though it meant to start a set of conical fangs in its jaw like those of the archæopteryx, but afterward changes its mind and contents itself with a bill instead. Such symptoms as these point back surely though remotely to a far distant reptilian ancestry.

It is worth while noting, too, that the links which bind the birds to the reptiles, bind them also in part to the lower mammals. For the lowest existing mammal is that curious Australian creature known to the rough-and-ready classification of the colonists as the water-mole, and rejoicing in the various scientific aliases of the ornithorhyncus and the duck-billed platypus. Unsophisticated English people know the animal best,

however, as "the beast with a bill." Now, there are many close resemblances between this strange Australian burrower, on the one hand, and such antiquated forms of birds as the New Zealand kiwi on the other. In many particulars, too, the water-mole recalls the structure of reptiles, and especially of the ichthyosaurus. In short, it is at once the most bird-like and the most reptile-like of mammals. Hence we may fairly conclude that birds and mammals are both descended by divergent lines from a single common reptilian ancestry. For, on the one hand, the kiwi, an early type of nocturnal bird, preserved for us in isolated New Zealand, has some marked reptilian and mammalian affinities, not only in the external character of its hair-like feathers, but also in the more important structural points of its diaphragm, its movable vertebræ, and its keelless breast-bone, which are questions rather for the professed anatomist than for mere idle loungers basking lazily in the sun on a Provençal hillside. And, on the other hand, the ornithorhyncus, an early type of burrowing aquatic mammal, preserved for us in isolated Australia, has marked reptilian affinities in its bony structure, and in the teeth implanted on its tongue; while it has also marked resemblances to the ducks and other swimming birds in the external features of its horny bill and webbed feet, besides being still more closely related to them in many of its less obvious anatomical peculiarities.

Birds, then, may be roughly described as reptiles with feathers. Professor Huxley was the first to see the real closeness of the connection between the two groups, and to unite them under a common name as Sauropsida. Strictly speaking, the only constant difference between them, the only one distinctive character of birds as a class, is the possession of feathers; and if, like uncompromising Karl Vogt, we insist upon calling archæopteryx a reptile, because of its anatomical peculiarities, even this solitary distinction must vanish utterly, leaving us no point of difference at all between the two classes. It must be remembered, of course, that all the other characters which we always have in our mind as part of the abstract idea of a bird are either not constant or

not peculiar to birds alone. For instance, we usually think of a bird as a flying animal; but then, on the one hand, many birds, such as the ostriches, kiwis, penguins, and dodos, do not or did not fly at all; and on the other hand, many other creatures, such as the bats, flying squirrels, flying lemurs, pterodactyls, dragon-lizards, and butterflies, do or did once fly just as much as the birds. So with their other peculiarities: their habit of laying eggs descends to them from fish and reptiles; their nest-building propensities which are wanting in some birds, are

found in the Australian water-mole, in field-mice, and even in stickleback; and their horny bill, which is almost confined to them, nevertheless occurs again in the ornithorhynchus and in many turtles. In short, every other apparently distinctive point about birds, except the possession of feathers, either breaks down on examination or else descends to them directly from early unbirdlike ancestors. And the first feathered creature of which we know anything, archæopteryx, was at least as much of a reptile as of a bird.
—*Longman's Magazine.*

LITERARY FORGERIES.

BY ANDREW LANG.

IN the whole amusing history of impostures, there is no more diverting chapter than that which deals with literary frauds. None contains a more grotesque revelation of the smallness and the complexity of human nature, and none—not even the records of the Tichborne trial, and its results—reveals more pleasantly the depths of mortal credulity. The literary forger is usually a clever man, and it is necessary for him to be at least on a level with the literary knowledge and critical science of his time. But how low that level commonly appears to be! Think of the success of Ireland, a boy of eighteen; think of Chatterton; think of Surtees of Mainsforth, who took in the great Magician himself, the father of all them that are skilled in ballad lore. How simple were the artifices of these ingenious impostors, their resources how scanty; how hand-to-mouth and improvised was their whole procedure! 'Times have altered a little. Jo Smith's revelation and famed "Golden Bible" only carried captive the polygamous *populus qui vult decipi*, reasoners a little lower than even the believers in Anglo-Israel. The Moabite Ireland, who lately gave Mr. Shapira the famous ms. of Deuteronomy, but did not delude M. Clermont Ganneau, was doubtless a smart man; he was, however, a little too indolent, a little too easily satisfied. He might have procured better and less recognizable materials than his old "synagogue rolls;" in short he took

rather too little trouble, and came to the wrong market. A literary forgery ought first, perhaps, to appeal to the credulous, and only slowly should it come with the prestige of having already won many believers before the learned world. The inscriber of the Phœnician inscriptions in Brazil (of all places) was a clever man. His account of the voyage of Hiram to South America probably gained some credence in Brazil, while in England it only carried captive Mr. Day, author of "The Pre-historic Use of Iron and Steel." But the Brazilians from lack of energy, have dropped the subject, and the Phœnician inscriptions of Brazil are less successful, after all, than the Moabite stone, about which one begins to entertain disagreeable doubts.

The motives of the literary forger are curiously mixed; but they may, perhaps, be analyzed roughly into piety, greed, "push," and love of fun. Many literary forgeries have been pious frauds, perpetrated in the interests of a church, a priesthood, or a dogma. Then we have frauds of greed, as if, for example, a forger should offer his wares for a million of money to the British Museum; or when he tries to palm off his Samaritan Gospel on the "Bad Samaritan" of the Bodleian. Next we come to playful frauds, or frauds in their origin playful, like (perhaps) the Shakespearian forgeries of Ireland, the *supercheries* of Prosper Mérimée, the sham antique ballads (very spirited poems in their way)

of Surtees, and many other examples. Occasionally it has happened that forgeries, begun for the mere sake of exerting the imitative faculty, and of raising a laugh against the learned, have been persevered with in earnest. The humorous deceits are, of course, the most pardonable, though it is difficult to forgive the young archæologist who took in his own father with false Greek inscriptions. But this story may be a mere fable among archæologists, who are constantly accusing each other of all manner of crimes. There are forgeries by "pushing" men, who hope to get a reading for poems which, if put forth as new would be neglected. There remain forgeries of which the motive is so complex as to remain forever obscure. We may generally ascribe them to love of notoriety in the forger; such notoriety as Macpherson won by his dubious pinchbeck Ossian. More difficult still to understand are the forgeries which real scholars have committed or connived at for the purpose of supporting some opinion which they held with earnestness. There is a vein of madness and self-deceit in the character of the man who half persuades himself that his own false facts are true. The Payne Collier case is thus one of the most difficult in the world to explain, for it is equally hard to suppose that Mr. Payne Collier was taken in by the notes on the folio he gave the world, and to hold that he was himself guilty of forgery to support his own opinions.

The further we go back in the history of literary forgeries, the more (as is natural) do we find them to be of a pious or priestly character. When the clergy alone can write, only the clergy can forge. In such ages people are interested chiefly in prophecies and warnings, or, if they are careful about literature, it is only when literature contains some kind of title-deeds. Thus Solon is said to have forged a line in the Homeric catalogue of the ships for the purpose of proving that Salamis belonged to Athens. But the great antique forger, the "Ionian father of the rest," is, doubtless, Onomacritus. There exists, to be sure, an Egyptian inscription professing to be of the fourth, but probably of the twenty-sixth, dynasty. The Germans hold the latter view; the French, from patriotic motives, maintain the opposite opinion.

But this forgery is scarcely "literary." I never can think of Onomacritus without a certain respect: he began the forging business so very early, and was (apart from this failing) such an imposing and magnificently respectable character. The scene of the error and detection of Onomacritus presents itself always to me in a kind of pictorial vision. It is night, the clear windless night of Athens, not of the Athens whose ruins remain, but of the ancient city that sank in ashes during the invasion of Xerxes. The time is the time of Pisistratus the successful tyrant, the scene is the ancient temple, the stately house of Athens, the fane where the sacred serpent was fed on cakes, and the primeval olive tree grew beside the well of Posidon. The darkness of the temple's inmost shrine is lit by the ray of one earthen lamp. You dimly discern the majestic form of a venerable man stooping above a coffer of cedar and ivory, carved with the exploits of the goddess, and with *boustrophedon* inscriptions. In his hair this archaic Athenian wears the badge of the golden grasshopper. You never saw a finer man. He is Onomacritus the famous poet, and the trusted guardian of the ancient oracles of Musæus and Bacis. What is he doing? Why, he takes from the fragrant cedar coffer certain thin stained sheets of lead, whereon are scratched the words of doom the prophecies of the Greek Thomas the Rhyner. From his bosom he draws another thin sheet of lead, also stained and corroded. On this he scratches, in imitation of the old "Cadmeian letters," a prophecy that "the isles near Lemnos shall disappear under the sea." So busy is he in this task that he does not hear the rustle of a chiton behind, and suddenly a man's hand is on his shoulder! Onomacritus turns in horror. Has the goddess punished him for tampering with the oracles? No; it is Lasus, the son of Hermiones, a rival poet, who has caught the keeper of the oracles in the very act of a pious forgery. (Hecrotus vii. 6). Pisistratus expelled the learned Onomacritus from Athens, but his conduct proved, in the long run, highly profitable to the reputations of Musæus and Bacis. Whenever their oracles were not fulfilled, people said, "Oh, that is merely one of the interpola-

tions of Onomacritus!" and the matter was passed over. This Onomacritus is said to have been one of the original editors of Homer under Pisistratus. He lived long, never repented, and, many years later, deceived Xerxes into attempting his disastrous expedition. This he did by "keeping back the oracles unfavorable to the barbarians," and putting forward any that seemed favorable. The children of Pisistratus believed in him, as spiritualists go on giving credit to exposed and exploded "mediums."

Having once practised deceit, it is to be feared that Onomacritus acquired a liking for the practice of literary forgery, which, as will be seen in the case of Ireland, grows on a man like dram-drinking. Onomacritus is generally charged with the authorship of the poems which the ancients usually attributed to Orpheus, the companion of Jason. Perhaps the most interesting of the poems of Orpheus to us would have been his "Inferno," or *Κατὰ βασις ἐς ᾗδου* in which the poet gave his own account of his descent to Hades in search of Eurydice. But only a dubious reference to one adventure in the journey is quoted by Plutarch. Whatever the exact truth about the Orphic poems may be (the reader may pursue the hard and fruitless quest in Lobeck's "Aglaophanus"), it seems certain that the period between Pisistratus and Pericles like the Alexandrian time, was a great age for literary forgeries. But of all these frauds the greatest (according to the most "advanced" theory on the subject) is the "Forgery of the Iliad and Odyssey!" The opinions of the scholars who hold that the Iliad and Odyssey which we know and which Plato knew, are not the epics known to Herodotus, but later compositions, are not very clear nor consistent. But it seems to be vaguely held that about the time of Pericles there arose a kind of Greek Macpherson. This ingenious impostor worked on old epic materials, but added many new ideas of his own about the gods, converting the Iliad (the poem which we now possess) into a kind of mocking romance, a Greek Don Quixote. He also forged a number of pseudo-archaic words, tenses, and expressions, and added the numerous references to iron, a metal practically unknown, it is

asserted, to Greece before the sixth century. If we are to believe, with Professor Paley, that the chief incidents of the Iliad and Odyssey were unknown to Sophocles, Aeschylus, and the contemporary vase-painters, we must also suppose that the Greek Macpherson invented most of the situations in the Odyssey and Iliad. According to this theory the "cooker" of the extant epics was far the greatest and most successful of all literary impostors, for he deceived the whole world, from Plato downward, till he was exposed by Mr. Paley. There are times when one is inclined to believe that Plato must have been the forger himself, as Bacon (according to the other hypothesis) was the author of Shakespeare's plays. Thus "Plato the wise, and large-browed Verulam," would be "the first of those who" forge! Next to this prodigious imposture, no doubt, the false "Letters of Phalaris" are the most important of classical forgeries. And these illustrate, like most literary forgeries, the extreme worthlessness of literary taste as a criterion of the authenticity of writings. For what man ever was more a man of taste than Sir William Temple, "the most accomplished writer of the age," whom Mr. Boyle never thought of without calling to mind those happy lines of Lucretius,

"Quem tu, dea, tempore in omni
Omnibus ornatum voluisti excellere rebus."

Well, the ornate and excellent Temple held that "the Epistles of Phalaris have more race, more spirit, more force of wit and genius, than any others he had ever seen, either ancient or modern." So much for what Bentley calls Temple's "Nicety of Taste." The greatest of English scholars readily proved that Phalaris used (in the spirit of prophecy) an idiom which did not exist to write about matters in his time not invented, but "many centuries younger than he." So let the Nicety of Temple's Taste and its absolute failure be a warning to us when we read (if read we must) German critics who deny Homer's claim to this or that passage, and Plato's right to half his accepted dialogues, on grounds of literary taste. And farewell, as Herodotus would have said, to the Letters of Phalaris, of Socrates, of Plato; to the lives of Pythagoras and of Homer, and to all the other uncounted literary for-

geries of the classical world, from the Sibylline prophecies to the battle of the frogs and mice.

Early Christian forgeries were, naturally, pious. We have the apocryphal Gospels, and the works of Dionysius the Areopagite, which were not exposed till Erasmus's time. Perhaps the most important of pious forgeries (if forgery be exactly the right word in this case), was that of "The False Decretals." "On a sudden," says Milman, speaking of the pontificate of Nicholas I. (*ob.* 867 A.D.), "Of a sudden was promulgated, unannounced, without preparation, not absolutely unquestioned, but apparently overawing at once all doubt, a new Code, which to the former authentic documents added fifty-nine letters and decrees of the twenty oldest Popes from Clement to Melchiades, and the donation of Constantine, and in the third part, among the decrees of the Popes and of the Councils from Sylvester to Gregory II., thirty-nine false decrees, and the acts of several unauthentic Councils." "The whole is composed," Milman adds, "with an air of profound piety and reverence." The False Decretals naturally assert the supremacy of the Bishop of Rome. "They are full and minute on Church Property" (they were sure to be that); in fact, they remind one of another forgery, pious and Aryan, "The Institutes of Vishnu." "Let him not levy any tax upon Brahmans," says the Brahman forger of the Institutes, which "came from the mouths of Vishnu," as he sat "clad in a yellow robe, imperturbable, decorated with all kinds of gems, while Lakshmi was stroking his feet with her soft palms." The Institutes took excellent care of Brahmans and cows, as the Decretals did of the Pope and the Clergy, and the earliest Popes had about as much hand in the Decretals as Vishnu had in his Institutes. Hommenay, in "Pantagruel," did well to have the praise of the Decretals sung by *filles belles, blondelettes, doucelettes et de bonne grace*. And then Hommenay drank to the Decretals and their very good health. "O dives Décrétales, tant par vous est le vin bon bon trouvé!"—"Oh divine Decretals, how good you make good wine taste!" "The miracle would be greater," said Pantagruel, "if they made

bad wine taste good." The most that can now be done by the devout for the Decretals is "to palliate the guilt of their forger," whose name, like that of the Greek Macpherson, is unknown.

If the Early Christian centuries, and the Middle Ages, were chiefly occupied with pious frauds, with forgeries of gospels, epistles, and Decretals, the impostors of the Renaissance were busy with classical imitations. After the Turks took Constantinople, when the learned Greeks were scattered all over Southern Europe, when many genuine classical MSS. were recovered by the zeal of scholars, when the plays of Menander were seen once, and then lost forever, it was natural that literary forgery should thrive. As yet scholars were eager rather than critical; they were collecting and unearthing, rather than minutely examining the remains of classical literature. They had found so much, and every year were finding so much more, that no discovery seemed impossible. The lost books of Livy and Cicero, the songs of Sappho, the perished plays of Sophocles and Æschylus might any day be brought to light. This was the very moment for the literary forger; but it is improbable that any forgery of the period has escaped detection. Three or four years ago some one published a book to show that the "Annals of Tacitus" were written by Poggio Bracciolini. This paradox gained no more converts than the bolder hypothesis of Hardouin. The theory of Hardouin was that all the ancient classics were productions of a learned company which worked, in the thirteenth century, under Severus Archonius. Hardouin made some exception to his sweeping general theory. Cicero's writings were genuine, he admitted, so were Pliny's, of Virgil the Georgics; the satires and the epistles of Horace, Herodotus, and Homer. All the rest of the classics were a magnificent forgery of the illiterate thirteenth century which had scarce any Greek, and whose Latin, abundant in quantity, in quality left much to be desired.

Among literary forgers, or passers of false literary coin, at the time of the Renaissance Annius is the most notorious. Annius (his real vernacular name was Nanni), was born at Viterbo, in

1432. He became a Dominican, and (after publishing his forged classics) rose to the position of Maître du Palais, to the Pope, Alexander Borgia. With Cæsar Borgia, it is said that Annius was never on good terms. He persisted in preaching "the sacred truth" to his highness, and this (according to the detractors of Annius) was the only use he had for the sacred truth. There is a legend that Cæsar Borgia poisoned the preacher (1502), but people usually brought that charge against Cæsar when any one in any way connected with him happened to die. Annius wrote on the History and Empire of the Turks, who took Constantinople in his time; but he is better remembered by his "Antiquitatum Variarum Volumina XVII. cum comment. Fr. Jo. Annii." These fragments of antiquity included among many other desirable things, the historical writings of Fabius Pictor, the predecessor of Livy. One is surprised that Annius, when he had his hand in; did not publish choice extracts from the "Libri Lintei," the ancient Roman annals, written on linen, and preserved in the temple of Juno Moneta. Among the other discoveries of Annius were treatises by Berosus, Manetho, Cato, and poems by Archilochus. Opinion has been divided as to whether Annius was wholly a knave, or whether he was himself imposed upon. Or, again, whether he had some genuine fragments, and eked them out with his own inventions. It is observed that he did not dovetail the really genuine relics of Berosus and Manetho into the works attributed to them. This may be explained as the result of ignorance or of cunning; there can be no certain inference. "Even the Dominicans," as Bayle says, admit that Annius's discoveries are false, though they excuse them by averring that the pious man was the dupe of others. But a learned Lutheran has been found to defend the "Antiquitates" of the Dominican.

It is amusing to remember that the great and erudite Kabelais was taken in by some pseudo-classical fragments. The joker of jokes was hoaxed. He published, says Mr. Besant, "a couple of Latin forgeries, which he proudly called 'Ex reliquiis venerandæ antiquitatis,' consisting of a pretended will

and a contract." The name of the book is "Ex reliquiis venerandæ antiquitatis. Lucci Cuspidii Testamentum. Item contractus venditionis antiquis Romanorum temporibus initus. *Lugduni apud Gryphum* (pet. in 8°)." Pomponius Lætus and Jovianus Pontanus were apparently authors of the hoax.

Socrates said that he "would never lift up his hand against his father Parmenides." The fathers of the Church have not been so respectfully treated by literary forgers during the Renaissance. The "Flowers of Theology" of St. Bernard, which were to be a primrose path *ad gaudia Paradisi* (Strasburg, 1478), were really, it seems, the production of Jean de Garlande. Athanasius, his "Eleven Books concerning the Trinity," are attributed to Virgilius, a colonial Bishop in Northern Africa. Among false classics were two comic Latin fragments with which Muretus beguiled Scaliger. Meursius has suffered, posthumously, from the attribution to him of a very disreputable volume indeed. In 1583, a book on "Consolations," by Cicero, was published at Venice, containing the reflections with which Cicero consoled himself for the death of Tullia. It might as well have been attributed to Mrs. Blimber, and described as replete with the thoughts with which that lady supported herself under the affliction of never having seen Cicero or his Tusculan villa. The real author was Charles Sigonius, of Modena. Sigonius really did discover some Ciceronian fragments, and, if he was not the builder, at least he was the restorer of Tully's lofty theme. In 1693, François Nodot, conceiving the world had not already enough of Petronius Arbiter, published an edition, in which he added to the works of that lax though accomplished author. Nodot's story was that he had found a whole ms. of Petrarch, at Belgrade, and he published it with a translation of his own Latin into French. Still dissatisfied with the existing supply of Petronius's humor was Marchena, a writer of Spanish books, who printed at Bâle a translation and edition of a new fragment. This fragment was very cleverly inserted in a presumed *lacuna*. In spite of the ironical style of the preface, many scholars were taken in by this fragment, and their credulity led Mar-

chena to find a new fragment (of Catullus this time) at Herculaneum. Eichstadt, a Jena professor, gravely announced that the same fragment existed in a ms. in the University library, and, under pretence of giving various readings, converted Marchena's faults in prosody. Another sham Catullus, by Corradino, a Venetian, was published in 1738.

The most famous forgeries of the eighteenth century were those of Macpherson, Chatterton, and Ireland. Space (fortunately) does not permit a discussion of the Ossianic question. That fragments of Ossianic legend (if not of Ossianic poetry) survive in oral Gaelic traditions, seems certain. How much Macpherson knew of these, and how little he used them in the bombastic prose which Napoleon loved (and spelled "Ocean") it is next to impossible to discover. The case of Chatterton is too well known to need much more than mention. The most extraordinary poet for his years who ever lived, began with the forgery of a sham feudal pedigree for Mr. Bergum, a pewterer. Ireland started on his career in much the same way, unless Ireland's "Confessions" be themselves a fraud, based on what he knew about Chatterton. Once launched in his career, Chatterton drew endless stores of poetry from "Rowley's ms.," and the muniment chest in St. Mary Redcliffe's. Jacob Bryant believed in them and wrote an "Apology" for the credulous. Bryant, who believed in his own system of mythology, might have believed in anything. When Chatterton sent his "discoveries" to Walpole (himself somewhat of a mediæval imitator), Gray and Mason detected the imposture, and Walpole, his feelings as an antiquary injured, took no more notice of the boy. Chatterton's death was due to his precocity. Had his genius come to him later, it would have found him wiser, and better able to command the fatal demon of intellect, for which he had to find work, like Michael Scott in the legend.

The end of the eighteenth century, which had been puzzled or diverted by the Chatterton and Macpherson frauds, witnessed also the great and famous Shakespearian forgeries. We shall never know the exact truth about the fabrication of the Shakespearian documents,

and *Vortigern* and the other plays. We have, indeed, the confession of the culprit: *habemus confitentem reum*, but Mr. W. H. Ireland was a liar and a solicitor's clerk, so versatile and accomplished that we cannot always believe him, even when he is narrating the tale of his own iniquities. The temporary but wide and turbulent success of the Ireland forgeries suggests the disagreeable reflection that criticism and learning are (or, a hundred year ago were) worth very little as literary touchstones. A polished and learned society, a society devoted to Shakespeare and to the stage, was taken in by a boy of eighteen. Young Ireland not only palmed off his sham documents, most makeshift imitations of the antique, but even his ridiculous verse on the experts. James Boswell went down on his knees and thanked Heaven for the sight of them, and feeling thirsty after these devotions, drank hot brandy and water. Dr. Parr was as readily gulled, and probably the experts, like Malone, who held aloof, were as much influenced by jealousy as by science. The whole story of young Ireland's forgeries is not only too long to be told here, but forms the topic of a novel ("The Talk of the Town") on which Mr. James Payn is at present engaged. The frauds are not likely in his hands to lose either their humor or their complicated interest of plot. To be brief, then, Mr. Samuel Ireland was a gentleman extremely fond of old literature and old books. If we may trust the Confessions (1805) of his candid son, Mr. W. H. Ireland, a more harmless and confiding old person than Samuel never collected early English tracts. Living in his learned society, his son, Mr. W. H. Ireland, acquired not only a passion for black letters, but a desire to emulate Chatterton. His first step in guilt was the forgery of an autograph on an old pamphlet, with which he gratified Samuel Ireland. He also wrote a sham inscription on a modern bust of Cromwell, which he presented as an authentic antique. Finding that the critics were taken in, and attributed this new bust to the old sculptor Simon, Ireland conceived a very low and not unjustifiable opinion of critical tact. Critics would find merit in anything which seemed old enough. Ireland's next achievement was the forgery

of some legal documents concerning Shakespeare. Just as the bad man who deceived the guileless Mr. Shapira, forged his Deuteronomy on the blank spaces of old synagogue rolls, so young Ireland used the cut off ends of old rent rolls. He next bought up quantities of old fly-leaves of books, and on this ancient paper he indited a sham confession of faith, which he attributed to Shakespeare. Being a strong "evangelical," young Mr. Ireland gave a very Protestant complexion to this edifying document. And still the critics gaped and wondered and believed. Ireland's method was to write in an ink made by blending various liquids used in the marbling of paper for bookbinding. This stuff was supplied to him by a bookbinder's apprentice. When people asked questions as to whence all the new Shakespeare manuscripts came, he said they were presented to him by a gentleman who wished to remain anonymous. Finally, the impossibility of producing this gentleman was one of the causes of the detection of the fraud. According to himself, Ireland performed prodigies of acuteness. Once he had forged, at random, the name of a contemporary of Shakespeare. He was confronted with a genuine signature, which, of course, was quite different. He obtained leave to consult his "anonymous gentleman," rushed home, forged the name on the model of what had been shown to him, and returned with this signature as a new gift from his benefactor. That nameless friend had informed him that there were two persons of the same name, and that both signatures were genuine. Ireland's impudence went the length of introducing an ancestor of his own, with the same name as himself, among the companions of Shakespeare. If *Vortigern* had succeeded (and it was actually put on the stage with all possible pomp), Ireland meant to have produced a series of pseudo-Shakespearian plays from William the Conqueror to Queen Elizabeth. When busy with *Vortigern*, he was detected by a friend of his own age, who pounced on him while he was at work, as Lasus pounced on Onomacritus. The discoverer, however, consented to "stand in" with Ireland, and did not divulge his secret. At last, after the fiasco of *Vortigern*,

suspicion waxed so strong, and disagreeable inquiries for the anonymous benefactor were so numerous, that Ireland fled from his father's house. He confessed all, and, according to his own account, fell under the undying wrath of Samuel Ireland. Any reader of Ireland's confessions will be likely to sympathize with old Samuel as the dupe of his son. The whole story is told with a curious mixture of impudence and humor, and with great plausibility. Young Ireland admits that his "desire for laughter" was almost irresistible, when people—learned, pompous, sagacious people—listened attentively to the papers. One feels half inclined to forgive the rogue for the sake of his youth, his cleverness, his humor. But the confessions are, not improbably, almost as apocryphal as the original documents. They were written for the sake of money, and it is impossible to say how far the same mercenary motive actuated Ireland in his forgeries. Dr. Ingleby, in his "Shakespeare Fabrications," takes a very rigid view of the conduct, not only of William, but of old Samuel Ireland. Sam, according to Dr. Ingleby, was a partner in the whole imposture, and the "Confession" was only one element in the scheme of fraud. Old Samuel was the Fagan of a band of young literary Dodgers. He "positively trained his whole family to trade in forgery," and as for Mr. W. H. Ireland, he was "the most accomplished liar that ever lived," which is certainly a distinction in its way. The point of the joke is that, after the whole conspiracy exploded, people were anxious to buy examples of the forgeries. Mr. W. H. Ireland was equal to the occasion. He actually forged his own, or (according to Dr. Ingleby) his father's forgeries, and, by thus increasing the supply, he deluged the market with sham shams, with imitations of imitations. If this accusation be correct, it is impossible not to admire the colossal impudence of Mr. W. H. Ireland. Dr. Ingleby, in the ardor of his honest indignation, pursues William into his private life, which it appears, was far from exemplary. But literary criticism should be content with a man's works, his domestic life is matter, as Aristotle often says, "for a separate kind of investigation."

Old Ritson used to say that "every literary impostor deserved hanging as much as a common thief." W. H. Ireland's merits were never recognized by the law.

How old Ritson would have punished the "old corrector," it is "better only guessing," as the wicked say, according to Clough, in regard to their own possible chastisement. The difficulty is to ascertain who the apocryphal old corrector really was. The story of his misdeeds were recently brought back to mind by the death, at an advanced age, of the learned Shakespearian, Mr. J. Payne Collier. Mr. Collier was, to put it mildly, the Shapira of the old corrector. He brought that artist's work before the public; but *why*? how deceived, or how influenced it is once more "better only guessing." Mr. Collier first brought to the public notice his singular copy of a folio Shakespeare (second edition) loaded with ancient manuscript emendations in 1849. Mr. Collier's account of this book was simple and plausible. He chanced, one day, to be in the shop of Mr. Rudd, the bookseller, in Great Newport Street, when a parcel of second-hand volumes arrived from the country. When the parcel was opened, the heart of the Bibliophile began to sing, for the packet contained two old folios, one of them an old folio Shakespeare of the second edition (1632.) The volume (mark this) was "much cropped," greasy and imperfect. Now the student of Mr. Hamilton's "inquiry" into the whole affair is already puzzled. In later days, Mr. Collier said that his folio had previously been in the possession of a Mr. Parry. On the other hand, Mr. Parry (then a very aged man) failed to recognize his folio in Mr. Collier's, for *his* copy was "cropped," whereas the leaves of Mr. Collier's example were *not* mutilated. Here, then ("Inquiry," pp. 12, 61), we have two descriptions of the outward aspect of Mr. Collier's dubious treasure. In one account it is "much cropped" by the bookbinder's cruel shears; in the other, its uncut condition is contrasted with that of a copy which has been "cropped." In any case, Mr. Collier hoped, he says, to complete an imperfect folio he possessed, with leaves taken from the folio newly acquired for thirty

shillings. But the volumes happened to have the same defects, and the healing process was impossible. Mr. Collier chanced to be going into the country, when in packing the folio he had bought of Rudd, he saw it was covered with manuscript corrections in an old hand. These he was inclined to attribute to one Thomas Perkins, whose name was written on the fly-leaf, and who might have been a connection of Richard Perkins, the actor (*flor.* 1633). The notes contained many various readings, and very numerous changes in punctuation. Some of these Mr. Collier published in his "Notes and Emendations" (1852), and in an edition of the "Plays." There was much discussion, much doubt, and the previous folio of the old corrector (who was presumed to have marked the book in the theatre during early performances) was exhibited to the Society of Antiquaries. Then Mr. Collier presented the treasure to the Duke of Devonshire, who again lent it for examination to the British Museum. Mr. Hamilton published in the *Times* (July, 1859) the results of his examination of the old corrector. It turned out that the old corrector was a modern myth. He had first made his corrections in pencil, and in a modern hand, and then he had copied them over in ink, and in a forged ancient hand. The same word sometimes recurred in both handwritings. The ink, which looked old, was really no English ink at all, not even Ireland's mixture. It seemed to be sepia, sometimes mixed with a little Indian ink. Mr. Hamilton made many other sad discoveries. He pointed out that Mr. Collier had published, from a Dulwich ms., a letter of Mrs. Alleyne's (the actor's wife), referring to Shakespeare as "Mr. Shakespeare of the Globe." Now the Dulwich ms. was mutilated and blank in the very place where this interesting reference should have occurred. Such is a skeleton history of the old corrector, his works and ways. It is probable that—thanks to his assiduities—new Shakespearian documents will in future be received with extreme scepticism; and this is all the fruit, except acres of newspaper correspondence, which the world has derived from Mr. Collier's greasy and imperfect but unique "corrected folio."

The recency and (to a Shakespearian critic) the importance of these forgeries, obscures the humble merit of Surtees, with his ballad of the "Slaying of Antony Featherstonhaugh," and of "Bartram's Dirge." Surtees left clever *lacunæ* in these songs, "collected from oral traditions," and furnished notes so learned that they took in Sir Walter Scott. There are moments when I half suspect "the Shirra himsel" (who forged so many extracts from "Old Plays") of having composed "Kinmont Willie." To compare old Scott of Satchell's account of Kinmont Willie with the ballad is to feel uncomfortable doubts. But this is a rank impiety. The last ballad forgery of much note was the set of sham Macedonian epics and popular songs (all about Alexander the Great, and other heroes) which a schoolmaster in the Rhodope imposed on M. Verko-

vitch. The trick was not badly done, and the imitation of "ballad slang" was excellent. The "Oera Linda book," too, was successful enough to be translated into English. With this latest effort of the tenth muse, the crafty muse of Literary Forgery, we may leave a topic which could not be exhausted in a ponderous volume. We have not room even for the forged letters of Shelley, to which Mr. Browning, being taken in thereby, wrote a preface, nor for the forged letters of Mr. Ruskin, which hoaxed all the newspapers not long ago. Even as we write, the *Academy* has been gulled by a literary fraud in *Blackwood's Magazine*, and the *Spectator* by an American imposition, forged poems. Impostures will not cease while dupes are found among critics.—*Contemporary Review*.

OUTCAST RUSSIA.

BY PRINCE KRAPOTKINE.

I. THE JOURNEY TO SIBERIA.

SIBERIA—the land of exile—has always appeared in the conceptions of the Europeans as a land of horrors, as a land of the chains and *knot*, where convicts are flogged to death by cruel officials, or killed by overwork in mines; as a land of unutterable sufferings of the masses and of horrible prosecutions of the foes of the Russian Government. Surely nobody, Russian or foreigner, has crossed the Ural Mountains and stopped on their water divide, at the border-pillar that bears the inscription "Europe" on one side, and "Asia" on the other, without shuddering at the idea that he is entering the land of woes. Many a traveller has certainly said to himself that the inscription of Dante's "Inferno" would be more appropriate to the boundary-pillar of Siberia than these two words which pretend to delineate two continents.

As the traveller descends, however, toward the rich prairies of Western Siberia; as he notices there the relative welfare and the spirit of independence of the Siberian peasant, and compares them with the wretchedness and subjec-

tion of the Russian peasant; as he makes acquaintance with the hospitality of the supposed ex-convicts—the "Siberyaks"—and with the intelligent society of the Siberian towns, and perceives nothing of the exiles, and hears nothing of them in conversations going on about everything but this subject; as he hears the boasting reply of the Eastern Yankee who dryly says to the stranger that in Siberia the exiles are far better off than peasants in Russia—he feels inclined to admit that his former conceptions about the great penal colony of the North were rather exaggerated, and that, on the whole, the exiles may be not so unfortunate in Siberia, as they were represented to be by sentimental writers.

Very many visitors to Siberia, and not foreigners alone, have made this mistake. Some occasional circumstance—something like a convey of exiles met with on the muddy road during an autumn storm, or a Polish insurrection on the shores of Lake Baikal, or, at least, such a rencontre with an exile in the forests of Yakutsk, as Adolf Erman made and so warnily described in his "Travels"—some occasional striking fact, in short, must fall under the notice of the trav-

eller, to give him the necessary impulse for discovering the truth amid the official misrepresentation and the non-official indifference : to open his eyes and to display before them the abyss of sufferings that are concealed behind those three words : Exile to Siberia. Then he perceives that besides the official story of Siberia there is another sad story, through which the shrieks of the exiles have been going on as a black thread from the remotest times of the conquest until now. Then he learns that, however dark, the plain popular conception of Siberia is still brighter than the horrible naked truth ; and that the horrible tales he has heard long ago, in his childhood, and has supposed since to be tales of a remote past, in reality are tales of what is going on now, in our century which writes so much, and cares so little, about humanitarian principles.

This story already lasts for three centuries. As soon as the Tsars of Moscow learned that their rebel Cossacks had conquered a new country "beyond the Stone" (the Ural), they sent there batches of exiles, ordering them to settle along the rivers and footpaths that connected together the blockhouses erected, in the space of seventy years, from the sources of the Kama to the Sea of Okhotsk. Where no free settlers would settle, the chained colonizers had to undertake a desperate struggle against the wilderness. As to those individuals whom the rising powers of the Tsars considered most dangerous, we find them with the most advanced parties of Cossacks who were sent "across the mountains, in search for new lands." No distance, however immense, no wilderness, however unpracticable, seemed sufficient to the suspicious rule of the *boyars* to be put between such exiles and the capital of the Tsardom. And, as soon as a blockhouse was built, or a convent erected, at the very confines of the Tsar's dominions—beyond the Arctic circle, in the *toundras* of the Obi, or beyond the mountains of Daouria—the exiles were there, building themselves the cells that had to be their graves.

Even now, Siberia is, on account of its steep mountains, its thick forests, wild streams, and rough climate, one of the most difficult countries to explore. It is easy to conceive what it was 300

years ago. Even now it is that part of the Russian Empire where the arbitrariness and brutality of officers are the most unlimited. What was it, then, during the seventeenth century ? "The river is shallow ; the rafts are heavy ; the chiefs are wicked, and their sticks are big ; their whips cut through the skin, and their tortures are cruel ; fire and strappado ; but the men are hungry, and they die, poor creatures, at once after the torture"—wrote the *protopope* Avvakum, the fanatic priest of the "old religion" whom we met with the first parties going to take possession of the Amor. "How long, my master, will these tortures last ?" asks his wife, as she falls attenuated on the ice of the river, after a journey that already has lasted for five years. "Until our death, my dear ; until our death," replies this precursor of the steel characters of our own times ; and both, man and wife, continue their march toward the place where the *protopope* will be chained to the walls of an icy cellar dugged out by his own hands.

Since the beginning of the seventeenth century, the flow of exiles poured into Siberia has never ceased. During the first years of the century, we see the inhabitants of Uglitch exiled to Pelym, together with their bell which rang the alarm when it became known that the young Demetrius has been assassinated by order of the regent Boris Godunoff. Men and bell alike have tongues and ears torn away, and are confined in a hamlet on the borders of the *tundra*. Later on they are followed by the *raskolniks* (nonconformists) who revolt against the aristocratic innovations of Nikon in Church matters. Those who escape the massacres, like that "of the Three Thousand," go to people the Siberian wilderness. They are soon followed by the serfs who make desperate attempts of overthrowing the yoke freshly imposed upon them ; by the leaders of the Moscow mob revolted against the rule of the *boyars* ; by the militia of the *streltsy* who revolt against the all crushing despotism of Peter I. ; by the Little Russians who fight for their autonomy and old institutions ; by all those populations who will not submit to the yoke of the rising empire ; by the Poles—by three great and several smaller batches of Poles—who are dispatched to Siberia

by thousands at once, after each attempt at recovering their independence. . . . Later on, all those whom Russia fears to keep in her towns and villages—murderers and simple vagrants, nonconformists and rebels; thieves and paupers who are unable to pay for a passport; serfs who have incurred the displeasure of their proprietors; and still later on, "free peasants" who have incurred the disgrace of an *ispravnik*, or are unable to pay the ever-increasing taxes—all these are going to die in the marshy lowlands, in the thick forests, in the dark mines. This current flows until our own days, steadily increasing in an alarming proportion. Seven to eight thousand were exiled every year at the beginning of this century; 18,000 to 19,000 are exiled now—not to speak of the years when this figure was doubled, as was the case after the last Polish insurrection—making thus a total of more than 600,000 people who have crossed the Ural Mountains since 1823, when the first records of exile were taken.

Few of those who have endured the horrors of hard labor and exile in Siberia have committed to paper their sad experience. The *protopope* Avvakum did, and his letters still feed the fanaticism of the *raskolniks*. The melancholy stories of the Menshikoff, the Dolgorouky, the Biron, and other exiles of high rank have been transmitted to posterity by their sympathizers. Our young Republican poet Ryléeff, before being hung in 1827, told in a beautiful poem "Vainarovsky," the sufferings of a Little Russian patriot. Several memoirs of the "Decembrists" (exiled for the insurrection of December 26th, 1825), and the poem of Nekrasoff, "The Russian Women," are still inspiring the young Russian hearts with love for the persecuted and hate to the prosecutors. Dostoevsky has told in a remarkable psychological study of prison life his experience at the fortress of Omsk after 1848; and several Popes have described the martyrdom of their friends after the revolutions of 1831 and 1848. . . . But, what are all these pains in comparison with the sufferings endured by half a million of people, from the day when, chained to iron rods, they started from Moscow

for a two or three years' walk toward the mines of Transbaikalia, until the day when, broken down by hard labor and privations, they died at a distance of 5000 miles from their native villages, in a country whose scenery and customs were as strange to them as its inhabitants—a strong, intelligent, but egotistic race!

What are the sufferings of the few, in comparison with those of the thousands under the cat-o'-nine-tails of the legendary monster Rozguldéeff, whose name is still the horror of the Transbaikalian villages; with the pains of those who, like the Polish doctor Szokalsky and his companions, died under the *seventh thousand* of rod strokes for an attempt to escape; with the sufferings of those thousands of women who followed their husbands and for whom death was a release from a life of hunger, of sorrow, and of humiliation; with the sufferings of those thousands who yearly undertake to make their escape from Siberia and walk through the virgin forests, living on mushrooms and berries, and inspired with the hope of at least seeing again their native village and their kinsfolk?

Who has told the less striking, but not less dramatic pains of those thousands who spin out an aimless life in the hamlets of the far north, and put an end to their wearisome existence by drowning in the clear waters of the Yenisei? M. Maximoff has tried, in his work on "Hard Labor and Exile," to raise a corner of the veil that conceals these sufferings; but he has shown only a small corner of the dark picture. The whole remains and probably will remain unknown; its very features are obliterated day by day, leaving but a faint trace in the folk-lore and in the songs of the exiles; and each decade brings its new features, its new forms of misery for the ever-increasing number of exiles.

It is obvious that I shall not venture to draw the whole of this picture in the narrow limits of a review article. I must necessarily limit my task to the description of the exile as it is now—say, during the last ten years. No less than 165,000 human beings have been transported to Siberia during this short space of time; a very high figure of criminality, indeed, for a population number-

ing 72,000,000, if all exiles were "criminals." Less than one half of them, however, crossed the Ural in accordance with sentences of the courts. The others were thrown into Siberia, without having seen any judges, by simple order of the Administrative, or in accordance with resolutions taken by their communes—nearly always under the pressure of the omnipotent local authorities. Out of the 151,184 exiles who crossed the Ural during the years 1867 to 1876, no less than 78,676 belonged to this last category. The remaining were condemned by courts: 18,582 to hard labor, and 54,316 to be settled in Siberia, mostly for life, with or without loss of all their civil rights.*

* Our criminal statistics are so imperfect that a thorough classification of exiles is very difficult. We have but one good work on this subject, by M. Anuchin, published a few years ago by the Russian Geographical Society, and crowned with its great gold medal; it gives the criminal statistics for the years 1827 to 1846. However old, these statistics still give an approximate idea of the present conditions, more recent partial statistics having shown that since that time all figures have doubled, but the relative proportions of different categories of exiles have remained nearly the same. Thus, to quote but one instance, out of the 159,755 exiled during the years 1827 to 1846, no less than 79,909, or 50 per cent, were exiled by simple orders of the Administrative; and thirty years later we find again nearly the same rate—slightly increased—of arbitrary exile (78,676 out of 151,184 in 1867 to 1876). The same is approximately true with regard to other categories. It appears from M. Anuchin's researches that out of the 79,846 condemned by courts, 14,531 (725 per year) were condemned as assassins; 14,248 for heavier crimes, such as incendiarism, robbery, and forgery; 40,666 for stealing, and 1,226 for smuggling, making thus a total of 70,871 cases (about 3545 per year) which would have been condemned by the Codes—although not always by a jury—of all countries in Europe. The remainder, however (that is, nearly 89,000), were exiled for offences which depended chiefly, if not entirely, upon the political institutions of Russia: their crimes were rebellion against any self-proprietors and authorities (16,456 cases); non-conformist fanaticism (2138 cases); desertion from a twenty-five years' military service (1651 cases); and escape from Siberia, mostly from Administrative exile (18,328 cases). Finally, we find among them the enormous figure of 48,466 "vagrants," of whom the laureate of the Geographical Society says: "Vagrancy mostly means simply going to a neighboring province without a passport"—out of 48,466 "vagrants," 40,000, at least, "being merely people who have not complied with passport regulations" (that is--their wife and children

Twenty years ago, the exiles traversed on foot all the distance between Moscow and the place to which they were dispatched. They had thus to walk something like 4700 miles in order to reach the hard labor colonies of Transbaikalia, and 5200 miles to reach Yakutsk. Nearly a two years' walk for the former, and two years and a half for the second. Some amelioration has been introduced since. After having been gathered from all parts of Russia at Moscow, or at Nijniy-Novgorod, they are transported now by steamer to Perm, by rail to Ekaterinburg, in carriages to Tumen, and again by steamer to Tomsk. Thus, according to a recent English book on exile to Siberia, they have to walk "only the distance beyond Tomsk." In plain figures, this trifling distance means 2065 miles to Kara, something like a nine months' foot journey. If the prisoner be sent to Yakutsk he has "only" 2940 miles to walk, and the Russian Government having discovered that Yakutsk is a place still too near to St. Petersburg to keep these political exiles, and sending them now to Verkhoyansk and Nijne-Kolymsk (in the neighborhood of Nordenskjöld's wintering-station) a distance of some fifteen hundred miles must be added to the former "trifling" distance, and we have again the magic figure of 4500 miles—or two years' walk—reconstituted in full.

However, for the great mass of exiles, the foot journey has been reduced one half, and they begin their peregrinations in Siberia in special carriages. M. Maximoff has very vividly described how the convicts at Irkutsk, to whose judg-

being brought to starvation, they not having the necessary five or ten roubles for taking a passport, and walking from Kalouga, or Tula, to Odessa, or Astrakhan, in search of labor). And he adds: "Considering these 80,000 exiled by order of the Administrative, we not only doubt their criminality; we simply doubt the very existence of such crimes as those imputed to them." The number of such "criminals" has not diminished since. It has nearly doubled, like other figures. Russia continues to send every year to Siberia, for life, four to five thousand men and women, who in other States would be simply condemned to a fine of a few shillings. To these "criminals" we must add no less than 1500 women and 2000 to 2500 children who follow every year their husbands, or parents, enduring all the horrors of a march through Siberia and of the exile.

ment such a moving machine was submitted, declared at once that it was the most stupid vehicle that could be invented for the torment of both horses and convicts. Such carriages, which have no accommodation for deadening the shocks, move slowly on the rugged, jolting road, ploughed over and over by thousands of heavily loaded cars. In Western Siberia, amid the marshes on the eastern slope of the Ural, the journey becomes a true torture, as the highway is covered with loose beams of wood, which recall the sensation experienced when a finger is dragged across the keys of a piano, the black keys included. The journey is hard, even for the traveller who is lying on a thick felt mattress in a comfortable *tarantass*, and it is easy to conceive what the convict experiences, who is bound to sit motionless for eight or ten hours on the bench of the famous vehicle, have but a few rags to shelter him from snow and rain.

Happily enough this journey lasts but a few days, as at Tumen the exiles are embarked on special barges, or floating prisons, taken in tow by steamers and in the space of eight or ten days are brought to Tomsk. I hardly need say that, however excellent the idea of thus reducing by one half the long journey through Siberia, its partial realization has been most imperfect. The convict barges are usually so overcrowded, and are usually kept in such a state of filthiness, that they have become real nests of infection. "Each barge has been built for the transport of 800 convicts and the convoy," wrote the Tomsk correspondent of the *Moscow Telegraph*, on November 15th, 1881; "the calculation of the size of the barges has not been made, however, according to the necessary cubical space, but according to the interests of the owners of the steamers, MM. Kurbatoff and Ignatoff. These gentlemen occupy for their own purposes two compartments for a hundred men each, and thus eight hundred must take the room destined for six hundred. The ventilation is very bad, there being no accommodation at all for that purpose, and the cabinets are of unimaginable nastiness." He adds that "the mortality on these barges is very great, especially among the children," and his information is fully confirmed

by official figures published last year in all the newspapers. It appears from these figures that eight to ten per cent of the convict passengers died during their ten days' journey on board these barges; that is, something like sixty to eighty out of eight hundred.

"Here you see," wrote friends of ours who have made this passage, "the reign of death. Diphtheria and typhus pitilessly cut down the lives of adults and children, especially of these last. Corpses of children are thrown out nearly at each station. The hospital, placed under the supervision of an ignorant soldier, is always overcrowded."

At Tomsk the convicts stop for a few days. One part of them—especially the common law exiles, transported by order of the Administrative—are sent to some district of the province of Tomsk which extends from the spurs of the Altay ridge on the south to the Arctic Ocean on the north. The others are dispatched farther toward the east. It is easy to conceive what a hell the Tomsk prison becomes when the convicts arriving every week cannot be sent on to Irkutsk with the same speed, on account of inundations, or obstacles on the rivers. The prison was built to contain 960 souls, but it never holds less than 1300 to 1400, and very often 2200, or more. One quarter of the prisoners are sick, but the infirmary can shelter only one third, or so, of those who are in need of it; and so the sick remain in the same rooms, upon or beneath the same platforms where the remainder are crammed to the amount of three men for each free place. The shrieks of the sick, the cries of the fever-stricken patients, and the rattle of the dying mix together with the jokes and laughter of the prisoners, with the curses of the warders. The exhalations of this human heap mix with those of their wet and filthy clothes and the emanations of the horrible *Parasha*. "You are suffocated as you enter the room, you are fainting and must run back to breathe some fresh air; you must accustom yourself by and by to the horrible emanations which float like a fog in the river"—such is the testimony of all those who have entered unexpectedly a Siberian prison. The "families room" is still more horrible. "Here you see," says a Siberian official in charge of the

prisons — M. Mishlo — “hundreds of women and children closely packed together, in such a state of misery as no imagination could picture.” The families of the convicts receive no cloth from the State. Mostly peasant women, who, as a rule, never have more than one dress at once; mostly reduced to starvation as soon as their husbands were taken into custody, they have buckled on their sole cloth when starting from Arkhangelsk or Astrakhan, and, after their long peregrinations from one lock-up to another, after the long years of preliminary detention and months of journey, only rags have remained on their shoulders from their weather worn clothes. The naked emaciated body and the wounded feet appear from beneath the tattered clothes as they are sitting on the nasty floor, eating the hard black bread received from compassionate peasants. Amid this moving heap of human beings who cover each square foot of the platforms and beneath them, you perceive the dying child on the knees of his mother, and close by, the new-born baby. The baby is the delight of, the consolation of these women, each of whom surely has more human feelings than any of the chiefs and warders. It is passed from hand to hand; the best rags are parted with to cover its shivering limbs, the tenderest caresses are for it. . . . How many have grown up in this way! One of them stands by my side as I write these lines, and repeats to me the stories she has heard so many times from her mother about the humanity of the “scelerates” and the infamy of their “chiefs.” She describes to me the toys that the convicts made for her during the interminable journey—plain toys inspired by a good-hearted humor, and side by side, the miserable proceedings, the exactions of money, the curses and blows, the whistling of the whips of the chiefs.

The prison, however, is cleared by and by, as the parties of convicts start to continue their journey. When the season and the state of the rivers permit it, parties of 500 convicts each, with women and children leave the Tomsk prison every week, and begin their foot journey to Irkutsk or Transbaikalia. Those who have seen such a party in march, will never forget it. A Russian

painter, M. Jacoby, has tried to represent it on canvas; his picture is sickening, but the reality is still worse.

You see a marshy plain where the icy wind blows freely, driving before it the snow that begins to cover the frozen soil. Morasses with small shrubs, or crumpled trees, bent down by wind and snow, spread as far as the eye can reach; the next village is twenty miles distant. Low mountains, covered with thick pine forests, mingling with the gray snow-clouds, rise in the dust on the horizon. A track, marked all along by poles to distinguish it from the surrounding plain, ploughed and rugged by the passage of thousands of cars, covered with ruts that break down the hardest wheels, runs through the naked plain. The party slowly moves along this road. In front, a row of soldiers opens the march. Behind them, heavily advance the hard-labor convicts, with half-shaved heads, wearing gray clothes, with a yellow diamond on the back, and open shoes worn out by the long journey and exhibiting the tatters in which the wounded feet are wrapped. Each convict wears a chain, riveted to his ankles, its rings being twisted into rags—if the convict has collected enough of alms during his journey to pay the blacksmith for riveting it looser on his feet. The chain goes up each foot and is suspended to a girdle. Another chain closely ties both hands, and a third chain binds together six or eight convicts. Every false movement of any of the pack is felt by all his chain-companions; the feeble is dragged forward by the stronger, and he must not stop: the way—the *étape*—is long, and the autumn day is short.

Behind the hard-labor convicts march the *poselentsy* (condemned to be settled in Siberia) wearing the same gray cloth and the same kind of shoes. Soldiers accompany the party on both sides, meditating perhaps the order given at the departure: “If one of them runs away, shoot him down. If he is killed, five roubles of reward for you, and a dog’s death to the dog!” In the rear you discover a few cars that are drawn by the small, attenuated, cat-like peasant’s horses. They are loaded with the bags of the convicts, with the sick or dying, who are fastened by ropes on the top of the load.

Behind the cars hasten the wives of the convicts ; a few have found a free corner on a loaded car, and crouch there when unable to move farther, while the great number march behind the cars, leading their children by the hands, or bearing them on their arms. Dressed in rags, freezing under the gusts of the cold wind, cutting their almost naked feet on the frozen ruts, how many of them repeat the words of Avvakum's wife : " These tortures, ah dear, how long will they last ? " In the rear, comes a second detachment of soldiers, who drive with the butt-ends of their rifles those women who stop exhausted in the freezing mud of the road. The procession is closed by the car of the commander of the party.*

As the party enters some great village, it begins to sing the *Miloserdnaya*—the "charity song." They call it a song, but it hardly is that. It is a succession of woes escaping from hundreds of breasts at once, a recital in very plain words expressing with a childish simplicity the sad fate of the convict—a horrible lamentation by means of which the Russian exile appeals to the mercy of other miseries like himself. Centuries of sufferings, of pains and misery, of persecutions that crush down the most vital forces of our nation, are heard in their recitals and shrieks. These tones of deep sorrow recall the tortures of the last century, the stifled cries under the sticks and whips of our own time, the darkness of the cellars, the wildness of the woods, the tears of the starving wife. The peasants of the villages on the Siberian highway understand these tunes ; they know their true meaning from their own experience, and the appeal of the *Neschastnyie*—of the "sufferers" as our people call all prisoners—is answered by the poor ; the most destitute widow, signing herself with

the cross, brings her coppers, or her piece of bread, and deeply bows before the chained "sufferer," grateful to him for not disdaining her small offering.

Late in the afternoon, after having covered some fifteen or twenty miles, the party reaches the *étape* where it spends the night and takes one day's rest each three days. It accelerates its pace as soon as the paling that incloses the old log-wood building is perceived, and the strongest run to take possession by force of the best places on the platforms.

The *étapes* were mostly built fifty years ago, and after having resisted the inclemencies of the climate, and the passage of a hundred thousand of convicts, they have become now rotten and foul from top to bottom. The old log-wood house refuses shelter to the chained travellers brought under its roof, and wind and snow freely enter the interstices between its rotten beams ; heaps of snow are accumulated in the corners of the rooms. The *étape* was built to shelter 150 convicts ; that being the average size of parties thirty years ago. At present the parties consist of 450 to 500 human beings, and the 500 must lodge on the space parsimoniously calculated for 150.*

The stronger ones or the aristocracy among the convicts—the elder vagrants and the great murderers—cover each square inch of the platforms ; the remainder, that is, double the number of the former, lie down on the rotten floor, covered with an inch of sticky filth, beneath and between the platforms. What becomes of the rooms when the doors are closed, and the whole space filled with human beings who lie naked on their nasty clothes impregnated with water, will be easily imagined.

The *étapes*, however, are palaces when compared with the *half-étapes*, where the parties spend only the nights. These buildings are still smaller, and, as a rule still more dilapidated, still more rotten and foul. Sometimes they are in such a state as to compel the party to spend the

* The Russian law says that the families of the convicts are not submitted to the control of the convoy. In reality they are submitted to the same treatment as the convicts. To quote but one instance. The Tomsk correspondent of the *Moscow Telegraph* wrote on November 3d, 1881 : " We have seen on the march the party which left Tomsk on September 14th. The exhausted women and children literally stuck in the mud, and the soldiers dealt them blows, to make them advance and to keep pace with the party."

* The Russian law, which mostly has been written without any knowledge of the real conditions it deals with, forbids to send out such numerous parties. But, in reality, the normal party numbers now 480 persons. In 1881, according to the *Golos*, 6507 convicts were sent in sixteen parties, making thus an average of 406 convicts per party. N. Lopatin gives us the figure of 480 as the average size of parties.

cold Siberian nights in light barracks erected in the yard, and without fire. As a rule, the *half-étape* has no special compartment for the women, and they must lodge in the room of the soldiers (see Maximoff's "Siberia"). With the resignation of our "all-enduring" Russian mothers, they squat down with their babies wrapped in rags, in some corner of the room below the platforms or close by the door, among the rifles of the escort.

No wonder that, according to official statistics, out of the 2561 children less than fifteen years old who were sent in 1881 to Siberia with their parents, "*a very small part survived.*" "The majority," the *Golos* says, "could not support the very bad conditions of the journey, and died before, or immediately after, having reached their destination in Siberia." In sober truth, the transportation to Siberia, as practised now, is a real "Massacre of Innocents."

Shall I add that there is no accommodation for the sick, and that one must have exceptionally robust health to survive an illness during the journey? There are but five small hospitals, with a total of a hundred beds, on the whole stretch between Tomsk and Irkutsk, that is, on a distance which represents at least a four months' journey. As for those who cannot hold out until a hospital is reached, it was written to the *Golos*, on January 5th, 1881: "They are left at the *étapes* without any medical help. The sick-room has no bedsteads, no beds, no cushions, no coverings, and of course nothing like linen. The 48½ *kopecks* per day that are allowed for the sick, remain mostly in full in the hands of the authorities."

Shall I dwell upon the exactions to which the convicts are submitted, notwithstanding their dreadful misery, by the warders of the *étapes*? Is it not sufficient to say that the warders of these buildings are paid by the Crown, besides the allowance of corn flour for black bread, only with three roubles, or 6s. per year? "The stove is out of order, you cannot light the fire," says one of them, when the party arrives quite wet or frozen; and the party pays its tribute for permission to light the fire. "The windows are under repair," and the party pays for having some rags to fill

up the openings through which freely blows the icy wind. "Wash up the *étape* before leaving, or pay so much," and the party pays again, and so on and so on. And shall I mention, too, the manner in which the convicts and their families are treated during the journey? Even the political exiles once revolted, in 1881, against an officer who had permitted himself to assault in the dark corridor a lady marched to Siberia for a political offence. The common-law exiles surely are not treated better than the political ones.

All these are not tales of the past. They are real pictures of what is going on now, at the very moment when I write these lines. My friend N. Lopatin, who made the same journey two years ago, and to whom I have shown these pages, fully confirms all the above statements, and adds much more which I do not mention only for want of space. What really is a tale of the past—of a very recent case—is the chaining together of eight or ten convicts. This horrible measure, however, was abolished in January, 1881. At present, each convict has his hands chained separately from his comrades. But still, the chain being very short, gives such a posture to the arms as renders the ten and twelve hours' march very difficult, not to speak of the insupportable rheumatic pain occasioned in the bones by the contact of the iron rings during the hard Siberian frosts. This pain I am told, and readily believe it, soon becomes a real torture.

I need hardly add that, contrary to the statements of a recent English traveller through Siberia, the political convicts perform the journey to Kara, or to the places where they are to be settled as *poselentsy*, under the same conditions as, and together with, the common-law convicts. The very fact of Izbitskiy and Debagorio-Mokrievitch having exchanged names with two common-law convicts, and having thus escaped from hard labor, proves that the English traveller's information was false. Nicholas Lopatin, whom I have already mentioned, and who has been condemned to settlement in Siberia, performed the journey on foot, in company with a dozen, or so, of comrades. It is true that a great number of Polish

exiles of 1864, and notably all noblemen and chief convicts, were transported in carriages, on posting horses. The numerous political exiles, transported to Siberia by order of the Administrative, also perform the journey in the same way—where there are posting-horses. But, since 1866, the political convicts (condemned by the courts to hard labor or exile) have mostly made the journey on foot, together with common-law convicts. An exception was made in 1877-1879 for the few who were transported to Eastern Siberia during those three years. They were transported in cars, but following the line of the *étapes*. Since 1879, however, all political convicts—men and women alike, and many exiled by order of the Administrative—have made the journey precisely in the way I have described, very many of them chained, contrary to the law of 1827.

When writing his book on "Hard Labor and Exile," M. Maximoff concluded with the wish that the horrors of the foot-journey he had described might become as soon as possible matter of history. The transport of convicts on barges was then just inaugurated, and this measure had saved the State, during the first year, a sum of 40,000*l.* The Ministry of Justice was earnestly pressing at that time all honest men to tell

what they knew about the exiles, and announced its readiness to undertake 'a complete reform of the whole system. There was no lack of men ready to devote their lives to ameliorating the sad fate of the exiles and to erasing forever from our life the black reminiscence of exile in Siberia. But M. Maximoff's wish has not been realized. The Liberal movement of 1861 was crushed down by the Government; the attempts at reform were considered as "dangerous tendencies," and the transport of exiles to Siberia has remained what 'it was twenty years ago—a source of unutterable sufferings for nearly 20,000 of people.

The shameful system, branded at that time by all those who had studied it, has maintained itself in full; and, while the rotten buildings on the highway are falling to pieces, and the whole system disintegrates more and more, new thousands of men and women transported for such crimes as those, "the very existence of which" was doubted twenty years ago, are added annually to the thousands already transported to Siberia, and their number is increasing every year in an awful proportion.—*Nineteenth Century*.

(To be concluded.)

MOSCHELES.

BY REV. H. R. HAWEIS.

THE genial figure of Moscheles stands out as something *sui generis*, amid the crowd of artistic personalities which throng the first half of the nineteenth century.

In that kind, honest, and thoughtful face I seem to read those rare qualities of character which, quite apart from his musical gifts, endeared him to so many whose art tendencies were different, sometimes opposite to, his own.

Upright and affectionate as a man, with a quick intelligence and generous appreciation of others, untiring as a teacher, highly gifted as a virtuoso and a composer, and a familiar figure in many a fashionable drawing-room, Moscheles occupied a niche and left a void in the

art world of London which has never since been filled to the same extent and in the same genial and effective manner.

I look around in vain to find such a man, and such a house, where artists assembled for love of art and always found a ready and impartial hospitality. There the most heterogeneous elements met and mingled. Liszt and Thalberg, Mendelssohn and Meyerbeer, Gounod, Chopin, Field, Cramer and Clementi, Heine and Walter Scott, Ernst and Paganini, Lablache, Sonntag, Malibran, all came and went, as Moscheles used to say, truly a very "kaleidoscope of artists."

Mrs. Moscheles, most perfect and sympathetic of hostesses, has often told

me how Malibran would sit on the floor for a whole afternoon painting pictures for the Moscheles children and then sing for hours, relieved by Thalberg at the piano. "Ah ! ma chère," she said to Mrs. Moscheles one day when implored to be careful and not overexert herself, "pour vous je chanterai jusqu'à l'extinction de voix."

On Thalberg's leaving, in would come Liszt and play through to Mrs. Moscheles the whole of his pianoforte recital, turning round at the end with a sly twinkle and "Maintenant voulez-vous un petit Thalberg ?" upon which he would take that star pianist off to the life.

Thalberg was certainly Liszt's most formidable rival, and people even said that at one time it was a question whether they could both stay in town together, so hot was the rivalry between their two schools. It ended in Thalberg's going to America ; but he had troubled, if not poisoned, the musical waters of London, and Liszt found it but indifferent fishing after he left.

Thalberg was a labored contrast to his greater rival. Liszt was all action and turbulent motion. Thalberg practised with a long pipe in his mouth ; the bowl rested on the floor, and he set himself to keep it alight while he played. For this he was obliged to sit upright and motionless, while his hands only performed those miraculous arpeggios in every part of the key-board.

I find it quite impossible to speak long of Moscheles without glancing at the illustrious and interesting people by whom he always seemed to be surrounded.

One day Nesselrode comes to his house ; another time the old Duke of Cambridge ; Prince Louis Napoleon is to be found at his concert. When he plays at Court, the little Princess, now Queen Victoria, is kept out of bed to hear him ; and his interviews with Louis Philippe and his suite are of a far more agreeable description than those of Liszt. Moscheles was so intensely a part of all that he had seen that he cannot be isolated from his contemporaries.

To those who never knew him, his very sympathy, his modesty, his fine social qualities may deprive his figure of that dramatic distinctness which belongs to Liszt ; neither is there the sentimental interest which gathered round

Chopin ; the overpowering spell of creative genius which accompanied Mendelssohn ; the weird magic of Paganini, or the *fougue* of Rubinstein ; but there is about Moscheles a pervasive wholesome charm, an artistic thoroughness combined with a personal dignity and a penetrating "social" influence for good, which perhaps none of the aforementioned geniuses, with the exception of Mendelssohn, can at all lay claim to.

Moscheles has left a pretty copious diary, which has been judiciously used by his wife in her compilation of his life, in two volumes.

He was born at Prague, in 1794, and was early taken in hand by Dionys Weber, who apparently put him under strict discipline, very much as Czerny put Liszt.

The boy thought he could play Beethoven. "He is in the wrong road," said D. Weber. "The first year nothing but Mozart ; second year, Clementi ; third, Bach." D. Weber was no doubt of the old school, for he said of Beethoven, "He is clever, but writes a lot of hair-brained stuff and leads pupils astray." A good many people have thought and said that about Beethoven, and, I may add, about Wagner, since.

Moscheles did not become a "beer fiddler," as his old uncle predicted. Kapelmeister Albrechtsberger, in 1808 (the year before Haydn's death), signs him a glowing certificate at Vienna. At Vienna he visits Salieri, Mozart's rival, and finds Beethoven's card on the old man's table with "Beethoven, the pupil, has been here !"

Poor Salieri, who saw his popularity as a composer extinguished by Mozart, suffered also from unjust calumnies. They went so far as to declare that he had poisoned the immortal Wolfgang ; and there is something pathetic about the old man on his death-bed, taking Moscheles' hand, and saying with tears in his eyes : "I can assure you as a man of honor that there is no truth in the absurd report. Of course you know—Mozart—I am said to have poisoned him ; but no, it is malice, sheer malice ; tell the world, dear Moscheles, old Salieri, who is on his death-bed, has told you this." Moscheles always spoke lovingly of his old master,

but marvelled greatly at the "pupil Beethoven's" humility.

In later years Liszt referred to Czerny, and Mendelssohn to Moscheles, with the same affectionate modesty and deep sense of obligation.

It is only in the byways of a private diary, never intended for the public eye, that we pick up such forgotten facts as that Meyerbeer was a capital *bravura* pianist, that Mendelssohn had a clear tenor voice, that Beethoven, like Wagner, was a very poor player, and that J. B. Cramer, the great piano player, was such an inveterate snuff-taker that the maid had to sweep up after him.

But the passages relating to Beethoven are of more lasting interest. It seems that Moscheles when about twenty formed with him then that friendship which lasted till the end.

Beethoven corrected his arrangement of "Fidelio" for the piano. Moscheles used to bring him the ms. numbers in bed. "When I came in one morning," he writes, "Beethoven was still in bed. He happened to be in remarkably good spirits; jumped up and placed himself just as he was (in his night-gown) at the window looking out on the Schottenbastei, with a view of examining the Fidelio number I had arranged. Naturally a crowd of street boys collected under the window, when he called out 'Now what do those confounded boys want!' I laughed, and pointed to his own figure. 'Yes, yes, you are quite right,' and hastily slipped on his dressing-gown."

"Under the last number of Fidelio I had written, '*Fine*, mit Gottes Hülfe!' On returning my ms. these words were added in Beethoven's hand: 'O Mensch, hilf dir selber!' (O man, help thyself!)."

In 1827, when news of Beethoven's illness and extreme poverty reached Moscheles, he at once moved the Philharmonic Society to send the dying master help. In consequence £100 was at once dispatched, for which Beethoven expressed himself intensely grateful. After his death sundry bonds and shares of considerable value were found hidden away in a cupboard, and great surprise was expressed among many of Beethoven's friends and supporters at the discovery that, after all, Beethoven was not so badly off.

I have read the whole controversy carefully, and although Moscheles and other defenders of Beethoven excuse him on the ground that he had put this money away for his heirs, and considered it no longer his own, I myself, for the honor of Beethoven, cannot accept the explanation. I incline to believe that he had *forgotten all about the money* so stowed away "in an old half-mouldy box—seven Bank shares." In cabinets and behind wainscots in old houses and vaults such things are still occasionally to be found, and Beethoven, so accustomed to withdraw into his inner world, I believe must have entirely overlooked this "old mouldy box" before, as a man of sensitive honor, which he undoubtedly was, he could have assured Moscheles and Sir George Smart that he "was absolutely without money or resources!" On my mentioning this to Mr. Furnival, the antiquarian and Shakespearian scholar, he told me of a still stranger case of forgetfulness or hallucination, or both. "A well-to-do old gentleman," he said, "of his acquaintance, worth at least £70,000, always spoke of his abject penury, and of not knowing where to turn for bread from week to week for want of money; he was no miser, and not by any means a lunatic, but he labored under this fixed idea." Mr. Furnival hit upon the following device: "Let me," he said, "draw a check for £2000 on your banker; you sign it; send it up, and see if it is not honored." No sooner said than done; but the old man merely remarked: "Well, I suppose I am not so badly off after all." But the impression did not last, and he soon took up his parable of penury again; and Beethoven's case may have been of a somewhat similar kind.

Moscheles gives us some very pathetic side glimpses of the great composer on his death-bed. Some of these are conveyed in Schindler's letters, others in Beethoven's letters to Moscheles.

Hummel and Beethoven had never been the best of friends; but when Hummel heard that the great master was dying he travelled with all haste in the hope of seeing him once more alive. The meeting was a most affecting one. Hummel had been warned to betray no emotion, but he was so overpowered at the sight of Beethoven that he burst into

tears. The first thing that Beethoven said to him was, "Look here, my dear Hummel, here is a picture of the house in which Haydn was born; it was made a present to me to-day. I take a childish pleasure in it; to think of so great a man being born in such a wretched hovel!" As they continued to converse affectionately, all differences seemed to have been forgotten, and they agreed to meet in the following year at Carlsbad; but Beethoven died in the following week, on March 26th, 1827.

Moscheles came to London in 1821 with a great reputation as a player. He had won his spurs at the Gewandhaus, Leipzig, as well as in the Austrian capital. He was known personally and appreciated professionally by all the chief musicians and composers of the time. Spohr was on friendly terms with him. Hummel, Meyerbeer, Kalkbrenner, Lafont, were all his friends. Berlin and Vienna delighted in his classical style, and the Parisian public were taken with his *bravura* playing. London had still to be visited. From the first it was congenial to him. It became his home for twenty-four years. I remember well Moscheles' last public appearance at St. James's Hall. He played a duet of his own with a pupil. Arthur Sullivan, who had lately been awarded the Mendelssohn scholarship, and whose studies had been conducted at Leipzig under Moscheles, was also there. The concert was given for the sick wounded in the Austria-Prussian War by Moscheles and Mrs. Salis Schwabe; many of Moscheles' old pupils and friends rallied round him, and when he came forward, looking, I thought, tired and a little worn, his hair was still gray rather than white, he was received with a storm of applause, people rising and cheering him as he stood. I thought he seemed quite overcome with emotion as he bowed again and again. He had little longer to live. He had then left London for several years, having in 1848 gone to Leipzig to take the direction of the Gewandhaus after Mendelssohn's death. But many memoirs of his early days—his days of eager work, of brilliant triumphs—days when his house in London was "a kaleidoscope" of changing celebrities, and he was the honored friend and guest of many who had passed away before him—

many such memories must have crowded upon him, and other voices and faces must have been present with him, as he looked upon the audience before whom he played for the last time. In the truest and best sense, in the springtime of his life had not England been his home?

I have no intention of giving a connected account of Moscheles' work here. Happily, Mrs. Moscheles has done that admirably in her two volumes published some years ago.

I think, perhaps, the most interesting pages in those volumes refer to Moscheles' intercourse with Mendelssohn. When a boy Mendelssohn had humbly aspired to the honor of being taught by Moscheles, the "prince of pianists," as he was then called, and Moscheles had with equal humility confessed in Mendelssohn his superior in creative genius.

In 1829, Mendelssohn, then nineteen, came to London, and Moscheles took him rooms at 203 Portland Street. He lived himself not far off, in Chester Place, Regent's Park.

The mature master and the gifted pupil from the first conceived for each other a warm affection.

Moscheles had just lost a child (1829); and after Mendelssohn arrived he writes: "The society acts like a healing balm on our wounded spirits. He seems to have set himself the task of compensating us for our sufferings. How delightful it is when he brings his new compositions; and, after playing them, waits with childish modesty for an expression of my opinion. Any other," adds the warm-hearted and enthusiastic teacher, "would long since have become aware that in him I recognize my own master, and that I am in raptures when he is expecting to be sharply criticised; he always insists, do what I will, in subordinating himself to me as his teacher!"

Mendelssohn's extraordinary precocity must be borne in mind. Several years before, he had written at the age of sixteen the overture to "Midsummer Night's Dream," and at the age of twelve an excellent quartet for strings and piano. What would some of us have given to have been present with Moscheles and heard him play it! Or on that other occasion, when Mendelssohn played his own arrangement of his "Midsummer Night's Dream Overture," with his gifted

sister Fanny, or ran through the books of Songs without Words, as they were written in batches or fragments.

But Mendelssohn had his fits too. "To-day, May 7th, 1832, Mendelssohn at a dinner-party where he would not play, and Field was a poor substitute." I have heard Hullah declare that in some ways, in delicacy of touch and faultless phrasing, Field was his beau-ideal of a pianist. He certainly had a great reputation, was thought to take after Chopin, but thought himself highly original; had a great success in Russia, and came back giving himself prodigious airs.

We get a curious glance of Field in 1830, after an absence of twenty-five years. His manners and his "Nocturnes" are sharply contrasted. He was at times cynical. One night, when surrounded with ladies at the piano, he drew out of his pocket a miniature of his wife and said that she had been his pupil, and that he had only married her because she had not paid for her lessons, and that he knew she never would. He also bragged of going to sleep while giving lessons to the Russian ladies, who roused him with "What do we pay twenty roubles an hour for, if you go to sleep?"

Moscheles was impressed, like Hullah, with Field's beauty of touch and delicacy and "elegance of style"; but he said "he lacked spirit, accent, light and shade, and had no depth of feeling." In this opinion many did not agree with Moscheles; but no doubt a certain effeminacy of style was as opposed to Moscheles' taste as the "Sturm und Drang" sensationalism brought in by Liszt, though perhaps he bore with Liszt in his strength and wittiness better than with Field in his weakness and cynicism.

Whenever Mendelssohn came to England, his delightful intercourse with the Moscheles family was renewed. Felix Moscheles, the painter, was his godchild, and I have often seen the amusing pictures and facetiæ that Mendelssohn delighted to draw in his albums. Mendelssohn's sketch of the Moscheles' house in Regent's Park is as clever as the little Swiss views reproduced in his published letters. As conductor of the Philharmonic and other orchestral festivals Moscheles was an invaluable artistic ally of Mendelssohn in England, and he

undertook the rehearsals of his "Elijah" as conductor of the Birmingham festival in 1846. On the morning of the performance Mendelssohn himself conducted his own work. He was then failing in health. He never seemed to get over the death of his favorite sister Fanny Hensel. He returned from Birmingham to Leipzig and continued to conduct the Gewandhaus concerts and superintend the studies of the pupils; but he was much changed, his energy seemed to have left him and he was occasionally irritable, and at other times quite indisposed for work. "On the ninth," writes Moscheles, "Mendelssohn came to see us; we watched him as he walked slowly and languidly through the garden on his way to our house. In answer to my wife's inquiry as to how he felt: 'How am I? rather seedy (Grau in Grau).' They all went for a walk together, and Mendelssohn brightened up and told them how he had been to see the Queen in England, and how, when she asked him what he would like to do, at his request she had taken him up to the royal nursery to see the children 'at home.'"

In the afternoon, on returning from his walk with the Moscheles, Mendelssohn was taken very ill. He rallied for a few days, but on November 3d suffered a bad relapse, and died on the 4th. Cécile his wife, Moscheles, and David the violinist were all present. "As his breathing gradually became slower," writes Moscheles, "my mind involuntarily recurred to Beethoven's Funeral March, 'Sulla Morte d' un Eroe,' that passage in it where he seemed to depict the hero as he lies breathing his last, the sands of life gradually running out. The suppressed sobs of the bystanders and my own hot tears recalled me to the dread reality. At twenty-four minutes past nine Mendelssohn expired with a deep sigh. I knelt down at the bedside, my prayers followed heavenward the soul of the departed, and I pressed one last kiss on that noble forehead before it grew chill with the damp dew of death."

Moscheles gives us a few more graphic touches of an eye-witness.

"During the funeral service the coffin remained open. The painter Bendenmann Hübner and the sculptor Rietschel

of Dresden drew the head as it lay with the laurel wreath around it. The coffin was closed at 10 o'clock. The body was accompanied through the streets of sorrowing Berlin by a torchlight procession of a thousand, and an immense crowd of people. At the grave a choir of 600 voices sang Groeber's Hymn of the Resurrection, and the coffin was lowered amid piled wreaths of white flowers into the grave, close beside the body of the beloved sister Fanny, whose death had so fatally impressed him."

Moscheles visited both Ireland and Scotland. He had a terrible voyage across to Dublin, which he felt all the more because of his separation from wife and family. What this separation meant to him I gather from such expressions as "to-day I had to endure the hard trial of parting from my wife;" and on another occasion he declared that a week in Newgate would be preferable to such enforced absence. But he could not complain of his reception in Ireland. He adapted his art skilfully to the Irish, and played them Irish melodies, as Liszt captivated the Milanese with variations on Rossini's airs. In spite of raised fees the Dublin ladies insisted on being taught; and Moscheles, though often exceedingly bored, managed, unlike Field, to keep awake.

His usual quantum of lessons in London was nine a day. In the evening he was generally expected out at two or three houses where he was engaged to play and sometimes organize private concerts.

I notice the artists' fees in 1829 at private concerts were rather more moderate than they have since become. De Beriot took £5; Moscheles gave Mori £7. A leading violinist will now take from £10 to £20, and Sarasate lately would not play under £50. Piatti at one time took £30. Moscheles himself, who played in addition to engaging the artists, took £40 for two concerts at the Rothschilds'. Pisaroni sang in private for £20 a night. Madame Stockhausen received £35 for two nights.

At this time Liszt was making £500 a month by his public performances, and Paganini refused £100 to play at Lablache's benefit. The great basso had to give him a third of the whole receipts!

In my time I know that Rubinstein

has made £12,000 in one year in America, and refused a bribe of £15,000 for nine months more.

Moscheles went to Scotland accompanied by his wife in 1828, where he was received very kindly by Sir Walter Scott, who, however, seems to have had a limited comprehension of music, leaning much to the bagpipe.

Moscheles found his prohibitory fee of £2 2s. ineffective in staying the enthusiasm of the Edinburgh ladies for lessons. He delighted the Scotch people with his improvisations on Scotch airs; I rather suspect that under cover of a lesson the canny Scotch got a good deal of playing out of Moscheles, in which two guineas was not much to pay for it.

The Scotch Sunday, religious and even devotional as he was, Moscheles could not abide. "The Scotch Sunday," he writes, "is wearisome to a degree. Twice or three times at church, more prayers at home, or sitting twirling one's thumbs; no music, no work, no visiting—a perfect blank!"

As I am on the point of laying down my pen to bring this notice within reasonable compass and proportions, many interesting figures troop across the stage.

The pale, consumptive form of Weber rises before me. He enters Moscheles' drawing-room, and sinks down exhausted in the first arm-chair.

The magician Paganini comes close to the piano to hear Moscheles' pianoforte arrangement of some of his violin solos. I remember Mrs. Tom Taylor, who was at this time a girl, and who often saw and played with Paganini at her father's house, playing to me several of Paganini's variations which she had closely observed him execute. She tried to give me some idea of the impression which he made upon her: but Liszt, Ella, Hullah, and all others who have spoken to me about Paganini have said the same thing, that no one who had not heard him can have any idea of the effect which he produced. Whenever he appeared, the finest opera-singers—Rubini, Mario, Grisi, even Malibran—had to stand aside; and the fact that Lablache, then in his glory, and perhaps the most influential of the Italian opera troupe, should have consented to give the great player the lion's share of his own benefit, rather than do without him, remains to me the most astonishing

of all tributes to the powers of this extraordinary man.

So many figures pass before us, from Beethoven to Berlioz, so many remarkable names arrest the eye—Gladstone sitting by Moscheles at dinner, Palmers-ton, Humboldt, Landseer, Mazzini Pasta—truly a kaleidoscope calculated to reduce an essayist to despair. I must leave them, and yet I bid them with difficulty adieu ! As I glance down the ten closely printed pages detailing Moscheles' industry as a composer, I wonder how in such a life he could have found time to create so many admirable compositions in all styles, which I can as little attempt to discuss here as Liszt's own voluminous but indescribable works.

Lastly, I cannot but admire his liberality. He never attempts to cheapen anyone, never sees rivals in the eager virtuosi who strive by his side to gain the popular favor. He is catholic in his tastes, but honest. He does not approve of Wagner's theories, and says so ; but he appreciates his power, and frankly admires some of his works.

The new pianoforte school of Liszt and his followers is in some respects, he confesses, uncongenial to him ; his taste was formed on other models ; but he admits the supremacy of Liszt in his transcendent powers of execution, as the most prodigious pianist that ever lived. "Art" not "Self" was his motto, and

he knew how to salute genius with generous emotion, even when he regretted what seemed to him to be its aberrations. In these days, when we have to listen to the same compositions at every pianoforte recital, I often wonder why Moscheles' name is not more often in the programme.

Moscheles spent his seventy-third birthday at Leipzig. He heard the "Meistersinger" at Dresden with pleasure ; but his friends noticed with alarm that he had lost elasticity, and showed signs of rapidly increasing feebleness. In 1869, March 31st, I read in his diary : "My thoughts were turned to the Creator, who, after my long and laborious career, has brought me to the winter of my existence ; and tended by my faithful Charlotte (Mrs. Moscheles), linked by the chain of love to all my family, I find, although an invalid, quiet and comfort. With these words I take leave of the year 1869."

He did not live to complete another. In March 1870, the anniversary month of his forty-fifth year of married life, Moscheles died. His widow writes these words, to which I can have nothing to add :

"His faith failed not when the hour of departure was at hand ; and he died, as he had lived, in peace and in the fear and love of God."—*Belgravia*.

ALBANO.

BY RENNELL RODD.

THE Lake lies calm in its mountain crown,
And the twilight star shows clear,
And large and solemn it gazes down
In the mirror of the mere.
Was it here they rowed in their crazy craft,
Where only the ripples are—
The strange Lake-folk of the floating raft ?
Was it yesterday ? said the star.

And the mountains slept, and the nights fell still,
And the thousand years rolled by.
Was there once a city on yon low hill,
With its towers along the sky,
And the cries of the war-din of long ago
Wailed over the waters far ?
There is no stone left for a man to know
Since yesterday, said the star.

And the mountains sleep and the ripples wake,
 And again a thousand years,
 And the tents of battle are by the lake,
 And the gleam of the horsemen's spears ;
 They bend their brows with a fierce surmise
 On the lights in the plain afar,
 And the battle-hunger is in their eyes.
 Was it yesterday ? said the star.

And a thousand years—and the lake is still,
 And the star beams large and white,
 The burial chant rolls down the hill,
 Where they bury the monk at night ;
 The mountains sleep and the ripples lave
 The shore where the pine-woods are,
 And there's little change but another grave
 Since yesterday, said the star.

—*The Spectator.*

MR. PARNELL'S CAREER.

COMPARED with the career of an English politician, that of Mr. Parnell is remarkable for its extreme rapidity. Ten years ago his name was absolutely unknown. To day it is upon every lip, and his character is the topic of general discussion in both hemispheres. A brief glance at his political life will disclose how far the man and how far the cause he represents may be credited with the indubitable success which has attended him. The general election of 1874 resulted in the return to Parliament of sixty Home Rule members, under the leadership of Mr. Butt. They were a curious medley of representatives—the result of a period of change in Irish politics, when Fenianism accepted Mr. Butt as a temporary Parliamentary figure-head, but with little hope that an Irish party at Westminster could bring separation from England within even a measurable distance. Mr. Butt was the exponent of a moderate and constitutional policy which was to win for Ireland a federal arrangement under which a Parliament assembled in Dublin, composed of Queen, Lords, and Commons, should manage the affairs of Ireland. The man who was to displace Mr. Butt and dissipate his policy had not yet entered the House of Commons when the new Parliament met in 1874.

Born in 1846, Mr. Parnell was educated privately until he entered Magdalen College, Cambridge, where he only

remained two years. His mother being an American by birth and a Republican in sympathies, the young man was from infancy nurtured in an anti-English atmosphere. During the Fenian trials Mrs. Parnell was a conspicuous figure in court, and exerted herself actively in effecting the escape of many "patriots" who were "wanted" by the authorities, and on one occasion her house in Dublin was actually searched by the police. Such conditions and circumstances may or may not have had any influence upon her son's mind. It is certain that he took no active part in politics until he joined the Home Rule League in 1874. An opportunity then arose soon after the formation of Mr. Disraeli's Conservative Cabinet for making a *début*. Colonel Taylor sought re-election in the county of Dublin on accepting office, and Mr. Parnell, then High Sheriff of the county of Wicklow, came forward to contest the seat upon Home Rule principles. His defeat was inevitable, but he became a public man and enunciated some political principles. His address to the constituency is interesting as containing the earliest evidences of the Parnellite creed, and the following passages are especially noteworthy: "Upon the great question of Home Rule I will *by all means* seek the restoration to Ireland of our domestic Parliament upon the basis of the resolutions passed at the National Conference last

November, and the principles of the Home Rule League, of which I am a member." . . . "If elected to Parliament I will give my cordial adherence to the resolutions adopted at the recent conference of Irish members, and will act independently alike of all English parties." . . . "I will earnestly endeavor to obtain for Ireland a system of education in all its branches—university, intermediate, and primary—which will deal impartially with all religious denominations, by affording to every parent the opportunity of obtaining for his child an education combined with that religious teaching of which his conscience approves." . . . "I believe security for his tenure and the fruits of his industry to be equally necessary to do justice to the tenant and to promote the prosperity of the whole community. I will therefore support such an extension of the ancient and historic tenant-right of Ulster, in all its integrity, to the other parts of Ireland, as will secure to the tenant continuous occupation at fair rents." In addition, he promised to work for "a complete and unconditional amnesty to the Fenian prisoners"—an assurance which, no doubt, endeared the candidate to the Fenian party. But the expression which Mr. Parnell put in the forefront of this address—"I will by *all means* seek the restoration to Ireland of our domestic Parliament"—is the most significant. By all means, fair or foul, scrupulous or unscrupulous, constitutional or unconstitutional, he pledged himself to the task of Repeal of the Union. How steadfastly he has kept to his purpose is now clear to all men.

After this election Mr. Parnell retired into private life. His next appearance was in the public press. Early in 1875 a vacancy occurred in Tipperary, and the notorious writer and convicted rebel, John Mitchel, came over from America to stand as a member for the county. On this occasion Mr. Parnell came before the public in a letter to the papers announcing his approbation of the course taken by Mitchel, and subscribed £25 toward the expenses of the contest. The result of that election is a matter of history. Mitchel was elected by an immense majority, but he died almost immediately after his election. His brother-in-law, political colleague, and

fellow-convict, John Martin, the member for Meath, followed him to the grave within a week, and thus, on the 29th of March, 1875, another opportunity was afforded Mr. Parnell to enter into the political life of the country. There were, besides, two more candidates for the constituency of Meath, one a Conservative, the other a Home Ruler. The poll, however, resulted in a victory for Mr. Parnell, and the new member for Meath took his seat and recorded his first vote on the 22d April, making no delay in commencing his Parliamentary duties.

Four days after he took his seat Mr. Parnell made his maiden speech, upon the Irish Coercion Bill; and he made use of one expression which is remarkable in the light of recent events. "It has been said," said Mr. Parnell, "that some half-dozen Irish landlords have given it as their opinion that without coercion they could not exercise the rights of property. What did they mean by the rights of property?" The question was almost prophetic. The whole of Mr. Parnell's career has been a crusade against the rights of property, and his very first utterance in the House of Commons proved his determination to pursue revolutionary means for revolutionary objects. After this effort the new member from Meath kept silence, and applied himself to the task of mastering the forms and procedure of the House. His chosen friend was Mr. Biggar, with whom he principally acted, and by whose side he fought persistently the battle of obstruction for the next three years. It was not until 1879 that Mr. Parnell confessed that the idea of revolutionizing the House of Commons from its own centre was not his own. Early in the year, at a meeting of the Home Rule League in Dublin, Mr. Butt was solemnly impeached by the "party of exasperation," as the old man called the new Parnellite junto. Mr. Parnell spoke on that occasion as follows: "I wish to explain in a few words what I wish Mr. Butt and the Irish party to do. The late Mr. Ronayne, M. P., it was who said to me, and to a good many others, that the Irish party would never be heard in the House of Commons until they took an interest in English Imperial questions. He used to say that as long

as you keep bringing forward a Land Bill or the franchise question they will not care anything about you. They will perhaps listen, or perhaps they will not. On any occasion they will come in with a large number of members to vote you down. Depend upon it, it is for some of you young men of the party who have time and health and strength to go into these questions and take up these Bills and discuss them in detail, and show that, if you are not allowed to govern yourselves, you can at least help them in governing England." How Mr. Parnell carried out this plan of operations is matter of history. The rank and file of the Home Rulers partook of Mr. Butt's horror and repugnance to a scheme which they held involved a revolutionary programme, and would have to be finally supplemented by rebellion in the field. Only a few of the Irish party adopted the idea; but the eager enthusiasm with which the new departure was received by the Fenian masses out of doors proved beyond all doubt that it was regarded as an important move in the war against England. Upon the Prisons Bill Mr. Parnell made a beginning; but it was upon the election of members to sit upon Committees on private Bills that the new weapon of obstruction was first tried in earnest. The result was a sitting till five o'clock in the morning. Throughout the Session of 1876 no opportunity was lost in the Estimates of obstructing the business of the House, and Mr. Parnell further distinguished himself by speaking strongly in favor of the release of the Fenian prisoners. He went further, and took an opportunity of declaring to the House that he never did believe, and never would, that any murder had been committed at Manchester when Kelly and Deasy, the Fenians, were rescued, and Sergeant Brett was shot dead in the police-van. By such sympathetic touches did a thoroughly unsympathetic man win the affections of the disaffected. The result of Mr. Parnell's action in the House was that at the end of the Session he was elected Vice-Chairman of the Home Rule Confederation of Great Britain, a body which represented the views of the most advanced Irish politicians in the English towns where the Irish vote was powerful. During the

autumn of 1876 Mr. Parnell, accompanied by Mr. O'Connor Power, M.P., was deputed by a mass meeting in Dublin to proceed to America, in order to present the President of the United States with an address from the Irish nation congratulating the Americans on the centenary of their Declaration of Independence. But the affair ended in a fiasco, President Grant refusing to receive the address. During the Sessions of 1877-8, notwithstanding the remonstrances of Mr. Butt, the obstructionists proceeded in their campaign against English business with the greatest energy, and Mr. Biggar added a new terror to Parliamentary life by his practice of indiscriminate "blocking." The South African Confederation Bill, in 1877, produced unparalleled scenes of excitement, and was the cause of Sir Stafford Northcote's first series of Resolutions dealing with the Rules of Procedure. Mr. Parnell wrote to the *Times* justifying his conduct as a member of Parliament, and predicting that, "whatever else future Parliaments may have to reckon with, they will most certainly have to reckon with the active participation of Irish members in their business, whether they like it or no." Mr. Butt took an early opportunity of calling a meeting of his party, and denouncing obstruction as mere revolutionary warfare. But it was evident that his days as a leader were already numbered. After the Session was over, a great demonstration was held in Dublin in honor of Mr. Parnell and Mr. Biggar. Mr. Butt was denounced, and Mr. Parnell extolled. Indeed, the new leader's policy was skilfully laid down. It was capable of being excused, and even defended by argument, before an English audience; while, on the other hand, it could be described before an Irish assembly as courageous, bold, and national Irish policy. Meanwhile Mr. Parnell had come to several distinct conclusions during his two years' experience of the House of Commons. The first was, that the atmosphere of the lobbies was most injurious to Irish members who wished to obtain office or social position in England or Ireland. He saw that the only men who could be depended upon to make themselves consistently obnoxious to the English

Parliament were men of inferior social position. These might form an entirely foreign body in the English Senate, which would rankle as a foreign substance more and more, as time went on, and which, impervious to English feeling and English etiquette, contradicting all the ancient and honored traditions of the House, would impede and straiten in its action the whole procedure of the House of Commons. Armed with a body of men of this description, Mr. Parnell knew by experience that he could hamper every proceeding of the English Parliament, and that he could offer to the English people the choice between the disintegration and revolution of their own Legislature, and the restoration of an Irish one. He had succeeded in the first; he now attacked the second object. At the end of the Session of 1878 Mr. Parnell's position was assured. He was recognized as a formidable power in the House by the English members; while the Irish members foresaw in him Mr. Butt's successor. The new Parliamentary tactics were approved by the masses of disaffected Irish, who only waited an opportunity to prove their devotion to so successful an enemy of England. In 1879 Mr. Butt was formally impeached as a deserter to the cause of Irish nationality, and he died soon afterward, leaving his young rival in undisputed possession of the field.

With the Session of 1879 Mr. Parnell entered upon the most important epoch of his political career. Two months before Michael Davitt had arrived in Ireland, and was busily engaged in organizing the new departure in what he called Irish practical politics, but which was in fact Irish Revolution. At what exact time Mr. Davitt and Mr. Parnell became acquainted is uncertain. It has been said, indeed, that for a long time Mr. Parnell was averse to allying himself with the returned Fenian. Facts soon became too strong for him. While Davitt was organizing in the province, the Parliamentary party were engaged in obtaining the final dismissal of Mr. Butt, who had long been a stumbling-block to their new policy of exasperation. That for a long time Mr. Parnell was unwilling to accept the crusade against landlords as the solution of the land question, and the beginning of future revolution, is

quite evident from his speeches. His idea seems to have been to begin an agitation in England. As late as the 17th of April he held back, but soon after that date he must have given in his complete adhesion to Michael Davitt's scheme. On the 20th of April the first fruits of the organization became evident in the meeting held at Irishtown, County Mayo. From that date the anti-rent agitation commenced to spread throughout the country; and on the 8th of June at Westport Mr. Parnell publicly adopted the policy recommended by the new school of Fenians, and raised the question of the rights of property in land as a short cut to the question of separation. It was at this meeting that he advised the people to "keep a firm grip on your homesteads and lands," and gave the weight of his name to the principle of non-payment of rent. It is unnecessary to recapitulate the history of the Land League movement. Its head was Mr. Parnell, its heart was Mr. Davitt, and its impetus was first Fenianism and subsequently Mr. Gladstone's Government. While inside the walls of St. Stephen's the man who took the oath of allegiance to the Sovereign attracted the attention and admiration of Irishmen by endeavoring to bring Parliament to a deadlock, the ticket-of-leave Fenian convict was reorganizing the old Fenian conspiracy under a new name. The land question was seized as a means of bringing the question of separation to the front, and of consolidating and strengthening the forces of Irish revolution. Toward the end of the year 1879 the schemes of Davitt became more and more obvious. The distress in Connaught had first been given as a reason for a demand for the general reduction of rent. The next step was to demand the expropriation of those whose right it was to claim rent. Finally, the obligation of all rent was denied. The land was made by God for the people, and they who tilled should alone be the owners. So violent did the language of the agitators become that Government at last arrested the leaders, and Mr. Parnell explained that the strike against rent and the refusal to take farms were merely a means to an end, and that end was the compulsory sale of all landed property in Ireland to the occupiers.

At the close of the year 1879 Mr. Parnell started for America, ostensibly in order to collect money for the relief of Irish distress. His speeches prove that his ulterior object was the conciliation of the American-Irish revolutionists.

His utterances were so calculated as to secure the support of all classes of the Celtic population, but especially the Fenians. He stated at Pittston that, "a power would spring up in Ireland which would sweep away not only the land system, but the infamous Government that maintained it"; while at Cincinnati he made the striking declaration, "None of us, whether we be in America or in Ireland, or wherever we may be, will be satisfied until we have destroyed the last link which keeps Ireland bound to England." Mr. Parnell did undoubtedly collect money for charitable purposes, but he also laid the foundation of a Land League organization in America, from which has flowed a perennial stream of sedition-breeding gold during the last two years. The dissolution of Parliament brought back the member for Meath to Ireland in haste. On arriving at Cork he found himself elected for three constituencies, and

leader of a powerful Irish party. What followed every one knows. The events of the past three years are so fresh in the memory of the public, that it is almost unnecessary to go into the details of Mr. Parnell's more recent political career. The Land League agitation, the reign of anarchy in Ireland, the State prosecutions, the passing of the Coercion Act, the suspension of the Irish members, the arrest of Mr. Parnell, the No-rent Manifesto, the Kilmainham Treaty, and the Phoenix Park murders, all followed in quick succession. The more scandalous the conduct of Irish members in Parliament, the greater became their popularity out of doors. The Land Bill of 1881 was spurned by the Nationalist party, and no measure of justice or conciliation has altered by one jot the anti-English attitude of Mr. Parnell's followers. The chief claim to the confidence of the Irish people which Mr. Parnell possesses is the fact that his personal strength has been mainly displayed in an unbending and imperious determination to lead a distinctly foreign party in the House of Commons, which should be completely under his own control.—*Saturday Review*.

SNAKES.*

OF all the creatures that exist, whether of land, sea, or air, there is not one which is so generally looked upon

with feelings of aversion and horror as the serpent. Doubtless these natural feelings are mixed up with some amount of prejudice and ignorance, but the fact of the existence in several species of snakes of a deadly poisonous apparatus, which is able, in the course of a few hours, or even of a few minutes, to destroy active and healthy life, is enough to account for, if not altogether to justify, the almost universal abhorrence in which these creatures are held. In vain do we seek to appeal to the elegance of the body, the polished surface of the gleaming scales, so beautifully and symmetrically arranged, the colors, often brilliant and of varied tasteful patterns, and above all, perhaps, to the serpent's graceful motions, which struck the mind

* 1. "An Account of Indian Serpents, collected on the Coast of Coromandel." Containing Descriptions and drawings of each Species, together with Experiments and Remarks on their several Poisons. By Patrick Russell, M.D., F.R.S. In two vols. folio. London: 1796. 2. "North American Herpetology; or, a Description of the Reptiles Inhabiting the United States." By J. E. Holbrook, M.D. Philadelphia: 1842. 3. "The Reptiles of British India." By Albert C. L. G. Gunther, M.D., Ray Society. London: 1864. 4. "The Snakes of Australia." An Illustrated and Descriptive Catalogue of all the known Species. By Gerard Krefft, F.L.S., C.M.L.S. Sydney: 1869. 5. "Indian Snakes." An Elementary Treatise on Ophiology in India, etc. By Edward Nicholson, Madras: 1870. 6. "The Thanotophidia of India," being a Description of the Venomous Snakes of the Indian Peninsula, with an Account of the Influence of their Poison on Life, and a Series of Experiments. By J. Fayrer, M.D., C.S.I.,

F.R.S.E. London: 187; Curiosities and Wonders Catherine C. Hopley. L

of Agur the son of Jakeh when he mentioned "the way of a serpent upon a rock" as one of the four things which were too wonderful for him. We may admire in the serpent all that is worthy of our admiration, whether in external appearance or in the structural adaptability of its several parts to their respective functions, but we cannot eliminate from the mind, without an effort, the terrible fact that several kinds are armed with a most deadly power, and in consequence we are apt to put the harmless species in the same category with the venomous, and to condemn the whole generation of vipers simply because they possess the serpent's form and the serpent's tongue. Moreover it must be conceded that there is a most repulsive look which many species habitually wear; the fixed cold glare of the eye with its frequent linear pupil; the threatening aspect, the dark lurid color of some kinds, the black and yellow wasp-like markings of others, all these are calculated to inspire fear and aversion. And even the naturalist finds it difficult to divest his mind of these feelings, although he is perfectly well aware that the poisonous kinds are far outnumbered both in families and in individuals by the innocuous. It is quite true that very often a venomous snake reveals its character by the form of its head and by its threatening conduct when excited; but there is no general rule by which to judge, on mere external inspection, whether a species is innocent or harmless; many of the *Hydrophida* or sea snakes, for instance, all of which are highly poisonous, betray in outward form no visible mark of their deadly nature. Speaking of a species of *Trigonocephalus*, on the other hand, which the late Mr. Charles Darwin observed in Bahia Blanca, South America, he says:

"The expression of this snake's face was hideous and fierce; the pupil consisted of a vertical slit in a mottled and coppery iris; the jaws were broad at the base, and the nose terminated in a triangular projection. I do not think I ever saw anything more ugly, excepting, perhaps, some of the vampire bats. I imagine this repulsive aspect originates from the features being placed in positions, with respect to each other, somewhat proportional to those of the human face; and thus we obtain a scale of hideousness." *

* "Naturalist's Voyage round the World," p. 97.

The form of a snake is more or less familiar to every one; but that, when closely examined, discloses, in some instances, something of its past history. In systematic zoology, snakes form the order *Ophidia* of the class *Reptilia*. The order is thus characterized by Dr. Günther, one of the greatest authorities on such subjects:

"Body exceedingly elongate, without limbs, or with merely rudiments of limbs, scarcely visible from without; the ribs are articulated movably with the vertebral column; no sternum; generally both jaws and the palate toothed; the mandibles united in front by an elastic ligament, and generally very extensible. Eyelids none. Integuments with numerous scale-like folds, rarely tubercular."

It is not popularly known that any snakes possess rudiments of limbs; but this curious and instructive fact occurs in the boa constrictor, and indeed in all the family *Pythonidae*, which have vestiges, very minute it is true, but undoubted vestiges, of hind limbs, mere spines or scales, close to the vent; and this peculiarity clearly demonstrates a remote relationship in past ages to the Sauria or order of lizards; these last-named creatures have often, and generally, four well-defined limbs, as in the familiar example of our common English lizard (*Lacerta agilis*), but there are lizards which have these organs in a very imperfect state, as the *Sauropsis* of Southern Africa, whose four little legs are too feeble to aid it much in progression; or the anterior limbs may be entirely wanting, while the posterior are represented by very rudimentary bodies wholly useless for progression, as in the Australian *Pygopus*, and the *Ophiodes* of Brazil. So again, there are some saurians which closely resemble most snakes in the entire absence of any external vestiges of limbs, as in the so-called Javelin snake (*Acontias meleagris*) of South Africa, the worm like *Amphisbæna alba* of Brazil and the *Pseudopus* or Scheltopusik of Dalmatia and Asia Minor, while again the Ophidia are connected with the Amphibia—the Snakes, that is, with the Frogs and Salamanders—by the apodous *Cæcilia*, of serpent-form body. It is difficult, therefore, to distinguish by any fixed line of demarcation the group of snakes from the group of lizards, if we regard mere external characters; but on examining the

internal parts the distinctness of the two orders Ophidia and Sauria becomes in many cases more evident, so far as relates to existing species. But what do the rudimentary scale-like vestiges of the hind limbs in the Pythonidæ teach us? Surely no other lesson than one of revolution in some way or other; that these vestiges, now rudimentary or altogether absent in snakes, did at one period of their history exist as well-developed hind limbs formed for limb-like progression; just as the limbless lizards referred to above are modifications, as Dr. P. Martin Duncan well observes, by a degenerative process, of reptiles which did not crawl on their belly, but had those organs in perfection which are rudimentary or absent in the serpent. These scale-like vestiges in the boa are as surely manifestations of a quondam more perfectly formed limb, as are the splint bones of the modern horse the manifestations of the existence of an equine animal which originally possessed four or five toes with the corresponding metacarpal and metatarsal bones, which palæontozoical evidence has made us acquainted with. There is, however, at present this difference in the palæontological evidence, derived from fossil remains, as to the earliest forms of the snake and the horse: that in the latter case we have, as Professor Marsh has shown, a perfect series of fossil forms in America, which, beginning with the small ancestral type of *Orohippus*, is gradually modified in size, limb bones, and teeth to forms barely distinguishable, specifically, from the horse of to-day; whereas, at present, we are not acquainted with any early ancestral ophidian forms which show the existence of former perfect locomotive limb bones; for the oldest known remains that have yet been found occur, we believe, in the eocene formation of the Isle of Sheppey, and these ophidian remains appear to have been large species belonging to the Pythonidæ. So far, then, the geological evidence is imperfect, and we still need actual proof of the former existence of a snake with well-developed differentiated progressional limbs.

Another interesting question presents itself. Perhaps there is no group of vertebrate animals which exhibits more instructive differences in their present

geographical distribution than the Ophidia, or presents more striking proofs of the changes that have taken place in the disposition of land and water. The Ophidia are pre-eminently a tropical order; they diminish in numbers as we go north in the temperate zone; they cease altogether long before we reach the Arctic circles; they are more dependent on climate than all other reptiles; at 62° north latitude they cease altogether; they are not found on very lofty mountains, not ascending higher than 6000 feet in the Alps. Some species are found in deserts, others prefer swamps and marshes, many are adapted for a ground or an arboreal life amid almost impenetrable forests. Many are excellent swimmers; but with the exception of the *Hydrophidæ*, or sea snakes, none are capable of making journeys in the seas, and they are rarely found on oceanic islands. How, then, can we account for the fact of the existence of the same families of snakes in countries separated one from another by vast expanses of sea water? Mr. Wallace, in his very valuable work on "The Geographical Distribution of Animals," following in the main the system first, we believe, suggested by Dr. Sclater, maps out the zoogeographical regions of the earth into these six divisions: (1) The Palæarctic, which includes all temperate Europe and Asia from Iceland to Behring Strait and from the Azores to Japan; it comprises all the extra-tropical part of the Sahara and Arabia, and all Persia, Cabul, and Beloochistan to the Indus, and the northern half of China. (2) The Ethiopian, which comprises all Africa southward of the Sahara and its islands, and the southern half of Arabia. (3) The Oriental, which consists of all India and the southern part of China; all the Malay peninsula and islands as far east as Java, Borneo, and the Philippine Islands, and Formosa. (4) The Australian, which comprises Australia, the Celebes, New Guinea, and the Solomon Islands, the tropical islands of the Pacific, and New Zealand. (5) The Neotropical, which comprises the great central mass of South America, Central America, and the West India Islands; and (6) The Nearctic Region, which comprises all temperate North America

and Greenland. The twenty-five known families of snakes are thus distributed : six are found in the Nearctic region, ten in the Palæarctic, thirteen in the Australian, sixteen in the Neotropical, seventeen in the Ethiopian, and no less than twenty-two in the Oriental, which last is thus seen to be by far the richest of the great regions in the variety of its forms of ophidian life. "The only regions," Mr. Wallace remarks, "that possess altogether peculiar families of this order are the Ethiopian (S. African sub-region), and the Oriental (Southern India and Ceylon) ; the usually rich and peculiar Neotropical region not possessing, exclusively, any family of snakes ; and what is still more remarkable, the Neotropical and Australian regions together do not possess a family peculiar to them. Every family inhabiting these two regions is found also in the Oriental." In other words, the same families of snakes are found in South America, Australia and India ; and as these countries are now separated by ocean waters which snakes could not have travelled over, the question arises, How came they there ? Mr. Wallace remarks that this fact, taken in connection with the superior richness of the Oriental region both in families and genera, would indicate that the Ophidia had their origin in the northern hemisphere of the Old World (the ancient Palæarctic region), whence they spread on all sides, in successive waves of migration, to the other regions ; that at some geological period Australia and South America were each united with some part of the northern hemisphere, and that the Palæarctic and Oriental regions are probably the source whence other regions were supplied with snakes and other forms of animal life.

Of the twenty-five families of snakes enumerated by naturalists, six families are known to be more or less poisonous, including about two hundred and twenty species ; the whole number of species, both venomous and harmless, being about one thousand three hundred ; India being conspicuous for the mortality caused by the bites of these poisonous creatures.

The different kinds of snakes are thus distinguished by Dr. Günther in his work on "The Reptiles of British India :"

"1. *Burrowing snakes*, living under ground, only occasionally appearing above the surface. They are distinguished by a rigid cylindrical body, short tail, narrow mouth, small head not distinct from the neck, little teeth in small number, and by the absence or feeble development of the ventral shields. They feed chiefly on small invertebrate animals. None of them are venomous.

"2. *Ground snakes*, or species which live above ground, and only occasionally climb bushes or enter the water ; their body is more or less cylindrical, very flexible in every part, and of moderate proportions. Their ventral shields are broad. They feed chiefly on terrestrial vertebrate animals. By far the greater number of snakes belong to this category, and it is represented by many variations in all the three sub-orders.

"3. *Tree snakes*, or species passing the greater part of their life on bushes and trees, which they climb with the greatest facility. They are distinguished either by an exceedingly slender body, with broad, sometimes carinated ventral shields, or by a prehensile tail. Many of the species are characterized by their vivid coloration, of which green forms the principal part. . . . They feed on animals which have a mode of life similar to their own ; only a few species on eggs.

"4. *Fresh-water snakes*, distinguished by the position of the nostrils, which are placed on the top of the snout, and by a tapering tail. They inhabit fresh waters, and are, therefore, excellent swimmers and divers ; only a few species (which also in external characters approach the following group, that of the true sea snakes) venture out to sea. They feed on fish, frogs, crustacea, and other water animals, and are viviparous. None are venomous.

"5. *Sea snakes*, distinguished by a strongly compressed tail, and by the position of the nostrils, which are placed as in the last group. They live in the sea only, occasionally approaching the land, feed on marine fish, are viviparous and venomous. One genus only (*Platurus*) has the ventral shields so much developed as to be able to move on land."

The "way of a serpent upon a rock" was first definitely and accurately described by Sir Everard Home. It is now well known that the instruments of progression in the Ophidia are the numerous ribs, which in some of the larger pythons are several hundred in number. The whole under surface of a snake's body is provided with broad plates, called *scuta*, the posterior margins of which are free.

"When the snake," says Sir E. Home, "begins to put itself in motion, the ribs of the opposite sides are drawn apart from each other, and the small cartilages at the end of them are bent upon the upper surfaces of the abdominal scuta, on which the ends of the ribs rest ; and as the ribs move in pairs, the scutum under each pair is carried along with it. This

scutum, by its posterior edge, lays hold of the ground and becomes a fixed point from whence to set out anew. This motion is beautifully seen when a snake is climbing over an angle to get upon a flat surface. When the animal is moving, it alters its shape from a circular or an oval form to something approaching a triangle, of which the surface on the ground forms the base. The coluber and the boa having large abdominal scuta, which may be considered as hoofs or shoes, are the best fitted for this kind of progressive motion. . . . An observation of Sir Joseph Banks during the exhibition of a coluber of unusual size first led to this discovery. While it was moving briskly along the carpet, he said, he thought he saw the ribs come forward in succession, like the feet of a caterpillar. This remark led me to examine the animal's motion with more accuracy, and on putting the hand under its belly, while the snake was in the act of passing over the palm, the ends of the ribs were distinctly felt pressing upon the surface in regular succession, so as to leave no doubt of the ribs forming so many pairs of levers, by which the animal moves its body from place to place."

The free posterior margins of the python's large abdominal scuta may be readily seen by any one who is afraid of handling these creatures alive, in their cast-off skins, a good specimen of which is before us as we write ; but those who, like Miss Hopley, are not afraid of the harmless snakes, may satisfy themselves of the efficiency of these scuta as levers of progression by allowing some tame specimen in the gardens of the Zoological Society to crawl along the arms and body. A surface more or less rough is necessary for the action of the scuta, for snakes are incapable of moving over a perfectly smooth surface.

The ability of some of the snakes, as notably in the Pythonidæ, to swallow prey the size of which is greater than that of their heads and necks, would seem to be impossible were it not a spectacle familiar to many observers. Stomachs and viscera of all animals are more or less elastic, and sufficiently dilatable to allow of the passage of a large mass of food ; but not so, as a rule, with the mouth, whose bones are generally fixed and unyielding. In snakes the bones of the mouth are not fixed, and allow an immense expansion. The lower jaw is not hinged to the upper jaw, but is connected by a long (tympenic) bone to the posterior part of the skull by ligaments and muscles so as to permit great movability. As Sir Joseph Fayrer has said :

" It is the peculiar structure of the jaws that forms one of the chief characteristics of the ophidians. The bones which compose the upper jaw and palate, as well as the mandibles, are freely movable, the latter being loosely hung from the tympanic bones and united in front by ligament. The mastoid bones with which the tympanic bones articulate are also movable, so that the distensibility of the mouth is very great, as it often needs to be, to enable the snake to swallow prey larger in diameter than itself. The mechanism of deglutition in the Ophidia is very remarkable : the mouth cannot only be opened vertically, but transversely ; and further, each lateral half has the power of separate and independent motion, which is called into action when the prey is swallowed. By the continual action of the jaws and teeth, the animal brought within the grasp of the mouth is slowly drawn in and engulfed ; it is first held firmly by the sharp recurved teeth, one side of the jaw is then protruded, the teeth being withdrawn to be again implanted farther on ; the same process is repeated alternately on either side, until the prey is finally drawn within the grasp of the gullet. This is the mode of deglutition in the python and other non-venomous snakes. A similar process, with certain modifications in the dental arrangement, obtains in the poisonous snakes ; the chief structural distinction being found in the maxillary teeth, which in them are long, sharp, recurved, and perforated fangs, through which the secretion of the poison gland is hypodermically injected into the bitten animal." *

Great as are the python's or the boa's powers of swallowing large bodies, the accounts which travellers give of them must not always be too implicitly believed. Such tales are often very much exaggerated, and generally discredited by naturalists. Full-sized deer with well-grown antlers would be too much for the largest of the Pythonidæ. Mr. Krefft, who has paid much attention to the snakes of Australia, says :

" Such stories as Waterton tells of his Dutch friend who killed a boa twenty-two feet long that had a pair of stag's horns in his mouth, and was apparently waiting for the body just swallowed to be digested, are nothing but *canards*. Du Chaillu and other sensational authors have followed in his footsteps ; the illustrations given by them of African pythons are about on a par with the well-known engraving representing a boa, apparently about forty feet long, being ripped up by a negro, while it is swinging from the branch of a tree. The present generation will not believe such exaggerations, for when the foot-rule is applied to the monsters in question, they dwindle down to more ordinary size."

Dr. Günther's remarks are to the same effect. Speaking of the Indian *Python*

* " The Thanatophidia," etc., p. 2.

reticulatus, the Ular sawa of the Malays, and the *P. molurus*, the Adjiger of the Hindoos, he writes :

"The two species of Indian rock snakes are among the largest of living reptiles. Of snakes only their African congeners and the American *Eunectes murinus* can be placed beside them. Their dimensions and their strength, however, have been much exaggerated. Specimens of 18 to 20 feet in length are very rare, although isolated statements of the occurrence of individuals which measured 30 feet are on record and worthy of credit. We regret to find in the 'Reise der Novara,' ii. p. 247, a passage in which it is stated that the travellers saw in Manilla a living 'boa constrictor' 48 feet long and 7 inches thick. Surely none of the naturalists accompanying the expedition can have seen this passage before it went to press. Rock snakes from 15 to 20 feet long have the thickness of a man's thigh, and will easily overpower a small deer, a sheep, or a good-sized dog. But although able to kill these animals, the width of their mouth is not so large that they can swallow one larger than a half-grown sheep."

As a general rule snakes are oviparous, and lay eggs of an oblong form, with a soft leathery membrane for a shell; the egg chains of our common English snake (*Tropidonotus natrix*) are familiar to many observers. Oviparous snakes leave their eggs to be developed by the warmth of the place where they have been deposited. The pythons have for some years been known to incubate their eggs, and this they have done in confinement; the Indian *P. molurus* has been bred in Paris, and the African *P. seba* in London; the mother in both cases sat upon the eggs, but only those of the Indian species were successfully hatched. The female of *P. molurus* deposited fifteen eggs, about the size of that of a goose, on May 6th, collected them in a conical heap, coiled herself spirally round and on this heap, entirely covering the eggs, so that her head rested in the centre and at the top of the cone; she remained in this position till July 3d, when eight of the eggs were hatched. An increase of the temperature was observed between the coils of the snakes, so that a higher degree of warmth is, probably, necessary for the development of the embryonic pythons than for that of other snakes. Some snakes (the fresh-water and poisonous species) are viviparous, the young being produced in the oviduct of the mother or at the time of the exclusion of the ova. The female snake is

larger than the male, and there are certain differences in color which may distinguish the sexes; but with the exception of the poisonous sea snakes, the *Hydrophida*, which have, in the male, a swelling on each side of the tail, there is no external character to distinguish the sex.

The sea snakes just mentioned are highly poisonous. They inhabit the salt-water estuaries and tidal-streams, and are widely distributed, being found in the Indian and Pacific oceans, from Madagascar to the Isthmus of Panama. Sir Joseph Fayrer mentions several species of these sea snakes which are found on the Indian coasts. The family is thus generally described :

"The sea snakes have great varieties of form, but the transitions from one to another are very gradual. Some of them attain a considerable size. Günther speaks of some species attaining to the length of twelve feet. The longest I have seen is under five feet; there is no reason to believe that they attain to so great a size as certain fabulous stories would suggest. They are very poisonous. The case related of a sailor of H. M. S. Algerine who was bitten by one recently caught at Madras, proves them to be so. I am informed by Mr. Galiffe that a fisherman bitten by a salt-water snake somewhere near the Salt Lakes, died in one hour and a quarter. And your experiments and those of Mr. Stewart at Pooree prove that not only when able to bite voluntarily, but even when weak and unable to bite when the jaws were compressed on the animal, death resulted. The fishermen on the coast know their dangerous properties and carefully avoid them. They have smaller jaws and much smaller fangs than the land snakes generally, with open grooves, though not always completely open, as supposed by some naturalists; but the virus is very active, and appears to act as speedily and certainly as that of the terrestrial poisonous colubrine snakes. They have an elongated body like the land snakes; in some instances it is short and thick while in others it is very thick toward the tail, and most disproportionately elongated and attenuated in the neck; the head is very minute. The hinder part of the body and tail is flattened and compressed vertically, almost like the fin or tail of a fish, and it answers the same purpose, for with it they swim with grace and rapidity. They swim like fish, and live, with some exceptions, continually in the sea or tidal water. When thrown on the land by the surf, as they constantly are at Pooree and other places along the coast, they are helpless and almost blind. Their food consists of fish and other aquatic animals, which they pursue and overtake in the salt water. There are certain parts of the Bay of Bengal in which they are often seen in great numbers, and their movements in the clear blue water are very agile, graceful, and beautiful." (P. 23.)

The order Ophidia of the class Reptilia is divided by naturalists into the three following sub-divisions: 1. *Ophidii colubriiformes*, innocuous snakes; 2. *Ophidii colubriiformes venenosi*, or poisonous colubrine snakes; 3. *Ophidii viperiformes*, or viperine snakes, poisonous. The two last sub-orders are referred by Sir Joseph Fayrer, under the designation of Thanatophidia (death snakes), to those species which occur in India and in the Bengal Presidency. The first sub-order comprises all those snakes which are without grooved or perforated fang-like teeth in front; the second sub-order includes all those snakes which have an erect, immovable, grooved, or perforated tooth in front of the maxillary; the third sub-order contains snakes with a long, perforated, erectile fang on the maxillary which is extremely short, without any other teeth. In the British Isles there are only three species of indigenous snakes, namely, the ringed snake (*Tropidonotus natrix*), the small crowned smooth snake (*Coronella lævis*), a well-known continental species, first ascertained to belong to the British fauna by Mr. Bartlett and Dr. Günther in 1862, and the viper (*Pelias berus*), which alone is poisonous. The first two belong to the harmless colubrines; the last, as its English name implies, to the viperine sub-order. The first sub-order contains nineteen families, the second four, and the last two families. The venomous colubrine snakes comprise, according to Dr. Günther, the four families of (1) *Elapidae*, to which the cobras belong, (2) the *Dendraspidæ*, (3) *Atractaspidæ*, of which two families only two species of each are at present known, and they are confined to South and West Africa, and (4) the *Hydrophidæ*, or poisonous sea-snakes already mentioned; the viperine sub-order includes the two families of *Crotalidæ* or pit vipers, as the rattlesnakes, and the *Viperidæ*, as the common English adder, the puff adder, etc. America may be considered the headquarters of the *Crotalidæ* or rattlesnakes; Africa of the *Viperidæ*; Australia of the *Elapidae*; and the Indian Ocean of the *Hydrophidæ*. There are no rattlesnakes in Europe, Australia, and Africa; those which occur in Asia are smaller in size and less venomous than the American

species; there are none of the *Viperidæ* in America; in Australia the death adder (*Acanthophis antarctica*) of the colonists is the sole representative of this family. As a rule, in all countries the non-venomous snakes are largely in excess of the venomous species, but in Australia there is more than double the number of the latter kind; Krefft enumerates twenty-one non-venomous and fifty-seven venomous species, viz., forty-one species of *Elapidae*, one viper, and fifteen sea snakes. Perhaps the non-venomous species make up about four fifths of the snake fauna of the entire world. Of the twenty-one non-venomous snakes of Australia six are pythons, while eight belong to the genus *Typhlops* (blind snakes), of a family which contains forms "most remote from the true ophidian type," and which were formerly classed with the lizards. However, of these forty-two venomous snakes of Australia, Krefft considers that not more than five species are really dangerous to man and the higher animals; and these retire under ground for nearly five months in the year. Writing in 1869 Krefft says that through exertions made the dangerous snakes of the neighborhood of Sidney have been greatly reduced. When we consider the modified structure of the rattlesnakes, which departs furthest from the non-venomous kinds, as well as their geographical range, it seems probable that the American rattlesnakes have succeeded their Asiatic representatives, and that, viewing the whole, the Ophidia have been preceded by the other orders of reptiles; the venomous snakes by non-venomous, viperine by venomous colubrine snakes, and the rattlesnakes or *Crotalidæ* by *Viperidæ*.

There are many questions relating to the snake structure and snake habits which still await satisfactory explanation; one of the most interesting, perhaps, is that which relates to the rattlesnake's tail. Why does the reptile sound its rattle? The most recent popular English work on snakes is that by Miss Hopley, who, strangely enough for a lady, has paid a great deal of attention to these creatures, and seems to be rather fond of them on the whole; but though not fearing to handle many of the harmless colubrines and pythons,

she would decidedly object to admit a viper to her bosom. The chapter which treats of the "Rattle" seems to us to be remarkably good. Miss Hopley gives drawings of the interesting tail part, both as to size and development, and shows how the rattles differ in form in various species of snakes, and how the links differ in one and the same rattle, and gives instances of opinions expressed by different authors as to the reason of the rattle. One of the most popular but erroneous notions held with regard to this serpent's tail is that it was specially designed by the Creator in order to warn the inadvertent intruder of danger.

"Formerly, when only the dangerous powers of the reptile were understood, it was sufficient to say of it in a tone of pious thankfulness that the Almighty had so armed this serpent as a warning to its enemies. Some of these early writers introduce the rattlesnake to us as the most benevolent and disinterested of dumb animals conscientiously living up to his duties, obedient to that 'peculiar Providence' which has given him a rattle 'to warn the inadvertent intruder of danger.' 'He maketh such a noise that he catcheth very few,' an evidence of impudence wholly inconsistent with his inherited 'wisdom.' Indeed, between the character given of this 'superb reptile' by Chateaubriand, and the self-sacrificing qualities assigned it by some other writers, we can only wonder how a hungry rattlesnake ever managed to survive at all, and how it is that the race is not extinct long ago." *

It is certainly surprising to find that no less an authority than Professor Rymer Jones recognizes in the rattlesnake's tail an admirable provision of nature which serves to give timely warning of the vicinity of a dangerous assailant. "We need merely mention," writes Professor R. Jones, "the rattle of the *rattlesnakes* (*Crotalus*); an organ the intention of which is so obvious, that the most obtuse cannot contemplate it without at once appreciating the beauty of its contrivance."† The late Charles Darwin, briefly commenting upon this method of accounting for the rattlesnake's tail, says :

"It is admitted that the rattiesnake has a poison fang for its own defence, and for the destruction of its prey ; but some authors suppose that at the same time it is furnished with a rattle for its own injury, namely, to warn its prey. I would almost as soon believe that the cat curls the end of its tail when preparing to

spring, in order to warn the doomed mouse. It is a much more probable view that the rattlesnake uses its rattle, the cobra expands its frill, and the puff adder swells while hissing so loudly and harshly, in order to alarm the many birds and beasts which are known to attack even the most venomous species. Snakes act on the same principle which makes the hen ruffle her feathers and expand her wings when a dog approaches her chickens." *

Professor Shaler believes that, as the sound of this snake's rattle resembles that of some of the stridulating insects upon which certain birds feed, its use is to attract these to itself ; he himself had mistaken the rattle sound for that of a locust. Another American writer says that he has often mistaken the sound for that of a grasshopper, locust, or cicada. Miss Hopley, who resided some years in Virginia, speaks of the "ceaseless chirps and whizzings of those ubiquitous insects which are furnished with the stridulating apparatus, and which lead you almost to expect to see a scissors-grinder behind every tree." Mr. A. R. Wallace, in a paper read before the Zoological Society in 1871, drew attention to the resemblance between the sound of this snake's rattle and the singing of a cricket, and was of opinion that the rattle's use is to decoy insectivorous animals. The editor of the *American Naturalist* (vol. vi. 1872) thinks that rattlesnakes do not systematically sound their rattles when seeking prey ; and Miss Hopley adds that, so far as observation of snakes in confinement can be of use, the opinion above expressed may be confirmed. "We do not find," she says, "that the snake uses its rattle upon food being placed in its cage, unless the rat or the guinea-pig come tumbling unexpectedly or unceremoniously upon the snake, when it would sound its rattle in alarm ; but it waits quietly, silently, rather receding than advancing toward the destined prey, and then, after cautious observation, stealthily approaching to give the fatal bite." In answer to this objection it may be fairly said that a snake in confinement does not of necessity behave like one at liberty in its own natural haunts ; moreover, when the snake already saw its dinner provided for it and within reach, there would be no necessity for it to sound its "dinner bell."

* "Snakes," etc., p. 306.

† "General Structure of the Animal Kingdom," p. 685.

* "Origin of Species," sixth edition, p. 162.

Perhaps Miss Hopley is correct in her own opinion that the *Crotalus* in common with other snakes, and like dogs and cats, expresses a variety of feelings with its sounding tail, fear being the most predominant one. "That the sound has a language of its own is known by the fact that when [a snake is] disturbed and one rattle is springing all other rattlesnakes within hearing take up the chorus. That the sexes also understand each other through crotaline eloquence is generally believed." Miss Hopley mentions that a rattlesnake never hisses, and that the only possible way in which a snake can audibly express its emotions, whatever they may be, is by its rattling tail; she believes, therefore, with good reason we think, that the rattle is a substitute for the voice, so far as hissing can be called a voice; and that what would cause other excessively nervous, timid, terrified snakes to hiss, causes the rattle to vibrate. It may attract insectivorous birds; it may alarm other timid creatures; it may summon its mate; . . . it may be to express anger, fear, and for aught we know pleasure, in a state of liberty and enjoyment, feelings expressed by the tail of other creatures." (Pp. 313, 314.)

Miss Hopley has spent many hours in watching the habits of various snakes in the reptile house of the Regent's Park Zoological Gardens, and in consequence most of her observations are full of interest. There is at present in the reptile house a prettily marked python, which was born in the Gardens in June, 1877; it is consequently still a young one; in the adjoining compartment is another python of the same age, but not quite so large. These snakes are brothers or sisters; at any rate they are the offspring of the same mother; one, whose form suspended from a branch is depicted (on p. 201 of Miss Hopley's book) in an attitude as if about to make a meal of some sparrows on the ground, is known by the name of Totsey. The snake is quite tame, never offers to bite or to show the least resistance, and we have ourselves had the creature in our arms; but its brother or sister in the adjoining cage is what the keeper calls very "spiteful," and he would never think of handling it. Equal in age and origin,

"Ambo florescentes ætatibus, Arcades ambo," but by no means equal in disposition.

Roget rightly says of a python that "its whole body is a hand." Miss Hopley illustrates this by a drawing and by description. The drawing on p. 205 represents (1) a snake with a couple of its anterior coils round a sparrow and with another sparrow held down by the extended tail; (2) with one bird held by the mouth, another by a double coil, and a third similarly held down; (3) the first bird half in the mouth, the second with a double medial coil, and the third bird with a double coil around it near the snake's tail.

"One of the most remarkable cases of what we may call independent constricting powers—that is, two or more parts of the reptile being engaged at the same time—was in some very hungry, or very greedy, or very sagacious little constrictors, 'the four-rayed snakes,' *Eliophis quater-lineatus*. They are slender for their length, which may be from three to five feet, of an inconspicuous color, but with two black lines on each side, running the whole length of their body; hence their name 'four-lined' or 'four-rayed.' In the present instance, there were in the cage three of these, also one young royal python, one small common boa, and one thick-necked tree boa (*Epicratis cenchris*), all constrictors. The day was close and warm for April, and the snakes, reviving from their winter torpor, seemed particularly active and lively. Probably they had not fed much of late, and thought now was their opportunity, for the keeper no sooner threw the birds—finding plenty of them for all—into the cage, than there was a general scuffle. Each of the six snakes seized its bird and entwined it; then on the part of the reptiles all was comparatively still. The rest of the poor little birds, fluttering hither and thither, were, however, not disregarded, for although each snake was constricting its captive, several of them captured another bird by pressing it beneath them, and holding it down with a disengaged part of themselves. One of the four-rayed snakes felt its held-down victim struggling, and instantaneously a second coil was thrown round it. Then another caught a second bird in its mouth, for its head and neck were not occupied with the bird already held, and, in order to have coils at its disposal, slipped down its first captive, or rather passed itself onward to constrict the second, the earlier coils not changing in form in the slightest degree, any more than a ring passed down a cord would change its form. The next moment I saw one of those two hungry ones with three birds under its control. It had already begun to eat the first, a second was coiled about eight inches behind, and a good deal of the posterior portion of the reptile was still disengaged, when a bird passed across its tail, and instantly that was captured. All this was done by a sense of feeling only, as the snakes did not once turn their heads. Two

of these 'four-rayed' snakes were so close together, so rapid in their movements, so excited and eager for their prey, that which of them first began his bird, and which one caught the third, it is impossible to affirm confidently."

All this seems very dreadful and cruel on the part of the snakes, no doubt, and likely to excite the anger of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, which appears to have been the case about this time. "After this date, April 1st, 1881, nothing more was to be seen! Henceforth visitors were to be excluded, and the reptiles were to feed after sunset." We believe that the Zoological Society were threatened with legal proceedings unless they fed their snakes on dead birds, guinea-pigs, etc.; but as a snake will hardly ever eat dead food, that humane but ignorant suggestion could not be put into practice. In point of fact, however, we apprehend that the death of a constricted animal or of one bitten by a venomous snake is attended with, comparatively speaking, very little pain. Death is often rapid, and unconsciousness probably more rapid still. There are hundreds of cases in the world of nature which suggest to us the idea of cruelty to a far greater extent than really attaches to snakes; but perhaps the most wantonly cruel creature in existence is the domestic cat. "Poor pussy" seems to be in ecstasies of delight as she tortures the little mouse she has caught, now tossing its panting body up into the air with both of her paws, now pushing it about and getting angry if the half-dead victim will not exhibit a few more faint indications of life to her delighted eyes.

"Venomous snakes," says Krefft, "bite and let go; pythons retain their hold. It is hard to disengage one's fingers from between the jaws of a rock snake, for if main force be used, the flesh will be torn to shreds, as all the teeth are curved backward." The venomous snake depends upon its poison for its food; it is, doubtless, conscious of its power, and knows well, when it lets go its hold, that it will soon regain it.

Miss Hopley has an interesting chapter on the question, "Do snakes afford a refuge to their young?" "Do vipers swallow their young in times of danger?" She gives the opinions of naturalists on this much-mooted point; the

general evidence would seem to lead to an affirmative conclusion, if reliance can be placed on the correctness of actual eye-witnesses of young snakes entering the mouth of the mother and of their being found in the stomach after she had been killed. That young snakes should temporarily take refuge in their mother's mouth, strange as the phenomenon may appear, is not more strange than what is known to take place in certain fishes, as in some species of *Arius*, one of the *Siluridae*, the male of which carries the ova in his capacious pharynx, where they are developed; other fishes belonging to other families, as a species of *Chromis* found in the Sea of Galilee, are said to take care of their ova in a similar manner. Speaking of a species of *Geophagus*, Agassiz writes:

"This fish has a most extraordinary mode of reproduction. The eggs pass, I know not how, into the mouth, the bottom of which is lined by them, between the inner appendages of the branchial arches, and especially into a pouch formed by the upper pharyngeals, which they completely fill. Then they are hatched and the little ones, freed from the egg case, are developed until they are in a condition to provide for their own existence. I do not know how long this continues; but I have already met with specimens whose young had no longer any vitelline sac, but were still harbored by the progenitor."*

The question has been well considered in America. In February, 1873, Professor G. Browne Goode, of Connecticut, invited all the authentic information that could be procured on the question, "Do snakes swallow their young?" He received as many as one hundred and twenty testimonies from as many persons in various parts of the United States that single season. The conclusion to which Professor Goode arrived is that the popular idea is sustained by facts:

"Of the hundred or more instances occurring in America and presented to the assembly, those considered of especial interest were published in the Reports of the Association; and after some further discussion, Professor Gill said that he considered the evidence sufficient to finally decide the matter. 'Since many important facts in biology are accepted on the statements of one single observer, these testimonies are claimed to be sufficient to set the matter forever at rest.' This was the conclusion arrived at by the members of the American 'Science Convention on Snakes' in 1873. Of the witnesses introduced on that oc-

* "Journey in Brazil," p. 220, note.

casion, Professor Goode dismissed those who had only found the young snakes within the parent, but had not seen them enter. 'Let us not trust to untrained observations,' he said, 'those whose testimony was accepted being, in addition to the well-known men already mentioned, an intelligent class of farmers, planters, and business men, intelligent readers of an agricultural magazine.' . . . The well-attested cases included many non-venomous species, the habit probably extending to all those which are known as oviparous, as well as the *Crotalidæ*. The examples embraced the garter snake, *Eutania sirtalis* and *E. saurita*; the water snake, *Tropidonotus sipedon*; the rattlesnake, *Caudisona horridus*; the copper-head and moccasin, *Ancistrodon contortrix* and *piscivorus*; the 'massasauga,' *Crotalus tergeminus*; the English viper, *Pelias berus*; and the mountain black snake, *Coluber Alleghaniensis*. Probably all the *Crotalidæ* might be included. It remains to be shown whether the habit extends to the egg-laying snakes, but as yet no proof had occurred." (Pp. 494, 495.)

A writer who signs his name James Simson, in a letter (dated New York, March 21st, 1883) to the editor of the *Journal of Science* (May, 1883), goes so far as to say that all snakes when living in a state of nature swallow their young. He lays this down "as an axiom till the opposite be proved of any particular species." (!)

The question arises, however, how far the swallowing is an act not prompted by maternal love but by hunger or fear; this was the opinion of Dr. J. Davy, who reported on the young snakes seen by Mr. Norman's keeper to enter the old one's mouth and found in the inside, which together with their parent were submitted to that eminent physiologist (see the *Natural History Review*, January and April, 1862).

It is most necessary to be very cautious in these and similar natural history questions; scepticism, though doubtless sometimes carried too far, is after all a virtue. Still, the opinions of such scientific authorities as Professor Goode and Professor Gill undoubtedly tend to dissipate incredulity in this old snake story.

Less satisfactory, we think, is Miss Hopley's chapter "On the Great Sea Serpent." There is no trustworthy evidence as to the existence of any gigantic sea snake. The supposed creatures have always proved to be something quite different; or wilful hoaxes have served to supply, in newspaper columns, the love of the marvellous. That there may be creatures of some kind or other liv-

ing in the sea of enormous size, of whose form we are at present ignorant, there is no *à priori* physiological reason to deny, but until we have clear proof of their existence we shall refuse to give any credit to the accounts. The story, as related by the crew of the *Pauline*, on July 8th, 1875, of a large sperm whale "being gripped round the body with two turns of what appeared to be a huge serpent," is a perfectly trustworthy narrative of something which was seen on that occasion. We believe ourselves that the creature seen was some species of enormous squid (*Cephalopod*) which had attached itself by two of its arms to the body of a sperm whale; these two arms at a distance might well resemble the coils of a serpent; that the supposed body of the snake raised high above the water was the locked pair of long tentacles, which these creatures are in the habit of raising above the water. The existence of gigantic cuttle-fishes is a veritable fact; the last Report of the United States Commission of Fish and Fisheries contains an interesting paper on "the Cephalopods of the North-Eastern Coast of America." *Architeuthis princeps* afforded a specimen of itself 20 feet long from beak to tail, and 35 feet in length of tentacles. The ends of the two tentacles being locked together in most of their length would be free at the extremity, and resemble the open mouth of a snake. The presence of sperm whales and cephalopods together is natural, for the former feed on the latter; and the gigantic specimens of squid are known to be fierce and retaliative. However, be this as it may, a true snake cannot answer to the descriptions of the "great sea serpent," which supposed creature has been discovered to be a couple of sharks following each other, or a string of porpoises or long bunches of sea-weed, etc. Serpents are air breathers, and must, when active, come to the surface of the water continually to breathe; consequently, like the veritable sea snakes, or *Hydrophidæ*, they would be frequently seen, and the real nature of great sea serpents must have revealed itself long ere now did such creatures exist. Fishes may live long in the ocean's depths and escape observation for years, like the newly discovered *Eurypharynx telecanoides*, taken off the coast of

Morocco. Many fishes have no need to come to the surface at all, and therefore new forms are frequently found. Nor will it meet the case to say that, as reptiles hibernate or spend much of their lives in a state of periodic repose, great sea serpents, as recorded are not improbable creatures. Land snakes pass their time of repose under ground or in concealment somewhere on land; sea snakes (*Hydrophidæ*) take their periodic rest on top of the water, with their nostrils exposed to the air. According to the observations of Dr. Cantor, they seem so soundly asleep on the surface of the water, "that a ship passing among them does not awaken them." Perhaps some fortunate vessel may succeed in catching a great sea serpent asleep! Again, the recorded instances of great sea serpents are sometimes represented as possessing "fins" or "flappers" or other appendages. Moreover it is extremely improbable that any such gigantic creatures should exist without leaving some part of their remains, as vertebræ, to be stranded on the shore somewhere or to be dredged up from the bottom. We think that the chapter on the great sea serpent, in which Miss Hopley seems rather inclined to believe, out of place in a book which professes to deal with ophidian realities. There are a few ambiguous expressions here and there to be found in this volume, and one or two mistakes in anatomy and zoology, but on the whole it is the best popular treatise on the subject of snakes and snake-life which exists. Though we do not anticipate the time when ladies will take to keep pet snakes as a natural history pastime, there is no doubt that much remains to be learned concerning these creatures by continual and close observation. Snakes are certainly "out-of-the-way pets;" but as an illustration of the knowledge to be gained by keeping them, we may mention the interesting fact, not generally known, that our common English snake (*Tropidonotus natrix*) occasionally incubates her eggs. Dr. Arthur Stradley, a gentleman who has resided in Brazil, and paid much attention to serpent life, has given an interesting account of the common snake occasionally incubating, as witnessed by himself.*

Experience alone can teach us what kinds of animals, even of low organization, are capable of being tamed, and he would be a rash man who denied to the humblest the possession of all intelligence. Sir John Lubbock tames wasps and ants; Dr. Stradling kept a partially tamed spider that would take a beetle from his fingers; and even a story is told of a sailor who possessed a tame cockroach which knew his voice and fed out of his hand, and lived in a little cardboard model of Windsor Castle for seven years! As to tame snakes, Dr. Stradling says that "there is no charming or music or mystery about the matter; snakes are tamed on precisely the same principles as other animals." In time they will become in a great measure "habituated to your presence, and begin to know that you do not mean to hurt them, and when the latter idea is permanently instilled into them they will be tame. It is this, and implicit trust, that constitutes tameness, far more than the expectation of reward, and the two great agents in effecting it are constant handling and talking to them. . . . Talk to them always. . . . It may seem queer to read about talking to a snake, but I do not know that the notion is more absurd than that of talking to a baby."

But among snakes there are many venomous kinds, and their deservedly evil reputation is enough to occasion in most minds a feeling of abhorrence for the whole tribe. Conspicuous among the venomous kinds are some which cause thousands of deaths among human beings in India every year. India is richer in snakes than any other country in the world; about one hundred and fifty species inhabiting the Indian peninsula have been described, and of these twenty-five are poisonous, but in this estimate the sea snakes or *Hydrophidæ* are included. Of the *Viperidæ* there are only two Indian species. The other venomous snakes are nearly equally divided between the two families, the *Crotalidæ*, chiefly belonging to the genus *Trimeresurus*, and the *Elapidæ*. Sir Joseph Fayrer, whose large and splendid work is the highest authority on all that relates to the poisonous snakes of India, considers, from the statistics he has been

* See *Boy's Own Paper*, Dec. 1882, p. 107.

able to obtain, that in order of destructiveness the cobra (*Naja tripudians*), in its several varieties, "occupies the first place on the list; the krait (*Bungarus cœruleus*) occupies the second place; while under the headings of 'other snakes and unknown' must be included many deaths due to the cobra, *Bungarus cœruleus*, hamadryad, *Daboia*, *Bungarus fasciatus*, *Hydrophidæ*, and some perhaps to *Echis carinata* and the *Trimeresuri*; as to the last there is reason to believe that deaths from their bites are comparatively very rare." Sir Joseph Fayrer made a great number of experiments on the influence of snake poison on various animals, and he arrived at the following interesting conclusions among others: 1. After death by a colubrine snake the blood generally coagulates on removal from the body; and after death by viperine poison the blood remains fluid. 2. Cats resist the influence of poison almost as long as dogs three or four times their size. 3. The poisonous snakes are not affected by their own poison; a cobra may be made to bite itself or another cobra without any effect. 4. Snake poison may be absorbed and fatal in its action when applied to a mucous or serous membrane, to the stomach or the conjunctiva. 5. Bodies of snakes are eaten with impunity by man and animals. 6. The blood of an animal killed by snake poison is itself poisonous.

It appears that the milk of a woman bitten by a poisonous snake has power to poison her infant. We subjoin the account of Mr. Shircore to Sir J. Fayrer:

"Case of snake poisoning in which the mother died, and her infant, who was at the breast after the mother was bitten, died also from the poison.—On July 16th, 1871, a woman named Gurra Dasee, residing in the village of Rughoohath, near Dum-Dum, in the district of twenty-four Pergunnahs, was aroused from a sound sleep at about 1 A.M. by a smarting sensation in the forefinger of her right hand, and thought that something had bitten her. She had at the time her infant—seven months old—by her side; and her husband, with her other children, was sleeping in the same room a little distance from her. She called out to her husband and told him what had happened, but feeling very drowsy, and receiving no answer from her husband, who is excessively deaf, she fell into a slumber, and while in that state allowed her infant to take her breast. Soon after this she began to experience a painful sensation along her right arm, and a general restlessness of the whole body, and at the same time she observed that

her child had likewise become very restless and was foaming at the mouth. Alarmed at this, she got up and called her neighbors, who came immediately to her assistance. Nothing, however, was done in the way of treatment beyond repeating 'muntros' (chanting charms) to expel the poison from the body, which is the usual mode of treating cases of snake-bite in India. The consequence was that both mother and child became rapidly worse and died; the mother about four hours after she was bitten, and the child about two hours after she had taken the mother's breast. The snake was not seen by any one, and no attempt was made by a search inside the room to ascertain what kind of snake had bitten the woman. Both the bodies were sent to me by the police, and were examined on the morning of July 17. The face in both cases was livid and swollen, and there was an issue of bloody froth from the mouth and nostrils. In the forefinger of the right hand of the mother was a distinct mark of a snake-bite. The finger and the hand were considerably swollen with discoloration of the soft parts. This was very marked in the finger, which when dissected appeared as though it had been severely bruised. The blood was quite fluid in both cases, and the organs were all more or less congested. The body of the child was carefully inspected, but not the slightest trace of a bite or any kind of injury could be detected in any part of it. The conclusion drawn from the above fact is, that the mother died from the effects of the snake-bite, and the child was poisoned through her milk."*

Sir Joseph Fayrer considers the hamadryad (*Ophiophagus elaps*) the snake eating snake, of which a specimen has been for some years a resident in the reptile house of the Regent's Park Gardens, probably the largest and most venomous snake known; but fortunately it is not very common. This snake feeds entirely upon other snakes when it is able to take them; the specimen in the Zoological Gardens, we believe, refuses all food unless presented to it in the shape of another snake; we have witnessed this creature in the act of feeding upon a common ring snake, the anterior part of whose body was engulfed within the jaws and œsophagus of the hamadryad, and whose posterior portion was vainly endeavoring to aid liberation by twisting round a branch of a tree inside its cage. This snake is very fierce, and "is always ready not only to attack, but to pursue when opposed." A story is told of a Burman who disturbed a nest of these serpents and immediately retreated, the old female giving chase; the man

reached a small river, into which he plunged, hoping he had escaped his fiery enemy—

"but lo! on reaching the opposite bank up reared the furious hamadryad, its dilated eyes glistening with rage, ready to bury its fangs in his trembling body. In utter despair he be-thought himself of his turban, and in a moment dashed it upon the serpent, which darted upon it like lightning, and for some moments wreaked its vengeance in furious bites; after which it returned quietly to its former haunts."*

The "Krait" (*Bangarus Cæruleus*) is considered to be next to the cobra the most destructive snake to human life in India, though not actually so venomous as some others; the fangs are rather short, and excision is more practicable, recoveries more numerous. Kraits are found in the open country, in grass and low jungle and in fields, and sometimes find their way into houses and huts. This species is not usually aggressive, and like most snakes tries to escape when discovered, "but if attacked it retaliates fiercely, and its bite is very dangerous." The *B. Cæruleus* is prettily marked with purple and white, and the drawing of this species will not lead us to believe that it was one of the most dangerous snakes.

The Tic-polonga (*Daboia Russellii*) is a very beautifully marked snake of a light chocolate color, with three series of large black, white-edged rings, those of the middle series ovate, those of the outer circular. In Ceylon, where it is known as the Tic-polonga, it is justly dreaded as a very deadly snake. Dr. Russell and Sir J. Fayer consider it nearly as deadly as the cobra.

"Fowls bitten by the snake expired in from thirty-five seconds to several minutes; dogs in from seven minutes to several hours; a cat in fifty-seven minutes; a horse in eleven and a half hours. Death was not in any case so rapid as after the cobra bite; but though slower in action, the poison seemed just as deadly. The blood remains fluid after death from the poison of the *daboia*, whereas after cobra poisoning it coagulates firmly on being removed from the heart and great vessels. The *daboia* is nocturnal in habits; in confinement it is sluggish, and does not readily strike unless roused and irritated, when it bites with great force and determination. When disturbed it hisses fiercely, and when it strikes does so with great vigor. Its long movable fangs are very prominent objects, and with them it is capable of inflicting a very deep as well as poisoned wound. . . . In

the official returns of deaths from snake-bites a large number are attributed to snakes unknown. If the real offender could be detected, it is probable that the *daboia* would have a more prominent place than it occupies at present."

The only other viper known in India besides the *daboia* is the *Echis carinata*, known to the natives of Delhi as the "Afæe;" it is the Horatta Pam of Russell's work on Serpents, and appears to come the fourth in order as a cause of death. The echis is a small viper seldom exceeding two feet in length. Sir J. Fayer says it is fierce and aggressive—always on the defensive and ready to attack:

"It throws itself into a double coil, the folds of which are in perpetual motion, and as they rub against each other, they make a loud rustling noise very like hissing. This sound is produced by the three or four outer rows of carinated scales, which are very prominent and point downward at a different angle to the rest; their friction against each other causes the sound. This little viper does not, I think, hiss at all. Its fangs are very long and mobile, like those of *daboia*. Its eye has a peculiarly vicious appearance."

Dr. Günther, however, states that the bite of the *Echis carinata* is not known to have proved fatal; but Sir J. Fayer mentioned that one in his possession killed a fowl in four minutes, another in two minutes, and a dog in about four hours. Of the family of *Crotalidæ*, or pit vipers, there are several kinds in British India. They are called pit vipers because there is a large pit or depression on each side of the face between the eye and the nostril. About two thirds of the Indian *Crotalidæ* belong to the genus *Trimeresurus*; the general color is grass green or brown, in harmony with their arboreal life. These snakes have a decidedly viperiform look about them; the head is broad and triangular, the neck narrow, and the body robust. The fangs of the *Trimeresuri* are long and capable of inflicting a deep puncture; they are fierce and venomous, but very few deaths are ascribed to their bites, showing a striking contrast to the *Crotalidæ* or rattlesnakes of America in this respect. It is the opinion of those who have experimented on the poison of the *Trimeresuri*, that its effects are less dangerous than those of other venomous snakes. "The symptoms are severe pain and swelling of

*"Thanatophidia," p. 9.

the bitten part or of the whole limb, with nausea, sickness, depression, fever, and then sloughing of the bitten part, after which recovery is rapid. In weak or sickly individuals fatal results might occur, but such cases are exceptional." one of the genera of the pit vipers, namely *Halys*, has a long spinous scale at the end of the tail, evidently a rudiment of the "rattle," well developed in the American *Crotalidæ*.

Sir Joseph Fayrer has little faith in any of the so-called antidotes to snake poison :

"To name all these supposed antidotes would be impossible ; but I may say that most reliance has been placed on a few, such as ammonia, arsenic, iodine, bromine, the poison and the bite of other snakes, the gauco plant, ipecacuanha, aristolochia, senega. Indeed, nearly every drug in or out of the Pharmacopœia has been recommended ; to say nothing of many other things that have been in vogue among the ignorant, vulgar, or superstitious, and that have nothing whatever but credulity to suggest their utility. I have made repeated experiments with many of them on the lower animals, and have seen nothing to induce me to believe that they have any good effect whatever. I have no hesitation in saying that I believe them to be useless, and that, excepting for their stimulant action, when they have any, they are inert." *

The death-rate among the natives of India is certainly very fearful ; the deaths may be set down with tolerable certainty to these three pre-eminently venomous species which are more common than some of the other kinds *viz.*, the *Cobra*, the *Daboia* and the "Krait" (*Bungarus ceruleus*). Doubtless other snakes may claim a share in the deaths caused to human beings, but the share is a small one. In 1869 the deaths from snake-bites in the Bengal Presidency amounted to 6219 as recorded ; unrecorded cases may be supposed to have occurred. Of these 959 were ascribed to the cobra, 160 to the krait, and 4752 to "snakes unknown," because the snakes are not often seen after they have bitten. There was an excess of 145 females over the males ; adult females suffering most. In British Burmah, out of 120 deaths recorded during the same year, 45 were ascribed to the cobra, and nearly all the rest to the daboia. Sir Joseph Fayrer is probably within the mark when he concludes that were returns made from the

whole of Hindostan, it would be found that more than 20,000 inhabitants of British India meet their deaths annually from snake-bite alone. And what can be done to diminish the death-rate from a cause so terrible ? The first obvious answer would be, to diminish the number of snakes by waging war against them. But this is easier said than done in such a country as India. As to the advisability of offering a Government reward for the capture of living poisonous snakes, there seems to be great difference of opinion. Sir J. Fayrer is in favor of money rewards.

"I cannot help thinking," he says, "that if local governments made it part of the duty of district officers not merely to proclaim these rewards, but to encourage the destruction of wild animals and snakes, by the operation of an organized establishment, with which they should be supplied in these districts, much benefit would result. The money rewards already offered would probably suffice for wild animals, but those for venomous snakes should be increased ; and if the people were encouraged to work for them and were aided by persons acting under properly selected superiors, the result would soon be a diminution of the wild animals and snakes."

The most recent opinion on the question of the extermination of venomous serpents is that expressed by Dr. Arthur Stradling in *The Scientific American*, of April 14th, 1883. His remarks are well worthy of consideration.

"The appalling destruction of life by snake-bite in India has for many years caused the minds of learned and inquiring men to be exercised in quest of some remedy which shall effectively cope with so terrible an evil. That these efforts have hitherto been directed rather toward discovering an antidote for the venom than to what is proverbially better than cure, *viz.*, prevention, or, in other words, the extermination of the reptiles themselves, is not to be wondered at, when collateral circumstances are taken into account—the exuberance of vegetation and smaller forms of animal life which afford the creatures shelter and sustenance, even in the immediate vicinity of human habitations, the intense susceptibility of the natives both to the accident of the bite and its fatality from various causes, their religious prejudices, which at the outset greatly hamper the success of government rewards for the slaughter of certain species as proposed by Sir Joseph Fayrer, and the fact that the multiplicity of venoms as well as species has only recently been recognized. The dense population, tolerance if not encouragement of the cobra, the habit of walking barefoot, and consequent liability to be bitten on the ankle (the most dangerous situation in the body, owing to the large size and superficial position of the veins

* "Thanatophidia," pp. 38, 39.

in that region), the low *physique* and apathy of the Hindoo which cause him to lie down and die or trust to charms, instead of resorting to prompt and vigorous measures—all these and many other conditions contribute their influence in keeping up the enormous death-rate in India."

Dr. Stradling thinks that a pitfall of some sort would be the best means for diminishing the number of snakes in a district. The pitfall might be in the form of a cistern sunk below the level of the ground, and furnished with water, frogs, and a cage of rats, or "some such small deer," as baits. Certainly the reward-system cannot be recommended if it be true that the mild Hindoo, alive to the desirability of reaping the proffered annas "hatches all the snakes' eggs he can find by artificial heat in earthen pots, feeding the young ones until they are big enough to earn the tariff reward."

Dr. Stradling's suggestions that snake-eating animals, such as the Mongoose, should be encouraged with a view to aid in keeping down the venomous reptiles, are certainly well worthy of consideration. We should much like to know how far, on the other hand, certain animals, as the Rodentia, are destructive to cultivated land or to young trees in British India, and how far the snakes keep the destructive pests of this nature in check. We seem to want definite information on these two points. There

is scarcely an animal, perhaps, which does not combine in its operations both useful and injurious qualities; that animal is most useful whose agency for good far outbalances its agency for injury, either directly to man or to products serviceable to man. If the good effect is far in excess of the evil, then the animal is a friend and should be protected; if the converse is true, the animal is a foe and must be treated as such. We know by experience in our own country that vast tracts of cultivated land and extensive plantations of young trees are not unfrequently disastrously damaged by the field vole (*Arvicola agrestis*) and the long-tailed field mouse (*Mus sylvaticus*); owls, hawks, and other predaceous birds, if unmolested, and not, as is too often the case, foolishly destroyed by gamekeepers, help to keep these destructive little mammalian pests in check, and should be encouraged in certain localities at all events. How far India suffers from such pests, and how far snakes are beneficial in diminishing their numbers, are questions on which it seems to us it is desirable to obtain information if it be possible to do so. A complete and indiscriminate extermination of snakes from a given district might possibly result in the creation of a greater evil than the snakes themselves.—*Edinburgh Review*.

THE ULTIMATE RESIDUUM.

A CONTROVERSY arose a few weeks ago which, but that Editors rather shirked it, would have become a bitter one, about the possibility of complete retrogression from a civilized state. A Fantee negro, who had been educated in England, had embraced the Ministry, and had married a white wife, was represented by a novelist as, on his return to his own country, throwing off his clothes, relapsing into fetichism, and becoming once more in all respects a savage Fantee. A great many writers declared this to be impossible, and, moreover, an insult to Christianity; while a great many more bore witness that similar cases had been repeatedly

known, both in Liberia and Australia, and the wilder parts of Spanish America. There is, we believe, no doubt of the facts, and as little that the easy theory of insanity does not explain them all; and if those who denied them had talked to experienced London philanthropists, the people who really know the very lowest class, their incredulity would speedily have disappeared. We do not believe there is a single man or woman engaged in benevolent work in London, whether clergyman, or missionary, or doctor, or manager of charities, who does not acknowledge that, below the poor, and outside the criminal class, there exists a residuum of men and wo-

men who are not bad, or corrupt, or vile, in any usual sense of those words, so much as distinctly savage—who reject civilization *in toto*, and in rejecting it make the work of improvement inconceivably hard. And these philanthropists, if exceedingly experienced, and reflective besides, as happens occasionally, will further acknowledge that of all small difficulties the difficulty of convincing comfortable Philistines that such people really exist is one of the greatest.

We are all or nearly all aware what savages are, and that some of them prefer savage life; but then we are all convinced that this, in some unknown way, is a consequence of their dark skins. While savages, we hold, cannot exist, but only people who, if trouble enough were taken and money enough were spent, would become, at least to an endurable degree, civilized persons. They do not wish, it is alleged, to be savages, and are only forced into that condition by the pressure of circumstances, lasting, perhaps, for generations. That comforting theory may, of course, be true, as it may be true of the Digger Indians, the Veddahs, and the Andamanese, for we hardly know what effects generations of untoward circumstance will cause; but most philanthropists of wide experience would deny it. They say with one voice that in all European capitals there are a few thousands of persons who form a residuum, who hate civilization with a hatred which is incurable by any fear, or any reward, or any searchingness of inspection. If the climate is cold, they will wear clothes—they will hardly do that in Naples—but that is the sole concession they will make to the claims of civilization. They will clean nothing, and preserve nothing, and provide for nothing. If there are doors and they are cold, they will burn the doors. If they want a fire and no wood is handy, they will tear off skirting-boards, or burn the balusters of a staircase. It is useless to give them furniture, for they prefer to camp; hopeless to provide cloacae, for they will not use them—read Mr. Glazier in the *Nineteenth Century*, and remember what he means—vain to store food for them, for they will consume it all at once. They will work when there is nothing

to eat, but if they are full, they abhor work until they are empty again. They are not criminals as a rule, any more than the wild tribes are; but they are savages, loving above all things to live lives untrammelled by the infinite series of minute restraints and obligations which, if you think of it, go to make up civilization. It is possible to live without washing, or decency, or furniture, or foresight, or care; and they prefer so to live, though the result seems to the civilized unqualified misery and pain. They do not think it unqualified, but qualified very greatly by their freedom, holding only three things to be essential—food, sleep, and wives; and only three to be luxuries, more food, drink, and tobacco—just as millions do in Africa, Australia, and some rare but extensive tracts of Southern Asia. And the philanthropists will tell you yet another and stranger thing—that these savages are not all hereditary; that they are recruited from above; that their life, with its contempt for wants and bonds, has an attraction; and that their own heaviest and most urgent task is to prevent the class next above suddenly giving up the fight, and dropping down despairing, yet relieved, among the savages whose lives are free from effort, and from thought, and from shame. Every day some family does so drop, and in bad years so many, that observers quietly looking on doubt whether even Mr. Glazier's tremendous remedy can be trusted, and whether the savages of the great cities will gradually kill themselves out. They have not done so yet, and it is doubtful whether they ever will, whether they are not protected by facts which have their roots deep down in human nature. Civilized man has not observed himself very carefully yet, though he has held the microscope over some savage tribes; but it is probable that in every civilized community there is a percentage both of men and women to whom the first condition of external civilization, the incessant taking of minute trouble, is utterly hateful, and who if left to themselves would not take it, but would prefer a condition of pure savagery. The rich, of course, seldom reveal the disposition, because others take the trouble for them; but every year the papers mention a few cases

some man or woman with money who has died camped on a mattress in a fireless room, so foul that the Sanitary Inspector has to send in scavengers. The unhappy inmate, it is generally said, had bread and milk brought every day, but never bought anything else, or cleaned anything, or attempted to secure so much as a change of raiment. The story is usually quoted as an instance of miserliness; but it is really an outbreak of the savage impatience of orderliness, decency, and petty restraint which breeds the savages of great cities, and which, as those who doubt our statements may remember with advantage, constantly breaks out in some children, and is denounced by perplexed mothers and bewildered servants as a passion of untidiness. There are children, as all doctors know, who seem half insane in their hatred of the minute but constant trouble which alone keeps children neat; and young men whom nothing can compel to the commonest observances of civilization. The number of such persons, of course, is much greater in great cities, partly because those who feel this impulse fly to alleys for concealment, but chiefly because it is the miserable who are tempted by savagery, and find in it a relief. The unskilled laborer and his wife, who earn possibly only twelve shillings a week, who know nothing, and who are pressed by no public opinion, are constantly tempted to throw off the burden of respectability, abandon furniture, give up the small decencies and formalities of life, and camp in a room on straw, as uncleanly and nearly as free as savages would be. They live from hand to mouth, shift from room to room, are beyond prosecution for money, drink if they have the cash, smoke somehow whether they have it or not, and are as indifferent to opinion or society, or any earthly thing, except the order of an employer, often himself a laborer, as dogs or horses would be. When that process has commenced early, or gone on long, all enjoyments are superseded by the single one—freedom from restraint; and the family are savages, Fan-tees, not incurable, it may be, but incurable by any effort such as is now made, as far beyond the reach of sanitary laws or the like as the majority of Africans. Put four such families into the neatest

of houses, and in a week it will be like a sty in ruins. They defy taxation, evade inspection, and present to officious philanthropy a front which, especially just now, when they are irritated to madness by the suddenly aroused inquisitiveness of the police and the rich, is often very dangerous. If their rookeries are cleared, they will crowd still further together, descend into the cellars, as in Berlin, or, as in parts of Paris and Naples, abandon the pretence of housekeeping altogether, and live habitually in the open air.

What is the cure for such a class, which makes all effort to secure sanitary comfort futile, and constantly endangers the class just above, which, again, both hates and dreads it? We cannot find that those who know them best conceive of any. The Clergy say they are comparatively few, and hope, with Mr. Glazier, that as civilization filters down they may die out; but of directly improving methods they say little, and they are, as we gather from many statements, secretly despairing, rather anxious to prevent the very poor from becoming savages, than ready to repeat efforts which they know by experience to be futile. They are tribes which Missionaries avoid, as being beneath the level at which Christianity can be understood; and there are groups of families whom the sanitary reformer prefers not to see, satisfied that his energy will be all in vain. We suppose force, directed by enlightenment, would cure them; but force cannot be employed, and without it the brain grows fatigued in the effort to think out any method which, if we had millions of money and unnumbered agents, would be of the least use. A religion might do it, as it has done in part for the Hindoos; but we cannot make a religion, and the Clergy already strain their consciences by talking as if the Evangelists had made cleanliness, or even the prevention of epidemics, part of the Moral Law. There is nothing to be done, that we see, except to cut off recruits by educating all above the savages, to insist on supplying drainage and water where we can, and to keep up an incessant worry on the landlords, who occasionally can exercise some sort of pressure. And if we are to

do the last effectually, we must let the wretched landlords make profits ; and if they make profits, there are more miserable families ready to descend into savagedom, and so the weary round goes on endlessly. Only, if we keep on, we may hope that the round will become a spiral, perpetually growing smaller,

until at last, some fine day, when savagery is reduced to a spot, we may treat it as a form of insanity, and so finally stamp it forcibly out. At all events, when we have done all we mean to do for the next ten Sessions, we shall not have cured this master-evil of all.—*The Spectator*.

A GREAT RELIGIOUS REFORMER.

BY PROFESSOR F. MAX MÜLLER.

THE Indian newspapers contain the announcement of the death of Dayānanda Sarasvatī. Most English readers, even some old Indians, will ask, Who was Dayānanda Sarasvatī?—a question that betrays as great a want of familiarity with the social and religious life of India as if among us any one were to ask, Who was Dr. Pusey? Dayānanda Sarasvatī was the founder and leader of the Arya-Samāj, one of the most influential of the modern sects in India. He was a curious mixture, in some respects not unlike Dr. Pusey. He was a scholar, to begin with, deeply read in the theological literature of his country. Up to a certain point he was a reformer, and was in consequence exposed to much obloquy and persecution during his life, so much so that it is hinted in the papers that his death was due to poison administered by his enemies. He was opposed to many of the abuses that had crept in, as he well knew, during the later periods of the religious growth of India, and of which, as is known now, no trace can be found in the ancient sacred books of the Brāhmins, the Vedas. He was opposed to idol worship, he repudiated caste, and advocated female education and widow marriage. In his public disputations with the most learned Pandits at Benares and elsewhere, he was generally supposed to have been victorious, though often the aid of the police had to be called in to protect him from the blows of his conquered foes. He took his stand on the Vedas. Whatever was not to be found in the Vedas he declared to be false or useless ; whatever was found in the Vedas was to him beyond the reach of controversy. Like

all the ancient theologians of India, he looked upon the Vedas as divine revelation. That idea seems to have taken such complete possession of his mind that no argument could ever touch it. It is here where Dayānanda Sarasvatī's movement branched off from that of Rāmmohun Roy. Rāmmohun Roy also and his followers held for a time to the revealed character of the Vedas, and in all their early controversies with Christian missionaries they maintained that there was no argument in favor of the divine inspiration of the Bible which did not apply with the same or even greater force to the Vedas. As the Vedas at that time were almost inaccessible, it was difficult for the missionaries to attack such a position. But when at a later time it became known that the text of the Vedas, and even their ancient commentaries, were being studied in Europe, and were at last actually printed in England, the friends of Rāmmohun Roy, honest and fearless as they have always proved themselves to be, sent some young scholars to Benares to study the Vedas and to report on their contents. As soon as their report was received, Debendranāth Tagore, the head of the Brahma-Samāj, saw at once that, venerable as the Vedas might be as relics of a former age, they contained so much that was childish, erroneous, impossible, as to make their descent from a divine source utterly untenable. Even he could hardly be expected to perceive the real interest of the Vedas, and their perfectly unique character in the literature of the world, as throwing light on a period in the growth of religion of which we find no traces anywhere else. But

Dayānanda, owing chiefly to his ignorance of English, and, in consequence, his lack of acquaintance with other sacred books, and his total ignorance of the results obtained by a comparative study of religions, saw no alternative between either complete surrender of all religion or an unwavering belief in every word and letter of the Vedas. To those who know the Vedas such a position would seem hardly compatible with honesty; but, to judge from Dayānanda's writings, we cannot say that he was consciously dishonest. The fundamental idea of his religion was revelation. That revelation had come to him in the Vedas. If one chapter, one verse, one word, of the Vedas had to be surrendered as coming from a human source, the whole edifice of his faith would have crumbled to pieces. He knew the Vedas by heart; his whole mind was saturated with them. He published bulky commentaries on two of them, the Rig-Veda and Yagur-Veda. One might almost say that he was possessed by the Vedas. He considered the Vedas not only as divinely inspired, or rather expired, but as prehistoric or prehuman. Indian casuists do not understand how Christian divines can be satisfied with maintaining the divine origin of their revelation, because they hold that, though a revelation may be divine in its origin, it is liable to every kind of accident if the recipient is merely human. To obviate this difficulty, they admit a number of intermediate beings, neither quite divine nor quite human, through whom the truth, as breathed forth from God, was safely handed down to human beings. If any historical or geographical names occur in the Vedas, they are all explained away, because, if taken in their natural sense, they would impart to the Vedas an historical or temporal taint. In fact, the very character which we in Europe most appreciate in the Vedas—namely, the historical—would be scouted by the orthodox theologians of India, most of all by Dayānanda Sarasvatī. In this commentary on the Rig-Veda, written in Sanscrit, he has often been very hard on me and my own interpretation of Vedic hymns, though he had evidently formed his opinion of my treatment of the Veda

from secondary sources only. He could not understand why I should care for the Veda at all, if I did not consider it as divinely revealed. While I valued most whatever indicated human sentiment in the Vedic hymns, whatever gave evidence of historical growth, or reflected geographical surroundings, he was bent on hearing in it nothing but the voice of Brahma. To him not only was everything contained in the Vedas perfect truth, but he went a step further, and by the most incredible interpretations succeeded in persuading himself and others that everything worth knowing, even the most recent inventions of modern science, were alluded to in the Vedas. Steam-engines, railways, and steamboats, all were shown to have been known to the poets of the Vedas, for Veda, he argued, means Divine Knowledge, and how could anything have been hid from that? Such views may seem strange to us, though, after all, it is not so very long ago that an historical and critical interpretation of the Bible would have roused the same opposition in England as my own free and independent interpretation of the Rig-Veda has roused in the breast of Dayānanda Sarasvatī.

There is a curious autobiographical sketch of his life, which was published some time ago in an Indian journal. Some doubts, however, have been thrown on the correctness of the English rendering of that paper, and we hope that Dayānanda's pupil, Pandit Shyāmaji *Krishnavarmā*, now a B.A. of Balliol College, will soon give us a more perfect account of that remarkable man. He died at the age of fifty-nine, at Ajmere, on Tuesday, the 30th of October last. There was a large funeral procession, the followers of Dayānanda chanting hymns from the Vedas. The body was burned on a large pile. Two mounds of sandal-wood, eight mounds of common fuel, four mounds of ghee (clarified butter), and two and a half seers of camphor were used for the cremation. Whether Dayānanda's sect will last is difficult to say. India is in a process of religious fermentation, and new cells are constantly thrown out, while old ones burst and disappear. For a time this kind of liberal orthodoxy started by Dayānanda

may last; but the mere contact with Western thought, and more particularly with Western scholarship, will eventually extinguish it. It is different with the Brahma-Samâj, under Debendranâth Tagore and Keshub Chunder Sen. They do not fear the West; on

the contrary, they welcome it; and though that movement, too, may change its name and character, there is every prospect that it will in the end lead to a complete regeneration in the religious life of India.—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

LITERARY NOTICES.

BODY AND WILL. BEING AN ESSAY CONCERNING WILL IN ITS METAPHYSICAL, PHYSIOLOGICAL, AND PATHOLOGICAL RELATIONS. By Henry Maudsley, M.D., author of "Body and Mind," "Physiology of the Mind," etc. New York: *D. Appleton & Co.*

Dr. Maudsley's new book under the above-named title is largely drawn from his essays and lectures, but these have been recast and expanded in a methodic form. Though he professes to examine the question from the metaphysical as well as other standpoints, he always discusses the former as a student of physical science, and as one who sees no meaning in the technical terms of speculative philosophy. His aim is to present his theme in clear, direct and definite language, which comes home to the comprehension of every reader.

It goes without saying that our author recognizes no distinct science or knowledge as regards the functions of mind and will apart from physical organization. His name is thoroughly identified with scientific materialism as one of its ablest exponents. For instance, he asserts that there is no real difference between the choice made by a man between two courses of action, and the choice made by a piece of iron in rushing to a magnet, except in the greater complexity of the factors entering into a man's choice. He contends that it is possible to fancy the iron so nicely poised between the counter attractions of the earth and the magnet, that it will remain as much in a state of equipoise as was the legendary ass between the bundles of hay. Let us quote his words:

"If it be true when the man decides that his free will has put an end to the difficulty for him by giving the requisite preponderance to the attraction of one of the opposing and equal motives; and if it be true that the ass may count on its free will to prevent it from standing still until it is starved to death, notwithstanding the exact equipoise of motives presented in the two bundles of hay; why is it not true also that it is the free will of the piece of iron that determines it either to rush to the magnet or to drop to the ground, since it is

practically impossible to balance the counter actions so nicely as to keep it in suspense between them? And if the least change, a change so trifling that we cannot even fix and appreciate it, was enough, in that case, to give the preponderance in one direction, and to move it from the ideal centre of indifference, is it any wonder that in a far more subtle province of matter we cannot always apprehend and measure the slight change that gives the preponderance to one or another motive in the complex workings of human volition?"

According to this what is known in philosophy as necessity, has as little objective reality as a smell or a taste of anything. It is merely a statement of the inexorable uniformity between fixed antecedents and fixed consequents, the opposite conception to which is contingency or chance, not freedom. In fact in this Dr. Maudsley only reaffirms in other words and with considerable wealth of illustration David Hume's explanation of causation. General laws are stated to be not outward realities but our notional relation to outward realities. Change the antecedents of a choice of will, as one does when he profits by experience, and he is impelled to follow those changed antecedents, as the iron follows the stronger magnet. An interesting illustration of his theories will be found in the section bearing on the pathology of the will, that is on the condition of the moral sense in criminals, those customary offenders, who seem unable to adjust themselves to the conditions of civilized life. These Dr. Maudsley regards as congenital outcasts. Made such by the constitution of society for ages past they are yet expected to obey the dictates of society. Our author struggles in vain with the problem of the unavoidable necessity that after criminals have been temporarily immured they should be again turned loose on society, where they by virtue of their constitutional conditions, the law of antecedents and consequences, can make no room for themselves except by crime. Educating only makes them more dangerous. The deductions from this gloomy philosophy seem to us something dreadful. Criminals are mere wild

beasts. If they have a right to live, society has a still better right to live, and the only way that society can best sustain itself is by exterminating the criminal on the same principle that the human being in India exterminates the Bengal tiger or the deadly cobra. No better defence of lynch law can possibly be conceived than one deduced from this logic ; no better justification of the laws of Draco.

Dr. Maudsley seriously criticises the optimist views of social development, expounded by Herbert Spencer in his "Data of Ethics." He appears to believe that the forces of degeneracy are on the whole stronger than the forces of improvement. He says that the universe makes no sign of feeling any obligation of realizing man's ideal ; that the predominance of that ideal itself is precarious ; that evil itself is likely to increase in geometrical ratio, if it once gets the upper hand. The author sums up his pessimistic argument in the following ominous language :

"If the force at the back of all growth, all complexity, and all change on earth is that which the sun has steadily supplied to it through countless ages, and still supplies, it is plain that when this force fails, as fail it one day must, there will be a steadily declining development and a rapidly increasing degeneration of things, an undoing by regressive decompositions of what has been done by progressive combinations through the succession of the ages. The disintegrating process may be expected to take effect first upon the highest products of evolution, and to reach in deepening succession the low, lower, and lowest organizations and organic compounds. The nations that have risen high in complexity of development will deteriorate and be broken up, to have their places taken by less complex associations of inferior individuals ; these in turn will yield place to simpler and feebler unions of still more degraded beings ; species after species of animals and plants will first degenerate and then become extinct as the worsening conditions of life render it impossible for them to continue the struggle for existence ; a few scattered families of degraded human beings, living, perhaps, in snow huts near the equator very much as Esquimaux live now near the pole, will represent the last wave of the receding tide of human existence before its final extinction ; until at last a frozen earth, incapable of cultivation, is left without energy to produce a living particle of any sort and so death itself is dead."

As Herbert Spencer represents the optimistic side of scientific materialism, so Dr. Maudsley expounds its pessimistic side. It is a gruesome philosophy and one which will hardly find acceptance except with a small group.

JOHN BULL AND HIS ISLAND. By Max O'Rell. Translated from the French under the Supervision of the Author. New York : Charles Scribner's Sons.

There are satires and satires. In some the element of caricature and exaggeration is the method by which the effect is produced. In others emphasis is skilfully laid on the weak or bad phases of character, and noble traits are systematically understated. In another kind of satire there is a skilful perversion of facts. Neither of the three characterizes Max O'Rell's book. It is true it is full of pungent and searching criticism, and bristles with sparkling epigrams at the expense of England and Englishmen. Yet nowhere have we seen a more cordial and even enthusiastic appreciation of the great traits of England, which indeed extends so far even as to make the author quote approvingly the remark of Voltaire, that if he could have chosen his birthplace, it would have been England. Probably any Frenchman, no matter how thoroughly he might know England, would find certain sides of English character to laugh at. Max O'Rell, who is understood to be a French professor of languages, who had lived in John Bull's island for many years, does not spare abundance of sharp laughter and witty gibes ; but his generous appreciation and clear insight into English life make a most soothing salve to any wounds he may give John Bull's self-love. A marked feature of the book is its sense of justice and fair play. The spirit which animated Charles Dickens on his first visit to America and Mrs. Trollope is nowhere evident. It may well be that Max O'Rell knew much more thoroughly the subject which he was talking about, so that he is free from the kind of misstatement which is the outcome of ignorance, and which is sometimes more hurtful and misleading than the perversion which comes of hate and malice.

Be this as it may, the reader is struck by two things in Max O'Rell's book even more than by its poignant wit and brilliant way of putting things, namely, the author's thorough knowledge of John Bull and his island, and his fixed purpose to do full justice to his noble traits as well as to his defects. Our author discusses almost every salient phase of English society. He gives a very clear description of the governmental institutions ; of the courts ; of fashionable life ; of the streets and of the pauper classes ; of manufactures and of workingmen ; of country-house life among the aristocratic classes and of the habits of the *bourgeois*. Art, literature and science pass before his ken and are judged with the same mixture of critical humor and of generous appreciation. This union of opposite qualities on the part of the writer gives "John Bull and His Island" a

unique zest which is indescribable and delicious. We cordially recommend the book to all our readers as one which will give them both keen enjoyment and benefit. It is not wonderful that its sale has been so great in its own language; and certainly it merits an equally large sale in the English translation.

WIT AND WISDOM OF OUIDA. By F.*Sidney Morris. Philadelphia: *J. B. Lippincott & Co.*

There is no one among English writers of whom more severe things have been said than of Ouida, except Martin Farquhar Tupper, but for a very different reason. No one ever accused Ouida of uttering dull and stupid platitudes, and no one ever insulted Tupper with the imputation of exaggerated romanticism and salacious suggestion. Ouida has always been a favorite target for the witty or would-be moral reviewer to shoot his shafts at, and it must be confessed that he has frequently had good reason for his most severe attacks. But Ouida, with all her faults of manner and matter, is never dull; and one cannot fail to find on nearly every page some rich plum worth tasting. The compiler of the book under notice has collected these with much good judgment, and the most prejudiced critic of Ouida's writings will not be disposed to deny that they are marked by a bright and vigorous mode of presentation, imaginative power, a wide if not profound knowledge of the world, and no small share of satirical humor. Ouida is here seen at her intellectual best and carefully pruned of those elements which have given so much occasion to objection. Of course the majority of readers, who have learned to enjoy the high-spiced fiction of this most distinguished of the surviving lights of the English romantic school, will not care much for Ouida with the distinctive Ouida-flavor extracted and served up as a *rechauffé*. But there is again a large class who would hesitate to read the Ouida novels, and who will find something like genuine intellectual enjoyment in these extracts.

APPLETONS' GUIDE TO MEXICO. By Alfred R. Conklin, LL.B., Ph.D., with Railroad Maps and Illustrations. New York: *D. Appleton & Co.*

APPLETONS' HAND-BOOK OF WINTER RESORTS. With Principal Routes of Travel. New York: *D. Appleton & Co.*

The great importance which Mexico is now assuming in relation to the United States is naturally attracting much attention to that beautiful country. American capital is pouring in there to build railways and to develop other kinds of business; and many hundreds of tourists who never before thought of Mexico

as a country specially worthy of visit are beginning to flock thither. Mexico was once thought of as a country of mongrel races, infested with bad government, bandits, and every variety of insect and reptile pests. A better knowledge has corrected this impression, and it is recognized that Mexico is a country of wonderful mineral and commercial resources, with no worse faults than an unsettled government for many years and a sluggish population would be pretty sure to entail on her. Both these drawbacks are likely now to disappear. The present government is showing itself strong and stable; and the Mexicans under American influence are beginning to wake up from their Rip-Van-Winkle sleep. In view of the attention which Mexico is attracting good guide-books are peculiarly opportune. Mr. Conklin's contribution to this useful kind of literature seems to be a model of its kind. A vast amount of information about Mexico, her government, history, mines, agriculture, etc., is given in compact form; the cities and towns are succinctly described, and all the points of interest clearly pointed out. Last but not least the routes of travel are well set forth, and the intending tourist finds about everything which he needs to know. Mr. Conklin resided in Mexico for many years, and writes from fullness of knowledge as well as with an exact and systematic way of stating that knowledge.

The "Appleton Hand-Book of Winter Resorts" has been revised for 1883-84, and is an excellent hand-book for invalids and other travellers, who are searching for a warm winter climate. Considerable matter has been added to the old edition, and in its present shape it furnishes a very reliable mass of information about the winter sanitariums of the United States, the West Indies and other regions adjacent to the United States.

ANECDOTES OF THE CIVIL WAR. By Brevet Major-General E. D. Townsend, ex-Adjutant-General of the United States. New York: *D. Appleton & Co.*

Probably no one was more conversant with the interior history of the military operations of the late Civil War, with all the generals and other principal officers, and with the various collateral facts of interest than is the author of this book. General Townsend has drawn freely yet with due discretion on his great store of reminiscence and anecdote. Probably what he keeps secret would be of much more interest, for one can easily fancy that he is the custodian of a thousand facts which it would be dangerous to publish. General Townsend does not possess the frank indiscretion of his late military superior, General Sherman, which made the book of the latter such racy and illuminating reading. Yet he

reveals enough which we did not know before (mixed with some ancient history and stale army Joe-Miller anecdotes, it is true) to render his book attractive and readable. His description of ex-Secretary Stanton and of the Stanton-Grant-Thomas-Johnson imbroglio is among the most noticeable features of the book. While the volume cannot in any way be called an important contribution to history, it recalls a very interesting period in a very agreeable style.

DICK'S GAMES OF SOLITAIRE AND PATIENCE WITH CARDS. CONTAINING TWENTY-FOUR GAMES. Illustrated. By William B. Dick. New York: *Dick & Fitzgerald*.

In this little book a description is given of all the games at cards, which have been devised for the amusement of the single player. Whatever objection many find in cards as leading to habits of gambling and other dissipations, it cannot be contested that they have contributed very largely to the social amusement of the modern world. To games of solitaire even the most rigid enemy of games can have no objection. Mr. Dick has compiled a very complete and full description and explanation of such games, and they will doubtlessly serve an interesting purpose in this line.

THE CHILDHOOD AND WOMANHOOD OF QUEEN VICTORIA. By Grace Greenwood. New York: *John R. Anderson & Henry Allen*.

This is a compact and well-written biography of the Queen of England, of whom it may be said that, in spite of various petty faults and eccentricities, which have excited both mirth and criticism, she has been a model as wife and mother and a model as a constitutional monarch. However little Americans may care about the royal figure-head of the English Government, all bend with the deepest respect before a royal record so scrupulously pure and good. Probably no European ruler has ever called forth sentiments of such universal esteem. The American Saxons who live on this side of the water feel almost as much pride in Queen Victoria as do her own subjects, and her faults have been more leniently dealt with here than among her own subjects. A biography like this has a fitting place, because the very elaborate life of the Prince Consort in three volumes, written by Sir Theodore Martin, which is practically a very full life, too, of the queen, is so expensive as to be beyond the means of most people. Queen Victoria inherits the longevity of her grandfather, George III., and she has now attained an age when her life can be seen in full perspective. The author has in the present case done her work with good taste and her delineation of her royal "sitter" does not altogether

ignore the existence of some unpleasant and perhaps unqueenly faults. The fairness and frankness of statement in which the author indulges adds not only to the readability of the book, but is a guarantee of its general accuracy. The first part of this biography deals with the queen's childhood and girlhood; the second section considers her life as wife, mother and sovereign; the last portion of the book discusses her as widowed queen. Besides various original sources from which the author professes to have drawn her information, "The Life of the Prince Consort" and Mrs. Oliphant's "Life of Queen Victoria" have been freely used in the preparation of this work. There are five illustrations, and the volume is published as one of "The Exemplary Women Series."

FOREIGN LITERARY NOTES.

MATTHEW ARNOLD's comparison of Emerson and Marcus Aurelius, "one of the half-dozen greatest moral teachers of the world," ought, *The Pall Mall Gazette* thinks, console his admirers "for his literary inferiority to Addison and La Bruyère."

A COMICAL poetical collection is about to be published in England in monthly parts. It will consist of the parodies of famous English authors. Each part will present the parodies on a single author, with bibliographical notes. Tennyson is to lead the list. Mr. Walter Hamilton is the editor.

LADY TENNYSON-D'EYNCOURT, it is said, writes all her husband's letters, signing them for him in his own name. This will hardly be pleasant news for autograph hunters.

AN old friend of Keats says that the poet was passionately fond of music, and would sit for hours while she played the piano to him. It was to a Spanish air which she used to play that the song "Hush, hush! tread softly," was composed; and so sensitive was he to proper execution that when a wrong note has been played in a public performance he has been known to say that he would like to "go down into the orchestra and smash all the fiddles."

MR. PAYNE expects to complete his translation of "The Arabian Nights" within the next six months. The fifth and sixth volumes have lately appeared. The freedom of these tales, and the literalness as well as completeness with which they are now for the first time translated, has rendered it necessary to publish them through a society—the "Villon." The edition was limited to 500 copies, and the subscription was a guinea the volume. It is now found that 1500 copies would not have

been too many for the demand, and subscribers are already offered three times what they paid for their copies.

THE late Professor Palmer's *English-Persian Dictionary*" has just been published by Messrs. Trübner. When Palmer's tragic death came, the work was unfinished, and it has been skilfully completed by a friend and associate.

MR. H. BUXTON FORMAN'S long-promised library edition of Keats's works has just been published by Messrs. Reeves & Turner. It is in four handsome volumes, and includes poems and many letters that have never before appeared. The materials used for the present edition, besides what are generally known through published volumes, include, Mr. Buxton Forman believes, all that is most important. Letters from Keats, books once possessed by him, letters from George Keats, Severn, and Brown, and a great mass of related documents have been placed in his hands by Sir Charles Dilke.

WHEN Mr. Tennyson's peerage was announced a very general regret was expressed among his friends and admirers in the literary world. One eminent author recalled Mr. Disraeli's retort on the hustings when his opponent was priding himself upon his superiority to a wretched scribbler—a superiority recognized by his recent appointment as sheriff by his Most gracious Majesty the King. "I do not deny," answered young Disraeli, "that his gracious Majesty has made my opponent a sheriff, but it is only God Almighty who can make an author." "After all," said another, "what does it matter? A barony as a social distinction is only the second power of Poet Laureate—(Poet Laureate⁹) the Poet Laureate squared."

"ALFRED," wrote Carlyle to Emerson, of the Poet Laureate, "is one of the few British or Foreign Figures who are and remain beautiful to me—a true human soul, or an approximation thereto, to whom your own soul can say, Brother! . . . A man solitary and sad, dwelling in an element of gloom—carrying a bit of Chaos about him, in short, which he is manufacturing into Cosmos. . . He lives, now here, now there; the family always in reach of London, never in it. . . One of the finest looking men in the world. A great shock of rough, dusty-dark hair; bright-laughing hazel eyes; massive aquiline face, most massive yet most delicate; of shallow-brown complexion, almost Indian-looking; clothes cynically loose, free-and-easy; smokes infinite tobacco. His voice is musical metallic, fit for loud laughter and piercing wail, and all that may lie between; speech and speculation free and plenteous; I

do not meet in these late decades, such company over a pipe! We shall see what he will grow to. He is often unwell; very chaotic—his way is through Chaos and the Bottomless and Pathless; not handy for making out many miles upon."

ROBERT BROWNING, being asked by the committee formed to raise a monument to Goldoni in Venice, to write a few words for their commemorative album, has sent the following stanza:

Goldoni,—good, gay, sunniest of souls,—

Glassing half Venice in that verse of thine,—

What though it just reflect the shade and shine

Of common life, nor render as it rolls

Grandeur and gloom? Sufficient for thy shoals

Was Carnival: Parini's depths enshrine

Secrets unsuited to that opaline

Surface of things which laughs along thy scrolls.

There throng the people: how they come and go,

Lisp the soft language, flaunt the bright garb,—

see,—

On Piazza, Calle, under Portico

And over Bridge! Dear king of Comedy,

Be honored! Thou that didn't love Venice so,

Venice, and we who love her, all love thee!

Venice, Nov. 27, 1883.

APPROPOS of Mr. Browning's impromptu stanza on Goldoni, which appeared in this paper on Saturday last, a correspondent sends the following translation from Horace by the same hand, also written impromptu in the album of a lady who is renowned for her musical soirées. In reference, as we may presume, to the susceptibilities and peculiarities of musical artists, somebody had written in the album the well-known lines of Horace:

Omnibus hoc vitium est cantoribus, inter amicos

Ut nunquam inducant animum cantare rogati,

Injussi nunquam desistant.

To which the English poet, being asked to make the next contribution, promptly appended the following free translation.

All singers, trust me, have this common vice,

To sing 'mid friends you'll have to ask them twice,

If you don't ask them 'tis another thing,

Until the judgment day be sure they'll sing.

MISCELLANY.

THE SENSE OF SMELL.—Some ingenious minds have thrown out a suggestion, that we might teach the blind to read by having an odor to represent each letter of the alphabet. Sydney Smith remarked: "We may even live to see the day when men may be taught to smell out their learning, and when a fine scenting-day shall be considered as one peculiarly favorable to study." We are afraid, however, that the nose as an appreciator of odors is too delicate an organ, and too readily dulled, to have so much thrown upon it. The constant smelling of one odor, as is well known, quickly destroys our perception of that particular one. Richelieu used to live in an atmosphere so per-

fume-laden as positively to be painful to his visitors, while he himself was unconscious of the suspicion of a smell. Or call on a friend, one of whose unwritten laws is the avoidance of draughts. You are ushered into a hall redolent of all the dinners and other meals that have been consumed during the past week, and you gladly and hopefully pass on to the drawing-room, which you find, however, is also bathed in an atmosphere the odor of which is indefinable, but decidedly not sweet. You endeavor to obtain your friend's ideas on smells and so forth; and gradually you discover, by cautious sounding, that he looks upon his abode as a model of what a well-ventilated, inodorous residence should be. You sigh to yourself, and enter your host on your mental tablets as another example of one who has lost the power of appreciating certain disagreeable odors by too constant an experience of them. Those employed in occupations such as bone-boiling, chemical-manure making, and the like, are able to exist amid smells of the most sickening character, in virtue of this same fact. From these instances, we ought to be able to derive some notion of the advantages to be gained from the sense of smell.—*Chambers's Journal*.

A FRENCH WRITER ON COUNT MOLTKE.—The military genius of this generation is described as old, dry, taciturn, and rather "green" at the age of fourscore years, and devoid of any good qualities save that of being always anxious to efface himself in society from sheer modesty of nature. Rarely, if ever, will he advance an opinion in public, for, like Prince Bismarck, Count Moltke regards with disdain the multitude and its judgment, being firmly convinced that the destiny of a nation depends solely on those who govern it; all power should be in the hands of the ruler, who should in no wise share it with subalterns—which is quite a natural view of things for a soldier. He has no ambition, but he is a thorough mathematician, whose very kindness is mechanical, who loves nobody, and regards all feeling as weakness. Facts only influence him, and it is only about facts that he rejoices, particularly at such facts as the timely deaths of Skobelev and Gambetta, which pleased him immensely. Though he has a real dread of war, he is inflexible when once engaged in it, and continues it, like the mechanical mathematician that he is, until his enemy is crushed and every possible advantage gained. That Count Moltke is the greatest strategist of the century, Count Vasili admits, and he indulges in a quiet laugh at the Danish Minister of War, who, when Moltke left the Danish army, reported to the King, "The departure of Captain de Moltke will not be a great loss to the

Danish army." But while it is undeniable that as a strategist he excels, it is a mistake to ascribe to him any influence whatever in politics. He has never occupied himself with political affairs, and nobody has ever consulted him about them. In the war of 1870 he was sometimes pushed forward by Prince Bismarck; not, however, as soldier or politician—nobody would accuse the Iron Prince of acting so weakly—but as a convenient lightning conductor to turn from his own head the storm of maledictions poured upon him by his dupes and victims. After collecting all his items of information, M. le Comte de Vasili arrives at the conclusion that Count Moltke is "a solitary man, living inclosed in his egotism and impatient at being in any way disturbed in his tranquillity; a cold, impassive nature; incapable of doing good to any one, having never in the whole course of his long life either obliged any one or having been under an obligation to anybody."

CARLYLE UPON PORTRAITS.—It is commonly supposed that Carlyle was indifferent to artistic beauty. There would be little difficulty in showing from his works that this is far from being the case, and that he could see the beauty of plastic art as vividly as any of his contemporaries. Where he differed from most of them was in thinking it of relatively less importance than they were inclined to do. Only the most complete ignorance of his work, however, could lead any one to think that he wanted either taste or insight in the matter of portrait-painting. On the contrary, he loved good portraits, and sought for them eagerly. We have all heard of the "Frederick" screen prepared by his wife so that he might have the bodily presentment of the men about whom he was writing continually before his eyes. In judging works of this class he showed a remarkable sense of the value of technical skill. An excellent instance of his sagacity in estimating the value of a portrait is to be found in what he wrote to Emerson about the drawing which was to be chosen for the American edition. Thus does he recommend one done by Mr. Samuel Lawrence: "It stands thus: there is no painter of the numbers who have wasted my time and their own with trying that has indicated any capability of catching a true likeness but one Samuel Lawrence; a young painter of real talent, not quite so young now, but still only struggling for complete mastery in the management of colors. He does crayon sketches in a way to please almost himself; but his oil paintings, at least till within a year or two, have indicated only a great faculty still crude in that particular. His oil-portrait of me, which you speak of, is almost terrible to behold! It has the look of a *jölun*,

of a Scandinavian demon, grim, sad, as the angel of death—and the coloring is so *brickish*, the finishing so coarse, it reminds you withal of a flayed horse's head. *Dinna speak o't!*" Of a pirated copy of this same picture he says further on that it is a "*Lais without the beauty*" (as Charles Lamb used to say); "*a flayed horse's head without the spiritualism good or bad—and simply figures on my mind as a detestability which I had much rather never have seen.*" In the matter of portraits, therefore, as in other things, Carlyle loved truth and hated iniquity. Those which have been published with his approval may be accepted as giving a more or less accurate representation of the original; and a study of them will help us to estimate the man and his work.—*Magazine of Art*.

MARIO THE SINGER.—Mario it was who was once described in one of those instants of luminous apprehension which are the fortune of none but true poets as "*one of the triumphs of the male sex.*" The phrase is imaginative and daring, but it is also appropriate and just. He was the most richly and completely endowed of lyric artists. He was eminently handsome; his air, his manner, his breeding, his appearance were perfect; he had genius, and he had—what is even rarer than genius—the quality of supreme distinction. His voice, says Théophile Gautier, "*a true tenor, goes up to chest B, and even to the ut de poitrine*"; "*He will live in the world's memory,*" says Chorley, "*as the best opera Lover ever seen.*" His charm was irresistible; he had the great gifts of passion and a commanding amiability, so that his audiences were not admirers only, but near and loving friends as well. The secret of his power was in a certain splendid and gracious simplicity. His character was the reverse of complex; he was interesting by sheer force of completeness. He attracted, not because of his unlikeness to his fellow-men, but because he was an ideal which most of his fellow-men would have been glad to approach. He was only peculiar, in one word, as the type of a certain order of perfection; as a culmination of certain elementary qualities—beauty, elegance, sweetness, the capacity of love, the enchantment of heroic and romantic youth. That was the effect he produced; for his art was the direct and unsophisticated expression of his genius, and of the rare and beautiful personality which was for so much therein. In what he did there was little or nothing of the modern attribute of mystery, there was little or nothing transcendental and remote; there were no infinite meanings nor suggestions of things unutterable and only half-perceived; it was all clear and lucid and direct, all sunny and beautiful and complete,

like Delaunay's acting, like the art of the Greeks. At his lips the simpler and larger passions, the great unities of sentiment, the more natural and inevitable qualities of life and temper, alone found utterance.—*Public Opinion*.

COFFEE AND TEA.—Perhaps the most brilliant address which has yet been delivered at the Parkes Museum since the evening lectures have been inaugurated was that given by Dr. G. V. Poore on December 6th. Sir Henry Thompson occupied the chair, and among the audience were to be seen Dr. Russell Reynolds, Mr. Berkeley Hill, Professor Corfield, and other distinguished medical men. The subject chosen by the lecturer was "*Coffee and Tea.*" After stating his belief that stimulants, both alcoholic and alkaloidal, had their uses, and that we ought to be very sure of our ground before we attempt to override appetite by dogma—as the Mohammedans had done—Dr. Poore proceeded to contrast "*Coffee with Tea.*" The cup of coffee, provided it were genuine, contained more alkaloidal stimulant than the cup of tea, and owing to the absence of tannin the action of coffee was more rapid than that of tea. The specific gravity of a cup of tea was about 1003, that of strong coffee 1009, and of *café-au-lait*, sweetened, 1035. Tea was more of a pure beverage than coffee, and hence it was possible to use it as a mere luxury, for it required scarcely any digestive effort, and did not "*cloy*" the palate. The danger of excessive tea-drinking lay mainly in the large amount of astringent matter. This was a most potent cause of dyspepsia among women of the seamstress class, who frequently consumed tea which had been boiled. When the system stood in need of a stimulant there was nothing equal to a cup of strong coffee; and if it were desired to wean the drunkard from his spirits a real stimulant must be supplied, and not the sickly, bitter, unwholesome stuff which was called "*coffee*" in this country. In order to make good coffee the berry must be fresh roasted and ground. There was no difficulty whatever in roasting coffee, and this ought to be part of the daily routine of every well-regulated household. It was important to use enough coffee; one and a half to two ounces of coffee to a pint of water made a first-rate beverage. Elaborate coffee machines for grinding were by no means necessary. If the coffee required for breakfast were put into a common earthenware jug overnight and cold water poured upon it, it might be heated to the boiling point in the morning by being allowed to stand in a saucepan of water over the fire. Violent ebullition was thus avoided, and the aroma was preserved. Chicory and other allied bodies are in no way sub-

stitutes for coffee, for they possess no stimulant properties. Out of ninety samples of ground coffee purchased in London shops only five were found to be genuine.—*Lancet*.

MR. TENNYSON'S LINEAGE.—Mr. Foster lately published an account of the royal lineage of Mr. Tennyson, and now the *St. James's Gazette* says: "That Mr. Tennyson comes of an ancient house is generally known; not every one perhaps is aware of the number of princes, soldiers, and statesmen, famous in British or European history, from whom he can claim descent. Without pretending to give an exhaustive list of his royal and noble ancestors, it may be interesting at the present moment to point out a few of the more renowned among them. The Laureate's descent from John Savage, Earl Rivers (from which stock came Johnson's friend), implies descent from the Lady Anne, elder sister of Edward IV., and so from sixteen English kings—namely, the first three Edwards, Henry III., John, the first two Henrys, William the Conqueror, Edmund Ironside, Ethelred the Unready, Edgar the Peaceable, Edmund I., Edward the Elder, Alfred, Ethelwulf, and Egbert. But Edward III. was the son of Isabella, daughter of Philip the Fair, King of France, who descended from Hugh Capet and nine intervening French kings, among whom were Robert II., Philip Augustus, Louis VIII., and St. Louis. The last is not the only saint who figures in this splendid pedigree. The mother of Edward II. was Eleanor, daughter of Ferdinand III., King of Castile and Leon, who was canonized by Clement X. Again, through the marriage of Edmund of Langley, Duke of York, with Isabel, daughter of Peter the Cruel, Mr. Tennyson descends from Sancho the Great and Alphonso the Wise. Other crowned ancestors of the poet are the Emperor Frederick Barbarossa and several Kings of Scotland, notably Malcolm III., and "the gracious Duncan" his father. In truth, the Shakespearian gallery is crowded with portraits of his progenitors—*e.g.*, besides those already mentioned, John of Gaunt, Edmund Mortimer Earl of March, Richard Earl of Cambridge, Richard Plantagenet "the Yeoman," Edmund Beaufort Duke of Somerset, Lord Hastings (of the reigns of Edward IV. and Richard III.), and Lord Stanley. Mr. Tennyson is not only descended from the first Earl of Derby, and that third earl with whose death, according to Camden, "the glory of hospitality seemed to fall asleep," but from the "stout Stanley" who fronted the rights of the Scots at Flodden, and whose name in Scott's poem was the last on the lips of the dying Marmion. "Lord Marmion," says Scott, "is entirely a fictitious personage;" but he adds that the family of

Marmion, Lords of Fontenay in Normandy, was highly distinguished, Robert de Marmion, a follower of Duke William, having obtained a grant of the castle and town of Tamworth. This Robert's descendant, Avice, married John, Lord Grey of Rotherfield, one of the original Knights of the Garter, whose great granddaughter became (in 1401) the wife of John, Lord D'Eyncourt, another ancestor of Mr. Tennyson's, whose uncle, the Right Honorable Charles Tennyson, many years Liberal member for Lambeth, assumed the name of D'Eyncourt by royal license.

THE GORILLA AT HOME.—It was said by the natives that the gorilla makes a sleeping-place like a hammock, by connecting the branches of a sheltered and thickly-leaved part of a tree by means of the long, tough, slender stems of parasitic plants, and lining it with the dried broad fronds of fern, or with long grass. This hammock-like abode may be seen at different heights, from ten to forty feet from the ground, but there is never more than one such nest in a tree. They avoid the abodes of man, but are most commonly seen in the months of September, October, and November, after the negroes have gathered in their outlying rice-crops, and have returned from the "bush" to their valleys. So observed, they are described to be usually in pairs, or if more, the addition consists of a few young ones of different ages and apparently of one family. The gorilla is not gregarious. The parents may be seen sitting on a branch resting their backs against the tree trunk munching fruit, while the young gorillas are at play, leaping and swinging from branch to branch with hoots or harsh cries of boisterous mirth. This rural felicity, however, has its objectionable sides, for occasionally, if not invariably, the old male, if he be seen in quest of food, is usually armed with a short stick, which the negroes aver to be the weapon with which he attacks his chief enemy the elephant. Not that the elephant directly or intentionally injures the gorilla, but deriving its subsistence from the same source, the ape regards the great proboscidian as a hostile intruder. When, therefore, he sees the elephant pulling down and wrenching off the branches of a favorite tree, the gorilla, stealing along the bough, strikes the sensitive proboscis of the elephant with a violent blow of his club, and drives off the startled giant trumpeting shrilly with pain. In passing from one tree to another the gorilla is said to walk semi-erect with the aid of his club, but with a waddling and awkward gait; when without a stick, he has been seen to walk as a man, with his hands clasped across the back of his head, instinctively balancing his forward position. If the gorilla be surprised and approached, whatever

the ground may be he betakes himself on all fours, dropping the stick, and makes his way very rapidly, with a kind of sidelong gallop, resting on the front knuckles, to the nearest tree. There he meets his pursuer, especially if his family is near and requiring his defence. No negro willingly approaches the tree in which the male gorilla keeps guard, even with a gun. The experienced negro does not make the attack, but reserves his fire in self-defence. The enmity of the gorilla to the whole negro race, male and female, is uniformly attested. Thus, when young men of the Gaboon tribe make excursions into the forest in quest of ivory, the enemy they most dread to meet is the gorilla. If they have come unawares too near him with his family, he does not, like the lion, sulkily retreat, but comes rapidly to the attack, swinging down to the lower branches, and clutching at the nearest foe. The hideous aspect of the animal, with his green eyes flashing with rage, is heightened by the skin over the orbits and eyebrows being drawn rapidly backward and forward, with the hair erected, producing a horrible and fiendish scowl. If fired at, and not mortally hit, the gorilla closes at once upon his assailant, and inflicts most dangerous if not deadly wounds, with his sharp and powerful tusks. The commander of a Bristol trader once saw a negro at the Gaboon frightfully mutilated from the bite of a gorilla, from which he had recovered. Another negro exhibited to the same voyager a gun barrel, bent and partly flattened by a wounded gorilla in its death struggle.—*Cassell's Illustrated Natural History*.

VICTOR HUGO AND HIS POETICAL CABMAN.—At a recent meeting of discontented cabmen at Paris a story was told of an incident which some years ago happened to Victor Hugo. The poet was going to the Voltaire celebration, but when he reached his destination the cabman who had brought him there would not accept his fee; but Hugo put a 20-franc piece into his hand and went away. The cabman at once mounted his box, galloped to the office of the *Rappel*, and subscribed 20 francs for political prisoners, signing his name as 'Charles More, coachman; price of a drive paid by V. Hugo.' His enthusiasm for the poet was so great that for hours together he would remain near his residence to be at hand when the old man should want a carriage. He could never be persuaded to accept a fee, and Victor Hugo, who wished to give his admirer a pleasure, invited him one day to dinner, where, besides intimate family friends, Auguste Vacquerie, Paul Meurice, E. Blum, and others were present. Charles More was quite at his ease, and after dinner rose to make a rhymed speech, "for," he said to the astonished assembly, "I am a

poet like M. Hugo, and make poetry for my own entertainment." It was for a considerable time that the cabman-poet rode his Pegasus, which sometimes became rather unwieldy, but nevertheless gave great satisfaction to its rider.

ELECTRICAL FIREFLIES.—"The endless diversity of uses to which electricity may be put," says a recent English weekly, "received another illustration on Tuesday night at the Court Opera at Vienna, where by the simple expedient of suspending tiny incandescent lamps by fine swinging wires the effect was produced of swarms of fireflies flitting about a tropical forest. By switches the current is turned off and on at the pleasure of the operator, and the effect, as the artificial fireflies flash and dance in mid-air, is said to have been electrical in other than a literal sense."

DRINKING AMONG WOMEN.—According to the Church Temperance Society, modern English women drink much more than their mothers and grandmothers. The evil is said to be due to the grocers' licenses, which enable people of respectable position to get alcoholic liquor without the disgrace and unpleasantness of going into a public-house. The habit once begun in this way is not to be stopped. How far the drunkenness of women is really on the increase is a difficult matter to decide; all the more so when we are told that in the vast majority of cases it is secret drinking which is doing harm. It is a question which can only be dealt with by those who have had exceptional facilities for collecting some data on the subject. But it is at any rate worth noticing that this abuse of grocers' licenses was precisely that which was expected and predicted when the system was first introduced in 1860.—*St. James's Gazette*.

PHOTOGLYPTIE.—We published some weeks ago a description of the process of typographic etching, as practised at the establishment of Messrs. Dawson at Chiswick. A correspondent sends us the following notice of a kindred art for the reproduction of photographs, which he has written after a visit to the atelier of Messrs. Goupil, at the village of Asnières, near Paris. Any one who has seen the marvellous reproduction of Courtois's oil painting of a young lady with flowing hair and a gauze scarf leaning against a Moorish lattice, which is now for sale in Bond Street, will be interested to learn how so wonderful a result is produced.

"Messrs. Goupil's establishment at Asnières is close to the station, and consists of two villas thrown together shut off from the street by a high white wall and with gardens, formerly no doubt tidy and productive, but now given over to chemistry, which intervenes between the houses and the River Seine. Many proc-

esses are here carried on, some of them in the profoundest secrecy. Of what I saw, as a very unskilled observer, that which most appealed to my imagination was the process of 'photoglyptic,' the object of which is to multiply photographs with cheapness and rapidity, and to render the impressions not only true and delicate, but also permanent. The subject that was being treated at the time of my visit was one of those substantial ladies whose smiling faces and décolleté costume adorn the windows of the Rue de Rivoli, probably a singer or an actress. Her portrait, which was of the usual cabinet size, had been previously treated by some photographic method, which had resulted in the formation of a thin 'pellicule,' as it is technically called, of pure and transparent gelatine, not much thicker than a piece of note-paper, and of the exact size of the original photograph. Figured upon this delicate transparency (when held to the light it reminded me of the pictures which are sometimes seen in glass lamp-shades) was the exact image of the original picture. This 'pellicule' was next laid upon a slab of lead about half an inch thick, and subjected to heavy pressure in a hydraulic press. When one looked at the leaden slab and considered the enormous pressure, amounting to 1000 pounds on a quarter of an inch, to which it was subjected, it might have been reasonably imagined that the frail 'pellicule' of transparent gelatine would have been crush'd out of existence. But no; it is, on the contrary, the lead which gives way, and the result is that on the pressure being removed it is found that the plate of lead has received on its compressed and hardened surface an image of the décolleté lady precisely similar to that which had been originally transferred from the photograph to the 'pellicule.' The rest of the process is in appearance simple enough. The leaden plates (it is possible to obtain several from one 'pellicule') are smeared with a thick ink, and copies are printed off half a dozen at a time, which are subsequently mounted, and sold at prices far more moderate than could be allowed by any process of ordinary photography."—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

MR. TROLLOPE ON CRITICS.—Mr. Trollope, in this book of his, utters some very cogent truths concerning literary criticism. Nothing can be more honorable to him than the view he held as to the relations between author and critic. What can be more degrading to the author than that begging and praying and bribing and intriguing for favorable criticisms, of which he is too often guilty? Perhaps, if he knew how little such puffery is worth, even from the mere commercial point of view he would scarcely care to sell his soul in this fashion in order to obtain it. And then how

often the critic is some creature who simply seeks to gratify a personal grudge against the author, and who in doing so cares no more for honesty than the professional thief of the Seven Dials does. Nearly twenty years ago the present writer found himself face to face, for the first time in his life, with a man who had already written several books, and who has since added many to the number. One was young then, and perhaps unprepared for the reception of the truth which was so bluntly stated by X—. "Criticism," said he in reply to a question of mine, "you don't think any man of sense cares about that! Why, I know beforehand what each particular critic will say of any book of mine. Jones will damn it because I once quarrelled with him over a card-table at my club, and Brown will crack it up to the skies because he and his wife always dine with me at Christmas." This, no doubt, was putting the question in a very extreme and cynical form. The majority of the critics are not merely quite honest, but very kindly in their feeling toward the authors with whom they deal; and some of them—oh, happy day on which an author meets with such a man!—positively understand him. Nevertheless it is well that Trollope should have spoken out as he has done concerning that touting for favorable criticism which is one of the worst characteristics of the literary profession at the present moment. "If once," he says, "the feeling could be produced that it is disgraceful for an author to ask for praise—and demands for praise are, I think, disgraceful in every walk of life—the practice would gradually fall into the hands only of the lowest, and that which is done only by the lowest soon becomes despicable even to them." Let us hope that Trollope's dream will eventually be realized; but in the mean time the condition of things which he condemns so sternly must certainly be reckoned among the woes of an author's life.—*Leeds Mercury*.

CICERO IN THE COUNTRY.—"A Roman of even moderate wealth—for Cicero was far from being one of the richest men of his time—commonly possessed more country-houses, than belong even to the wealthiest of English nobles. One such house at least Cicero inherited from his father. It was about three miles from Arpinum, a little town in that hill country of the Sabines which was the proverbial seat of a temperate and frugal race, and which Cicero describes in Homeric phrase as

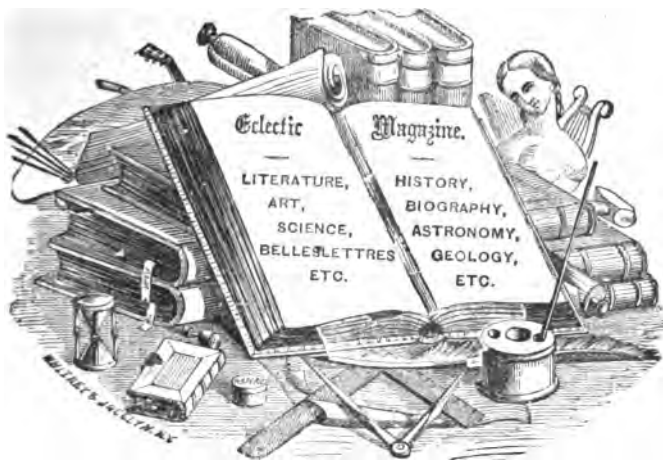
'Rough but a kindly nurse of men.'

In his grandfather's time it had been a plain farm-house, of the kind that had satisfied the simpler manners of former days—the days when Consuls and Dictators were content, their time of office ended, to plough their own

fields and reap their own harvests. Cicero was born within its walls, for the primitive fashion of family life still prevailed, and the married son continued to live in his father's house. After the old man's death, when the old-fashioned frugality gave way to a more sumptuous manner of life, the house was greatly enlarged, one of the additions being a library, a room of which the grandfather, who thought that his contemporaries were like Syrian slaves, 'the more Greek they knew, the greater knaves they were,' had never felt the want; but in which his son, especially in his later days, spent most of his time. The garden and grounds were especially delightful, the most charming spot of all being an island formed by the little stream Fibrenus. A description put into the mouth of Quintus, the younger son of the house, thus depicts it: 'I have never seen a more pleasant spot. Fibrenus here divides his stream into two of equal size, and so washes either side. Flowing rapidly by he joins his waters again, having compassed just as much ground as makes a convenient place for our literary discussions. This done he hurries on, just as if the providing of such a spot had been his only office and function, to fall into the Liris. Then, like one adopted into a noble family, he loses his own obscurer name. The Liris, indeed, he makes much colder. A colder stream than this indeed I never touched, though I have seen many. I can scarce bear to dip my foot in it. You remember how Plato makes Socrates dip his foot in Ilissus.' Atticus, too, is loud in his praises. 'This, you know, is my first time of coming here, and I feel that I cannot admire it enough. As to the splendid villas which one often sees, with their marble pavements and gilded ceilings, I despise them. And their water-courses, to which they give the fine names of Nile or Euripus, who would not laugh at them when he sees your streams? When we want rest and delight for the mind it is to nature that we must come. Once I used to wonder—for I never thought that there was anything but rocks and hills in the place—that you took such pleasure in the spot. But now I marvel that when you are away from Rome you care to be anywhere but here.' 'Well,' replied Cicero, 'when I get away from town for several days at a time, I do prefer this place; but this I can seldom do. And indeed I love it, not only because it is so pleasant, so healthy a resort, but also because it is my native land, mine and my father's too, and because I live here among the associations of those that have gone before me.'—*Roman Life in the Time of Cicero.*

ARMINIUS VAMBÉRY.—At fourteen, with the love of wandering already strong upon him, he

moved to Pressburg itself, where he took a servant's place, and at the same time continued his studies at the schools, living only upon bread and water. During the vacations he lunched about to Vienna, Prague, and other Austrian cities, always on foot and without a kreutzer in his pocket. At night his Latin conversation generally secured him entertainment at the houses of the priests. Meanwhile, his linguistic range was rapidly widening. Hungarian and German he spoke "by nature," and to these he had added Latin, Greek, Slavonian, English, Danish, Swedish, and several other European tongues. Asia, however, already attracted his boyish fancy with the ancestral spell of the Arabian Nights, and by way of beginning he taught himself Turkish, without a master, or even a dictionary. At twenty-two he determined to start for the unknown East; and though he had nothing to live upon, far less to provide for a long expedition with, he managed to get a free passage to the Black Sea, and with a knapsack full of books and old clothes on his back, supplemented by fifteen florins in his pocket, he started gayly to explore undiscovered Asia. We have given these opening scenes of his life at some length, because they really form the key to a very remarkable and romantic career. Landing penniless in Pera, the undaunted young student-tramp with his accustomed versatility managed to pick up free quarters at the Hungarian club, and started afresh as a teacher of languages, his first engagement being oddly enough to give lessons in Danish. Shortly after, he was invited by Hussein Daim Pasha to undertake the education of his son, Hassan Bey. Thus domiciled among the Turks, he rapidly picked up that knowledge of Mohammedan manners which afterward stood him in good stead during his journeys as a pretended dervish. Ahmed Effendi, a Bagdad mollah intimate with his protector, almost transformed him into a good Mussulman, outwardly at least; and some thirteen years passed in Stamboul made M. Vambéry take rank as one of the most accomplished Oriental scholars in all Europe. The remainder of his story is already more familiar. In 1861 he returned to Hungary to deliver an address upon his nomination as corresponding member of the Academy, in recognition of his linguistic attainments. Here he obtained a considerable grant toward the expenses of his long-projected Asiatic trip, together with a Latin letter of introduction addressed to all the sultans, khans, and begs of Tartary. Armed with this valuable missive, and still more with a good colloquial knowledge of the dialects of the Oxus, the traveller Reshid Effendi—that was his Moslem alias—started for his long journey to Samarcand.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*



Eclectic Magazine

OF

FOREIGN LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

New Series,
Vol. XXXIX., No. 3.

MARCH, 1884.

{ Old Series complete in 63 vols.

RELIGION : A RETROSPECT AND PROSPECT.*

BY HERBERT SPENCER.

UNLIKE the ordinary consciousness, the religious consciousness is concerned with that which lies beyond the sphere of sense. A brute thinks only of things which can be touched, seen, heard, tasted, etc.; and the like is true of the untaught child, the deaf-mute, and the lowest savage. But the developing man has thoughts about existences which he regards as usually intangible, inaudible, invisible; and yet which he regards as operative upon him. What suggests this notion of agencies transcending perception? How do these ideas concerning the supernatural evolve out of ideas concerning the natural? The transition cannot be sudden; and an account of the genesis of religion must begin by

describing the steps through which the transition takes place.

The ghost-theory exhibits these steps quite clearly. We are shown by it that the mental differentiation of invisible and intangible beings from visible and tangible beings progresses slowly and unobtrusively. In the fact that the other-self, supposed to wander in dreams, is believed to have actually done and seen whatever was dreamed—in the fact that the other-self when going away at death, but expected presently to return, is conceived as a double equally material with the original; we see that the supernatural agent in its primitive form diverges very little from the natural agent—is simply the original man with some added powers of going about secretly and doing good or evil. And the fact that when the double of the dead man ceases to be dreamed about

* The statements concerning matters of fact in the first part of this article are based on the contents of Part I. of *The Principles of Sociology*.

by those who knew him, his non-appearance in dreams is held to imply that he is finally dead, shows, that these earliest supernatural agents are conceived as having but a temporary existence: the first tendencies to a permanent consciousness of the supernatural prove abortive.

In many cases no higher degree of differentiation is reached. The ghost-population, recruited by deaths on the one side, but on the other side losing its members as they cease to be recollected and dreamed about, does not increase; and no individuals included in it come to be recognized through successive generations as established supernatural powers. Thus the Unkulunkulu, or old-old one, of the Zulus, the father of the race, is regarded as finally or completely dead; and there is propitiation only of ghosts of more recent date. But where circumstances favor the continuance of sacrifices at graves, witnessed by members of each new generation, who are told about the dead and transmit the tradition, there eventually arises the conception of a permanently-existing ghost or spirit. A more marked contrast in thought between supernatural beings and natural beings is thus established. There simultaneously results a great increase in the number of these supposed supernatural beings, since the aggregate of them is now continually added to; and there is a strengthening tendency to think of them as everywhere around, and as causing all unusual occurrences.

Differences among the ascribed powers of ghosts soon arise. They naturally follow from observed differences among the powers of living individuals. Hence it results that while the propitiations of ordinary ghosts are made only by their descendants, it comes occasionally to be thought prudent to propitiate also the ghosts of the more dreaded individuals, even though they have no claims of blood. Quite early there thus begin those grades of supernatural beings which eventually become so strongly marked.

Habitual wars, which more than all other causes initiate these first differentiations, go on to initiate further and more decided ones. For with those compoundings of small societies into

greater ones, and re-compounding of these into still greater, which war effects, there, of course, with the multiplying gradations of power among living men, arises the conception of multiplying gradations of power among their ghosts. Thus in course of time are formed the conceptions of the great ghosts or gods, the more numerous secondary ghosts or demi-gods, and so on downward—a pantheon: there being still, however, no essential distinction of kind; as we see in the calling of ordinary ghosts *manes*-gods by the Romans and *elohim* by the Hebrews. Moreover, repeating as the other life in the other world does the life in this world, in its needs, occupations, and social organization, there arises not only a differentiation of grades among supernatural beings in respect of their powers, but also in respect of their characters and kinds of activity. There come to be local gods, and gods reigning over this or that order of phenomena; there come to be good and evil spirits of various qualities; and where there has been by conquest a superposing of societies one upon another, each having its own system of ghost-derived beliefs, there results an involved combination of such beliefs, constituting a mythology.

Of course ghosts primarily being doubles like the originals in all things; and gods (when not the living members of a conquering race) being doubles of the more powerful men; it results that they, too, are originally no less human than other ghosts in their physical characters, their passions, and their intelligences. Like the doubles of the ordinary dead, they are supposed to consume the flesh, blood, bread, wine, given to them: at first literally, and later in a more spiritual way by consuming the essences of them. They not only appear as visible and tangible persons, but they enter into conflicts with men, are wounded, suffer pain: the sole distinction being that they have miraculous powers of healing and consequent immortality. Here, indeed, there needs a qualification; for not only do various peoples hold that the gods die a first death (as naturally happens where they are members of a conquering race, called gods because of their superiority), but, as in the case of Pan, it is sup-

posed, even among the cultured, that there is a second and final death of a god, like that second and final death of a man supposed among existing savages. With advancing civilization the divergence of the supernatural being from the natural being becomes more decided. There is nothing to check the gradual de-materialization of the ghost and of the god; and this de-materialization is insensibly furthered in the effort to reach consistent ideas of supernatural action: the god ceases to be tangible, and later he ceases to be visible or audible. Along with this differentiation of physical attributes from those of humanity, there goes on more slowly the differentiation of mental attributes. The god of the savage, represented as having intelligence scarcely, if at all, greater than that of the living man, is deluded with ease. Even the gods of the semi-civilized are deceived, make mistakes, repent of their plans; and only in course of time does there arise the conception of unlimited vision and universal knowledge. The emotional nature simultaneously undergoes a parallel transformation. The grosser passions, originally conspicuous and carefully ministered to by devotees, gradually fade, leaving only the passions less related to corporeal satisfactions; and eventually these, too, become partially de-humanized.

These ascribed characters of deities are continually adapted and readapted to the needs of the social state. During the militant phase of activity, the chief god is conceived as holding insubordination the greatest crime, as implacable in anger, as merciless in punishment; and any alleged attributes of a milder kind occupy but small space in the social consciousness. But where militancy declines and the harsh, despotic form of government appropriate to it is gradually qualified by the form appropriate to industrialism, the foreground of the religious consciousness is increasingly filled with those ascribed traits of the divine nature which are congruous with the ethics of peace: divine love, divine forgiveness, divine mercy, are now the characteristics enlarged upon.

To perceive clearly the effects of mental progress and changing social life thus stated in the abstract, we must

glance at them in the concrete. If, without foregone conclusions, we contemplate the traditions, records, and monuments of the Egyptians, we see that out of their primitive ideas of gods, brute or human, there were evolved spiritualized ideas of gods, and finally of a god; until the priesthoods of later times, repudiating the earlier ideas, described them as corruptions: being swayed by the universal tendency to regard the first state as the highest—a tendency traceable down to the theories of existing theologians and mythologists. Again, if, putting aside speculations, and not asking what historical value the *Iliad* may have, we take it simply as indicating the early Greek notion of Zeus, and compare this with the notion contained in the Platonic dialogues; we see that Greek civilization had greatly modified (in the better minds, at least) the purely anthropomorphic conception of him: the lower human attributes being dropped and the higher ones transfigured. Similarly, if we contrast the Hebrew God described in primitive traditions, manlike in appearance, appetites, and emotions, with the Hebrew God as characterized by the prophets, there is shown a widening range of power along with a nature increasingly remote from that of man. And on passing to the conceptions of him which are now entertained, we are made aware of an extreme transfiguration. By a convenient obliviousness, a deity who in early times is represented as hardening men's hearts so that they may commit punishable acts, and as employing a lying spirit to deceive them, comes to be mostly thought of as an embodiment of virtues transcending the highest we can imagine.

Thus, recognizing the fact that in the primitive human mind there exists neither religious idea nor religious sentiment, we find that in the course of social evolution and the evolution of intelligence accompanying it, there are generated both the ideas and sentiments which we distinguish as religious; and that through a process of causation clearly traceable, they traverse those stages which have brought them, among civilized races, to their present forms.

And now what may we infer will be

the evolution of religious ideas and sentiments throughout the future? On the one hand it is irrational to suppose that the changes which have brought the religious consciousness to its present form will suddenly cease. On the other hand, it is irrational to suppose that the religious consciousness, naturally generated as we have seen, will disappear and leave an unfilled gap. Manifestly it must undergo further changes; and however much changed it must continue to exist. What then are the transformations to be expected? If we reduce the process above delineated to its lowest terms, we shall see our way to an answer.

As pointed out in "First Principles," § 96, Evolution is throughout its course habitually modified by that Dissolution which eventually undoes it: the changes which become manifest being usually but the differential results of opposing tendencies toward integration and disintegration. Rightly to understand the genesis and decay of religious systems, and the probable future of those now existing, we must take this truth into account. During those earlier changes by which there is created a hierarchy of gods, demi-gods, manes-gods, and spirits of various kinds and ranks, evolution goes on with but little qualification. The consolidated mythology produced, while growing in the mass of supernatural beings composing it, assumes increased heterogeneity along with increased definiteness in the arrangement of its parts and the attributes of its members. But the antagonist Dissolution eventually gains predominance. The spreading recognition of natural causation conflicts with this mythological evolution, and insensibly weakens those of its beliefs which are most at variance with advancing knowledge. Demons and the secondary divinities presiding over divisions of Nature, become less thought of as the phenomena ascribed to them are more commonly observed to follow a constant order; and hence these minor components of the mythology slowly dissolve away. At the same time, with growing supremacy of the great god heading the hierarchy, there goes increasing ascription to him of actions which were before distributed among numerous supernat-

ural beings; there is integration of power. While in proportion as there arises the consequent conception of an omnipotent and omnipresent deity, there is a gradual fading of his alleged human attributes; dissolution begins to affect the supreme personality in respect of ascribed form and nature.

Already, as we have seen, this process has in the more advanced societies, and especially among their higher members, gone to the extent of merging all minor supernatural powers in one supernatural power; and already this one supernatural power has, by what Mr. Fiske aptly calls de-anthropomorphization, lost the grosser attributes of humanity. If things hereafter are to follow the same general course as heretofore, we must infer that this dropping of human attributes will continue. Let us ask what positive changes are hence to be expected.

Two factors must unite in producing them. There is the development of those higher sentiments which no longer tolerate the ascription of inferior sentiments to a divinity; and there is the intellectual development which causes dissatisfaction with the crude interpretations previously accepted. Of course in pointing out the effects of these factors, I must name some which are familiar; but it is needful to glance at them along with others.

The cruelty of a Fijian god who, represented as devouring the souls of the dead, may be supposed to inflict torture during the process, is small compared with the cruelty of a god who condemns men to tortures which are eternal; and the ascription of this cruelty, though habitual in ecclesiastical formulas, occasionally occurring in sermons, and still sometimes pictorially illustrated, is becoming so intolerable to the better-natured, that while some theologians distinctly deny it, others quietly drop it out of their teachings. Clearly, this change cannot cease until the beliefs in hell and damnation disappear.* Disappearance of them will be aided by an

* To meet a possible criticism, it may be well to remark that whatever force they may have against deists (and they have very little), Butler's arguments concerning these and allied beliefs do not tell at all against agnostics.

increasing repugnance to injustice. The visiting on Adam's descendants through hundreds of generations dreadful penalties for a small transgression which they did not commit; the damning of all men who do not avail themselves of an alleged mode of obtaining forgiveness, which most men have never heard of; and the effecting a reconciliation by sacrificing a son who was perfectly innocent, to satisfy the assumed necessity for a propitiatory victim; are modes of action which, ascribed to a human ruler, would call forth expressions of abhorrence; and the ascription of them to the Ultimate Cause of things, even now felt to be full of difficulties, must become impossible. So, too, must die out the belief that a Power present in innumerable worlds throughout infinite space, and who during millions of years of the earth's earlier existence needed no honoring by its inhabitants, should be seized with a craving for praise; and having created mankind, should be angry with them if they do not perpetually tell him how great he is. As fast as men escape from that glamour of early impressions which prevents them from thinking, they will refuse to imply a trait of character which is the reverse of worshipful.

Similarly with the logical incongruities more and more conspicuous to growing intelligence. Passing over the familiar difficulties that sundry of the implied divine traits are in contradiction with the divine attributes otherwise ascribed—that a god who repents of what he has done must be lacking either in power or in foresight; that his anger presupposes an occurrence which has been contrary to intention, and so indicates defect of means; we come to the deeper difficulty that such emotions, in common with all emotions, can exist only in a consciousness which is limited. Every emotion has its antecedent ideas, and antecedent ideas are habitually supposed to occur in God: he is represented as seeing and hearing this or the other, and as being emotionally affected thereby. That is to say, the conception of a divinity possessing these traits of character, necessarily continues anthropomorphic; not only in the sense that the emotions ascribed are like those of human beings, but also in the sense that they form

parts of a consciousness, which, like the human consciousness, is formed of successive states. And such a conception of the divine consciousness is irreconcilable both with the unchangeableness otherwise alleged, and with the omniscience otherwise alleged. For a consciousness constituted of ideas and feelings caused by objects and occurrences, cannot be simultaneously occupied with all objects and all occurrences throughout the universe. To believe in a divine consciousness, men must refrain from thinking what is meant by consciousness—must stop short with verbal propositions; and propositions which they are debarred from rendering into thought will more and more fail to satisfy them. Of course like difficulties present themselves when the will of God is spoken of. So long as we refrain from giving a definite meaning to the word will, we may say that it is possessed by the Cause of All Things, as readily as we may say that love of approbation is possessed by a circle; but when from the words we pass to the thoughts they stand for, we find that we can no more unite in consciousness the terms of the one proposition, than we can those of the other. Whoever conceives any other will than his own must do so in terms of his own will, which is the sole will directly known to him—all other wills being only inferred. But will, as each is conscious of it, presupposes a motive—a prompting desire of some kind: absolute indifference excludes the conception of will. Moreover will, as implying a prompting desire, connotes some end contemplated as one to be achieved, and ceases with the achievement of it: some other will, referring to some other end, taking its place. That is to say, will, like emotion, necessarily supposes a series of states of consciousness. The conception of a divine will, derived from that of the human will, involves, like it, localization in space and time: the willing of each end, excluding from consciousness for an interval the willing of other ends, and therefore being inconsistent with that omnipresent activity which simultaneously works out an infinity of ends. It is the same with the ascription of intelligence. Not to dwell on the seriality and limitation implied as before, we may note that intelligence,

as alone conceivable by us, presupposes existences independent of it and objective to it. It is carried on in terms of changes primarily wrought by alien activities—the impressions generated by things beyond consciousness, and the ideas derived from such impressions. To speak of an intelligence which exists in the absence of all such alien activities, is to use a meaningless word. If to the corollary that the First Cause, considered as intelligent, must be continually affected by independent objective activities, it is replied that these have become such by act of creation, and were previously included in the First Cause; then the reply is that in such case the First Cause could, before this creation, have had nothing to generate in it such changes as those constituting what we call intelligence, and must therefore have been unintelligent at the time when intelligence was most called for. Hence it is clear that the intelligence ascribed, answers in no respect to that which we know by the name. It is intelligence out of which all the characters constituting it have vanished.

These and other difficulties, some of which are often discussed but never disposed of, must force men hereafter to drop the higher anthropomorphic characters given to the First Cause, as they have long since dropped the lower. The conception which has been enlarging from the beginning must go on enlarging, until, by disappearance of its limits, it becomes a consciousness which transcends the forms of distinct thought though it forever remains a consciousness.

“But how can such a final consciousness of the Unknowable, thus tacitly alleged to be true, be reached by successive modifications of a conception which was utterly untrue? The ghost-theory of the savage is baseless. The material double of a dead man in which he believes, never had any existence. And if by gradual de-materialization of this double was produced the conception of the supernatural agent in general—if the conception of a deity, formed by the dropping of some human attributes and transfiguration of others, resulted from continuance of this proc-

ess; is not the developed and purified conception reached by pushing the process to its limit, a fiction also? Surely if the primitive belief was absolutely false, all derived beliefs must be absolutely false.”

This objection looks fatal; and it would be fatal were its premiss valid. Unexpected as it will be to most readers, the answer here to be made is that at the outset a germ of truth was contained in the primitive conception—the truth, namely, that the power which manifests itself in consciousness is but a differently-conditioned form of the power which manifests itself beyond consciousness.

Every voluntary act yields to the primitive man proof of a source of energy within him. Not that he thinks about his internal experiences; but in these experiences this notion lies latent. When producing motion in his limbs, and through them motion in other things, he is aware of the accompanying feeling of effort. And this sense of effort, which is the perceived antecedent of changes produced by him, becomes the conceived antecedent of changes not produced by him—furnishes him with a term of thought by which to represent the genesis of these objective changes. At first this idea of muscular force as antecedent unusual events around him, carries with it the whole assemblage of associated ideas. He thinks of the implied effort as an effort exercised by a being just like himself. In course of time these doubles of the dead, supposed to be workers of all but the most familiar changes, are modified in conception. Besides becoming less grossly material, some of them are developed into larger personalities presiding over classes of phenomena which being comparatively regular in their order, suggest a belief in beings who, while more powerful than men, are less variable in their modes of action. So that the idea of force as exercised by such beings, comes to be less associated with the idea of a human ghost. Further advances, by which minor supernatural agents are merged in one general agent, and by which the personality of this general agent is rendered vague while becoming widely extended, tend still further to dissociate the notion of ob-

jective force from the force known as such in consciousness ; and the dissociation reaches its extreme in the thoughts of the man of science, who interprets in terms of force not only the visible changes of sensible bodies, but all physical changes whatever, even up to the undulations of the ethereal medium. Nevertheless, this force (be it force under that statical form by which matter resists, or under that dynamical form distinguished as energy) is to the last thought of in terms of that internal energy which he is conscious of as muscular effort. He is compelled to symbolize objective force in terms of subjective force from lack of any other symbol.

See now the implications. That internal energy which in the experiences of the primitive man was always the immediate antecedent of changes wrought by him—that energy which, when interpreting external changes, he thought of along with those attributes of a human personality connected with it in himself ; is the same energy which, freed from anthropomorphic accompaniments, is now figured as the cause of all external phenomena. The last stage reached its recognition of the truth that force as it exists beyond consciousness, cannot be like what we know as force within consciousness ; and that yet, as either is capable of generating the other, they must be different modes of the same. Consequently, the final outcome of that speculation commenced by the primitive man, is that the Power manifested throughout the Universe distinguished as material, is the same power which in ourselves wells up under the form of consciousness.

It is untrue, then, that the foregoing argument proposes to evolve a true belief from a belief which was wholly false. Contrariwise, the ultimate form of the religious consciousness is the final development of a consciousness which at the outset contained a germ of truth obscured by multitudinous errors.

Those who think that science is dissipating religious beliefs and sentiments, seem unaware that whatever of mystery is taken from the old interpretation is added to the new. Or rather, we may say that transference from the one to the other is accompanied by in-

crease ; since, for an explanation which has a seeming feasibility, science substitutes an explanation which, carrying us back only a certain distance, there leaves us in presence of the avowedly inexplicable.

Under one of its aspects scientific progress is a gradual transfiguration of Nature. Where ordinary perception saw perfect simplicity it reveals great complexity ; where there seemed absolute inertness it discloses intense activity ; and in what appears mere vacancy it finds a marvellous play of forces. Each generation of physicists discovers in so-called "brute matter" powers which, but a few years before, the most instructed physicists would have thought incredible ; as instance the ability of a mere iron plate to take up the complicated aerial vibrations produced by articulate speech, which, translated into multitudinous and varied electric pulses, are retranslated a thousand miles off by another iron plate and again heard as articulate speech. When the explorer of Nature sees that, quiescent as they appear, surrounding solid bodies are thus sensitive to forces which are infinitesimal in their amounts—when the spectroscope proves to him that molecules on the Earth pulsate in harmony with molecules in the stars—when there is forced on him the inference that every point in space thrills with an infinity of vibrations passing through it in all directions ; the conception to which he tends is much less that of a Universe of dead matter than that of a Universe everywhere alive ; alive if not in the restricted sense, still in a general sense.

This transfiguration, which the inquiries of physicists continually increase, is aided by that other transfiguration resulting from metaphysical inquiries. Subjective analysis compels us to admit that our scientific interpretations of the phenomena which objects present, are expressed in terms of our own variously-combined sensations and ideas—are expressed, that is, in elements belonging to consciousness, which are but symbols of the something beyond consciousness. Though analysis afterward reinstates our primitive beliefs, to the extent of showing that behind every group of phenomenal manifestations there is always a *nexus*, which is the

reality that remains fixed amid appearances which are variable; yet we are shown that this *nexus* of reality is forever inaccessible to consciousness. And when, once more, we remember that the activities constituting consciousness, being rigorously bounded, cannot bring in among themselves the activities beyond the bounds, which therefore seem unconscious, though production of either by the other seems to imply that they are of the same essential nature; this necessity we are under to think of the external energy in terms of the internal energy, gives rather a spiritualistic than a materialistic aspect to the Universe; further thought, however, obliging us to recognize the truth that a conception given in phenomenal manifestations of this ultimate energy can in no wise show us what it is.

While the beliefs to which analytic science thus leads are such as do not destroy the object-matter of religion, but simply transfigure it, science under its concrete forms enlarges the sphere for religious sentiment. From the very beginning the progress of knowledge has been accompanied by an increasing capacity for wonder. Among savages, the lowest are the least surprised when shown remarkable products of civilized art; astonishing the traveller by their indifference. And so little of the marvellous do they perceive in the grandest phenomena of Nature, that any inquiries concerning them they regard as childish trifling. This contrast in mental attitude between the lowest human beings and the higher human beings around us, is paralleled by the contrasts among the grades of these higher human beings themselves. It is not the rustic, nor the artisan, nor the trader, who sees something more than a mere matter of course in the hatching of a chick; but it is the biologist, who, pushing to the uttermost his analysis of vital phenomena, reaches his greatest perplexity when a speck of protoplasm under the microscope shows him life in its simplest form, and makes him feel that however he formulates its processes the actual play of forces remains unimaginable. Neither in the ordinary tourist nor in the deer-stalker climbing the mountains above him, does a highland glen rouse ideas beyond those of sport or of the

picturesque; but it may, and often does, in the geologist. He, observing that the glacier-rounded rock he sits on has lost by weathering but half an inch of its surface since a time far more remote than the beginnings of human civilization, and then trying to conceive the slow denudation which has cut out the whole valley, has thoughts of time and of power to which they are strangers—thoughts which, already utterly inadequate to their objects, he feels to be still more futile on noting the contorted beds of gneiss around, which tell him of a time, immeasurably more remote, when far beneath the Earth's surface they were in a half-melted state, and again tell him of a time, immensely exceeding this in remoteness, when their components were sand and mud on the shores of an ancient sea. Nor is it in the primitive peoples who supposed that the heavens rested on the mountain tops, any more than in the modern inheritors of their cosmogony who repeat that "the heavens declare the glory of God," that we find the largest conceptions of the Universe or the greatest amount of wonder excited by contemplation of it. Rather, it is in the astronomer, who sees in the Sun a mass so vast that even into one of his spots our Earth might be plunged without touching its edges; and who by every finer telescope is shown an increased multitude of such suns, many of them far larger.

Hereafter, as heretofore, higher faculty and deeper insight will raise rather than lower this sentiment. At present the most powerful and most instructed mind has neither the knowledge nor the capacity required for symbolizing in thought the totality of things. Occupied with one or other division of Nature, the man of science usually does not know enough of the other divisions even rudely to conceive the extent and complexity of their phenomena; and supposing him to have adequate knowledge of each, yet he is unable to think of them as a whole. Wider and stronger intellect may hereafter help him to form a vague consciousness of them in their totality. We may say that just as an undeveloped musical faculty, able only to appreciate a simple melody, cannot grasp the variously-entangled passages and harmonies of a symphony, which in

the minds of composer and conductor are unified into involved musical effects awakening far greater feeling than is possible to the musically uncultured ; so, by future more evolved intelligences, the course of things now apprehensible only in parts may be apprehensible all together, with an accompanying feeling as much beyond that of the present cultured man, as his feeling is beyond that of the savage.

And this feeling is not likely to be decreased but to be increased by that analysis of knowledge which, while forcing him to agnosticism, yet continually prompts him to imagine some solution of the Great Enigma which he knows cannot be solved. Especially must this

be so when he remembers that the very notions, beginning and end, cause and purpose, are relative notions belonging to human thought which are probably irrelevant to the Ultimate Reality transcending human thought ; and when, though suspecting that explanation is a word without meaning when applied to this Ultimate Reality, he yet feels compelled to think there must be an explanation.

But amid the mysteries which become the more mysterious the more they are thought about, there will remain the one absolute certainty, that he is ever in presence of an Infinite and Eternal Energy, from which all things proceed. —*Nineteenth Century.*

A FLORENTINE TRADESMAN'S DIARY.

I.

IN the enormous mass of historical materials which Italy possesses, it is scarcely wonderful that the more homely materials for its history have as yet been somewhat neglected. There were so many writers who were men of letters that they naturally held the first place. There is such a number of State papers, of letters of ambassadors and of political reports, that every year brings before the student new materials for understanding the political life of Italy. Only recently has the publication of more obscure records been undertaken. We have yet much to learn of the life and opinions of the ordinary Italian during the great period of Italian history. We know enough of the intrigues of statesmen ; we need to know more of what men talked in the streets and discussed in the tavern. Writers on the Italian Renaissance, and their name is legion, follow one another in elevating abnormal characters into ordinary types. We want to know something more about the plain man, the ordinary citizen. We want to compare him with others of his class at other times.

The newly-published Diary of Luca Landucci (*Diario di Luca Landucci dal 1450 al 1516 ; con annotazioni da Jadoco del Badia*. Firenze : Sansoni. 1883), a good Florentine apothecary,

gives us most valuable materials for this purpose. The Diary extends from 1450 to 1516, and covers the most momentous epoch of Florentine history. Luca Landucci felt the panic into which Florence was thrown by the conspiracy of the Pazzi. He saw the signs and wonders that foretold 'the death of Lorenzo de' Medici. He was carried away by the rapid changes of fortune which befell the city when Lorenzo's guiding hand was gone. He witnessed the expulsion of the Medici, the coming of the French, the loss of Pisa, the revival of the Republican Government. He listened awestruck to the preaching of Savonarola, and believed his lofty predictions of a coming time when Florence was to shine forth as a city set on a hill, and was to present a pattern of righteousness to a regenerated world. He wept over the downfall of the mighty prophet and the sad dissipation of his dreams. He marvelled over the strange form which the Papal policy assumed under the direction of Cesare Borgia. He rejoiced when the weak government of the Florentine Republic made way for the stronger hand of Piero Soderini. He lived long enough to see Soderini fail in his task, and retire before the restoration of the Medici. Loyal to his belief in the destinies of Florence, he died trying to persuade himself that his city was to begin a new

career of greatness through its close connection with the splendors of the pontificate of Leo X.

Luca Landucci makes no efforts after graces of style. He was an apothecary, and not a man of letters. He does not aim at any consistency in his political opinions, but records from day to day what he saw and what he thought. He did not write with any view to publicity; but he wished his grandchildren to know what had happened, in case that they might be summoned to take a more leading part in affairs than he had aspired to. The simplicity, the frankness, the unpretentiousness of Luca Landucci make his pages most fascinating reading. Before we can estimate his historical value we must learn to know him as a man.

Luca Landucci was one of the two sons of a Florentine citizen who was fairly well to do. He owned a small estate at Dicomano, in the valley of the Sieve, and inherited from his mother some houses in Florence. Luca was the eldest son, and at the age of sixteen was apprenticed to an apothecary in the Mercato Vecchio. He followed the same trade all his life, and experienced all the vicissitudes of a commercial career. After six years' apprenticeship, Luca, at the age of twenty-two, was discontented with a salary of fifty florins. He resolved to go into partnership with a friend and open a new shop. He found, like many others, that the hope of larger gains made him lose what was certain. His partner was extravagant, and would not be content with beginning in a humble way. Luca's capital was soon exhausted. He withdrew from his thoughtless partner on the best terms he could, and went back to a subordinate position with a diminished salary of thirty-six florins. There he gathered more experience, till at the age of thirty he married, and with his wife's dowry furnished a shop at the corner where the Via della Vigna Nuova and the Via Tornabuoni. At first he was hard pressed to make a livelihood, but his business gradually established itself. After fourteen years he was able to build himself a new shop opposite the Strozzi Palace. There he lived till his death in 1516, listening to the loungers who frequented

his shop, observant of affairs around him, submissive to those in authority, strong in his trust in God's providence, and happy in his family life. His wife Salvestra was a "dear companion, good and virtuous, so that she had no equals." He enjoyed forty-eight years of peaceful married life, and records that his wife never provoked his anger. She bore him twelve children, of whom seven survived her death. Engaged with the care of his shop and of his farm at Dicomano, Luca Landucci lived a contented life to the age of eighty.

His younger brother, Costanzo, was more adventurous, but not so fortunate. He had a taste for horse-racing, and travelled in the Levant in quest of Barbary horses. He was successful in his pursuit, and in four years won twenty prizes. Once at Siena there was a doubt between his horse and one of Lorenzo de' Medici's. Costanzo, "through reverence to Lorenzo," did not urge his claim, and allowed the prize to go to Lorenzo. Another time at Siena, seeing that he had won easily, he dismounted and jumped upon the winning-post. The judges decided against him on the ground that he had not passed the post. His devotion to horses was in some manner the cause of his death, but Luca does not exactly tell us how.

The character and opinions of Luca Landucci are sufficiently shown in his pages. His disposition was kind, cheerful, and contented. He accepted a life of honest industry as that of the greatest happiness. His object was to do his duty in the state of life into which it had pleased God to call him. He was content to take the share of good things that fell to his lot, and was convinced of the wisdom of pursuing the golden mean. The restless ambition of the great and powerful amazes and distresses him. After narrating the death of Pandolfo Petrucci of Siena, in 1512, he exclaims, "Oh, how much more sensible it is to stand in a lowly place than to wish to tower over others. It is less dangerous to soul and body alike. If great and rich men were wise, they would flee from the wish for domination, which only exposes them to hatred. They would be content with their wealth, apply themselves to the com-

mon good, become famous in commerce and in an honorable and Christian life, give much of their gains to God's poor, and love their country with an upright heart." Luca Landucci expresses the moral ideal of the prosperous middle class in all ages.

But Luca was ready to apply his principles in practice. He taught himself to accept the misfortunes of life with submission. He did not expect a career of uninterrupted prosperity even in a lowly state. He tells of many disasters that befell himself. Let us take the chief one :

On August 2d, 1507, as it pleased my God, my house where I dwelt, next to my shop, caught fire, and I lost all my furniture and effects, to the value of more than 250 gold ducats. I had to remake everything, and my son Antonio lost more than 50 ducats, a rose-colored cloak, a violet tunic, both new, and all his other clothes and silken doublets, besides his books, which were worth more than 25 ducats. I, with my three other sons, remained in our shirts; Battista jumped from his bed, naked as he was born, because the fire seized his bed where he was sleeping, and rushed out to borrow a shirt from the neighbors. But since I accept adversity and prosperity alike, I give great thanks for the one as for the other to the Lord; wherefore I pray that he may pardon my sins and send me all such things as are for his glory. May God always be praised by all His creatures; and with this medicine every man can heal all his pains and weakness.

With this conception of the supreme excellence of an industrious and contented life, Luca Landucci was not much moved by the outward signs of power or of splendor. The ambition of princes did not appeal to him; their magnificence did not awaken his envy or call forth his admiration. He was convinced of the futility of most of the objects of human effort. On the death of Lorenzo de' Medici he observes :

This man was in the world's opinion the most glorious man that could be found, and the richest, and had the greatest power and reputation. Every one said of him that he governed Italy, and truly he had a wise head, and succeeded in all things. He had done what no citizen had for long accomplished—he had raised his son to the Cardinalate. He had ennobled not only his own house, but the whole city. And with all this he could not go an hour further when his time had come. Man, man, what reason have you for pride? The true attribute of man is true humility and kindness, and to count God as everything and all else as nothing, except in so far as God has made it good. May He pardon my

sins, and pardon him who is dead as I wish that He may pardon me; and likewise all human beings.

In like manner Luca saw from his shop windows the stately walls of the Strozzi Palace rising day by day, but felt no envy of its rich possessor. He tells us how Filippo Strozzi died in 1491, when the walls had not yet reached the height of the windows. "You may well understand what are our hopes of these transitory things. It seems that man is their lord; but it is just the opposite, they are the lords over us. This palace will stand almost forever; see if this palace has been lord of him, and of how many more it will still be lord. We are stewards and not lords, as far as God's goodness pleases."

Having this contented view of life, Luca was above all things a kindly man, forgiving others and trusting for their forgiveness. When his son Benedetto was attacked in the dark and severely wounded in the face, Luca observes, "It was for our sins. I freely pardon him who wrought this wrong, as I wish the Lord to pardon me, and I pray God to pardon him, and not for this condemn him to hell." The quality that filled Landucci with the greatest horror was cruelty. "Cruel men," he exclaims, "generally come to an ill end, and the merciful never end ill." He regards the defeat of Charles the Bold by the Swiss as a miraculous punishment on a cruel man. He represents the public opinion of Italy when he rejoices over the vengeance which Cesare Borgia wrought on the lords of the Romagna. After the destruction of the Vitelli he cries out, "Woe to him who is cruel and does not fear God." In like manner Luca Landucci rejoices over the prospect of vengeance seizing Cesare Borgia in his turn. He tells the current story that Cesare poisoned a flask of wine to kill a Cardinal and poisoned his father by mistake. "Whether it be true or not God knows," he adds, and then exclaims in triumph, "See what is Cesare's condition now, with so many enemies who will leap upon his back." A little afterward he rejoices over Cesare's ruin as the just requital of his cruelty.

As Luca hated cruelty, he hated war with all its attendant miseries. In 1483 he writes :

In these days through fear of hunger and the great war in Lombardy many families departed thence. They passed this way on their journey toward Rome, from fifty to a hundred families together, so that they reached for several miles. Men said that altogether there were more than thirty thousand persons. It called forth great pity to see such poverty pass by—a poor donkey with a miserable kettle, a frying-pan, and such like—so that they drew tears from all who saw them go barefooted and in rags. And all this follows from those accursed wars.

He narrates with growing horror the iniquities of Cesare Borgia's troop when they entered the Florentine territories in 1501. "They behaved like Turks, and set every place on fire;" they slaughtered men and women; they showed themselves "as bad as, nay worse than, the devil in hell." Every day brought the news of some new outrage. All this seems to Luca's mind the result of incredible folly and wickedness.

Princes and lords, instead of healing the rents and increasing the borders of Christ's Church, ruin it by their ambition. There ought to be union of all Christians against the infidels, and willingness to die for the faith of Christ. At present all are engaged in shedding the blood of Christians against all rule of love and heaping miseries on the poor and afflicted peoples of Italy. God be always praised and blessed.

Again, with fine irony, he sums up the results of war and the prizes of military ambition:

To avenge their passions they have driven to beggary hundreds of peasants, and have avenged themselves on those who never wronged them, like vile men who fear not the hand of the Lord, nor know that He is great and that He is near them.

But, though Landucci had a horror of war, he was not the less a critic of warfare. He lived through the period which saw the downfall of the military system of Italy. The method of hiring condottieri generals, and committing to their hands the conduct of affairs had, no doubt, some disadvantages, but at least did not err on the side of cruelty. Campaigns were conducted like parades. There was much manœuvring; but the two generals understood one another, and did not want to come to blows if they could avoid it. When a battle was fought, it was conducted on gentleman-like principles. When the two armies came together, everything was decided by the first shock, and those who were

slain owed their death to being trampled on by the undue haste of their comrades to run away. Prisoners were held to ransom, and the defeated army was rendered useless because it had thrown away its weapons. This system was kindly, but was often a little irritating to those who had to find the supplies. Their money was spent in elaborate manœuvres which resulted in nothing, and the Florentine burgher was often somewhat impatient for more decisive measures. In 1478 Luca Landucci writes bitterly: "The order of our Italian soldiers is this. 'You set to work and plunder on that side, and we will plunder on this; the business of coming to too close quarters is not for us.' They allow a castle to be bombarded for many days, and never send to relieve it. Some day the strangers from beyond the Alps must come and teach us how to make war." The prophecy was soon enough fulfilled. Landucci had seen only too clearly the inevitable result of the military incompetence of Italy. The French came, and taught them lessons of a sterner sort. Charles VIII. made a triumphal march through Italy; but his soldiers gave the Italians a few examples of foreign warfare. Landucci did not like their teaching when he saw it close at hand. He calls the French "bestial barbarians, who delight to dabble in human blood." He saw his countrymen only too ready to learn their savagery. As early as 1495 he records how the Florentines captured seventy Frenchmen who were fighting on the side of the Pisans at Ponte di Sacco. "And our men, as though they were not Italians but barbarians, and had learned from them, because they hated them on many grounds, amused themselves by cutting them in pieces." Later on Luca saw with delight the revival of the citizen militia according to the plan of Machiavelli. He rejoiced in the parade of the new levies in 1505, and considered the tailoring arrangements to be excellent. He computed that Florence could raise many thousands of soldiers and need no longer employ foreigners. "It was reckoned the finest thing that had ever been ordained in the city of Florence." But when the Florentine militia was sorely needed against the Spaniards in

1512 it was not of much use. The capture of Prato after two days' siege was a blow to all his expectations. "It seems that it must have been through God's permission that our chiefs acted so slowly, since we had 18,000 soldiers, which was more than our enemies. We might have cut off their supplies, so that they would have died of hunger in three or four days. These things are for our sins." The pathos of Italy's ruin becomes more intense when we read the simple criticism of one who lived through the period of the decay of that individual courage and energy on which the greatness of a country must ultimately depend.

Though Landucci was a man of peace, he desired to see his country well defended and respected by her enemies. The cowardice displayed in resisting Cesare Borgia filled him with shame. In 1501 he writes: "Never was such a simple and wicked thing done as to leave our country to be ravaged. It is a disgrace to be a Florentine and have to make an agreement with one who is not worth three farthings." "Florence was full of sadness, and it seemed as if one was drowning in a glass of water." "It seemed as if the Florentines had their bowels in a basin. All their neighbors laughed at the Florentines." Nor was Landucci only in favor of defensive wars; he was most eager for the recovery of the rebellious Pisa. Like a loyal Florentine, he believed in the righteousness of his own city and the unrighteousness of every one else. "God has always helped us because our wars are lawful, not like those of the ambitious and jealous Venetians." His kindly spirit and his patriotism came into collision, and patriotism won the day. He regarded patriotism as the highest virtue in a Florentine and the most perverse obstinacy in all others. The national feeling of the middle classes at all times is simply expressed in Luca's comment on the following striking episode in the Pisan war:

In these days Pisa was straitly besieged and was hard pressed. Every day one heard stories of their obstinacy—this among the rest. A woman of Pisa came with her two children to the Florentine Commissary, saying that she was dying of hunger and had left in Pisa her mother, who was well-nigh hungered. The Commissary ordered that bread be given her

for herself, and her mother, and her children. Returning with the loaves to Pisa, she told her mother that all was well. The old woman, seeing the white bread, said, "What bread is this?" The daughter answered that she had got it outside from the Florentines. Then she cried, "Away with the bread of the accursed Florentines; I had rather die of hunger;" and she would not eat it. Think what hatred the poor folk bore to our city, finding themselves, through no fault of theirs, in such bad straits. O, how great a sin it is to set wars on foot! Woe to him who causes them! God pardon us, although this enterprise of ours has been lawfully undertaken. Think what a sin it is for him who undertakes it unlawfully!

It follows from such views as these that Luca Landucci was a good citizen, and believed that his own government was always in the right. He disliked the struggles of factions and parties. "I am without any passions of party or form of government," he says, "and only desire the will of God." He records sadly the violence of party strife in Italian cities. "Thus do those accursed parties behave who fear not God, and think that they have to live forever, and that they are those who have to inherit the world." Luca was not a politician. He accepted the political changes of Florence without much comment. If things went well, he exclaimed, "Praise be to God;" if they went ill, he reflected, "These things are because of our sins." In no case does he show any desire to strive and mend matters. Politics are beyond him. He has his opinions, his sympathies, his likes and dislikes, but they soon pass away. Luca represents the large class that is satisfied to be governed, and does not wish to govern. His belief in particular forms of government is not great. He trusts in men rather than in mechanism, and demands that the government, whatever it may be, should keep Florence at peace and make her respected. He saw the failure of the conspiracy of the Pazzi, and was only impressed by the disturbance which it caused in the city and the state of terror which followed. He endured without comment the Papal excommunication and the war which followed. He admired Lorenzo de' Medici's adventurous journey to Naples, and rejoiced over the peace which followed. He enjoyed contentedly the glories of Lorenzo's rule, but had no special feel-

ing when Piero de' Medici was expelled in 1494. The only sentiment which he expresses is one of pity for Piero's brother, the Cardinal Giovanni, and in his case the pity was purely personal. "The poor cardinal," he says, "remained in the house, and I saw him at his window kneeling with clasped hands, commending himself to God. When I saw him I was sorry, and judged that he was a good youth and of a good mind." He was impressed by the unanimity of the people after the expulsion of Piero. "The cry was raised, 'Popolo e libertà' and in less than half an hour all the city was in arms, great and small running to the Piazza with such readiness that never was such union seen before. I believe that if all the world had come, it would not have been able to break such union. Thus the Lord allowed that trial should be made of this people in this time of peril from the French." Luca trusted to the revived Republic, and saw it reconstructed on the model of Venice in 1495. "It seems to every one who wishes to live well and without passion the most worthy government that Florence has ever had." In 1502 he welcomed with equal pleasure the appointment of a Gonfaloniere for life, and records the election of Piero Soderini. "How worthily was he chosen for this dignity, how well did the great Council judge! Truly this deed was from God." In 1512 he is content that Piero Soderini should make way for a Medicean restoration; "peacefully, according to agreement, because he said he did not wish to be a stumbling-block to his people, and that he was content with all that came from the will of God; and soon afterward he went away." Many thought that the liberty of Florence was worth fighting for, and that Soderini let it go too easily. Landucci does not enter into these considerations of the higher politics. He found himself in his own age called upon to take a part in affairs, and he did not like it. "On December 20th, 1512, they began in the Palazzo to choose those eligible for office; and I also went, since some of my friends wished it, with little will on my part, but to please the Signori. Praise be to God." Luca did his duty, but did it

with a sigh. Governments changed, and he submitted himself to the powers that were. As we read Luca's account of affairs, we feel why it is that men like him, representatives of the contented middle classes, are rarely of any weight in politics. It interests us to know how Luca Landucci thought and felt; and doubtless he represented a great number of the citizens of Florence. Their ideas were excellent; their attitude toward life was all that could be wished; their moral sentiments were directed toward the greatest good of the greatest number. But they were powerless to influence affairs; they had no policy which they wished to enforce. Wise, gentle, cultivated as they might be, they could not arrest corruption in high places. The public opinion which they expressed never made its voice heard in actual conflict. As we read Luca Landucci's Diary, we love and respect him as a man, we are interested at the light he throws on social life by the pictures of actual fact which he presents to our view. But any reader must be driven to admit that the villainous intrigues disclosed to us by dismal State papers and the records of tedious diplomacy show us the motive power which determined events, while the public opinion of the Florentine citizen was entirely powerless.

II.

WE have considered the character and opinions of Luca Landucci as illustrating the ordinary Florentine citizen. Let us turn to the consideration of his importance as an authority for Florentine history. About actual facts he has not much to tell us that is absolutely new; but he makes our previous knowledge more vivid and more real. The scenes pass before our eyes in his homely narrative and are brought close to ourselves. He gives us those little touches of personal description for want of which more elaborate pictures leave our imagination cold and unmoved.

We understand the intensity of Florentine feeling after the Conspiracy of the Pazzi when we read his account of the behavior of the youth of the city. They disinterred the corpse of Jacopo de' Pazzi, who had been executed, and dragged it through the streets by the

hangman's rope, which still remained round the neck. They tied the dead man's body to the knocker of his own door, and cried to those within, "Open to the master." Then they threw the corpse into the Arno, and sang a ribald song whose burden was "Messer Jacopo giu per Arno se ne va." "And this," says Luca, "was held for a wondrous thing; first, because youths generally are afraid of the dead, and next, because the corpse stank so that one could not go near it. All the folk of Florence flocked to the bridges to see the body pass, and down toward Brozzi some boys dragged it out of the water, and tied it to a willow, and beat it with sticks, and then threw it into the Arno again."

No less vivid is the account of the entry of Charles VIII. and the French into Florence. "You may think that all Florence was in the church and outside. Every one shouted small and great, old and young, all with a true heart and without flattery. When the folk saw the King on foot his fame was a little diminished, for he was indeed a very small man." But when in a few days Charles VIII. spoke of the return of the Medici, popular feeling changed. "They had no fear of the King, and it was plain that a great enmity had sprung up between the citizens and this Piero de' Medici; whence it springs, the Lord knows." The Florentines were filled with suspicion, but it was silent, and needed no words to express it. Charles VIII. rode to the church of San Felice to see the festa, but did not enter. "Many said that he was afraid, and this showed that he had greater fear than we had—woe to him if he were to begin, though it would be also to our great danger." The Florentines were filled with terrible anxiety, which reached its height on November 24th. "It was said that the King was going to dine in the Palazzo with the Signoria, and caused all the arms to be taken out of the Palazzo, and himself intended to go with many armed men, whence all the people were filled with suspicion. Each man made haste to fill his house with bread and arms and stores and to strengthen his house, as much as he could, each man intending to die with arms in his hand, and to

slaughter every Frenchman, if need were, in the manner of the Sicilian Vespers. Such was the fear, that about dinner hour a cry was raised, 'Shut, shut,' and all Florence shut its doors, every man fleeing without any other reason, and on asking the cause no one knew. Whence the King did not go to dine at the Palazzo. It was the will of Heaven that such suspicion grew on every side, because it was the reason why the French changed their evil will toward us." Next day the French kept strict watch day and night, and took away the arms of all who were found in the streets at night, not before many of them fell beneath the Florentine daggers. On the following day Charles VIII. signed an agreement with the Florentines and hastened to leave the city. From that time forward the Frenchmen are called by Landucci "bestial," and his pages are full of their misdoings. His narrative of their doings in Italy ends with the following dramatic account of the punishment which their cruelty called down upon their heads in January 1504 :

And in these cold days many Frenchmen, who could manage to escape, fled from Naples naked and clothless, and many of them died in the territory of Rome through cold and hunger, for they found none to help them through the cruelty which they had shown in putting cities to the sword and sacking everything. Through God's permission they died in Rome among dung-heaps, which they entered to escape from the cold. If the Pope had not had four or five hundred jackets made and given to them, and had not supplied them with money and put them on galleys to convey them to France, they would all have died. As it was, more than five hundred died of cold; they found them in the morning dead on the dung-heaps. In Rome they entered such houses as they found open, and could not be dragged out; they were beaten with clubs, but refused to move, and said "Kill us." Never was such destruction. And still the King did not send to help them, but had forgotten them. This was the justice of God, since they came to massacre and plunder others. And they are all blasphemers, steeped in every vice, without faith or fear of God.

The most interesting part of Landucci's diary is that which relates to Girolamo Savonarola. The good apothecary makes us feel from day to day the fluctuations of popular opinion concerning him. We realize the steps in his rise and fall. We understand the force of his fervid eloquence, of his zeal for righteousness which swayed the

minds of the masses. We trace the course of the inevitable reaction, when Savonarola's efforts to set up a reformed and purified Florence made him an important political personage. We see how his watchful enemies seized on every extravagance which he uttered, and dogged his steps till they had brought him into a false position where his ruin was certain. Much has been written about Savonarola; but nowhere does he stand out more grandly than in the simple record of Landucci.

It is an error to regard Savonarola as an exceptional figure in Italian history. There were many famous preachers among the Italians who worked great results by their earnestness; Bernardino of Siena and Capistrano had both of them moved Italy within the century. And there were many other preachers and wonder-workers of lesser note. Landucci records in 1478, "there came a hermit and preached and threatened many misfortunes. He was a youth of twenty-four, barefooted, with a wallet on his back; and said that S. John and the angel Raffael had appeared to him. One morning he mounted the balcony of the Signori to preach, and the magistrates sent him away. And such-like things happened every day." In 1483 Landucci narrates the death of a friar at Faenza, who was said to work miracles. But he did not give much credit to these stories. "Every day such things were told; one day there was an apparition in a river and next day in a mountain; and some one spoke to a lady who was the Virgin. I mention this because the world was uplifted to expect great things from God."

In this excited state of public feeling Savonarola appeared and grew famous by his preaching. His predictions of coming calamity were fulfilled by the French invasion, during which his resolute bearing greatly increased his repute. "In these days men in Florence and throughout all Italy thought that he was a prophet and a man of holy life." When the French left Florence on November 28th, 1494, Savonarola was almost supreme. He proclaimed a religious procession on December 8th, to obtain the divine guidance for the city. "It was a very wondrous procession of a great number of men and women of the

highest repute, all carried on with entire order and perfect obedience to the Frate. Such devotion was shown as will perhaps never be seen again." On December 14th Savonarola began to preach "that Florence should take a good form of government." "He always favored the people," says Landucci, "and always declared that there should be no blood-shedding, but other kinds of punishment." On December 21st "he preached only about the Constitution, and men were all afraid and did not agree. One wanted roast, another boiled; one went with Frate, another went against him. Had it not been for this Frate blood would have been shed." On December 28th, Landucci computes that the auditors of Savonarola numbered thirteen or fourteen thousand persons. But so early as January 11th, 1495, Savonarola had to defend himself in the pulpit. Letters purporting to come from him and to seek a Medicean restoration were forged and disseminated. "But all this was false, for the Frate held with the people." On January 17th "many citizens began to be scandalized against the Frate, saying, 'This wretched Friar will bring us to a bad end.'"

Still, in spite of evil prophecies, Savonarola's influence grew. On April 1st he preached and testified that "the Virgin Mary had revealed to him how the city of Florence had to be more glorious and more wealthy than she had ever seen before, but after many troubles; this he promised absolutely. And he said all these things as a prophet, and the greater part of the people believed him, especially those who were free from party passion." There were many sermons and many processions, in which the image of the Virgin in Santa Maria Impruneta was carried through the streets. Finally the popular party prevailed, and Savonarola's views of a perfect Constitution were adopted by the city, which elected, on June 7th, a Consiglio Grande. Immediately after this triumph of his policy, Savonarola went to meet Charles VIII. on his return from Naples, and told him that God willed he should favor Florence. "Such was the esteem and devotion toward the Frate that there were many men and women who, if he had said to

them 'Go into the fire,' would have obeyed him." But no practical results followed from the interview of Savonarola with the French King. Pisa was not restored to Florence, and the enemies of the Frate, said, "There, believe in your Frate who says that he has Pisa in his hand."

The League against France was joined by all the Italian Powers except Florence, which, through fear of a restoration of the Medici, held by its alliance with France, and built the "Sala Grande" in the Palazzo Pubblico to accommodate its new Council and be a sign of its determination to keep its popular constitution. But France did not restore Pisa, and the disappointment increased the number of Savonarola's enemies. In January 1495 "men went by night round San Marco, crying out reproaches, 'This hog of a friar should be burned in his house,' and such like; and some wished to set fire to San Marco." But still the moral influence of Savonarola was powerful. Boys were formed into guilds for the promotion of morality. Loungers in the streets and gamblers fled when they heard the cry "Here come the boys of the Frate." Profligacy and vice were driven to lurk in darkness. "It was a holy time," says Landucci, "but it was short. The evil have been more powerful than the good. God be praised that I saw this short time of holiness. I pray God that he would restore to us that holy and shamefast life." The Carnival of 1496 marked the highest point of Savonarola's moral reform. Rude joking was laid aside. Religious processions took the place of the ribaldry to which Lorenzo de' Medici had accustomed the Florentine people. The youth of Flor-

ence sang Lauds in the streets, bearing olive branches in their hands. "We seemed to see the crowds of Jerusalem who accompanied Christ on Palm Sunday crying 'Blessed is He that cometh in the name of the Lord.' And well could one recall the words of Scripture, 'Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings thou hast perfected praise.' There were reckoned six thousand youths or more, all between the ages of six and sixteen. I saw these things and felt much pleasure, and some of my sons were among those blessed and shamefast bands." Special banks of seats were erected in the Duomo for these children, who were trained into a choir. "They sang with such sweetness that every one wept, and chiefly those of good intent, saying, 'This thing is from the Lord.' And note the wonder, that one could not keep any boy in bed the mornings that the Frate preached. All ran before their mothers to the preaching. Truly the Church was filled with angels." Landucci draws a beautiful picture of the power of moral earnestness working on the conscience of a people which had been awakened by calamity. But the anomalous position of Florence in Italian politics was difficult to maintain. The Powers of Italy were bent on severing the last tie between France and Italy, and the attitude of Florence was felt to depend entirely on the influence of Savonarola. Accusations of treachery were preferred against him. "The poor Frate has so many enemies," exclaims Landucci piteously. How he himself bears witness to the truth of this may be shown on a future occasion. —*Saturday Review*.

POST MORTEM.

BY ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

I.

IT is not then enough that men who give
 The best gifts given of man to man should feel,
 Alive, a snake's head ever at their heel:
 Small hurt the worms may do them while they live—
 Such hurt as scorn for scorn's sake may forgive.
 But now, when death and fame have set one seal
 On tombs whereat Love, Grief, and Glory kneel,
 Men sift all secrets, in their critic sieve,

Of graves wherein the dust of death might shrink
 To know what tongues defile the dead man's name
 With loathsome love, and praise that stings like shame.
 Rest once was theirs, who had crossed the mortal brink :
 No rest, no reverence now : dull fools undress
 Death's holiest shrine, life's veriest nakedness.

II.

A man was born, sang, suffered, loved, and died.
 Men scorned him living : let us praise him dead.
 His life was brief and bitter, gently led
 And proudly, but with pure and blameless pride.
 He wrought no wrong toward any ; satisfied
 With love and labor, whence our souls are fed
 With largesse yet of living wine and bread.
 Come, let us praise him : here is naught to hide.
 Make bear the poor dead secrets of his heart,
 Strip the stark-naked soul, that all may peer,
 Spy, smirk, scoff, snap, snort, snivel, snarl, and sneer :
 Let none so sad, let none so sacred part
 Lie still for pity, rest unstirred for shame,
 But all be scanned of all men. This is fame.

III.

" Now, what a thing it is to be an ass ! " *
 If one, that strutted up the brawling streets
 As foreman of the flock whose concourse greets
 Men's ears with bray more dissonant than brass,
 Would change from blame to praise as coarse and crass
 His natural note, and learn the fawning feats
 Of lapdogs, who but knows what luck he meets ?
 But all in vain old fable holds her glass.
 Mocked and reviled by men of poisonous breath,
 A great man dies : but one thing worst was spared ;
 Not all his heart by their base hands lay bared.
 One comes to crown with praise the dust of death ;
 And lo, through him this worst is brought to pass.
 Now, what a thing it is to be an ass !

IV.

Shame, such as never yet dealt heavier stroke
 On heads more shameful, fall on theirs through whom
 Dead men may keep inviolate not their tomb,
 But all its depths these ravenous grave-worms choke.
 And yet what waste of wrath is mine, to invoke
 Shame on the shameless ? Even their natural doom,
 The native air such carrion breaths perfume,
 The nursing darkness whence the vermin broke,
 The cloud that wraps them of adulterate ink,
 Hath no sign else about it, wears no name,
 As they no record in the world, but shame.
 If thankfulness nor pity bids them think
 What work is this of theirs, and pause betimes,
 Not Shakespeare's grave would scare them off with rhymes.

—*Fortnightly Review.*

* *Titus Andronicus*, Act iv., Scene 2.

EARTHQUAKE WEATHER.

BY RICHARD PROCTOR.

THE world in general and Europe in particular has been lately visited by a marked and unusual spell of tempestuous earthquake weather. During the last twelve months, the unstable crust of this respectable and usually quiet planet, commonly but most untruthfully described as *terra firma* and the solid earth, has been thrown into a state of spasmodic commotion, shaking and quaking in a tremulous manner quite unworthy of its years and experience; for, as the astronomers have often told us, planets as they grow older, ought, properly speaking, to grow progressively steadier, and leave off the undignified pranks and junketings of their fast and fiery adolescence. The past year, however, has been more than ordinarily distinguished by the frequency and scale of its volcanic and seismic phenomena. Without mentioning such common everyday occurrences as an eruption of Vesuvius, and a shake or so at Agram, which may be looked upon as normal, two great plutonic events have illustrated the history of poor old quavering 1883, the Java catastrophe and the earthquake at Ischia. But, besides these two very big things in the volcanic line, there have been lots of minor tremblings everywhere, of purely local interest, some of them apparently connected together in very strange and interesting ways. All Switzerland has been tottering about feebly from time to time; the heart of sentimental Germany has been deeply moved; and Asia Minor has been shaken, literally, to its very base. As if all this were not enough, Signor Bertelli of Florence, and other Italian investigators, have been recently taking the trouble to prove with great persistence that whenever you don't happen to feel an earthquake, you ought to be feeling one; that the fault is all in your own defective human senses; that the earth is in a perpetual state of gentle imperceptible tremor everywhere; and that the soil of Italy, even in districts far removed from volcanic centres like Vesuvius or Etna, goes on vibrating without any intermission all the year

round and all day long. If only we were as delicately organized as a seismometer (which, thank goodness, is not usually the case), we might feel ourselves in the full enjoyment of regular earthquake weather from year's end to year's end.

Anybody who has ever lived for any length of time at a stretch in a region where earthquakes are common objects of the country and the seaside, knows perfectly well what earthquake weather in the colloquial sense is really like. You are sitting in the piazza, about afternoon tea-time let us say, and talking about nothing in particular with the usual sickly tropical languor, when gradually a sort of faintness comes over the air, the sky begins to assume a lurid look, the street dogs leave off howling hideously in concert for half a minute, and even the grim vultures perched upon the housetops forget their obtrusive personal differences in a common sense of general uneasiness. There is an ominous hush in the air, with a corresponding lull in the conversation for a few seconds, and then somebody says with a yawn, "It feels to me very much like earthquake weather." Next minute, you notice the piazza gently raised from its underpropping woodwork by some unseen power, observe the teapot quietly deposited in the hostess's lap, and are conscious of a rapid but graceful oscillating movement, as though the ship of state were pitching bodily and quickly in a long Atlantic swell. Almost before you have had time to feel surprised at the suddenness of the interruption (for the earth never stops to apologize) it is all over; and you pick up the teapot with a smile, continuing the conversation with the greatest attainable politeness, as if nothing at all unusual had happened meanwhile. With earthquakes, as with most other things and persons, familiarity breeds contempt.

It is wonderful, indeed, how very quickly and easily one gets accustomed at last to these little mundane accidents. At first, when you make your earliest ac-

quaintance with an earthquake country, there is something unspeakably appalling and awesome in the sense of utter helplessness which you feel before the contemplation of a good shivering earthquake. It isn't so much that the thing in itself is so very alarming—nine earthquakes out of ten in any given place do nothing worse than bring down a bit of your plaster ceiling, or wake you up with a sound shaking in your bed at night; it is the consciousness that the one seemingly stable and immovable element in one's whole previous personal experience, the solid earth that we are accustomed to contrast so favorably with stormy seas and fitful breezes, has at last played us false, and failed visibly beneath our very feet. Then, again, there is the suddenness of the shock which goes to increase one's general sense of painful insecurity. For all other calamities we are more or less prepared beforehand; but the earthquake comes without a moment's warning, and passes away almost before you have had time to realize the veritable extent of its devastations. Yet, for all that, a very short acquaintance with earthquakes as frequent visitors enables you to regard their occasional arrival with a tolerable imitation of equanimity. You even learn to laugh at them, when they come in moderation; though of course there are earthquakes that are no laughing matter to anybody on earth, but quite the opposite. That irreverent Mark Twain once set forth a San Francisco almanac—"Frisco, of course, is a well-known centre of "seismic activity"—in which he ventured to predict the year's weather, after the fashion so courageously and imperturbably set by the Meteorological Office, his predictions varying from "severe shocks" in December to "mild and balmy earthquakes" in the best and warmest part of July. Indeed, there is a western story of a fond mother who sent her two dear boys to spend a fortnight with a friend up-country, on the ground that an earthquake was shortly expected; but before the first week was well over, she received a telegram from the distracted friend, "Please take back your boys, and send along the earthquake."

The origin of earthquakes, like the cosmogony or creation of the world (in

the "Vicar of Wakfield") has "puzzled the philosophers of all ages;" and it must be frankly admitted that they have "broached a medley of opinions upon it" quite equal to those so learnedly quoted by the astute possessor of the green spectacles. The theory that earthquakes are due to abortive wobbling on the part of the tortoise who supports the elephant who supports the world, is now entirely abandoned by most modern seismologists; and the hypothesis that they are produced by the writhing efforts of Antæus, Balder, or any other suffering subterranean hero has also fallen into deserved contempt. Indeed, no single explanation seems quite sufficient to cover all known cases. The truth about the matter seems to be that there are earthquakes and earthquakes. It is now known, by an ingenious method of which I shall have more to say farther on, that earthquakes originate at very different depths—sometimes quite near the surface, and sometimes at a very considerable distance below it. The great shock which affected Central Europe in 1872 had its centre or point of origin nine and a half miles down in the earth; while that at Beluno in the same year only came from a depth of four miles. Apparently no earthquake ever starts from a greater distance than thirty miles down in the bowels of the earth; which of course shows that they are, comparatively speaking, mere external surface phenomena. Science moves so fast nowadays, and the conceptions that till yesterday prevailed upon this subject even among scientific men were so very erroneous, that it may be worth while to take a brief glance at the present state of the question. It must needs be brief, of course, or else before we have fairly got to the end of it, science may have moved on again to a new standpoint, and our pretty little theory upon the subject be itself shaken down.

Till very lately, then, it was always taken for granted that the crust of the earth was the only solid portion of this planet, and that the whole centre was an incandescent mass of liquid fire, on which the crust gathered lightly like a thin film of floating ice on a pool of water. So long as this conception was rife, and so long as accurate facts about the

depth of earthquakes were wanting, it was easy enough to suppose that they were caused by the collapse of a bit of the crust upon the imaginary liquid interior. Quite recently, however, people have begun to discover from a vast number of converging proofs that the earth is not really liquid inside; that it couldn't well remain liquid under the enormous pressure of its own heavy outer mass; that it doesn't behave at all as a mainly liquid globe ought to behave in its relations with surrounding bodies; but that on the contrary it gives every indication of being intensely solid and rigid to the very centre. At the same time, the central portion of the earth is almost certainly at such a white heat that it would be in a molten condition were it not for the enormous pressure of the immense mass that crushes it down from outside; and so, if this pressure is anywhere removed (as it seems to be at volcanic vents) the material at such points would doubtless liquefy, and might be squeezed up through a hole to the surface as a molten outflow.

Now, it is quite certain that some earthquakes have a good deal to do with volcanic eruptions. Such eruptions are generally ushered in by a series of premonitory tremblings, just by way of warning the inhabitants, as it were, to look out for squalls in the immediate future; and there is very little doubt that earthquakes of this sort are due to essentially volcanic explosive action. In all probability, the internal heat causes some subterranean reservoir of water to flash suddenly into steam with rapid violence, much as when a kettle or a boiler bursts; and this simple outbreak would be quite sufficient to produce all the known effects of an ordinary earthquake. For earthquakes, in spite of the apparent mystery that surrounds their origin and nature, are at bottom nothing more than waves of motion, from whatever cause, propagated through the solid material of the earth; and their phenomena do not differ in any way, except sometimes in magnitude, from those produced by ordinary explosions of gas in mines, or of gunpowder in magazines. In all three cases a wave is set up through the rocks or clay of the earth, and this wave travels in every direction outward, with about the same absolute

rate of motion, and affects the same substances in exactly the same way. For example, the waves move fastest through solid granite, and slowest through loose sand. The Java earthquake undoubtedly belonged to this originally volcanic class, and was connected with great internal disturbances, which ejected vast quantities of pumice and ashes, altered the outline of Krakatoa Island, and threw up a whole line of new small craters on a crack opened in the sea-bed between Java and Sumatra. The connection of the Ischia calamity with volcanic action is not quite so unmistakable, but the proximity of the island to Vesuvius is alone enough to suggest that obvious explanation; and Casamicciola, has indeed long been known as a seething centre of volcanic activity. Nay, Professor Rossi, who with Professor Palmieri of Vesuvius takes charge of volcanoes and earthquakes in Italy, much as the New York *Herald* does of storms in England, had proposed a short time before the catastrophe to have a meteorological observatory erected at Casamicciola, so as to take observations upon the temperature of the hot baths and the activity of the fumaroles or natural chimneys for letting out the smoke and steam from the subterranean fires, and thus predict the probable occurrence of tremors; but the good hotel-keepers of the gay little town objected to this natural measure of precaution, because, they said, the observatory might give an appearance of danger, and therefore frighten away the cosmopolitan visitors, after the manner of the ostrich, and also of the mayors and corporations of English watering-places, *in re* typhoid fever and drainage operations!

In some other cases, however, earthquakes undoubtedly originate in places remote from any volcanic region, and at comparatively shallow depths below the surface. In such instances we must have recourse to some other explanation than that easy *deus ex machina* of the popular mind—volcanic action. (There are a great many people, by the way, who think anything on earth can be explained by simply referring it to volcanic action, just as there are others who swear entirely by "electricity" as a sort of universal solvent, and just as some

young ladies wisely opine, whenever they see anything they can't understand, that "there are springs in it.") Springs, indeed, have very likely something to do with it, too; for small local earthquakes are probably often due to mere collapses in the roofs of natural tunnels and caverns formed in the rocks by the slow action of trickling water. In bigger non-volcanic earthquakes we must look for some more deep-seated cause; and this is doubtless to be found, as Professor Geikie observes, in the sudden snapping of rocks in the interior subjected to prolonged and intense strains. It is certain that the weight of the crust, pressing upon the heated central mass, does really produce such strains, often to an extent hardly to be measured by our poor little human units of force; and a fracture so produced would undoubtedly spread on every side a wave of movement, which would become visible at the surface as an earthquake. In fact, wherever railway tunnels are driven through the heart of a mountain, among rocks much compressed by the side thrusts of surrounding masses, explosive noises, like a big gun going off, are often heard, and are the result of the relief afforded by such a snap, exactly as when an overbent bow breaks in the middle with a loud report. The rocks have been for ages in a state of strain, and the tunnel allows them here and there to relieve themselves by a shock or sudden break. Big blocks so rent have been sometimes found in quarries. If this can happen even quite near the surface, where the strain is comparatively small, it can happen a great deal more at enormous depths, where the strain is practically incalculable.

It doesn't much matter to the people who have been upset by an earthquake, however, what its particular origin may have been; and indeed, whatever the origin, the earthquake itself behaves in pretty much the same uproarious way under all circumstances. The one common practice of all earthquakes is that they diffuse themselves concentrically and spherically in every direction; starting from a central point they spread out, not only sideways—like wavelets in a pond when a stone is thrown in—but also up and down and obliquely as well, exactly as light diffuses itself from a

lamp or candle. The natural consequence is that, if you happen to be sitting just on top of the spot where the original explosion or snap has taken place, you feel the shock like a bump or thrust from below; in the cheerful language of the technical seismologists (who are really not so bad at long words as most other scientific people) over the centre of origin of an earthquake the movement is perceived as a vertical up-and-down motion. A ball placed on the ground at such a spot will be jerked up into the air several times over, exactly as a good player tosses a shuttle-cock. The present writer has experience this vertical movement in his own person, and he candidly confesses that he didn't like it. Fortunately the shock was a comparatively gentle one, and did no more damage than just snapping off the laths in the wall, which to people who really go in for earthquakes is a small matter scarcely worth mentioning. But when the shock is at all severe, it may throw up paving stones straight into the air as if they were pebbles, turn them over topsy-turvy with a bold somersault, and bring them down again upon the ground bottom upward. The central point of each earthquake is determined (when determined at all) by observing at what place objects have been thus flung vertically upward into the air.

As we recede in each direction, however, from this central point, the waves come to the surface more and more obliquely with each remove, and are felt as an undulatory motion, exactly like the ground swell of the sea heaving and tossing under the beam of a small boat. If you are seated writing at a table under such circumstances (as the present narrator also once happened to be in a minor shock), the effect is that your hand is jerked three or four times over the sheet in a regular symmetrical fashion, gradually dying away as the shock subsides. "Pray excuse apparent carelessness," you add parenthetically, "we have just had our usual little fortnightly earthquake;" and then, if you are a seasoned hand, without further apology you go on as before with the general thread of your correspondence. (One can get used to anything in time. That courageous paper, the *Panama Star and Herald*, in the same volcanic region, keeps a little

stereotyped heading on hand for casual emergencies, "Our Periodical Revolution.") Well, it naturally happens that the farther you get away from the central source sideways, the more obliquely do the waves come to the surface; and you can measure the amount of obliquity by noticing the way in which buildings, walls, and so forth are shattered by the shock as it emerges. Even in a very gentle earthquake—one of the "mild and balmy" sort—where no big buildings are dislocated, the plaster on the walls of rooms usually serves as a satisfactory indication of the direction of the wave; a fact which, however agreeable to men of science, plasterers and paperhangers, is apt to render earthquakes in the concrete a decided nuisance from the consumer's point of view. On the average of cases, the cracks or fissures, as that great authority on earthquakes Mr. Mallett has shown, run at right angles to the path of emergence. Where the shock emerges obliquely, it doesn't toss things straight up into the air, as is the case directly above the centre of disturbance, but rocks them backward and forward with a more or less violent oscillatory motion, so as to produce the characteristic undulating effect.

It is by means of observations on the lines of emergence (mostly conducted afterward, of course; for only very practised hands, like Professor Palmieri, have *sang-froid* enough calmly to watch the direction of an earthquake while it is actually in progress) that the depth at which the disturbance originated can be approximately determined. You find out at a great many points along its course what was the angle at which the wave emerged—in other words, you observe the direction of the rents in buildings; then you draw straight lines (in imagination only) perpendicular to these till they cut the vertical line, where the earthquake showed itself as a simple up and down movement; and the place at which all the lines so cut the vertical is the point of origin of the disturbance. In the Ischia disaster, the angle at which the waves emerged diminished very rapidly as one receded from the centre of the disturbance (which lay directly under the village of Casamenella); and therefore the origin or focus (as the seismologists call it) must have been at a

very shallow depth indeed. For the same reason, the area affected by the wave was very small, so that the shock was hardly felt even just across the bay at Naples. On the other hand, the Herzogenrath impulse in 1873 started from a depth of something like fifteen miles; and as to distance, the tremor produced by the great Lisbon earthquake of 1755 shook a region four times as big as all Europe put together. This very respectable shake had its origin under the bed of the North Atlantic, and was felt from the north of Africa on the one hand to the coasts of Norway and Sweden on the other, besides disturbing the philosophical Puritans of distant New England at their sober and metaphysical tea-tables. Earthquakes in the Andes also stretch over enormous distances along the axis of the mountain-chain; one in 1868 extended over some two thousand miles in a straight line, without advancing very far into the surrounding districts on either side.

The noises that accompany earthquakes are not due, it would seem, to the actual earth-wave itself, but to the wave in the air which it sets up. Generally, the sound is likened to the roll of distant thunder, or to big guns as heard by persons in full retreat from the field of a battle. At the Ischian earthquake, the sound was said to be something like a loud boob—boob—boob, repeated at measured intervals. The present writer has only once experienced an earthquake which made a noise, and on that occasion he was too much preoccupied by deep and abstruse thought (concentrated chiefly on the abstract stability of his bungalow roof—regarded merely, of course, as an interesting question of practical physics) to form any personal opinion as to what it sounded like. He only now remembers that he thought it extremely disagreeable, and felt his philosophical faculty considerably freer and easier as soon as it was over. But, then, he can only pretend to be a very modest amateur seismologist. He doesn't go out on purpose to hunt up earthquakes; he is quite satisfied with making dilettante observations upon those that happen to drop in casually upon him for an afternoon call.

Besides the air-wave, earthquakes also give rise to a sea-wave, which is often

far more destructive to life and property than the earthquake itself. This was certainly the case in the Java calamity, where the effects of the enormous tidal wave were extremely disastrous. In some South American earthquakes, the wall of water raised by the first shock has reached the almost incredible height of two hundred feet ; and successively smaller walls have rapidly followed to the shore in a gradual diminuendo, till at last the undulations died away to a mere ripple. Occasionally these big waves have radiated outward right across the entire face of the Pacific, to be recorded in Japan (according to Professor Milne) twenty-five hours afterward, at a distance of nearly nine thousand miles from the original centre of disturbance—not bad time as ocean travelling goes. The Java wave not only affected the entire coasts of India, but ran up the Hooghly half-way to the ghats of Calcutta, and even made itself distinctly felt in the port of Aden. It was also noted in South Africa and at Mauritius. Curiously enough, the great earthquake of Lisbon produced no visible effect on land in England, but it jarred and shook all the rivers, lakes, and canals, so that the water in them oscillated violently for some time from no visible external reason. Loch Lomond rose and fell two and a half feet with every wave for five minutes ; Coniston Water dashed itself wildly about as if it expected it was going to be made into a reservoir for the supply of still infantile Manchester ; and the barges on the Godalming Canal were only prevented from supposing that a steam-launch had just passed over the course by considerations of historical propriety (highly praiseworthy in men of their profession), owing to the fact that steam-launches themselves had not yet begun their much-objugated existence. This curious effect is of course due to the greater mobility of liquids, just as a very slight jar which would not visibly affect the substance of the table will make the water in the finger-glasses rise and fall with a slight rhythmical motion. Indeed, it was similarly noticed at the time of the Lisbon catastrophe, that in distant places where no other effect was produced, chandeliers, and even rows of tallow candles hung up in shops, began to swing to and fro

slowly, after the fashion of a pendulum, about the time when the earthquake might be expected to have reached their neighborhood. The fact that they were hanging freely from above made them easily susceptible to the slightest tremor which would not otherwise have been perceptible. Ardent seismologists might improve this hint by practising as much as possible upon the trapeze.

Earthquakes and other similar jars travel at different rates of speed through different substances. Mr. Mallet found that the shock of gunpowder explosions moved fastest through solid granite, where it went at the rate of 1640 feet a second, and slowest through sand, where it only made 951 feet in the same time. The Visp earthquake of 1855 travelled north to Strasburg with the enormous rapidity of 2861 feet per second ; but southward toward Turin, influenced no doubt by the bad example of the Italian railways (or else, perhaps, by the nature of the soil), it attained less than half the speed it had shown in going northward. The nature of the materials also has a great deal to do with the amount of damage done by a shock. Port Royal, Jamaica, which was almost all destroyed by the great earthquake of 1692, is the classical example of this modifying influence of soil and underlying geological features. The town is built on a low peninsula of solid white limestone, joined to the mainland by a long and sultry isthmus of sweltering sand ; and a large sandy belt has also gathered all around the central limestone patch, so that only the very core of the old town had its foundations on the solid rock. When the earthquake came, the houses on the limestone merely oscillated violently, but were left standing in the end ; whereas the city that was built on the sand fell bodily to pieces at once, owing to the loose inelastic nature of the subsoil. To this day, the terror of the tradition of that great calamity has not yet wholly died away in modern Jamaica ; and the visitor who goes to church on his first Sunday in the island notices still with a certain solemn awe and apprehension the ominous addition to the deprecations in the litany, " From earthquake, hurricane, and sudden tempest, Good Lord deliver us." There is a curious monu-

ment, by the way, at a place called Green Bay, not far from Port Royal, to a French Huguenot refugee, whose name the epitaph anglicizes, after the custom of the time, into "Lewis Galdy, Esq." This M. Galdy was swallowed up by the first gulp of the earthquake, but disgorged again at the second shock, and cast into the sea, where he escaped by swimming to a neighboring boat. Local tradition declares that this is the only case on record of a man having been thus restored after being once swallowed. Anyhow, M. Galdy lived to the ripe old age of eighty, and survived his little adventure forty-seven years. How tired he must have got of telling the story!

We in England are fortunately all but quite out of it in the matter of earthquakes. Of course, from the very nature of the case, no district in the world is really absolutely safe against such visitations, and an earthquake may drop in even upon us any day unawares. But as the visits of angels are proverbially few and far between, so earthquakes in Great Britain are practically speaking of very rare occurrence; and when they do come, only the very wakefullest people ever notice them at all. To be sure, there is one place in Scotland, Comrie to wit, which always gets a shaking whenever there is any shaking going on about; but then Comrie is believed to stand above a line of dislocation in the rocks composing the top crust of the earth just in that neighborhood—there is a break or crack there apparently; and the reason for the shaking is not, in all probability, that there are any more earthquakes at that particular spot than elsewhere, but that the break stops the wave short, so to speak, and throws it back, much as when a wave of water (for example) beats against the edge of one's tub if one happens to tilt it or knock against it. In the earth, as a whole, earthquakes are most frequent, of course, in volcanic regions; everybody knows that they come exceptionally often in the Andes, in Java and Sumatra, in Japan, and in other familiar centres of plutonic action. The great European earthquake belt pretty nearly coincides with the basin of the Mediterranean and its subsidiary seas—the Euxine, Caspian, and Aral; and it is

apparently connected with the range of scattered and now rather feeble or dormant volcanoes which begins with Pico in the Azores, runs along through Vesuvius, Stromboli, and Etna, and stretches away as far as the basaltic plateaus of India on the extreme east.

Earthquake weather in the meteorological or climatic sense seems to be mainly connected with such volcanic disturbances. It indicates some change of conditions in the air, some curious upsetting of the ordinary circumstances under which we live, giving rise to very indefinable but perfectly recognizable sensations, not only in man, but in the lower animals as well. A sudden feeling of awe seems to come over one for no particular assignable reason; the birds leave off singing; the dogs forget to howl; the black people drop for a moment from their perpetual high monotone of shouting and quarrelling; and in a minute the shock is upon one. Perhaps the vague sense of discomfort may be due to electrical conditions (electricity, as usual, comes in handy, and is much in demand just at present); perhaps it may be owing to mere vapors of sulphur or liberated gases in the air; perhaps it may be pure superstition; but almost everybody who has ever lived in an earthquake country is tolerably certain that he himself always feels it. It is clear at any rate that sundry premonitory signs and tokens do really usher in the advent of a volcanic earthquake. Before the Casamicciola disaster, wells dried up suddenly, subterranean thunder was heard, and slight oscillations of the earth took place as a sort of warning of the coming catastrophe. Strangest and most significant of all, as showing the presence of odd deranging circumstances in the atmosphere, or powerful electrical disturbances, the big clock in the Sala Belliuzzi stopped twenty minutes before the actual approach of the earthquake. The hot springs also underwent sudden changes of temperature, another indication of the way in which earthquake weather may be produced. Anybody who has ever lived at Bath, and whose own nerves are worth anything as sensitive meteorological instruments (a state of body by no means to be coveted), must have noticed how often in the trough of

the valley by the Pump Room he experienced on certain sultry summer days, or on close muggy winter mornings, a singular sinking depression, prompting him at once, according to temperament, either to fling himself into the Avon, to take a glass of the waters, or to turn into the club for a brandy and seltzer. That feeling is the nearest possible English equivalent to the peculiar sensation of earthquake weather.

Though earthquakes are now one of the most terrible forms in which the internal energies of the earth usually manifest themselves, it has not always been so, and it may not always be so in future. There have been geological catastrophes in the history of our planet immeasurably more awful than any actual or possible earthquake—catastrophes compared to which even the eruption of Vesuvius that overwhelmed Herculaneum and Pompeii was but a small and unimportant episode. Professor Geikie, following many distinguished American geologists, has shown that the vast basalt plains of Western America, as well as the region about the Giant's Causeway in north-eastern Ireland, have been produced by a peculiar form of volcanic action which he calls fissure-eruptions. In these cases it seems that molten sheets of lava of enormous size poured forth bodily in a vast flood from huge rents in the earth's crust, and overwhelmed many hundred square miles

together with their devastating inundation. The lava spreads to a depth of some hundreds of feet, and has rolled around the feet of mountains and filled up their valleys exactly as a flood of water might have done. These terrific "massive eruptions" or direct outflows of incandescent molten matter are probably the most frightful cataclysms that have ever visited the face of the earth. Nervous people, however, may console themselves by the consideration that the chances of their being overwhelmed in such an outflow are practically infinitesimal. In all probability, if a man were to have an infinity of lives, one after another, he would have to get killed in a railway accident eight hundred and ninety-two times over, not to mention several hundred thousand natural deaths meanwhile, before he ever once got himself caught in a fissure-eruption. The fear of it may be relegated to the same ingenious people who don't much trouble themselves about the typhoid and the scarlatina germs that are forever flitting around us, but are terribly afraid every passing comet has a sinister intention of running full tilt at this one particular insignificant little planet. Curiously enough, one never hears of anybody who has abstract fears lest a comet might interfere with the domestic astronomical arrangements of Jupiter and Saturn.—*Cornhill Magazine*.

OLD LADY MARY :.

A STORY OF THE SEEN AND THE UNSEEN.

I.

SHE was very old, and therefore it was very hard for her to make up her mind to die.

I am aware that this is not at all the general view, but that it is believed, as old age must be near death, that it prepares the soul for that inevitable event. It is not so, however, in many cases. In youth we are still so near the unseen out of which we came, that death is rather pathetic than tragic—a thing that touches all hearts, but to which, in many cases, the young hero accommo-

dates himself sweetly and courageously. And amid the storms and burdens of middle life there are many times when we would fain push open the door that stands ajar, and behind which there is ease for all our pains, or at least rest, if nothing more. But Age, which has gone through both these phases, is apt, out of long custom and habit, to regard the matter from a different view. All things that are violent have passed out of its life—no more strong emotions, such as rend the heart—no great labors, bringing after them the weariness which is unto death, but the calm of an exist-

ence which is enough for its needs, which affords the moderate amount of comfort and pleasure for which its being is now adapted, and of which there seems no reason that there should ever be any end. To passion, to joy, to anguish, an end must come; but mere gentle living, determined by a framework of gentle rules and habits—why should that ever be ended? When a soul has got to this retirement and is content in it, it becomes very hard to die: hard to accept the necessity of dying, and to accustom one's self to the idea, and still harder to consent to carry it out.

The woman who is the subject of the following narrative was in this position. She had lived through almost everything that is to be found in life. She had been beautiful in her youth, and had enjoyed all the triumphs of beauty; had been intoxicated with flattery, and triumphant in conquest, and mad with jealousy and the bitterness of defeat when it became evident that her day was over. She had never been a bad woman, or false, or unkind; but she had thrown herself with all her heart into those different stages of being, and had suffered as much as she enjoyed, according to the unfailing usage of life. Many a day during these storms and victories, when things went against her, when delights did not satisfy her, she had thrown out a cry into the wide air of the universe and wished to die. And then she had come to the higher table-land of life, and had borne all the spites of fortune—had been poor and rich, and happy and sorrowful; had lost and won a hundred times over; had sat at feasts and kneeled by death-beds, and followed her best-beloved to the grave, often, often crying out to God above to liberate her, to make an end of her anguish, for that her strength was exhausted and she could bear no more. But she had borne it and lived through all—and now had arrived at a time when all strong sensations are over, when the soul is no longer either triumphant or miserable, and when life itself, and comfort, and ease, and the warmth of the sun, and of the fireside, and the mild beauty of home were enough for her, and she required no more. That is, she required very little more—a useful routine of

hours and rules, a play of reflected emotion a pleasant exercise of faculty, making her feel herself still capable of the best things in life—of interest in her fellow-creatures, kindness to them, and a little gentle intellectual occupation, with books and men around. She had not forgotten anything in her life—not the excitements and delights of her beauty, nor love, nor grief, nor the higher levels she had touched in her day. She did not forget the dark day when her first-born was laid in the grave, nor that triumphant and brilliant climax of her life when every one pointed to her as the mother of a hero. All these things were like pictures hung in the secret chambers of her mind, to which she could go back in silent moments, in the twilight seated by the fire, or in the balmy afternoon, when languor and sweet thoughts are over the world. Sometimes at such moments there would be heard from her a faint sob, called forth, it was quite as likely, by the recollections of the triumph as by that of the death-bed. With these pictures to go back upon at her will she was never dull, but saw herself moving through the various scenes of her life with a continual sympathy, feeling for herself in all her troubles—sometimes approving, sometimes judging that woman who had been so pretty, so happy, so miserable, and had gone through everything that life can go through. How much that is looking back upon it! passages so hard that the wonder was how she could survive them—pangs so terrible that the heart would seem at its last gasp, but yet would revive and go on.

Besides these, however, she had many mild pleasures. She had a pretty house full of things which formed a graceful *entourage* suitable, as she felt, for such a woman as she was, and in which she took pleasure for their own beauty—soft chairs and couches, a fireplace and lights which were the perfection of tempered warmth and illumination. She had a carriage, very comfortable and easy, in which, when the weather was suitable, she went out; and a pretty garden and lawns, in which, when she preferred staying at home, she could have her little walk or sit out under the trees. She had books in plenty, and all the newspapers of everything that was need-

ful to keep her within the reflection of the busy life which she no longer cared to encounter in her own person. The post rarely brought her painful letters ; for all those impassioned interests which bring pain had died out, and the sorrows of others, when they were communicated to her, gave her a luxurious sense of sympathy yet exemption. She was sorry for them ; but such catastrophes could touch her no more ; and often she had pleasant letters, which afforded her something to talk and think about, and discuss as if it concerned her—and yet did not concern her—business which could not hurt her if it failed, which would please her if it succeeded. Her letters, her papers, her books, each coming at its appointed hour, were all instruments of pleasure. She came down-stairs at a certain hour, which she kept to as if it had been of the utmost importance, although it was of no importance at all ; she took just so much good wine, so many cups of tea. Her repasts were as regular as clockwork—never too late, never too early. Her whole life went on velvet, rolling smoothly along, without jar or interruption, blameless, pleasant, kind. People talked of her old age as a model of old age, with no bitterness or sourness in it. And, indeed, why should she have been sour or bitter ? It suited her far better to be kind. She was in reality kind to everybody, liking to see pleasant faces about her. The poor had no reason to complain of her ; her servants were very comfortable ; and the one person in her house who was nearer to her own level, who was her companion and most important minister, was very comfortable too.

This was a young woman about twenty, a very distant relation, with "no claim," everybody said, upon her kind mistress and friend—the daughter of a distant cousin. How very few think anything at all of such a tie ! but Lady Mary had taken her young namesake when she was a child, and she had grown up as it were at her godmother's footstool, in the conviction that the measured existence of the old was the rule of life, and that her own trifling personality counted for nothing, or next to nothing, in its steady progress. Her name was Mary too—always called

"little Mary" as having once been little, and not yet very much in the matter of size. She was one of the pleasantest things to look at of all the pretty things in Lady Mary's rooms, and she had the most sheltered, peaceful, and pleasant life that could be conceived. The only little thorn in her pillow was, that whereas in the novels, of which she read a great many, the heroines all go and pay visits and have adventures, she had none, but lived constantly at home. There was something much more serious in her life, had she known, which was that she had nothing, and no power of doing anything for herself ; that she had all her life been accustomed to a modest luxury which would make poverty very hard to her ; and that Lady Mary was over eighty, and had made no will. If she did not make any will, her property would all go to her grandson, who was so rich already that her fortune would be but as a drop in the ocean to him ; or to some great-grandchildren of whom she knew very little—the descendants of a daughter long ago dead who had married an Austrian, and who were therefore foreigners both in birth and name. That she should provide for little Mary was therefore a thing which nature demanded, and which would hurt nobody. She had said so often ; but she deferred the doing of it as a thing for which there was "no hurry." For why should she die ? There seemed no reason or need for it. So long as she lived, nothing could be more sure, more happy and serene, than little Mary's life ; and why should she die ? She did not perhaps put this into words ; but the meaning of her smile, and the manner in which she put aside every suggestion about the chances of the hereafter away from her, said it more clearly than words. It was not that she had any superstitious fear about the making of a will. When the doctor or the vicar or her man of business, the only persons who ever talked to her on the subject, ventured periodically to refer to it, she assented pleasantly—Yes, certainly, she must do it—some time or other.

"It is a very simple thing to do," the lawyer said. "I will save you all trouble ; nothing but your signature will be wanted—and that you give every day."

"Oh, I should think nothing of the trouble!" she said.

"And it would liberate your mind from all care, and leave you free to think of things more important still," said the clergyman.

"I think I am very free of care," she replied.

Then the doctor added, bluntly, "And you will not die an hour the sooner for having made your will."

"Die!" said Lady Mary, surprised. And then she added, with a smile, "I hope you don't think so little of me as to believe I would be kept back by that?"

These gentlemen all consulted together in despair; and asked each other what should be done. They thought her an egotist—a cold-hearted old woman, holding at arm's-length any idea of the inevitable. And so she did; but not because she was cold-hearted—because she was so accustomed to living, and had survived so many calamities, and gone on so long—so long; and because everything was so comfortably arranged about her—all her little habits so firmly established, as if nothing could interfere with them. To think of the day arriving which should begin with some other formula than that of her maid's entrance drawing aside the curtains, lighting the cheerful fire, bringing her a report of the weather; and then the little tray, resplendent with snowy linen and shining silver and china, with its bouquet of violets or a rose in the season, the newspaper carefully dried and cut, the letters—every detail was so perfect, so unchanging, regular as the morning. It seemed impossible that it should come to an end. And then when she came down-stairs, there were all the little articles upon her table always ready to her hand; a certain number of things to do, each at the appointed hour; the slender refreshments it was necessary for her to take, in which there was a little exquisite variety—but never any change in the fact that at eleven and at three and so forth something had to be taken. Had a woman wanted to abandon the peaceful life which was thus supported and carried on, the very framework itself would have resisted. It was impossible (almost) to contemplate the idea that at a given

moment the whole machinery must stop. She was neither without heart nor without religion, but on the contrary a good woman, to whom many gentle thoughts had been given at various portions of her career. But the occasion seemed to have passed for that as well as other kinds of emotion. The mere fact of living was enough for her. The little exertion which it was well she was required to make produced a pleasant weariness. It was a duty much enforced upon her by all around her, that she should do nothing which would exhaust or fatigue. "I don't want you to think," even the doctor would say; "you have done enough of thinking in your time." And this she accepted with great composure of spirit. She had thought and felt and done much in her day; but now everything of the kind was over. There was no need for her to fatigue herself; and day followed day, all warm and sheltered and pleasant. People died, it is true, now and then out of doors; but they were mostly young people, whose death might have been prevented had proper care been taken—who were seized with violent maladies, or caught sudden infections, or were cut down by accident—all which things seemed natural. Her own contemporaries were very few, and they were like herself—living on in something of the same way. At eighty-five all people under seventy are young; and one's contemporaries are very, very few.

Nevertheless these men did disturb her a little about her will. She had made more than one will in the former days during her active life; but all those to whom she had bequeathed her possessions were dead. She had survived them all, and inherited from many of them, which had been a hard thing in its time. One day the lawyer had been more than ordinarily pressing. He had told her stories of men who had died intestate, and left trouble and penury behind them to those whom they would have most wished to preserve from all trouble. It would not have become Mr. Furnival to say brutally to Lady Mary—"This is how you will leave your godchild when you die." But he told her story after story, many of them piteous enough.

"People think it is so troublesome a business," he said, "when it is nothing at all—the most easy matter in the world. We are getting so much less particular nowadays about formalities. So long as the testator's intentions are made quite apparent—that is the chief matter, and a very bad thing for us lawyers."

"I dare say," said Lady Mary, "it is unpleasant for a man to think of himself as 'the testator.' It is a very abstract title, when you come to think of it."

"Pooh!" said Mr. Furnival, who had no sense of humor.

"But if this great business is so very simple," she went on, "one could do it, no doubt, for one's self?"

"Many people do—but it is never advisable," said the lawyer. "You will say it is natural for me to tell you that. When they do, it should be as simple as possible. I give all my real property, or my personal property, or my shares in so-and-so, or my jewels, or so forth, to—whoever it may be. The fewer the words the better, so that nobody may be able to read between the lines, you know; and the signature attested by two witnesses; but they must not be witnesses that have any interest—that is, that have anything left to them by the document they witness." Lady Mary put up her hand defensively with a laugh. It was still a most delicate hand, like ivory, a little yellowed with age, but fine, the veins standing out a little upon it, the finger-tips still pink. "You speak," she said, "as if you expected me to take the law in my own hands. No, no, my old friend; never fear, you shall have the doing of it."

"Whenever you please, my dear lady—whenever you please. Such a thing cannot be done an hour too soon. Shall I take your instructions now?"

Lady Mary laughed, and said, "You were always a very keen man for business. I remember your father used to say, Robert would never neglect an opening."

"No," he said, with a peculiar look. "I have always looked after my six-and-eightpences; and in that case it is true the pounds take care of themselves."

"Very good care," said Lady Mary; and then she bade her young companion bring that book she had been reading, where there was something she wanted to show Mr. Furnival. "It is only a case in a novel—but I am sure it is bad law; give me your opinion," she said.

He was obliged to be civil, very civil. Nobody is rude to the Lady Marys of life; and besides, she was old enough to have an additional right to every courtesy. But while he sat over the novel, and tried with unnecessary vehemence to make her see what very bad law it was, and glanced from her smiling attention to the innocent sweetness of the girl beside her, who was her loving attendant, the good man's heart was sore. He said many hard things of her in his own mind as he went away.

"She will die," he said, bitterly. "She will go off in a moment when nobody is looking for it, and that poor child will be left destitute."

It was all he could do not to go back and take her by her fragile old shoulders and force her to sign and seal at once. But then he knew very well that as soon as he found himself in her presence, he would of necessity be obliged to subdue his impatience, and be once more civil, very civil, and try to suggest and insinuate the duty which he dared not force upon her. And it was very clear that till she pleased she would take no hint. He supposed it must be that strange reluctance to part with their power which is said to be common to old people, or else that horror of death, and determination to keep it at arm's-length, which is also common. Thus he did as spectators are so apt to do, he forced a meaning and motive into what had no motive at all, and imagined Lady Mary, the kindest of women, to be of purpose and intention risking the future of the girl whom she had brought up, and whom she loved—not with passion, indeed, or anxiety, but with tender benevolence; a theory which was as false as anything could be.

That evening in her room, Lady Mary, in a very cheerful mood, sat by a little bright unnecessary fire, with her writing-book before her, waiting till she should be sleepy. It was the only point in which she was a little hard upon her

maid, who in every other respect was the best-treated of servants. Lady Mary, as it happened, had often no inclination for bed till the night was far advanced. She slept little, as is common enough at her age. She was in her warm wadded dressing-gown, an article in which she still showed certain traces (which were indeed visible in all she wore) of her ancient beauty, with her white hair becomingly arranged under a cap of cambric and lace. At the last moment, when she had been ready to step into bed, she had changed her mind, and told Jervis that she would write a letter or two first. And she had written her letters, but still felt no inclination to sleep. Then there fluttered across her memory somehow the conversation she had held with Mr. Furnival in the morning. It would be amusing, she thought, to cheat him out of some of those six-and-eightpences he pretended to think so much of. It would be still more amusing, next time the subject of her will was recurred to, to give his arm a little tap with her fan, and say, "Oh, that is all settled, months ago." She laughed to herself at this, and took out a fresh sheet of paper. It was a little jest that pleased her.

"Do you think there is any one up yet, Jervis, except you and me?" she said to the maid. Jervis hesitated a little, and then said that she believed Mr. Brown had not gone to bed yet; for he had been going over the cellar, and was making up his accounts. Jervis was so explanatory that her mistress divined what was meant. "I suppose I have been spoiling sport, keeping you here," she said, good-humoredly; for it was well known that Miss Jervis and Mr. Brown were engaged, and that they were only waiting (everybody knew but Lady Mary, who never suspected it) the death of their mistress to set up a lodging-house in Jermyn Street, where they fully intended to make their fortune. "Then go," Lady Mary said, "and call Brown. I have a little business paper to write, and you must both witness my signature." She laughed to herself a little as she said this, thinking how she would steal a march on Mr. Furnival. "I give and bequeath," she said to herself playfully, after Jervis

had hurried away. She fully intended to leave both of these good servants something, but then she recollected that people who are interested in a will cannot sign as witnesses. "What does it matter?" she said to herself gayly; "if it should ever be wanted, Mary would see to that." Accordingly she dashed off in her pretty old-fashioned handwriting, which was very angular and pointed, as was the fashion in her day, and still very clear, though slightly tremulous, a few lines, in which, remembering playfully Mr. Furnival's recommendation of "few words," she left to little Mary all she possessed, adding, by the prompting of that recollection about the witnesses, "She will take care of the servants." It filled one side only of the large sheet of note-paper, which was what Lady Mary habitually used. Brown, introduced timidly by Jervis, and a little overawed by the solemnity of the bedchamber, came in and painted solidly his large signature after the spidery lines of his mistress. She had folded down the paper, so that neither saw what it was.

"Now I will go to bed," Lady Mary said, when Brown had left the room. "And Jervis, you must go to bed too."

"Yes, my lady," said Jervis.

"I don't approve of courtship at this hour."

"No, my lady," Jervis replied, deprecating and disappointed.

"Why cannot he tell his tale in daylight?"

"Oh, my lady, there's no tale to tell," cried the maid. "We are not of the gossiping sort, my lady, neither me nor Mr. Brown." Lady Mary laughed, and watched while the candles were put out: the fire made a pleasant flicker in the room—it was autumn and still warm, and it was "for company" and cheerfulness that the little fire was lit; she liked to see it dancing and flickering upon the walls—and then closed her eyes amid an exquisite softness of comfort and luxury, life itself bearing her up as softly, filling up all crevices as warmly, as the downy pillow upon which she rested her still beautiful old head.

If she had died that night! The little sheet of paper that meant so much

lay openly, innocently, in her writing-book, along with the letters she had written, and looking of as little importance as they. There was nobody in the world who grudged old Lady Mary one of those pretty placid days of hers.

Brown and Jervis, if they were sometimes a little impatient, consoled each other that they were both sure of something in her will, and that in the mean time it was a very good place. And all the rest would have been very well content that Lady Mary should live forever. But how wonderfully it would have simplified everything, and how much trouble and pain it would have saved to everybody, herself included, could she have died that night!

But naturally there was no question of dying on that night. When she was about to go down-stairs next day, Lady Mary, giving her letters to be posted, saw the paper which she had forgotten lying beside them. She had forgotten all about it, but the sight of it made her smile. She folded it up and put it in an envelope while Jervis went down-stairs with the letters; and then, to carry out her joke, she looked round her to see where she would put it. There was an old Italian cabinet in the room with a secret drawer, which it was a little difficult to open, almost impossible for any one who did not know the secret. Lady Mary looked round her, smiled, hesitated a little, and then walked across the room and put the envelope in the secret drawer. She was still fumbling with it when Jervis came back, but there was no connection in Jervis's mind then, or ever after, between the paper she had signed and this old cabinet, which was one of the old lady's toys. She arranged Lady Mary's shawl, which had dropped off her shoulders a little in her unusual activity, and took up her book and her favorite cushion, and all the little paraphernalia that moved with her, and gave her lady her arm to go down-stairs; where little Mary had placed her chair just at the right angle, and arranged the little table, on which there were so many little necessities and conveniences, and was standing smiling, the prettiest object of all, the climax of the gentle luxury and pleasantness, to receive her godmother,

who had been her providence all her life.

But what a pity! oh, what a pity, that she had not died that night!

II.

Life went on after this without any change. There was never any change in that delightful house; and if it was years or months, or even days, the youngest of its inhabitants could scarcely tell, and Lady Mary could not tell at all. This was one of her little imperfections—a little mist which hung like the lace about her head over her memory. She could not remember how time went, or that there was any difference between one day and another. There were Sundays, it was true, which made a kind of gentle measure of the progress of time; but she said, with a smile, that she thought it was always Sunday—they came so close upon each other. And Time flew on gentle wings, that made no sound and left no reminders. She had her little ailments like anybody, but in reality less than anybody, seeing there was nothing to fret her, nothing to disturb the even tenor of her days. Still there were times when she took a little cold, or got a chill, in spite of all precautions, as she went from one room to another. She came to be one of the marvels of the time—an old lady who had seen everybody worth seeing for generations back—who remembered as distinctly as if they had happened yesterday, great events that had taken place before the present age began at all, before the great statesmen of our time were born. And in full possession of all her faculties, as everybody said, her mind as clear as ever, her intelligence as active, reading everything, interested in everything, and still beautiful in extreme old age. Everybody about her, and in particular all the people who helped to keep the thorns from her path, and felt themselves to have a hand in her preservation, were proud of Lady Mary; and she was perhaps a little, a very little, delightfully, charmingly proud of herself. The doctor, beguiled by professional vanity, feeling what a feather she was in his cap, quite confident that she would reach her hundredth birthday,

and with an ecstatic hope that even, by grace of his admirable treatment and her own beautiful constitution she might (almost) solve the problem and live forever, gave up troubling about the will which at a former period he had taken so much interest in. "What is the use?" he said; "she will see us all out." And the vicar, though he did not give in to this, was overawed by the old lady, who knew everything that could be taught her, and to whom it seemed an impertinence to utter commonplaces about duty, or even to suggest subjects of thought. Mr. Furnival was the only man who did not cease his representations, and whose anxiety about the young Mary, who was so blooming and sweet in the shadow of the old, did not decrease. But the recollection of the bit of paper in the secret drawer of the cabinet, fortified his old client against all his attacks. She had intended it only as a jest, with which some day or other to confound him, and show how much wiser she was than he supposed. It became quite a pleasant subject of thought to her, at which she laughed to herself. Some day, when she had a suitable moment, she would order him to come with all his formalities, and then produce her bit of paper, and turn the laugh against him. But oddly, the very existence of that little document kept her indifferent even to the laugh. It was too much trouble; she only smiled at him, and took no more notice, amused to think how astonished he would be—when, if ever, he found it out.

It happened, however, that one day in the early winter the wind changed when Lady Mary was out for her drive: at least they all vowed the wind changed. It was in the south, that genial quarter, when she set out, but turned about in some uncomfortable way, and was a keen north-easter when she came back. And in the moment of stepping from the carriage she caught a chill. It was the coachman's fault, Jervis said, who allowed the horses to make a step forward when Lady Mary was getting out, and kept her exposed standing on the step of the carriage, while he pulled them up; and it was Jervis's fault, the footman said, who was not clever enough to get her lady out, or even to

throw a shawl round her, when she perceived how the weather had changed. It is always some one's fault, or some unforeseen unprecedented change, that does it at the last. Lady Mary was not accustomed to be ill, and did not bear it with her usual grace. She was a little impatient at first, and thought they were making an unnecessary fuss. But then there passed a few uncomfortable feverish days, when she began to look forward to the doctor's visit as the only thing there was any comfort in. Afterward she passed a night of a very agitating kind. She dozed and dreamed, and awoke and dreamed again. Her life seemed all to run into dreams—a strange confusion was about her, through which she could define nothing. Once waking up, as she supposed, she saw a group round her bed, the doctor with a candle in his hand (how should the doctor be there in the middle of the night?) holding her hand or feeling her pulse; little Mary at one side crying—why should the child cry? and Jervis very anxious, pouring something into a glass. There were other faces there which she was sure must have come out of a dream, so unlikely was it that they should be collected in her bed-chamber; and all with a sort of halo of feverish light about them, a magnified and mysterious importance. This strange scene, which she did not understand, seemed to make itself visible all in a moment out of the darkness, and then disappeared again as suddenly as it came.

III.

When she woke again it was morning; and her first waking consciousness was, that she must be much better. The choking sensation in her throat was altogether gone. She had no desire to cough—no difficulty in breathing. She had a fancy, however, that she must be still dreaming, for she felt sure that some one had called her by her name, "Mary." Now all who could call her by her Christian name were dead years ago—therefore it must be a dream. However, in a short time it was repeated—"Mary, Mary! get up; there is a great deal to do." This voice confused her greatly. Was it possible that all that was past had been mere fancy; that she had but dreamed those long,

long years—maturity and motherhood, and trouble and triumph, and old age at the end of all? It seemed to her possible that she might have dreamed the rest, for she had been a girl much given to visions; but she said to herself that she never could have dreamed old age. And then with a smile she mused and thought that it must be the voice that was a dream; for how could she get up without Jervis, who had never appeared yet to draw the curtains or make the fire? Jervis perhaps had sat up late. She remembered now to have seen her that time in the middle of the night by her bedside, so that it was natural enough, poor thing, that she should be late. Get up! who was it that was calling to her so. She had not been so called to, she who had always been a great lady, since she was a girl by her mother's side. "Mary, Mary!" It was a very curious dream. And what was more curious still was, that by and by she could not keep still any longer, but got up without thinking any more of Jervis, and going out of her room came all at once into the midst of a company of people all very busy—whom she was much surprised to find at first, but whom she soon accustomed herself to, finding the greatest interest in their proceedings, and curious to know what they were doing. They, for their part, did not seem at all surprised by her appearance, nor did any one stop to explain, as would have been natural; but she took this with great composure, somewhat astonished perhaps, being used, wherever she went, to a great many observances and much respect, but soon, very soon, becoming used to it. Then some one repeated what she had heard before. "It was time you got up—for there is a great deal to do."

"To do," she said, "for me?" and then she looked round upon them with that charming smile which had subjugated so many. "I am afraid," she said, "you will find me of very little use. I am too old now, if ever I could have done much, for work."

"Oh no, you are not old—you will do very well," some one said.

"Not old!"—Lady Mary felt a little offended in spite of herself. "Perhaps I like flattery as well as my neighbors," she said with dignity, "but then it must

be reasonable. To say I am anything but a very old woman—"

Here she paused a little, perceiving for the first time with surprise that she was standing and walking without her stick or the help of any one's arm, quite freely and at her ease, and that the place in which she was had expanded into a great place like a gallery in a palace, instead of the room next her own into which she had walked a few minutes ago; but this discovery did not at all affect her mind, or occupy her except with the most passing momentary surprise.

"The fact is, I feel a great deal better and stronger," she said.

"Quite well, Mary, and stronger than ever you were before?"

"Who is it that calls me Mary? I have had nobody for a long time to call me Mary; the friends of my youth are all dead. I think that you must be right, although the doctor, I feel sure, thought me very bad last night. I should have got alarmed if I had not fallen asleep again."

"And then woke up well?"

"Quite well: it is wonderful, but quite true. You seem to know a great deal about me?"

"I know everything about you. You have had a very pleasant life, and do you think you have made the best of it? Your old age has been very pleasant."

"Ah! you acknowledge that I am old, then?" cried Lady Mary, with a smile.

"You are old no longer, and you are a great lady no longer. Don't you see that something has happened to you? It is seldom that such a great change happens without being found out."

"Yes; it is true I have got better all at once. I feel an extraordinary renewal of strength. I seem to have left home without knowing it; none of my people seem near me. I feel very much as if I had just awakened from a long dream. Is it possible," she said, with a wondering look, "that I have dreamed all my life, and after all am just a girl at home?" The idea was ludicrous, and she laughed. "You see I am very much improved indeed," she said.

She was still so far from perceiving the real situation, that some one came toward her out of the group of people

about—some one whom she recognized—with the evident intention of explaining to her how it was. She started a little at the sight of him, and held out her hand, and cried : “ You here ! I am very glad to see you—doubly glad, since I was told a few days ago that you had—died.”

There was something in this word as she herself pronounced it that troubled her a little. She had never been one of those who are afraid of death. On the contrary, she had always taken a great interest in it, and liked to hear everything that could be told her on the subject. It gave her now, however, a curious little thrill of sensation, which she did not understand : she hoped it was not superstition.

“ You have guessed rightly,” he said—“ quite right. That is one of the words with a false meaning, which is to us a mere symbol of something we cannot understand. But you see what it means now.”

It was a great shock, it need not be concealed. Otherwise she had been quite pleasantly occupied with the interest of something new, into which she had walked so easily out of her own bed-chamber, without any trouble, and with the delightful new sensation of health and strength. But when it flashed upon her that she was not to go back to her bedroom again, nor have any of those cares and attentions which had seemed necessary to existence, she was very much startled and shaken. Died ! Was it possible that she personally had died ? She had known it was a thing that happened to everybody ; but yet. And it was a solemn matter, to be prepared for, and looked forward to whereas— “ If you mean that I too—” she said, faltering a little ; and then she added, “ it is very surprising,” with a trouble in her mind which yet was not all trouble. “ If that is so, it is a thing well over. And it is very wonderful how much disturbance people give themselves about it—if this is all.”

“ This is not all, however,” her friend said ; “ you have an ordeal before you which you will not find pleasant. You are going to think about your life, and all that was imperfect in it, and which might have been done better.”

“ We are none of us perfect,” said

Lady Mary, with a little of that natural resentment with which one hears one's self accused—however ready one may be to accuse one's self.

“ Permit me,” said he, and took her hand and led her away without further explanation. The people about were so busy with their own occupations, that they took very little notice ; neither did she pay much attention to the manner in which they were engaged. Their looks were friendly when they met her eye, and she too felt friendly, with a sense of brotherhood. But she had always been a kind woman. She wanted to step aside and help, on more than one occasion, when it seemed to her that some people in her way had a task above their powers ; but this her conductor would not permit. And she endeavored to put some questions to him as they went along with still less success.

“ The change is very confusing,” she said ; “ one has no standard to judge by. I should like to know something about—the kind of people—and the—manner of life.”

“ For a time,” he said, “ you will have enough to do, without troubling yourself about that.”

This naturally produced an uneasy sensation in her mind. “ I suppose,” she said rather timidly, “ that we are not in—what we have been accustomed to call heaven ?”

“ That is a word,” he said, “ which expresses rather a condition than a place.”

“ But there must be a place—in which that condition can exist.” She had always been fond of discussions of this kind, and felt encouraged to find that they were still practicable. “ It cannot be the—Inferno, that is clear at least,” she added with the sprightliness which was one of her characteristics ; perhaps—Purgatory ? since you infer that I have something to endure.”

“ Words are interchangeable,” he said ; “ that means one thing to one of us which to another has a totally different signification.” There was something so like his old self in this, that she laughed with an irresistible sense of amusement.

“ You were always fond of the oracular,” she said. She was conscious that

on former occasions, if he had made such a speech to her, though she would have felt the same amusement, she would not have expressed it so frankly. But he did not take it at all amiss. And her thoughts went on in other directions. She felt herself saying over to herself the words of the old north-country dirge, which came to her recollection she knew not how—

"If hosen and shoon thou gavest nane,
The whins shall prick thee intill the bane."

When she saw that her companion heard her, she asked, "Is that true?"

He shook his head a little. "It is too matter of fact," he said, "as I need hardly tell you. Hosen and shoon are good, but they do not always sufficiently indicate the state of the heart."

Lady Mary had a consciousness, which was pleasant to her, that so far as the hosen and shoon went, she had abundant means of preparing herself for the pricks of any road, however rough; but she had no time to indulge this pleasing reflection, for she was shortly introduced into a great building full of innumerable rooms, in one of which her companion left her.

IV.

The door opened, and she felt herself free to come out. How long she had been there, or what passed there, is not for any one to say. She came out tingling and smarting—if such words can be used—with an intolerable recollection of the last act of her life. So intolerable was it that all that had gone before, and all the risings up of old errors and visions long dead, were forgotten in the sharp and keen prick of this, which was not over and done like the rest. No one had accused her, or brought before her Judge the things that were against her. She it was who had done it all—she whose memory did not spare her one fault, who remembered everything. But when she came to that last frivolity of her old age, and saw for the first time how she had played with the future of the child whom she had brought up, and abandoned to the hardest fate—for nothing, for folly, for a jest—the horror and bitterness of the thought filled her mind to overflowing. In the first anguish of that recollection she had to go

forth, receiving no word of comfort in respect to it, meeting only with a look of sadness and compassion, which went to her very heart. She came forth as if she had been driven away, but not by any outward influence, by the force of her own miserable sensations. "I will write," she said to herself, "and tell them—I will go—" And then she stopped short, remembering that she could neither go nor write—that all communication with the world she had left was closed. Was it all closed? Was there no way in which a message could reach those who remained behind? She caught the first passer-by whom she passed, and addressed him piteously. "Oh, tell me—you have been longer here than I—cannot one send a letter, a message, if it were only a single word?"

"Where?" he said, stopping and listening; so that it began to seem possible to her that some such expedient might still be within her reach.

"It is to England," she said, thinking he meant to ask as to which quarter of the world.

"Ah," he said, shaking his head, "I fear that is impossible."

"But it is to set something right, which out of mere inadvertence, with no ill meaning—" No, no (she repeated to herself), no ill meaning—none! "Oh sir, for charity! tell me how I can find a way. There must—there must be some way."

He was greatly moved by the sight of her distress. "I am but a stranger here," he said; "I may be wrong. There are others who can tell you better; but"—and he shook his head sadly—"most of us would be so thankful, if we could, to send a word, if it were only a single word, to those we have left behind, that I fear, I fear—"

"Ah!" cried Lady Mary, "but that would be only for tenderness; whereas this is for justice and for pity, and to do away with a great wrong which I did before I came here."

"I am very sorry for you," he said; but shook his head once more as he went away. She was more careful next time, and chose one who had the look of much experience and knowledge of the place. He listened to her very gravely, and answered Yes, that he was one of the officers, and could tell her

whatever she wanted to know ; but when she told him what she wanted, he too shook his head. " I do not say it cannot be done," he said. " There are some cases in which it has been successful, but very few. It has often been attempted. There is no law against it. Those who do it do it at their own risk. They suffer much, and almost always they fail."

" No, oh no. You said there were some who succeeded. No one can be more anxious than I. I will give—anything—everything I have in the world ! —"

He gave her a smile, which was very grave nevertheless, and full of pity. " You forget," he said, " that you have nothing to give ; and if you had, that there is no one here to whom it would be of any value."

Though she was no longer old and weak, yet she was still a woman, and she began to weep, in the terrible failure and contrariety of all things ; but yet she would not yield. She cried : " There must be some one here who would do it for love. I have had people who loved me in my time. I must have some here who have not forgotten. Ah ! I know what you would say. I lived so long I forgot them all, and why should they remember me ?"

Here she was touched on the arm, and looking round, saw close to her the face of one whom, it was very true, she had forgotten. She remembered him but dimly, after she had looked long at him. A little group had gathered about her, with grieved looks, to see her distress. He who had touched her was the spokesman of them all.

" There is nothing I would not do," he said, " for you and for love." And then they all sighed, surrounding her, and added, " But it is impossible—impossible !"

She stood and gazed at them, recognizing by degrees faces that she knew, and seeing in all that look of grief and sympathy which makes all human souls brothers. Impossible was not a word that had been often said to be in her life ; and to come out of a world in which everything could be changed, everything communicated in the twinkling of an eye, and find a dead blank before her and around her, through

which not a word could go, was more terrible than can be said in words. She looked piteously upon them, with that anguish of helplessness which goes to every heart, and cried, " What is impossible ? To send a word—only a word—to set right what is wrong ? Oh, I understand," she said, lifting up her hands. " I understand ! that to send messages of comfort must not be ; that the people who love you must bear it, as we all have done in our time, and trust to God for consolation. But I have done a wrong ! Oh, listen, listen to me, my friends. I have left a child, a young creature, unprovided for—without any one to help her. And must that be ? Must she bear it, and I bear it, forever, and no means, no way of setting it right ? Listen to me ! I was there last night—in the middle of the night I was still there—and here this morning. So it must be easy to come—only a short way ; and two words would be enough—only two words !"

They gathered closer and closer round her, full of compassion. " It is easy to come," they said, " but not to go."

And one added, " It will not be forever ; comfort yourself. When she comes here, or to a better place, that will seem to you only as a day."

" But to her," cried Lady Mary—" to her it will be long years—it will be trouble and sorrow ; and she will think I took no thought for her ; and she will be right," the penitent said, with a great and bitter cry.

It was so terrible that they were all silent, and said not a word ; except the man who had loved her, who put his hand upon her arm, and said, " We are here for that ; this is the fire that purges us—to see at last what we have done, and the true aspect of it, and to know the cruel wrong, yet never be able to make amends."

She remembered then that this was a man who had neglected all lawful affections, and broken the hearts of those who trusted him for her sake ; and for a moment she forgot her own burden in sorrow for his.

It was now that he who had called himself one of the officers came forward again—for the little crowd had gathered round her so closely that he had been shut out. He said, " No one can carry

your message for you ; that is not permitted. But there is still a possibility. You may have permission to go yourself. Such things have been done, though they have not often been successful. But if you will—"

She shivered when she heard him ; and it became apparent to her why no one could be found to go—for all her nature revolted from that step which it was evident must be the most terrible which could be thought of. She looked at him with troubled, beseeching eyes, and the rest all looked at her, pitying and trying to soothe her.

"Permission will not be refused," he said, "for a worthy cause."

Upon which the others all spoke together, entreating her. "Already," they cried, "they have forgotten you living. You are to them one who is dead. They will be afraid of you if they can see you. Oh, go not back ! Be content to wait—to wait ; it is only a little while. The life of man is nothing ; it appears for a little time, and then it vanishes away. And when she comes here she will know—or in a better place." They sighed as they named the better place ; though some smiled too, feeling perhaps more near to it.

Lady Mary listened to them all, but she kept her eyes upon the face of him who offered her this possibility. There passed through her mind a hundred stories she had heard of those who had *gone back*. But not one that spoke of them as welcome, as received with joy, as comforting those they loved. Ah no ! was it not rather a curse upon the house to which they came ? The rooms were shut up, the houses abandoned, where they were supposed to appear. Those whom they had loved best feared and fled them. They were a vulgar wonder—a thing that the poorest laughed at, yet feared. Poor banished souls ! it was because no one would listen to them that they had to linger and wait, and come and go. She shivered, and, in spite of her longing and her repentance, a cold dread and horror took possession of her. She looked round upon her companions for comfort, and found none.

"Do not go," they said ; "do not go. We have endured like you. We wait till all things are made clear."

And another said, "All will be made clear. It is but for a time."

She turned from one to another, and back again to the first speaker—he who had authority.

He said, "It is very rarely successful ; it retards the course of your penitence. It is an indulgence, and it may bring harm and not good ; but if the meaning is generous and just, permission will be given, and you may go."

Then all the strength of her nature rose in her. She thought of the child forsaken, and of the dark world round her, where she would find so few friends ; and of the home shut up in which she had lived her young and pleasant life ; and of the thoughts that must rise in her heart, as though she were forsaken and abandoned of God and man. Then Lady Mary turned to the man who had authority. She said, "If He whom I saw to-day will give me His blessing, I will go—" and they all pressed round her, weeping and kissing her hands.

"He will not refuse His blessing," they said ; "but the way is terrible, and you are still weak. How can you encounter all the misery of it ? He commands no one to try that dark and dreadful way."

"I will try," Lady Mary said.

V.

The night which Lady Mary had been conscious of, in a momentary glimpse full of the exaggeration of fever, had not indeed been so expeditious as she believed. The doctor, it is true, had been pronouncing her death-warrant when she saw him holding her wrist and wondered what he did there in the middle of the night ; but she had been very ill before this, and the conclusion of her life had been watched with many tears. Then there had risen up a wonderful commotion in the house, of which little Mary, her godchild, was very little sensible. Had she left any will, any instructions, the slightest indication of what she wished to be done after her death ? Mr. Furnival, who had been very anxious to be allowed to see her, even in the last days of her illness, said emphatically. No. She had never executed any will, never made any disposition of her affairs, he said, almost

with bitterness, in the tone of one who is ready to weep with vexation and distress. The vicar took a more hopeful view. He said it was impossible that so considerate a person could have done this, and that there must, he was sure, be found somewhere, if close examination was made, a memorandum, a letter—something which should show what she wished; for she must have known very well, notwithstanding all flatteries and compliments upon her good looks, that from day to day her existence was never to be calculated upon. The doctor did not share this last opinion. He said that there was no fathoming the extraordinary views that people took of their own case; and that it was quite possible, though it seemed incredible, that Lady Mary might really be as little expectant of death, on the way to ninety, as a girl of seventeen; but still he was of opinion that she might have left a memorandum somewhere. These three gentlemen were in the foreground of affairs; because she had no relations to step in and take the management. The Earl, her grandson, was abroad, and there were only his solicitors to interfere on his behalf—men to whom Lady Mary's fortune was quite unimportant, although it was against their principles to let anything slip out of their hands that could aggrandize their client; but who knew nothing about the circumstances—about little Mary, about the old lady's peculiarities, in any way. Therefore the persons who had surrounded her in her life, and Mr. Furnival, her man of business, were the persons who really had the management of everything. Their wives interfered a little too, or rather the one wife who only could do so—the wife of the vicar, who came in beneficently at once, and took poor little Mary, in her first desolation, out of the melancholy house. Mrs. Vicar did this without any hesitation, knowing very well that, in all probability, Lady Mary had made no will, and consequently that the poor girl was destitute. A great deal is said about the hardness of the world, and the small consideration that is shown for a destitute dependent in such circumstances. But this is not true; and, as a matter of fact, there is never, or very rarely, such profound need in the

world, without a great deal of kindness and much pity. The three gentlemen all along had been entirely in Mary's interest. They had not expected legacies from the old lady, or any advantage to themselves. It was of the girl that they had thought. And when now they examined everything and inquired into all her ways and what she had done, it was of Mary they were thinking. But Mr. Furnival was very certain of his point. He knew that Lady Mary had made no will; time after time he had pressed it upon her. He was very sure, even while he examined her writing-table, and turned out all the drawers, that nothing would be found. The little Italian cabinet had *chiffons* in its drawers, fragments of old lace, pieces of ribbon, little nothings of all sorts. Nobody thought of the secret drawer; and if they had thought of it, where could a place have been found less likely? If she had ever made a will, she could have had no reason for concealing it. To be sure they did not reason in this way, being simply unaware of any place of concealment at all. And Mary knew nothing about this search they were making. She did not know how she was herself "left." When the first misery of grief was exhausted, she began, indeed, to have troubled thoughts in her own mind—to expect that the vicar would speak to her, or Mr. Furnival send for her, and tell her what she was to do. But nothing was said to her. The vicar's wife had asked her to come for a long visit; and the anxious people, who were forever talking over this subject and consulting what was best for her, had come to no decision as yet, as to what must be said to the person chiefly concerned. It was too heartrending to have to put the real state of affairs before her. The doctor had no wife; but he had an anxious mother, who, though she would not for the world have been unkind to the poor girl, yet was very anxious that she should be disposed of and out of her son's way. It is true that the doctor was forty and Mary only eighteen—but what then? Matches of that kind were seen every day, and his heart was so soft to the child that his mother never knew from one day to another what might happen. She had naturally no

doubt at all that Mary would seize the first hand held out to her, and as time went on held many an anxious consultation with the vicar's wife on the subject. "You cannot have her with you forever," she said. "She must know one time or another how she is left, and that she must learn to do something for herself."

"Oh," said the vicar's wife, "how is she to be told? It is heartrending to look at her and to think—nothing but luxury all her life, and now, in a moment, destitution. I am very glad to have her with me; she is a dear little thing, and so nice with the children. And if some good man would only step in—"

The doctor's mother trembled; for that a good man should step in was exactly what she feared. "That is a thing that can never be depended upon," she said; "and marriages made out of compassion are just as bad as mercenary marriages. Oh no, my dear Mrs. Bowyer, Mary has a great deal of character. You should put more confidence in her than that. No doubt she will be much cast down at first, but when she knows, she will rise to the occasion and show what is in her."

"Poor little thing! what is in a girl of eighteen, and one that has lain on the roses and fed on the lilies all her life? Oh, I could find it in my heart to say a great deal about old Lady Mary that would not be pleasant! Why did she bring her up so if she did not mean to provide for her? I think she must have been at heart a wicked old woman."

"Oh no—we must not say that. I daresay, as my son says, she always meant to do it some time—"

"Some time! how long did she expect to live, I wonder?"

"Well," said the doctor's mother, "it is wonderful how little old one feels sometimes within one's self, even when one is well up in years." She was of the faction of the old, instead of being like Mrs. Bowyer, who was not much over thirty, of the faction of the young. She could make excuses for Lady Mary; but she thought that it was unkind to bring the poor little girl here in ignorance of her real position, and in the way of men—who, though old enough

to know better, were still capable of folly, as what man is not when a girl of eighteen is concerned? "I hope," she added, "that the Earl will do something for her. Certainly he ought to, when he knows all that his grandmother did, and what her intentions must have been. He ought to make her a little allowance—that is the least he can do. Not, to be sure, such a provision as we all hoped Lady Mary was going to make for her, but enough to live upon. Mr. Furnival, I believe, has written to him to that effect."

"Hush!" cried the vicar's wife; indeed she had been making signs to the other lady, who stood with her back to the door, for some moments. Mary had come in while this conversation was going on. She had not paid any attention to it; and yet her ear had been caught by the names of Lady Mary and the Earl and Mr. Furnival. For whom was it that the Earl should make an allowance enough to live upon? whom Lady Mary had not provided for, and whom Mr. Furnival had written about? When she sat down to the needlework in which she was helping Mrs. Vicar, it was not to be supposed that she should not ponder these words—for some time very vaguely, not perceiving the meaning of them; and then with a start she woke up to perceive that there must be something meant, some one—even some one she knew. And then the needle dropped out of the girl's hand, and the pinafore she was making fell on the floor. Some one! it must be herself they meant! Who but she could be the subject of that earnest conversation? She began to remember a great many conversations as earnest, which had been stopped when she came into the room, and the looks of pity which had been bent upon her. She had thought in her innocence that this was because she had lost her godmother, her protectress—and had been very grateful for the kindness of her friends. But now another meaning came into everything. Mrs. Bowyer had accompanied her visitor to the door, still talking, and when she returned her face was very grave. But she smiled when she met Mary's look, and said cheerfully, "How kind of you, my dear, to make all those pinafores for

me! The little ones will not know themselves. They never were so fine before."

"Oh, Mrs. Bowyer," cried the girl, "I have guessed something, and I want you to tell me! Are you keeping me for charity, and is it I that am left—without any provision? and that Mr. Furnival has written—"

She could not finish her sentence; for it was very bitter to her, as may be supposed.

"I don't know what you mean, my dear," cried the vicar's wife. "Charity—well, I suppose that is the same as love—at least it is so in the 13th chapter of 1st Corinthians. You are staying with us, I hope, for love, if that is what you mean."

Upon which she took the girl in her arms and kissed her, and cried as women must. "My dearest," she said, "as you have guessed the worst, it is better to tell you. Lady Mary—I don't know why—oh, I don't wish to blame her—has left no will; and, my dear, my dear, you who have been brought up in luxury, you have not a penny." Here the vicar's wife gave Mary a closer hug, and kissed her once more. "We love you all the better—if that was possible," she said.

How many thoughts will fly through a girl's mind while her head rests on some kind shoulder, and she is being consoled for the first calamity that has touched her life! She was neither ungrateful nor unresponsive; but as Mrs. Bowyer pressed her close to her kind breast and cried over her, Mary did not cry but thought, seeing in a moment a succession of scenes, and realizing in a moment so complete a new world, that all her pain was quelled by the hurry and rush in her brain as her forces rallied to sustain her. She withdrew from her kind support after a moment with eyes tearless and shining, the color mounting to her face, and not a sign of discouragement in her, nor yet of sentiment, though she grasped her kind friend's hands with a pressure which her innocent small fingers seemed incapable of giving. "One has read of such things—in books," she said, with a faint courageous smile; "and I suppose they happen—in life."

"Oh, my dear, too often in life. Though how people can be so cruel, so indifferent, so careless of the happiness of those they love—"

Here Mary pressed her friend's hands till they hurt, and cried, "Not cruel, not indifferent. I cannot bear a word—"

"Well, dear, it is like you to feel so—I knew you would; and I will not say a word. Oh, Mary, if she every thinks of such things now—"

"I hope she will not—I hope she cannot!" cried the girl, with once more a vehement pressure of her friend's hands.

"What is that?" Mrs. Bowyer said, looking round. "It is somebody in the next room, I suppose. No, dear; I hope so too, for she would not be happy if she remembered. Mary, dry your eyes, my dear. Try not to think of this. I am sure there is some one in the next room. And you must try not to look wretched, for all our sakes—"

"Wretched!" cried Mary, springing up. "I am not wretched." And she turned with a countenance glowing and full of courage to the door. But there was no one there—no visitor lingering in the smaller room as sometimes happened.

"I thought I heard some one come in," said the vicar's wife. "Didn't you hear something, Mary? I suppose it is because I am so agitated with all this, but I could have sworn I heard some one come in."

"There is nobody," said Mary, who, in the shock of the calamity which had so suddenly changed the world to her, was perfectly calm. She did not feel at all disposed to cry or "give way." It went to her head with a thrill of pain, which was excitement as well, like a strong stimulant suddenly applied; and she added, "I should like to go out a little, if you don't mind, just to get used to the idea."

"My dear, I will get my hat in a moment—"

"No, please. It is not unkindness; but I must think it over by myself—by myself," Mary cried. She hurried away, while Mrs. Bowyer took another survey of the outer room, and called the servant to know who had been calling.

Nobody had been calling, the maid said ; but her mistress still shook her head.

"It must have been some one who does not ring, who just opens the door," she said to herself. "That is the worst of the country. It might be Mrs. Blunt, or Sophia Blackburn, or the curate, or half a dozen people—and they have just gone away when they heard me crying. How could I help crying? But I wonder how much they heard, whoever it was."

VI.

It was winter, and snow was on the ground.

Lady Mary found herself on the road that led through her own village going home. It was like a picture of a wintry night—like one of those pictures that please the children at Christmas. A little snow sprinkled on the roofs, just enough to define them, and on the edges of the roads ; every cottage window showing a ruddy glimmer in the twilight ; the men coming home from their work ; the children, tied up in comforters and caps, stealing in from the slides, and from the pond where they were forbidden to go ; and, in the distance, the trees of the great House standing up dark, turning the twilight into night. She had a curious enjoyment in it, simple like that of a child, and a wish to talk to some one out of the fulness of her heart. She overtook, her step being far lighter and quicker than his, one of the men going home from his work, and spoke to him, telling him with a smile not to be afraid ; but he never so much as raised his head, and went plodding on with his heavy step, not knowing that she had spoken to him. She was startled by this ; but said to herself that the men were dull, that their perceptions were confused, and that it was getting dark—and went on, passing him quickly. His breath made a cloud in the air as he walked, and his heavy plodding steps sounded into the frosty night. She perceived that her own were invisible and inaudible, with a curious momentary sensation half of pleasure, half of pain. She felt no cold, and she saw through the twilight as clearly as if it had been day. There was no fatigue or sense of weakness in

her ; but she had the strange, wistful feeling of an exile returning after long years, not knowing how he may find those he had left. At one of the first houses in the village there was a woman standing at her door, looking out for her children—one who knew Lady Mary well. She stopped quite cheerfully to bid her good evening, as she had done in her vigorous days, before she grew old. It was a little experiment, too. She thought it possible that Catherine would scream out, and perhaps fly from her ; but surely would be easily reassured when she heard the voice she knew, and saw by her one who was no ghost, but her own kind mistress. But Catherine took no notice when she spoke ; she did not so much as turn her head. Lady Mary stood by her patiently, with more and more of that wistful desire to be recognized. She put her hand timidly upon the woman's arm, who was thinking of nothing but her boys, and calling to them, straining her eyes in the fading light. "Don't be afraid—they are coming, they are safe," she said, pressing Catherine's arm. But the woman never moved. She took no notice. She called to a neighbor who was passing to ask if she had seen the children, and the two stood and talked in the dim air, not conscious of the third who stood between them, looking from one to another, astonished, paralyzed. Lady Mary had not been prepared for this ; she could not believe it even now. She repeated their names more and more anxiously, and even plucked at their sleeves to call their attention. She stood as a poor dependent sometimes stands, wistful, civil, trying to say something that will please while they talked and took no notice ; and then the neighbor passed on, and Catherine went into her house. It is hard to be left out in the cold when others go into their cheerful houses ; but to be thus left outside of life, to speak and not be heard, to stand, unseen, astounded, unable to secure any attention ! She had thought they would be frightened, but it was not they who were frightened. A great panic seized the woman who was no more of this world. She had almost rejoiced to find herself back walking so lightly, so

strongly, finding everything easy that had been so hard ; and yet but a few minutes had passed, and she knew, never more to be deceived, that she was no longer of this world. What if she should be condemned to wander forever among familiar places that knew her no more, appealing for a look, a word, to those who could no longer see her, or hear her cry, or know of her presence ? Terror seized upon her, a chill and pang of fear beyond description. She felt an impulse to fly wildly into the dark, into the night, like a lost creature ; to find again somehow, she could not tell how, the door out of which she had come, and beat upon it wildly with her hands, and implore to be taken home. For a moment she stood looking round her, lost and alone in the wide universe ; no one to speak to her, no one to comfort her—outside of life altogether. Other rustic figures, slow-stepping, leisurely, at their ease, went and came, one at a time ; but in this place, where every stranger was an object of curiosity, no one cast a glance at her. She was as if she had never been.

Presently she found herself entering her own house.

It was all shut up and silent—not a window lighted along the whole front of the house which used to twinkle and glitter with lights. It soothed her somewhat to see this, as if in evidence that the place had changed with her. She went in silently, and the darkness was as day to her. Her own rooms were all shut up, yet were open to her steps, which no external obstacle could limit. There was still the sound of life below stairs, and in the housekeeper's room a cheerful party gathered round the fire. It was there that she turned first with some wistful human attraction toward the warmth and light rather than to the still places in which her own life had been passed. Mrs. Prentiss, the housekeeper, had her daughter with her on a visit and the daughter's baby lay asleep in a cradle placed upon two chairs outside the little circle of women round the table—one of whom was Jervis, Lady Mary's maid. Jervis sat and worked and cried, and mixed her words with little sobs. "I never thought as I should have had to take another place," she said. "Brown and me, we

made sure of a little something to start upon. He's been here for twenty years, and so have you, Mrs. Prentiss ; and me, as nobody can say I wasn't faithful night and day."

"I never had that confidence in my lady to expect anything," Prentiss said.

"Oh, mother, don't say that ; many and many a day you've said, when my lady dies—"

"And we've all said it," said Jervis.

"I can't think how she did it, nor why she did it ; for she was a kind lady, though appearances is against her."

"She was one of them, and I've known a many, as could not abide to see a gloomy face," said the housekeeper. "She kept us all comfortable for the sake of being comfortable herself, but no more."

"Oh, you are hard upon my lady !" cried Jervis, "and I can't bear to hear a word against her, though it's been an awful disappointment to me."

"What's you or me, or any one," cried Mrs. Prentiss, "in comparison of that poor little thing that can't work for her living like we can ; that is left on the charity of folks she don't belong to ? I'd have forgiven my lady anything if she'd done what was right by Miss Mary. You'll get a place, and a good place ; and me, they'll leave me here when the new folks come as have taken the house. But what will become of her, the darling ? and not a penny, nor a friend, nor one to look to her ? Oh, you selfish old woman ! oh, you heart of stone ! I just hope you are feeling it where you're gone," the housekeeper cried.

But as she said this, the woman did not know who was looking at her with wide wistful eyes, holding out her hands in appeal, receiving every word as if it had been a blow. Though she knew it was useless, Lady Mary could not help it. She cried out to them, "Have pity upon me ! have pity upon me ! I am not cruel, as you think," with a keen anguish in her voice, which seemed to be sharp enough to pierce the very air and go up to the skies. And so, perhaps, it did ; but never touched the human atmosphere in which she stood a stranger. Jervis was threading her needle when her mistress uttered that cry, but her hand did not tremble, nor

did the threat deflect a hair's-breadth from the straight line. The young mother alone seemed to be moved by some faint disturbance. "Hush!" she said; "is he waking?" looking toward the cradle. But as the baby made no further sound, she too returned to her sewing; and they sat bending their heads over their work round the table, and continued their talk. The room was very comfortable, bright, and warm as Lady Mary had liked all her rooms to be. The warm firelight danced upon the walls; the women talked in cheerful tones. She stood outside their circle, and looked at them with a wistful face. Their notice would have been more sweet to her as she stood in that great humiliation, than in other times the look of a queen.

"But what is the matter with baby?" the mother said, rising hastily.

It was with no servile intention of securing a look from that little prince of life that she who was not of this world had stepped aside forlorn, and looked at him in his cradle. Though she was not of this world, she was still a woman, and had nursed her children in her arms. She bent over the infant by the soft impulse of nature, tenderly, with no interested thought. But the child saw her; was it possible? He turned his head toward her, and flickered his baby hands, and cooed with that indescribable voice that goes to every woman's heart. Lady Mary felt such a thrill of pleasure go through her, as no incident had given her for long years. She put out her arms to him as the mother snatched him from his little bed; and he, which was more wonderful, stretched toward her in his innocence, turning away from them all.

"He wants to go to some one," cried the mother. "Oh look, look, for God's sake! who is there that the child sees?"

"There's no one there—not a soul. Now dearie, dearie, be reasonable. You can see for yourself there's not a creature," said the grandmother.

"Oh, my baby, my baby! He sees something we can't see," the young woman cried. "Something has happened to his father, or he's going to be taken from me!" she said, holding the child to her in a sudden passion. The other women rushed to her to console

her—the mother with reason and Jervis with poetry. "It's the angels whispering, like the song says." Oh the pang that was in the heart of the other whom they could not hear! She stood wondering how it could be—wondering with an amazement beyond words, how all that was in her heart, the love and the pain, and the sweetness and bitterness, could all be hidden—all hidden by that air in which the women stood so clear! She held out her hands, she spoke to them, telling who she was, but no one paid any attention; only the little dog Fido, who had been basking by the fire, sprang up, looked at her, and, retreating slowly backward till he reached the wall, sat down there and looked at her again, with now and then a little bark of inquiry. The dog saw her. This gave her a curious pang of humiliation, yet pleasure. She went away out of that little centre of human life in a great excitement and thrill of her whole being. The child had seen her and the dog; but, oh heavens! how was she to work out her purpose by such auxiliaries as these?

She went up to her old bed-chamber with unshed tears heavy about her eyes, and a pathetic smile quivering on her mouth. It touched her beyond measure that the child should have that confidence in her. "Then God is still with me," she said to herself. Her room, which had been so warm and bright, lay desolate in the stillness of the night; but she wanted no light, for the darkness was no darkness to her. She looked round her for a little, wondering to think how far away from her now was this scene of her old life, but feeling no pain in the sight of it—only a kind indulgence for the foolish simplicity which had taken so much pride in all these infantile elements of living.

She went to the little Italian cabinet which stood against the wall, feeling now at least that she could do as she would—that here there was no blank of human unconsciousness to stand in her way. But she was met by something that baffled and vexed her once more. She felt the polished surface of the wood under her hand, and saw all the pretty ornamentation, the inlaid work, the delicate carvings, which she knew so well. They swam in her eyes a little,

as if they were part of some phantasmagoria about her, existing only in her vision. Yet the smooth surface resisted her touch; and when she withdrew a step from it, it stood before her solidly and square, as it had stood always, a glory to the place. She put forth her hands upon it, and could have traced the waving lines of the exquisite work, in which some artist soul had worked itself out in the old times; but though she thus saw it and felt, she could not with all her endeavors find the handle of the drawer, the richly wrought knob of ivory, the little door that opened into the secret place. How long she stood by it, attempting again and again to find what was as familiar to her as her own hand, what was before her, visible in every line, what she felt with fingers which began to tremble, she could not tell. Time did not count with her as with common men. She did not grow weary, or require refreshment or rest, like those who were still of this world. But at length her head grew giddy and her heart failed. A cold despair took possession of her soul. She could do nothing then—nothing; neither by help of man, neither by use of her own faculties, which were greater and clearer than ever before. She sank down upon the floor at the foot of that old toy, which had pleased her in the softness of her old age, to which she had trusted the fortunes of another; by which, in wantonness and folly, she had sinned, she had sinned! And she thought she saw standing round her companions in the land she had left, saying, "It is impossible, impossible!" with infinite pity in their eyes; and the face of Him who had given her permission to come, yet who had said no word to her to encourage her in what was against nature. And there came into her heart a longing to fly, to get home, to be back in the land where her fellows were, and her appointed place. A child lost, how pitiful that is! without power to reason and divine how help will come: but a soul lost, outside of one method of existence, withdrawn from the other, knowing no way to retrace its steps, nor how help can come! There had been no bitterness in the passing from earth to the land where she had gone; but now there came upon her soul, in all the

power of her new faculties, the bitterness of death. The place which was hers she had forsaken and left, and the place that had been hers knew her no more.

VII.

Mary, when she left her kind friend in the vicarage, went out and took a long walk. She had received a shock so great that it took all sensation from her, and threw her into the seething and surging of an excitement altogether beyond her control. She could not think until she had got familiar with the idea, which indeed had been vaguely shaping itself in her mind ever since she had emerged from the first profound gloom and prostration of the shadow of death.

She had never definitely thought of her position before—never even asked herself what was to become of her when Lady Mary died. She did not see, any more than Lady Mary did why she should ever die; and girls, who have never wanted anything in their lives, who have had no sharp experience to enlighten them, are slow to think upon such subjects. She had not expected anything; her mind had not formed any idea of inheritance; and it had not surprised her to hear of the Earl, who was Lady Mary's natural heir; nor to feel herself separated from the house in which all her previous life had been passed. But there had been gradually dawning upon her a sense that she had come to a crisis in her life, and that she must soon be told what was to become of her. It was not so urgent as that she should ask any questions; but it began to appear very clearly in her mind that things were not to be with her as they had been. She had heard the complaints and astonishment of the servants, to whom Lady Mary had left nothing, with resentment. Jervis, who could not marry and take her lodging-house, but must wait until she had saved more money, and wept to think, after all her devotion, of having to take another place; and Mrs. Prentiss, the housekeeper, who was cynical, and expounded Lady Mary's kindness to her servants to be the issue of a refined selfishness; and Brown, who had sworn subdued oaths, and had taken the liberty of representing himself to Mary as "in the

same box" with herself. Mary had been angry very angry at all this ; and she had not by word or look given any one to understand that she felt herself "in the same box." But yet she had been vaguely anxious, curious, desiring to know. And she had not even begun to think what she should do. That seemed a sort of affront to her god-mother's memory, at all events, until some one had made it clear to her. But now, in a moment, with her first consciousness of the importance of this matter in the sight of others, a consciousness of what it was to herself, came into her mind. A change of everything—a new life—a new world ; and not only so, but a severance from the old world—a giving up of everything that had been most near and pleasant to her.

These thoughts were driven through her mind like the snowflakes in a storm. The year had slid on since Lady Mary's death. Winter was beginning to yield to spring ; the snow was over and the great cold. And other changes had taken place. The great house had been let, and the family who had taken it had been about a week in possession. Their coming had inflicted a wound upon Mary's heart ; but everybody had urged upon her the idea that it was much better the house should be let for a time "till everything was settled." When all was settled things would be different. Mrs. Vicar did not say, "You can then do what you please," but she did convey to Mary's mind somehow a sort of inference that she would have something to do it with. And when Mary had protested, "It shall never be let again with my will," the kind woman had said tremulously, "Well, my dear !" and had changed the subject. All these things now came to Mary's mind. They had been afraid to tell her ; they had thought it would be so much to her—so important, such a crushing blow. To have nothing—to be destitute ; to be written about by Mr. Furnival to the Earl ; to have her case represented—Mary felt herself stung by such unendurable suggestions into an energy—a determination—of which her soft young life had known nothing. No one should write about her, or ask charity for her, she said to herself. She had gone

through the woods and round the park, which was not large, and now she could not leave these beloved precincts without going to look at the house. Up to this time she had not had the courage to go near the house ; but to the commotion and fever of her mind every violent sensation was congenial, and she went up the avenue now almost gladly, with a little demonstration to herself of energy and courage. Why not that as well as all the rest ?

It was once more twilight, and the dimness favored her design. She wanted to go there unseen, to look up at the windows with their alien lights, and to think of the time when Lady Mary sat behind the curtains, and there was nothing but tenderness and peace throughout the house. There was a light in every window along the entire front, a lavishness of firelight and lamp-light which told of a household in which there were many inhabitants. Mary's mind was so deeply absorbed, and perhaps her eyes so dim with tears that she could scarcely see what was before her, when the door opened suddenly and a lady came out. "I will go myself," she said in an agitated tone to some one behind her. "Don't get yourself laughed at," said a voice from within. The sound of the voices roused the young spectator. She looked with a little curiosity, mixed with anxiety, at the lady who had come out of the house and who started, too, with a gesture of alarm, when she saw Mary move in the dark. "Who are you ?" she cried out in a trembling voice, "and what do you want here ?"

Then Mary made a step or two forward and said, "I must ask your pardon if I am trespassing. I did not know there was any objection—" This stranger to make an objection ! It brought something like a tremulous laugh to Mary's lips.

"Oh, there is no objection," said the lady, "only we have been a little put out. I see now ; you are the young lady who—you are, the young lady that—you are the one that—suffered most."

"I am Lady Mary's goddaughter," said the girl. "I have lived here all my life."

"Oh, my dear, I have heard all

about you," the lady cried. The people who had taken the house were merely rich people; they had no other characteristic; and in the vicarage, as well as in the other houses about, it was said when they were spoken of, that it was a good thing they were not people to be visited, since nobody could have had the heart to visit strangers in Lady Mary's house. And Mary could not but feel a keen resentment to think that her story, such as it was, the story which she had only now heard in her own person, should be discussed by such people. But the speaker had a look of kindness, and, so far as could be seen, of perplexity and fretted anxiety in her face, and had been in a hurry, but stopped herself in order to show her interest. "I wonder," she said impulsively, "that you can come here and look at the place again after all that has passed."

"I never thought," said Mary, "that there could be—any objection."

"Oh, how can you think I mean that? how can you pretend to think so?" cried the other impatiently. "But after you have been treated so heartlessly, so unkindly—and left, poor thing! they tell me, without a penny, without any provision—"

"I don't know you," cried Mary, breathless with quick-rising passion. "I don't know what right you can have to meddle with my affairs."

The lady stared at her for a moment without speaking, and then she said, all at once, "That is quite true—but it is rude as well; for though I have no right to meddle with your affairs, I did it in kindness, because I took an interest in you from all I have heard."

Mary was very accessible to such a reproach and argument. Her face flushed with a sense of her own churlishness. "I beg your pardon," she said; "I am sure you mean to be kind."

"Well," said the stranger, "that is perhaps going too far on the other side, for you can't even see my face to know what I mean. But I do mean to be kind, and I am very sorry for you. And though I think you've been treated abominably, all the same I like you better for not allowing any one to say so. And now, do you know where I was going? I was going to the vicarage—

where you are living, I believe—to see if the vicar, or his wife, or you, or all of you together, could do a thing for me."

"Oh, I am sure Mrs. Bowyer—" said Mary, with a voice much less assured than her words.

"You must not be too sure, my dear. I know she doesn't mean to call upon me, because my husband is a City man. That is just as she pleases. I am not very fond of City men myself. But there's no reason why I should stand on ceremony when I want something, is there? Now, my dear, I want to know—Don't laugh at me. I am not superstitious, so far as I am aware; but—Tell me, in your time was there ever any disturbance, any appearances you couldn't understand, any—Well, I don't like the word ghosts. It's disrespectful, if there's anything of the sort; and it's vulgar if there isn't. But you know what I mean. Was there anything—of that sort—in your time?"

In your time! Poor Mary had scarcely realized yet that her time was over. Her heart refused to allow it when it was thus so abruptly brought before her; but she obliged herself to subdue these rising rebellions, and to answer, though with some *hauteur*. "There is nothing of the kind that I ever heard of. There is no superstition or ghost in our house."

She thought it was the vulgar desire of new people to find a conventional mystery, and it seemed to Mary that this was a desecration of her home. Mrs. Turner, however (for that was her name), did not receive the intimation as the girl expected, but looked at her very gravely, and said, "That makes it a great deal more serious," as if to herself. She paused, and then added, "You see, the case is this. I have a little girl who is our youngest, who is just my husband's idol. She is a sweet little thing, though perhaps I should not say it. Are you fond of children? Then I almost feel sure you would think so too. Not a moping child at all, or too clever, or anything to alarm one. Well, you know, little Connie, since ever we came in, has seen an old lady walking about the house—"

"An old lady!" said Mary, with an involuntary smile.

"Oh yes. I laughed too, the first time. I said it would be old Mrs. Prentiss, or perhaps the charwoman, or some old lady from the village that had been in the habit of coming in the former people's time. But the child got very angry. She said it was a real lady. She would not allow me to speak. Then we thought perhaps it was some one who did not know the house was let, and had walked in to look at it; but nobody would go on coming like that with all the signs of a large family in the house. And now the doctor says the child must be low, that the place perhaps doesn't agree with her, and that we must send her away. Now, I ask you, how could I send little Connie away, the apple of her father's eye? I should have to go with her, of course, and how could the house get on without me? Naturally we are very anxious. And this afternoon she has seen her again, and sits there crying because she says the dear old lady looks so sad. I just seized my hat, and walked out, to come to you and your friends at the vicarage to see if you could help me. Mrs. Bowyer may look down upon a City person—I don't mind that; but she is a mother, and surely she would feel for a mother," cried the poor lady vehemently, putting up her hands to her wet eyes.

"Oh, indeed, indeed she would! I am sure now that she will call directly. We did not know what a—" Mary stopped herself in saying, "what a nice woman you are," which she thought would be rude, though poor Mrs. Turner would have liked it. But then she shook her head and added, "What could any of us do to help you? I have never heard of any old lady. There never was anything—I know all about the house, everything that has ever happened, and Prentiss will tell you. There is nothing of that kind—indeed, there is nothing. You must have—" But here Mary stopped again; for to suggest that a new family, a city family should have brought an apparition of their own with them, was too ridiculous an idea to be entertained.

"Miss Vivian," said Mrs. Turner, "will you come back with me and speak to the child?"

At this Mary faltered a little. "I

have never been there—since the—funeral," she said.

The good woman laid a kind hand upon her shoulder, caressing and soothing. "You were very fond of her—in spite of the way she has used you?"

"Oh, how dare you, or any one, to speak of her so? She used me as if I had been her dearest child. She was more kind to me than a mother. There is no one in the world like her!" Mary cried.

"And yet she left you without a penny. Oh, you must be a good girl to feel for her like that. She left you without—What are you going to do, my dear? I feel like a friend. I feel like a mother to you, though you don't know me. You mustn't think it is only curiosity. You can't stay with your friends forever—and what are you going to do?"

There are some cases in which it is more easy to speak to a stranger than to one's dearest and oldest friend. Mary had felt this when she rushed out, not knowing how to tell the vicar's wife that she must leave her, and find some independence for herself. It was, however, strange to rush into such a discussion with so little warning, and Mary's pride was very sensitive. She said, "I am not going to burden my friends," with a little indignation; but then she remembered how forlorn she was, and her voice softened. "I must do something—but I don't know what I am good for," she said, trembling, and on the verge of tears.

"My dear, I have heard a great deal about you," said the stranger; "it is not rash, though it may look so. Come back with me directly, and see Connie. She is a very interesting little thing, though I say it—it is wonderful sometimes to hear her talk. You shall be her governess, my dear. Oh, you need not teach her anything—that is not what I mean. I think, I am sure, you will be the saving of her, Miss Vivian; and such a lady as you are, it will be everything for the other girls to live with you. Don't stop to think, but just come with me. You shall have whatever you please, and always be treated like a lady. Oh, my dear, consider my feelings as a mother,

and come ; oh, come to Connie ! I know you will save her ; it is an inspiration. Come back ! Come back with me !”

It seemed to Mary too like an inspiration. What it cost her to cross that threshold and walk in, a stranger, to the house which had been all her life as her own, she never said to any one. But it was independence ; it was deliverance from entreaties and remonstrances without end. It was a kind of setting right, so far as could be, of the balance which had got so terribly wrong. No writing to the Earl now ; no appeal to friends—anything in all the world, much more honest service and kindness, must be better than that.

VIII.

“ Tell the young lady all about it, Connie,” said her mother.

But Connie was very reluctant to tell. She was very shy, and clung to her mother, and hid her face in her ample dress ; and though presently she was beguiled by Mary’s voice, and in a short time came to her side, and clung to her as she had clung to Mrs. Turner, she still kept her secret to herself. They were all very kind to Mary, the elder girls standing round in a respectful circle looking at her, while their mother exhorted them to “ take a pattern” by Miss Vivian. The novelty, the awe which she inspired, the real kindness about her, ended by overcoming in Mary’s young mind the first miserable impression of such a return to her home. It gave her a kind of pleasure to write to Mrs. Bowyer that she had found employment, and had thought it better to accept it at once. “ Don’t be angry with me ; and I think you will understand me,” she said. And then she gave herself up to the strange new scene.

The “ ways” of the large simple-minded family, homely yet kindly, so transformed Lady Mary’s graceful old rooms that they no longer looked the same place. And when Mary sat down with them at the big heavy-laden table, surrounded with the hum of so large a party, it was impossible for her to believe that everything was not new about her. In no way could the saddening recollections of a home from which the

chief figure had disappeared have been more completely broken up. Afterward Mrs. Turner took her aside, and begged to know which was Mary’s old room, “ for I should like to put you there, as if nothing had happened.” “ Oh, do not put me there !” Mary cried, “ so much has happened.” But this seemed a refinement to the kind woman, which it was far better for her young guest not to “ yield” to. The room Mary had occupied had been next to her godmother’s, with a door between, and when it turned out that Connie, with an elder sister, was in Lady Mary’s room, everything seemed perfectly arranged in Mrs. Turner’s eyes. She thought it was providential, with a simple belief in Mary’s powers that in other circumstances would have been amusing. But there was no amusement in Mary’s mind when she took possession of the old room “ as if nothing had happened.” She sat by the fire for half the night, in an agony of silent recollection and thought, going over the last days of her godmother’s life, calling up everything before her, and realizing, as she had never realized till now, the lonely career on which she was setting out, the subjection to the will and convenience of strangers in which henceforth her life must be passed. This was a kind woman who had opened her doors to the destitute girl ; but notwithstanding, however great the torture to Mary, there was no escaping this room, which was haunted by the saddest recollections of her life. Of such things she must no longer complain—nay, she must think of nothing but thanking the mistress of the house for her thoughtfulness, for the wish to be kind which so often exceeds the performance.

The room was warm and well lighted ; the night was very calm and sweet outside. Nothing had been touched or changed of all her little decorations, the ornaments which had been so delightful to her girlhood. A large photograph of Lady Mary held the chief place over the mantelpiece, representing her in the fulness of her beauty—a photograph which had been taken from the picture painted ages ago by a Royal Academician. It was fortunately so little like Lady Mary in her old age that, save as a thing which had always hung there,

and belonged to her happier life, it did not affect the girl ; but no picture was necessary to bring before her the well-remembered figure. She could not realize that the little movements she heard on the other side of the door were any other than those of her mistress, her friend, her mother, for all these names Mary lavished upon her in the fulness of her heart. The blame that was being cast upon Lady Mary from all sides made this child of her bounty but more deeply her partisan, more warm in her adoration. She would not, for all the inheritances of the world, have acknowledged even to herself that Lady Mary was in fault. Mary felt that she would rather a thousand times be poor and have to gain her daily bread, than that she who had nourished and cherished her should have been forced in her cheerful old age to think, before she chose to do so, of parting and farewell and the inevitable end.

She thought, like every young creature in strange and painful circumstances, that she would be unable to sleep, and did indeed lie awake and weep for an hour or more, thinking of all the changes that had happened ; but sleep overtook her before she knew, while her mind was still full of these thoughts ; and her dreams were endless, confused, full of misery and longing. She dreamed a dozen times over that she heard Lady Mary's soft call through the open door—which was not open, but shut closely and locked by the sisters who now inhabited the next room ; and once she dreamed that Lady Mary came to her bedside and stood there looking at her earnestly with the tears flowing from her eyes. Mary struggled in her sleep to tell her benefactress how she loved her, and approved of all she had done, and wanted nothing—but felt herself bound as by a nightmare, so that she could not move or speak, or even put out a hand to dry those tears which it was intolerable to her to see ; and woke with the struggle, and the miserable sensation of seeing her dearest friend weep and being unable to comfort her. The moon was shining into the room, throwing part of it into a cold full light, while blackness lay in all the corners. The impression of her dream was so strong that Mary's eyes turned

instantly to the spot where in her dream her godmother had stood. To be sure there was nobody there ; but as her consciousness returned, and with it the sweep of painful recollection, the sense of change, the miserable contrast between the present and the past, sleep fled from her eyes. She fell into the vividly awake condition which is the alternative of broken sleep, and gradually, as she lay, there came upon her that mysterious sense of another presence in the room, which is so subtle and indescribable. She neither saw anything nor heard anything, and yet she felt that some one was there.

She lay still for some time and held her breath, listening for a movement, even for the sound of breathing, scarcely alarmed, yet sure that she was not alone. After a while she raised herself on her pillow, and in a low voice asked, "Who is there ? is any one there ?" There was no reply, no sound of any description, and yet the conviction grew upon her. Her heart began to beat, and the blood to mount to her head. Her own being made so much sound, so much commotion, that it seemed to her she could not hear anything save those beatings and pulsings. Yet she was not afraid. After a time, however, the oppression became more than she could bear. She got up and lit her candle, and searched through the familiar room ; but she found no trace that any one had been there. The furniture was all in its usual order. There was no hiding-place where any human thing could find refuge. When she had satisfied herself, and was about to return to bed, suppressing a sensation which must, she said to herself, be altogether fantastic, she was startled by a low knocking at the door of communication. Then she heard the voice of the elder girl. "Oh, Miss Vivian—what is it ? Have you seen anything ?" A new sense of anger, disdain, humiliation, swept through Mary's mind. And if she had seen anything, she said to herself, what was that to those strangers ? She replied, "No, nothing ; what should I see ?" in a tone which was almost haughty in spite of herself.

"I thought it might be—the ghost. Oh, please, don't be angry. I thought I heard this door open, but it is locked.

Oh! perhaps it is very silly, but I am so frightened, Miss Vivian."

"Go back to bed," said Mary; "there is no—ghost. I am going to sit up and write some—letters. You will see my light under the door."

"Oh, thank you," cried the girl.

Mary remembered what a consolation and strength in all wakefulness had been the glimmer of the light under her god-mother's door. She smiled to think that she herself, so desolate as she was, was able to afford this innocent comfort to another girl, and then sat down and wept quietly, feeling her solitude and the chill about her, and the dark and the silence. The moon had gone behind a cloud. There seemed no light but her small, miserable candle in earth and heaven. And yet that poor little speck of light kept up the heart of another—which made her smile again in the middle of her tears. And by and by the commotion in her head and heart calmed down, and she too fell asleep.

Next day she heard all the floating legends that were beginning to rise in the house. They all arose from Connie's questions about the old lady whom she had seen going up-stairs before her, the first evening after the new family's arrival. It was in the presence of the doctor—who had come to see the child, and whose surprise at finding Mary there was almost ludicrous—that she heard the story, though much against his will.

"There can be no need for troubling Miss Vivian about it," he said, in a tone which was almost rude. But Mrs. Turner was not sensitive.

"When Miss Vivian has just come, like a dear, to help us with Connie!" the good woman cried. "Of course she must hear it, doctor; for otherwise, how could she know what to do?"

"Is it true that you have come here—*here*? to help— Good heavens, Miss Mary, *here*?"

"Why not here?" Mary said, smiling as best she could. "I am Connie's governess, doctor."

He burst out into that suppressed roar which serves a man instead of tears, and jumped up from his seat, clenching his fist. The clenched fist was to the intention of the dead woman whose fault this was; and if it had ever entered the

doctor's mind, as his mother supposed, to marry this forlorn child, and thus bestow a home upon her whether she would or no, no doubt he would now have attempted to carry out that plan. But as no such thing had occurred to him, the doctor only showed his sense of the intolerable by look and gesture. "I must speak to the vicar. I must see Furnival. It can't be permitted," he cried.

"Do you think I shall not be kind to her, doctor?" cried Mrs. Turner. "Oh, ask her! She is one that understands. She knows far better than that. We're not fine people, doctor, but we're kind people. I can say that for myself. There is nobody in this house but will be good to her, and admire her, and take an example by her. To have a real lady with the girls, that is what I would give anything for; and as she wants taking care of, poor dear, and petting, and an 'ome—"

Mary, who would not hear any more, got up hastily, and took the hand of her new protectress, and kissed her, partly out of gratitude and kindness, partly to stop her mouth, and prevent the saying of something which it might have been still more difficult to support. "You are a real lady yourself, dear Mrs. Turner," she cried. (And this notwithstanding the one deficient letter; but many people who are much more dignified than Mrs. Turner—people who behave themselves very well in every other respect—say "'ome.")

"Oh, my dear, I don't make any pretensions," the good woman cried, but with a little shock of pleasure which brought the tears to her eyes.

And then the story was told. Connie had seen the lady walk up-stairs, and had thought no harm. The child supposed it was some one belonging to the house. She had gone into the room which was now Connie's room, but as that had a second door, there was no suspicion caused by the fact that she was not found there a little time after, when the child told her mother what she had seen. After this Connie had seen the same lady several times, and once had met her face to face. The child declared that she was not at all afraid. She was a pretty old lady, with white hair and dark eyes. She looked a little

sad, but smiled when Connie stopped and stared at her—not angry at all, but rather pleased—and looked for a moment as if she would speak. That was all. Not a word about a ghost was said in Connie's hearing. She had already told it all to the doctor, and he had pretended to consider which of the old ladies in the neighborhood this could be. In Mary's mind, occupied as it was by so many important matters, there had been up to this time no great question about Connie's apparition; now she began to listen closely, not so much from real interest as from a perception that the doctor, who was her friend, did not want her to hear. This naturally aroused her attention at once. She listened to the child's description with growing eagerness, all the more because the doctor opposed.

"Now that will do, Miss Connie," he said; "it is one of the old Miss Murchisons, who are always so fond of finding out about their neighbors. I have no doubt at all on that subject. She wants to find you out in your pet naughtiness, whatever it is, and tell me."

"I am sure it is not for that," cried Connie. "Oh, how can you be so disagreeable? I know she is not a lady who would tell. Besides, she is not thinking at all about me. She was either looking for something she had lost, or—oh, I don't know what it was!—and when she saw me she just smiled. She is not dressed like any of the people here. She had got no cloak on, or bonnet, or anything that is common, but a beautiful white shawl and a long dress, and it gives a little sweep when she walks—oh no! not like your rustling, mamma; but all soft, like water—and it looks like lace upon her head, tied here," said Connie, putting her hands to her chin, "in such a pretty, large, soft knot."

Mary had gradually risen as this description went on, starting a little at first, looking up, getting upon her feet. The color went altogether out of her face—her eyes grew to twice their natural size. The doctor put out his hand without looking at her, and laid it on her arm with a strong emphatic pressure. "Just like some one you have seen a picture of," he said.

"Oh no. I never saw a picture that was so pretty," said the child.

"Doctor, why do you ask her any more? don't you see, don't you see, the child has seen—?"

"Miss Mary, for God's sake, hold your tongue; it is folly, you know. Now, my little girl, tell me. I know this old lady is the very image of that pretty old lady with the toys for good children, who was in the last Christmas number?"

"Oh!" said Connie, pausing a little. "Yes, I remember; it was a very pretty picture—mamma put it up in the nursery. No, she is not like that, not at all, much prettier; and then *my* lady is sorry about something—except when she smiles at me. She has her hair put up like this, and this," the child went on, twisting her own bright locks.

"Doctor! I can't bear any more."

"My dear! you are mistaken, it is all a delusion. She has seen a picture. I think now, Mrs. Turner, that my little patient had better run away and play. Take a good run through the woods, Miss Connie, with your brother, and I will send you some physic which will not be at all nasty, and we shall hear no more of your old lady. My dear Miss Vivian, if you will but hear reason! I have known such cases a hundred times. The child has seen a picture, and it has taken possession of her imagination. She is a little below par, and she has a lively imagination; and she has learned something from Prentiss, though probably she does not remember that. And there it is! a few doses of quinine, and she will see visions no more."

"Doctor," cried Mary, "how can you speak so to me? You dare not look me in the face. You know you dare not; as if you did not know as well as I do! Oh, why does that child see her, and not me?"

"There it is," he said, with a broken laugh; "could anything show better that it is a mere delusion? Why, in the name of all that is reasonable, should this stranger child see her, if it was anything, and not you?"

Mrs. Turner looked from one to another with wondering eyes. "You know what it is?" she said. "Oh, you know who it is? Doctor, doctor, is it because my Connie is so delicate? is it a warning? is it—?"

"Oh, for heaven's sake! you will drive me mad, you ladies. Is it this, and is it that? It is nothing, I tell you. The child is out of sorts, and she has seen some picture that has caught her fancy—and she thinks she sees—I'll send her a bottle," he cried, jumping up; "that will put an end to all that."

"Doctor, don't go away: tell me rather what I must do—if she is looking for something! Oh, doctor, think if she were unhappy, if she were kept out of her sweet rest!"

"Miss Mary! for God's sake, be reasonable. You ought never to have heard a word."

"Doctor, think! if it should be anything we can do. Oh, tell me, tell me! don't go away and leave me: perhaps we can find out what it is."

"I will have nothing to do with your findings out. It is mere delusion. Put them both to bed, Mrs. Turner—put them all to bed! As if there was not trouble enough!"

"What is it?" cried Connie's mother; "is it a warning! Oh, for the love of God, tell me, is that what comes before a death?"

When they were all in this state of agitation, the vicar and his wife were suddenly shown into the room. Mrs. Bowyer's eyes flew to Mary, but she was too well-bred a woman not to pay her respects first to the lady of the house, and there were a number of politenesses exchanged, very breathlessly on Mrs. Turner's part, before the newcomers were free to show the real occasion of their visit. "Oh, Mary, what did you mean by taking such a step all in a moment? How could you come here of all places in the world? and how could you leave me without a word?" the vicar's wife said, with her lips against Mary's cheek. She had already perceived, without dwelling upon it, the excitement in which all the party were. This was said while the vicar was still making his bow to his new parishioner—who knew very well that her visitors had not intended to call: for the Turners were dissenters, to crown all their misdemeanors, besides being city people and *nouveaux riches*.

"Don't ask me any questions just now," said Mary, clasping almost hysterically her friend's hand. "It

was providential. Come and hear what the child has seen." Mrs. Turner, though she was so anxious, was too polite not to make a fuss about getting chairs for all her visitors. She postponed her own trouble to this necessity, and trembling, sought the most comfortable seat for Mrs. Bowyer, the largest and most imposing for the vicar himself. When she had established them in a little circle and done her best to draw Mary too into a chair, she sat down quietly, her mind divided between the cares of courtesy and the alarms of an anxious mother. Mary stood at the table and waited till the commotion was over. The newcomers thought she was going to explain her conduct in leaving them; and Mrs. Bowyer, at least, who was critical in point of manners, shivered a little, wondering if perhaps (though she could not find it in her heart to blame Mary) her proceedings were in perfect taste.

"The little girl," Mary said, beginning abruptly. She had been standing by the table, her lips apart, her countenance utterly pale, her mind evidently too much absorbed to notice anything. "The little girl—has seen several times a lady going up-stairs. Once she met her and saw her face, and the lady smiled at her; but her face was sorrowful, and the child thought she was looking for something. The lady was old, with white hair done up upon her forehead, and lace upon her head. She was dressed"—here Mary's voice began to be interrupted from time to time by a brief sob—"in a long dress that made a soft sound when she walked, and a white shawl, and the lace tied under her chin in a large soft knot—"

"Mary, Mary!" Mrs. Bowyer had risen, and stood behind the girl, in whose slender throat the climbing sorrow was almost visible, supporting her, trying to stop her. "Mary, Mary!" she cried; "oh, my darling, what are you thinking of? Francis! doctor! make her stop, make her stop—"

"Why should she stop?" said Mrs. Turner, rising, too, in her agitation. "Oh, is it a warning, is it a warning? for my child has seen it—Connie has seen it."

"Listen to me, all of you," said Mary, with an effort. "You all know

—who that is. And she has seen her—the little girl—”

Now the others looked at each other, exchanging a startled look.

“My dear people,” cried the doctor, “the case is not the least unusual. No, no, Mrs. Turner, it is no warning—it is nothing of the sort. Look here, Bowyer; you’ll believe me. The child is very nervous and sensitive. She has evidently seen a picture somewhere of our dear old friend. She has heard the story somehow—oh, perhaps in some garbled version from Prentiss, or—of course they’ve all been talking of it. And the child is one of those creatures with its nerves all on the surface—and a little below par in health, in need of iron and quinine, and all that sort of thing. I’ve seen a hundred such cases” cried the doctor—“a thousand such; but now, of course, we’ll have a fine story made of it, now that it’s come into the ladies’ hands.”

He was much excited with this long speech; but it cannot be said that any one paid much attention to him. Mrs. Bowyer was holding Mary in her arms, uttering little cries and sobs over her, and looking anxiously at her husband. The vicar sat down suddenly in his chair, with the air of a man who has judgment to deliver without the least idea what to say; while Mary, freeing herself unconsciously from her friend’s restraining embrace, stood facing them all with a sort of trembling defiance: and Mrs. Turner kept on explaining nervously that—“no, no, her Connie was not excitable, was not over-sensitive, never had known what a delusion was.”

“This is very strange,” the vicar said.

“Oh, Mr. Bowyer,” cried Mary, “tell me what I am to do!—think if she cannot rest, if she is not happy, she that was so good to everybody, that never could bear to see any one in trouble. Oh, tell me, tell me what I am to do! It is you that have disturbed her with all you have been saying. Oh, what can I do, what can I do to give her rest?”

“My dear Mary! My dear Mary!” they all cried in different tones of consternation; and for a few minutes no one could speak. Mrs. Bowyer, as was natural, said something, being unable to

endure the silence; but neither she nor any of the others knew what it was she said. When it was evident that the vicar must speak, all were silent, waiting for him; and though it had now become imperative that something in the shape of a judgment must be delivered, yet he was as far as ever from knowing what to say.

“Mary,” he said, with a little tremulousness of voice, “it is quite natural that you should ask me; but, my dear, I am not at all prepared to answer. I think you know that the doctor, who ought to know best about such matters—”

“Nay, not I. I only know about the physical; the other—if there is another—that’s your concern.”

“Who ought to know best,” repeated Mr. Bowyer; “for everybody will tell you, my dear, that the mind is so dependent upon the body. I suppose he must be right. I suppose it is just the imagination of a nervous child working upon the data which has been given—the picture; and then, as you justly remind me, all we have been saying—”

“How could the child know what we have been saying, Francis?”

“Connie has heard nothing that any one has been saying; and there is no picture.”

“My dear lady, you hear what the doctor says. If there is no picture, and she has heard nothing, I suppose, then, your premises are gone, and the conclusion falls to the ground.”

“What does it matter about premises?” cried the vicar’s wife: “here is something dreadful that has happened. Oh, what nonsense that is about imagination; children have no imagination. A dreadful thing has happened. In heaven’s name, Francis, tell this poor child what she is to do.”

“My dear,” said the vicar again, “you are asking me to believe in purgatory—nothing less. You are asking me to contradict the Church’s teaching. Mary, you must compose yourself. You must wait till this excitement has passed away.”

“I can see by her eyes she did not sleep last night,” the doctor said, relieved. “We shall have her seeing visions too, if we don’t take care.”

“And, my dear Mary,” said the

vicar, "if you will think of it, it is derogatory to the dignity of the—of our dear friends who have passed away. How can we suppose that one of the blessed would come down from heaven, and walk about her own house, which she had just left, and show herself to a—to a—little child who had never seen her before."

"Impossible," said the doctor. "I told you so—a stranger—that had no connection with her; knew nothing about her—"

"Instead of," said the vicar, with a slight tremor, "making herself known, if that was permitted, to—to me, for example; or our friend here."

"That sounds reasonable, Mary," said Mrs. Bowyer; "don't you think so, my dear? If she had come to one of us, or to yourself, my darling, I should never have wondered, after all that has happened. But to this little child—"

"Whereas there is nothing more likely—more consonant with all the teachings of science—than that the little thing should have this hallucination, of which you ought never to have heard a word. You are the very last person—"

"That is true," said the vicar, "and all the associations of the place must be overwhelming. My dear, we must take her away with us. Mrs. Turner, I am sure, is very kind, but it cannot be good for Mary to be here."

"No, no! I never thought so," said Mrs. Bowyer; "I never intended—dear Mrs. Turner, we all appreciate your motives. I hope you will let us see much of you, and that we may become very good friends. But, Mary—it is her first grief, don't you know?" said the vicar's wife, with the tears in her eyes; "she has always been so much cared for, so much thought of all her life—and then all at once! You will not think that we misunderstand your kind motives; but it is more than she can bear. She made up her mind in a hurry without thinking. You must not be annoyed if we take her away."

Mrs. Turner had been looking from one to another while this dialogue went on. She said now, a little wounded, "I wished only to do what was kind; but, perhaps, I was thinking most of my own child. Miss Vivian must do what she thinks best."

"You are all kind—too kind," Mary cried; "but no one must say another word, please. Unless Mrs. Turner should send me away, until I know what this all means, it is my place to stay here."

IX.

It was Lady Mary who had come into the vicarage that afternoon when Mrs. Bowyer supposed some one had called. She wandered about to a great many places in these days, but always returned to the scenes in which her life had been passed, and where alone her work could be done, if it were done at all. She came in and listened while the tale of her own carelessness and heedlessness was told, and stood by while her favorite was taken to another woman's bosom for comfort, and heard everything and saw everything. She was used to it by this time: but to be nothing is hard, even when you are accustomed to it; and though she knew that they would not hear her, what could she do but cry out to them as she stood there unregarded? "Oh, have pity upon me!" Lady Mary said; and the pang in her heart was so great that the very atmosphere was stirred, and the air could scarcely contain her and the passion of her endeavor to make herself known, but thrilled like a harp-string to her cry. Mrs. Bowyer heard the jar and tingle in the inanimate world; but she thought only that it was some charitable visitor who had come in, and gone softly away again at the sound of tears.

And if Lady Mary could not make herself known to the poor cottagers who had loved her, or to the women who wept for her loss while they blamed her, how was she to reveal herself and her secret to the men who, if they had seen her, would have thought her a hallucination? Yes, she tried all, and even went a long journey over land and sea to visit the Earl who was her heir, and awake in him an interest in her child. And she lingered about all these people in the silence of the night, and tried to move them in dreams, since she could not move them waking. It is more easy for one who is no more of this world, to be seen and heard in sleep; for then those who are still in the flesh stand on the borders of the unseen, and

see and hear things which, waking, they do not understand. But alas ! when they woke, this poor wanderer discovered that her friends remembered no more what she had said to them in their dreams.

Presently, however, when she found Mary re-established in her old home, in her own room, there came to her a new hope. For there is nothing in the world so hard to believe, or to be convinced of, as that no effort, no device, will ever make you known and visible to those you love. Lady Mary being little altered in her character, though so much in her being, still believed that if she could but find the way, in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, all would be revealed and understood. She went to Mary's room with this new hope strong in her heart. When they were alone together, in that nest of comfort which she had herself made beautiful for her child—two hearts so full of thought for each other—what was there in earthly bonds which could prevent them from meeting ? She went into the silent room, which was so familiar and dear, and waited like a mother long separated from her child, with a faint doubt trembling on the surface of her mind, yet a quaint joyful confidence underneath in the force of nature. A few words would be enough—a moment, and all would be right. And then she pleased herself with fancies of how, when that was done, she would whisper to her darling what has never been told to flesh and blood ; and so go home proud, and satisfied, and happy in the accomplishment of all that she had hoped.

Mary came in with her candle in her hand, and closed the door between her and all external things. She looked round wistful with that strange consciousness which she had already experienced that some one was there. The other stood so close to her that the girl could not move without touching her. She held up her hands, imploring, to the child of her love. She called to her, " Mary, Mary !" putting her hands upon her, and gazed into her face with an intensity and anguish of eagerness which might have drawn the stars out of the sky. And a strange tumult was in Mary's bosom. She stood looking blankly round her, like one who is blind with open eyes, and saw nothing ;

and strained her ears, like a deaf man, but heard nothing. All was silence, vacancy, an empty world about her. She sat down at her little table, with a heavy sigh. " The child can see her, but she will not come to me," Mary said, and wept.

Then Lady Mary turned away with a heart full of despair. She went quickly from the house, out into the night. The pang of her disappointment was so keen, that she could not endure it. She remembered what had been said to her in the place from whence she came, and how she had been entreated to be patient and wait. Oh, had she but waited and been patient ! She sat down upon the ground, a soul forlorn, outside of life, outside of all things, lost in a world which had no place for her. The morn shone, but she made no shadow in it ; the rain fell upon her, but did not hurt her ; the little night-breeze blew without finding any resistance in her. She said to herself, " I have failed. What am I that I should do what they all said was impossible ? It was my pride, because I have had my own way all my life. But now I have no way and no place on earth, and what I have to tell them will never, never be known. Oh my little Mary, a servant in her own house ! And a word would make it right !—but never, never can she hear that word. I am wrong to say never ; she will know when she is in heaven. She will not live to be old and foolish like me. She will go up there early, and then she will know. But I, what will become of me ?—for I am nothing here, and I cannot go back to my own place."

A little moaning wind rose up suddenly in the middle of the dark night, and carried a faint wail, like the voice of some one lost, to the windows of the sleeping house. It woke the children, and Mary, who opened her eyes quickly in the dark, wondering if perhaps now the vision might come to her. But the vision had come when she could not see it, and now returned no more.

X.

On the other side, however, visions which had nothing sacred in them began to be heard of, and Connie's ghost, as it was called in the house, had various

vulgar effects. A housemaid became hysterical, and announced that she too had seen the lady, of whom she gave a description, exaggerated from Connie's, which all the household were ready to swear she had never heard. The lady, whom Connie had only seen passing, went to Betsy's room in the middle of the night, and told her, in a hollow and terrible voice, that she could not rest, opening a series of communications by which it was evident all the secrets of the unseen world would soon be disclosed. And following upon this, there came a sort of panic in the house—noises were heard in various places, sounds of footsteps pacing, and of a long robe sweeping about the passages; and Lady Mary's costume, and the head-dress which was so peculiar, which all her friends had recognized in Connie's description, grew into something portentous under the heavier hand of the foot-boy and the kitchen-maid. Mrs. Prentiss, who had remained as a special favor to the new people, was deeply indignant and outraged by this treatment of her mistress. She appealed to Mary with mingled anger and tears.

"I would have sent the hussy away at an hour's notice, if I had the power in my hands," she cried; "but, Miss Mary, it is easily seen who is a real lady and who is not. Mrs. Turner interferes herself in everything, though she likes it to be supposed that she has a house-keeper."

"Dear Prentiss, you must not say Mrs. Turner is not a lady. She has far more delicacy of feeling than many ladies," cried Mary.

"Yes Miss Mary, dear, I allow that she is very nice to you; but who could help that? and to hear my lady's name—that might have her faults, but who was far above anything of the sort—in every mouth, and her costume, that they don't know how to describe, and to think that *she* would go and talk to the like of Betsy Barnes about what is on her mind! I think sometimes I shall break my heart, or else throw up my place, Miss Mary," Prentiss said, with tears.

"Oh, don't do that; oh, don't leave me, Prentiss!" Mary said, with an involuntary cry of dismay.

"Not if you mind, not if you mind,

dear," the housekeeper cried. And then she drew close to the young lady with an anxious look. "You haven't seen anything?" she said. "That would be only natural, Miss Mary. I could well understand she couldn't rest in her grave—if she came and told it all to you."

"Prentiss, be silent," cried Mary; "that ends everything between you and me if you say such a word. There has been too much said already—oh, far too much! as if I only loved her for what she was to leave me."

"I did not mean that, dear," said Prentiss; "but—"

"There is no but; and everything she did was right," the girl cried with vehemence. She shed hot and bitter tears over this wrong which all her friends did to Lady Mary's memory. "I am *glad* it was so," she said to herself when she was alone, with youthful extravagance. "I am glad it was so; for now no one can think that I loved her for anything but herself."

The household, however, was agitated by all these rumors and inventions. Alice, Connie's elder sister, declined to sleep any longer in that which began to be called the haunted room. She, too, began to think she saw something, she could not tell what, gliding out of the room as it began to get dark, and to hear sighs and moans in the corridors. The servants, who all wanted to leave, and the villagers, who avoided the grounds after nightfall, spread the rumor far and near that the house was haunted.

XI.

In the mean time Connie herself was silent, and said no more of the Lady. Her attachment to Mary grew into one of those visionary passions which little girls so often form for young women. She followed her so-called governess wherever she went, hanging upon her arm when she could, holding her dress when no other hold was possible—following her everywhere, like her shadow. The vicarage, jealous and annoyed at first, and all the neighbors indignant too, to see Mary metamorphosed into a dependent of the city family, held out as long as possible against the good-nature of Mrs. Turner, and were revolted by

the spectacle of this child claiming poor Mary's attention wherever she moved. But by and by all these strong sentiments softened, as was natural. The only real drawback was, that amid all these agitations Mary lost her bloom. She began to droop and grow pale under the observation of the watchful doctor, who had never been otherwise than dissatisfied with the new position of affairs, and betook himself to Mrs. Bowyer for sympathy and information. "Did you ever see a girl so fallen off?" he said. "Fallen off, doctor! I think she is prettier and prettier every day." "Oh," the poor man cried, with a strong breathing of impatience, "you ladies think of nothing but prettiness! was I talking of prettiness? She must have lost a stone since she went back there. It is all very well to laugh," the doctor added, growing red with suppressed anger, "but I can tell you that is the true test. That little Connie Turner is as well as possible; she has handed over her nerves to Mary Vivian. I wonder now if she ever talks to you on that subject."

"Who? little Connie?"

"Of course I mean Miss Vivian, Mrs. Bowyer. Don't you know the village is all in a tremble about the ghost at the Great House?"

"Oh, yes, I know; and it is very strange. I can't help thinking, doctor—"

"We had better not discuss that subject. Of course I don't put a moment's faith in any such nonsense. But girls are full of fancies. I want you to find out for me whether she has begun to think she sees anything. She looks like it; and if something isn't done she will soon do so, if not now."

"Then you do think there is something to see," said Mrs. Bowyer, clasping her hands; "that has always been my opinion: what so natural—?"

"As that Lady Mary, the greatest old aristocrat in the world, should come and make private revelations to Betsy Barnes, the under housemaid—?" said the doctor, with a sardonic grin.

"I don't mean that, doctor; but if she could not rest in her grave, poor old lady—"

"You think then, my dear," said the vicar, "that Lady Mary, our old

friend, who was as young in her mind as any of us, lies body and soul in that old dark hole of a vault?"

"How you talk, Francis! what can a woman say between you horrid men? I say if she couldn't rest—wherever she is—because of leaving Mary destitute, it would be only natural—and I should think the more of her for it," Mrs. Bowyer cried.

The vicar had a gentle professional laugh over the confusion of his wife's mind. But the doctor took the matter more seriously. "Lady Mary is safely buried and done with. I am not thinking of her," he said; "but I am thinking of Mary Vivian's senses, which will not stand this much longer. Try and find out from her if she sees anything: if she has come to that, whatever she says we must have her out of there."

But Mrs. Bowyer had nothing to report when this conclave of friends met again. Mary would not allow that she had seen anything. She grew paler every day, her eyes grew larger, but she made no confession. And Connie bloomed and grew, and met no more old ladies upon the stairs.

XII.

The days passed on, and no new event occurred in this little history. It came to be summer—balmy and green—and everything around the old house was delightful, and its beautiful rooms became more pleasant than ever in the long days and soft brief nights. Fears of the Earl's return and of the possible end of the Turner's tenancy began to disturb the household, but no one so much as Mary, who felt herself to cling as she had never done before to the old house. She had never got over the impression that a secret presence, revealed to no one else, was continually near her, though she saw no one. And her health was greatly affected by this visionary double life.

This was the state of affairs on a certain soft wet day when the family were all within doors. Connie had exhausted all her means of amusement in the morning. When the afternoon came, with its long, dull, uneventful hours, she had nothing better to do than to fling herself upon Miss Vivian, upon whom she had a special claim. She came to Mary's

room, disturbing the strange quietude of that place, and amused herself looking over all the trinkets and ornaments that were to be found there, all of which were associated to Mary with her godmother. Connie tried on the bracelets and brooches which Mary in her deep mourning had not worn, and asked a hundred questions. The answer which had to be so often repeated, "That was given to me by my godmother," at last called forth the child's remark, "How fond your godmother must have been of you, Miss Vivian! she seems to have given you everything—"

"Everything!" cried Mary, with a full heart.

"And yet they all say she was not kind enough," said little Connie—"what do they mean by that? for you seem to love her very much still, though she is dead. Can one go on loving people when they are dead?"

"Oh yes, and better than ever," said Mary; "for often you do not know how you loved them, or what they were to you, till they are gone away."

Connie gave her governess a hug and said, "Why did not she leave you all her money, Miss Vivian? everybody says she was wicked and unkind to die without—"

"My dear," cried Mary, "do not repeat what ignorant people say, because it is not true."

"But mamma said it, Miss Vivian."

"She does not know, Connie—you must not say it. I will tell your mamma she must not say it; for nobody can know so well as I do—and it is not true—"

"But they say," cried Connie, "that that is why she can't rest in her grave. You must have heard. Poor old lady, they say she cannot rest in her grave because—"

Mary seized the child in her arms with a pressure that hurt Connie. "You must not! you must not!" she cried, with a sort of panic. Was she afraid that some one might hear? She gave Connie a hurried kiss, and turned her face away, looking out into the vacant room. "It is not true! it is not true!" she cried with a great excitement and horror as if to stay a wound. "She was always good, and like an angel to me. She is with the

angels. She is with God. She cannot be disturbed by anything—anything! Oh let us never say, or think, or imagine—!" Mary cried. Her cheeks burned, her eyes were full of tears. It seemed to her that something of wonder and anguish and dismay was in the room round her—as if some one unseen had heard a bitter reproach, an accusation undeserved, which must wound to the very heart.

Connie struggled a little in that too tight hold. "Are you frightened, Miss Vivian? what are you frightened for? No one can hear; and if you mind it so much, I will never say it again."

"You must never, never say it again. There is nothing I mind so much," Mary said.

"Oh!" said Connie, with mild surprise. Then as Mary's hold relaxed, she put her arms round her beloved companion's neck. "I will tell them all you don't like it. I will tell them they must not— Oh!" cried Connie again, in a quick astonished voice. She clutched Mary round the neck, returning the violence of the grasp which had hurt her, and with her other hand pointed to the door. "The lady! the lady! Oh, come and see where she is going!" Connie cried.

Mary felt as if the child in her vehemence lifted her from her seat. She had no sense that her own limbs or her own will carried her in the impetuous rush with which Connie flew. The blood mounted to her head. She felt a heat and throbbing as if her spine were on fire. Connie, holding by her skirts, pushing her on, went along the corridor to the other door, now deserted, of Lady Mary's room. "There, there! don't you see her? She is going in," the child cried, and rushed on, clinging to Mary, dragging her on, her light hair streaming, her little white dress waving.

Lady Mary's room was unoccupied and cold—cold, though it was summer, with the chill that rests in uninhabited apartments. The blinds were drawn down over the windows; a sort of blank whiteness, grayness, was in the place, which no one ever entered. The child rushed on with eager gestures, crying "Look! look!" turning her lively head from side to side. Mary, in a still and passive expectation, seeing nothing,

looking mechanically where Connie told her to look, moving like a creature in a dream, against her will, followed. There was nothing to be seen. The blank, the vacancy went to her heart. She no longer thought of Connie or her vision. She felt the emptiness with a desolation such as she had never felt before. She loosed her arm with something like impatience from the child's close clasp. For months she had not entered the room which was associated with so much of her life. Connie and her cries and warnings passed from her mind like the stir of a bird or a fly. Mary felt herself alone with her dead, alone with her life, with all that had been and that never could be again. Slowly, without knowing what she did, she sank upon her knees. She raised her face in the blank of desolation about her to the unseen heaven. Unseen ! unseen ! whatever we may do. God above us, and those who have gone from us, and He who has taken them, who has redeemed them, who is ours and theirs, our only hope ; but all unseen, unseen, concealed as much by the blue skies as by the dull blank of that roof. Her heart ached and cried into the unknown. "O God," she cried, "I do not know where she is, but Thou art everywhere. O God, let her know that I have never blamed her, never wished it otherwise, never ceased to love her, and thank her, and bless her. God ! God !" cried Mary, with a great and urgent cry, as if it were a man's name. She knelt there for a moment before her senses failed her, her eyes shining as if they would burst from their sockets, her lips dropping apart, her countenance like marble—.

XIII.

"And *She* was standing there all the time," said Connie, crying and telling her little tale after Mary had been carried away—"standing with her hand upon that cabinet, looking and looking, oh, as if she wanted to say something and couldn't. Why couldn't she, mamma ? Oh, Mr. Bowyer, why couldn't she, if she wanted so much ? Why wouldn't God let her speak ?"

XIV.

Mary had a long illness, and hovered

on the verge of death. She said a great deal in her wanderings about some one who had looked at her. "For a moment, a moment," she would cry ; "only a moment ! and I had so much to say." But as she got better nothing was said to her about this face she had seen. And perhaps it was only the suggestion of some feverish dream. She was taken away, and was a long time getting up her strength ; and in the mean time the Turners insisted that the drains should be thoroughly seen to, which were not at all in a perfect state. And the Earl coming to see the place, took a fancy to it, and determined to keep it in his own hands. He was a friendly person, and his ideas of decoration were quite different from those of his grandmother. He gave away a great deal of her old furniture, and sold the rest.

Among the articles given away was the Italian cabinet which the vicar had always had a fancy for ; and naturally it had not been in the vicarage a day before the boys insisted on finding out the way of opening the secret drawer. And there the paper was found in the most natural way, without any trouble or mystery at all.

XV.

They all gathered to see the wanderer coming back. She was not as she had been when she went away. Her face, which had been so easy, was worn with trouble ; her eyes were deep with things unspeakable. Pity and knowledge were in the lines which time had not made. It was a great event in that place to see one come back who did not come by the common way. She was received by the great officer who had given her permission to go, and her companions who had received her at the first all came forward, wondering, to hear what she had to say : because it only occurs to those wanderers who have gone back to earth of their own will to return when they have accomplished what they wished, or it is judged above that there is nothing possible more. Accordingly the question was on all their lips, "You have set the wrong right—you have done what you desired ?"

"Oh," she said, stretching out her hands, "how well one is in one's own

place ! how blessed to be at home ! I have seen the trouble and sorrow in the earth till my heart is sore, and sometimes I have been near to die."

"But that is impossible," said the man who had loved her.

"If it had not been impossible, I should have died," she said. "I have stood among people who loved me, and they have not seen me nor known me, nor heard my cry. I have been outcast from all life, for I belonged to none. I have longed for you all, and my heart has failed me. Oh how lonely it is in the world when you are a wanderer, and can be known of none—"

"You were warned," said he who was in authority, "that it was more bitter than death."

"What is death?" she said. And no one made any reply. Neither did any one venture to ask her again whether she had been successful in her mission. But at last, when the warmth of her ap-

pointed home had melted the ice about her heart, she smiled once more and spoke.

"The little children knew me ; they were not afraid of me ; they held out their arms. And God's dear and innocent creatures—" She wept a few tears, which were sweet after the ice-tears she had shed upon the earth. And then some one, more bold than the rest, asked again, "And did you accomplish what you wished?"

She had come to herself by this time, and the dark lines were melting from her face. "I am forgiven," she said, with a low cry of happiness. "She whom I wronged loves me and blessed me ; and we saw each other face to face. I know nothing more."

"There is no more," said all together. For everything is included in pardon and love.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

TRAGEDY IN JAPAN.

BY FRANK ABELL.

THE Japanese have been well called the "French of the East" for not only do they resemble the French in their Epicurean views of life, in their love of pleasure and fun, in their impulsive, enthusiastic, and too often unstable character, in their politeness, in their glad seizure of any excuse for display, festival, and holiday, but in the almost morbid attraction which the Tragic has for them. Just the same taste which leads Frenchmen to load their picture galleries with martyrdoms, murders, and scenes of bloodshed, which attracts them in crowds to the peep-show of horrors, which sends women and children through the doors of the Morgue from morning till night, is found predominant in the character of the Japanese, who are at once the most homely and the most tragedy-loving of Oriental peoples.

So it is not surprising to find that Tragedy occupies such a prominent position in the popular national drama. The *lever de rideau*—generally a farce of the very broadest description—causes laughter and shouts of applause, but the audi-

ence do not settle themselves down to the business of the evening until the green cloth curtain is drawn aside for the first scene of the Tragedy. "The Ink-smearing," the "Malicious Fox Kettle," are all very well, but for real enjoyment give the habitual Japanese playgoer a genuine blood-and-thunder piece like the "Forty-seven Ronins," or the "Story of Sendai."

So while the actors are busily painting and tiring themselves—(there are no actresses in Japan, or were not until comparatively recently)—let us take a look at the theatre itself.

Outwardly there is nothing to distinguish it from a bath-house or a public office but the long strips of wood over the doorway, painted with the actors' names, and the banners of cloth emblazoned with the fantastic emblems of the histrionic art. We pass through a wicket and find ourselves in a large square hall hung with festoons of many-colored lanterns and strips of pictured drapery, and divided pretty much according to the European principle of pit, boxes, and

gallery ; the only difference, of course, being that a Japanese audience squats upon mats and makes no use of chairs and seats. From the stage through the midst of the pit to the back of the house runs an elevated platform called the "Hana Michi," or Flower Path, which is used for processions, the entry of crowds, and for feats of juggling and other diversions to occupy the intervals between the acts.

The orchestra (save the mark !) occupy a suspended box at the side of the proscenium, and here they vex the European ear with performances on the "samisen," the "koto," drums, cymbals of metal and wood, fifes and flutes. The stage proper is circular, and by an ingenious arrangement of machinery beneath revolves on its axis, one half of it only being occupied by the scene in operation, the other by the next scene, so that there is none of that pulling and hauling and delay familiar to us at every change of scene. In the regions beyond the stage are the dressing-rooms : separate cells for the principal actors, one long gallery for the subordinates, the carpenters' rooms, property rooms, painting rooms, which we shall explore presently, in spite of an atmosphere of which Cologne or any little Norman town might be proud. The first piece has ended, the due interval has elapsed, and a hideous fantasia on the gong announces that the Tragedy is about to commence.

The theatre is crowded ; every one is smoking, laughing, chattering, and sipping tea—(no old Japanese playgoer ever visits the theatre without his own teapot)—but one cannot repress a shudder as one looks around at the flimsy wooden structure with its fluttering decorations, beholds pipes being knocked out and paper lanterns swinging in the draught, and imagines what a real tragedy there would be in case of fire. When a Japanese theatre does catch fire, half or a quarter of the town generally goes with it, and the sacrifice of human life is never known.

At a final bang of the gong, the green curtain is drawn aside from the two wings ; the last urchins who have been gambolling on the stage scramble into their places ; the orchestra strikes up a hideous discord ; the human footlights—men veiled in black and holding long bam-

boos, at the ends of which are fastened tallow candles, which require constant snuffing and smell horribly—creep into their places, and the piece commences.

If we wanted to make out the plot of the play, we should be obliged to come here for another two nights at least, for Japanese plays are of inordinate length, sometimes occupying a week in representation, and the curtain is drawn every night precisely at half-past eleven o'clock, even in the midst of a speech or a scene. But as we are only here as curious visitors, and do not understand one word of the dialogue, it does not much matter. It appears, however, that a young Samurai has made a match with a girl of the people, greatly to the disgust of his own friends and of the girl's, and matters are aggravated by the fact that the damsel is already betrothed to some one else. At any rate, there is a great deal of "talkee talkee" at the opening between the youth and the girl ; the youth speaking with natural emphasis and intonation accompanied by much gesticulation and contortion of visage, the girl—a young man with a Japanese-fan style of face—whining her sentences out in that shrill monotone without punctuation or accentuation which is the orthodox dramatic representation of the voice of the gentle sex in Japan.

The scenery is very effective, the action of the play opening in the courtyard of a temple at night, the moon shining behind and shedding a weird light over a thick bank of foliage, the stone lanterns, and the quaint roof of the building.

We have not to wait long for either the blood or the thunder ; the moon disappears behind a gauze cloud, and the only light given is that by the animated lamps before alluded to, who are dreadfully in the way but who are evidently regarded as indispensable adjuncts. A dark figure is seen creeping through the foliage ; the hero listens and claps his hand to his sword ; the girl delivers herself of some extraordinary gutturals expressive of alarm ; the would-be assassin springs forward to the accompaniment of a tremendous clapping made on the stage by two individuals at the wings armed with pieces of flat wood. The sword of the young Samurai is whisked from its sheath, twinkles in the air for a moment, descends upon the unfortunate

intruder, who cuts a somersault in the air and conveys himself away behind a black sheet borne by two stage helps, while a gong booms forth and the thunder groans and rattles. The young man indulges in a few horrible grimaces, mutters "Sa sa—sa sa sa," wipes his sword deliberately, and points to the pool of blood on the stage amid the yells and shrieks of the audience—yells and shrieks which represent our modern "Kentish fire."

Presently a young warrior swaggers up the "Flower Path" through the midst of the audience. He is evidently a popular favorite, for the crowd greet him with cries of "Takashimaya!" The grimaces of our Samourai at the sight of this newcomer are perfectly frightful to behold, in fact we could hardly believe even a Japanese face to be capable of being so thoroughly twisted and contorted. The grimaces are not those of pleasure and welcome, so we draw the inference that this is the heroine's *fiancé*, especially as she shrieks and gets behind her husband. There is a long exchange of sentences, which gradually culminate into what a schoolboy would call a "jolly row"; the bamboo clappers at the wings are incessant, the thunder growls, the young Samourai makes a dart at his foe, the latter whistles, and from all parts come in a motley crowd of coolies armed with bamboos, yelling, shrieking, and gesticulating like madmen. The Samourai is evidently going to have a bad time of it, for they surround him with uplifted sticks, and he works himself slowly back with his sword drawn; the sticks quiver in the air, when a tremendous hubbub is heard, a gentleman in full armor followed by a retinue of warriors enters—probably the hero's father—and amid a burst from the orchestra, more bell-booming, thunder-rolling, and bamboo-clapping, the green curtain is drawn across, and scene one is ended. There is a general rising among the audience; boys rush on to the stage and peep under the curtain; the smoke from a hundred pipes fills the air; orange and sweetmeat sellers do a roaring trade; portly citizens go out to get fresh air; thirsty gentlemen go out for a cup of "saki" at the tea-house next door; waitresses from the innumerable restaurants which always surround a Japanese

theatre hand in trays of stewed eels, fried fish, eggs and rice to the occupants of the boxes who are too dignified to go out; every one chatters and laughs and flutters fans, eats, drinks, and smokes, and the curious scene is one of genuine, unadulterated popular enjoyment.

We wend our way along the narrow passage behind the boxes, and, ascending a steep ladder, find ourselves in the actor's dressing-room. Here they are, knights and coolies, priests and damsels, animated foot-lights, members of the orchestra, squatting on mats, the actors before looking-glasses painting their faces, arranging their hair, fitting their costumes, the others talking, laughing, chaffing, sipping tea and smoking. They are a genial jovial set, these Japanese actors; ready to give any information, proud of any attention, and especially proud of having their portraits transferred to our sketch-books. With the great wrestlers they share public popularity, and the proudest nobles of the old *régime* felt no loss of dignity in inviting a famous actor to their castles, while the high salaries they draw allow them to lead a life of considerable *otium cum dignitate* during their leisure time.

We sit here chatting and laughing until the gong below announces the opening of the second scene. While we have been away the public has been amused with the gambols and tricks of a company of jugglers and acrobats, and put into thoroughly good humor by showers of presents distributed from the "Flower Path."

"Now you'll see some bloodshed," says our cicerone as we seat ourselves in our box.

The curtain is drawn aside, and a really effective and picturesque scene is displayed. Half of it represents the interior of a tea-house, the other half a winter night scene. There is thick snow on the ground, on the bushes, on the gate, while a vigorous shower of paper snow is descending from above. Our young Samourai enters. He has evidently been in difficulties, for his face is haggard, his hair unkempt, his clothes soiled and torn. He "comes down," presents us with a variety of grimaces and gutturals; slowly draws forth his Muramasa blade, examines it closely, apparently apostrophizes it, puts a rag

round his hand to enable him to get a fair grip of the hilt, opens the sliding door, and peers forth into the night. The silence in the house is breathless, and every face is bent on the actor as earnestly as if a grave national crisis were impending.

There is a movement among the bushes. Our hero starts, slowly shuts the door, bares his arms, utters a few gutturals, makes a few faces, and stands ready.

Amid a shower of snow a figure comes through the hedge, followed by others. The first man taps at the door, listens for an answer, and, hearing none, enters with the accompanying clap of the bamboos, starts at seeing our hero, who rushes to the door and bolts it. The other men, hearing this, dash themselves at the frail obstacle, break through it, and burst into the tea-house. Surely all is over with our young friend now, we think. Not so: the Japanese playwright does not allow his hero to be disposed of in the second scene out of perhaps fifty; there will be some shamble work now, you may depend upon that, especially as the young man is armed with a sword, and his opponents whose aim is to take him alive, have but thick bamboo poles. The first man advances on our hero; there is a blow and a parry or two, the Samourai makes a sweeping "number five" cut at the man's head; the fellow holds up his bamboo, the blade cleaves through it, and a deluge of blood pours over his face and shoulders. He cuts the orthodox somersault, and glides away behind the black cloth. Number two advances; our young man is ready for him, and at a swoop cuts off his hand. Immediately from a hole in the stage appears a human hand, convulsive and clutching exactly as if it had been cut off. The other men advance in turn. One loses a leg—a huge bleeding leg being rolled on to the stage. Another is cleft in twain through the head, and the audience shriek with delight as they behold a human trunk with a side of the head flapping down on each shoulder lying on the stage; a third is cut clean in half; a fourth loses an arm, at any rate the whole crew are disposed of each in his turn, each one cutting the conventional somersault in token of being killed.

By this time, of course, our hero is like a butcher, and the stage like a slaughter-house; he is faint, as well he may be, and staggers to and fro among the mangled remains of his foes; the audience are delighted, for this is just what they came to see, and yells of approbation greet the actor as he staggers down the "Flower Path" presumably to look for more foemen. And so the piece proceeds; here and there a scene of bloodshed, here and there a long, dismal scene of "talkee talkee."

That there is much force in Japanese tragic acting cannot be denied; the actors throw themselves heart and soul into their parts, and from the highest to the lowest all are "word perfect," such an occurrence as a hitch being almost unknown. But the greatest praise must be given to the scenic effects and the stage tricks; scenic effects and stage tricks with which the Japanese profession has been conversant for hundreds of years, for they are essentially conservative in at least their dramatic instincts, and the plays which command the greatest favor and applause are those which have been handed down from remote ages. To this there is one exception—the famous tragedy of the "Forty-seven Rônins," written about one hundred and fifty years ago and made familiar to English readers by Mr. Mitford in his "Tales of Old Japan." The quaint quiet burial-place of these forty-seven heroes may yet be seen at Takanawa in the city of Yedo, and is revered as much by the inhabitants of the capital as the play founded upon the story is admired.

Changes, no doubt, have taken place in the Japanese national drama, as in everything else, since the writer was last in a Japanese theatre some nine years ago. Gas was about to be substituted for the old familiar animated footlights; women were announced to take parts; foreign influences were beginning to creep in in the shape of sarcastic farces on the manners and peculiarities of Western nations, but it is very much to be doubted if any amount of innovation can entirely root from the popular mind their allegiance to the old historic forms of drama with their accompaniment of horrors and what seem to us absurdities. —*Belgravia*.

THE SOUDAN AND ITS FUTURE.

BY SIR SAMUEL WHITE BAKER.

"WHAT is the Soudan?" is a question that has frequently been asked since the recent calamity has diverted public attention from the usual course and concentrated all interest upon that distant region. "Is the Soudan worth keeping?" "Why not give it up?" are remarks that have not been uncommon since the overwhelming disaster which has befallen the army under the command of General Hicks.

I shall endeavor to reply to these questions, and to explain the actual condition of those provinces which are included in the general term "Soudan."

The great lake Victoria N'yanza, discovered by the late Captain Speke, is 3400 feet above the sea level—beneath the Equator. The Albert N'yanza is 2700 feet; Gondokoro, 2000 feet; Khartum, 1200 feet, in latitude 15° 34'. The general altitude of the country in the equatorial regions above the two great lakes is about 4000 feet.

Accepting the Albert N'yanza as the general reservoir, from the northern extremity, latitude 2° 15', the Nile issues to commence its course from an altitude of 2700 feet above the sea level. We therefore discover a fall of 700 feet in a course of about 200 miles, influenced by a succession of cataracts and rapids—while from Gondokoro, latitude 4° 54', in a winding channel of about 1,400 miles, the fall is about 800 feet to Khartum—or nearly seven inches per mile—a navigable river throughout, with a stream that hardly averages a speed of three miles per hour.

Before the White Nile annexation, the Soudan was accepted in a vague and unsatisfactory definition as representing everything south of the first cataract at Assonan without any actual limitation—but the extension of Egyptian territory to the Equator has increased the value of the term, and the word Soudan, now embraces the whole of that vast region which comprises the deserts of Nubia, Libya, the ancient Meroe, Dongola, Kordofan, Darfur, Senaar, and the entire Nile Basin, bordered on the east

by Abyssinia, and elsewhere by doubtful frontiers. The Red Sea upon the east alone confines the Egyptian limit to an unquestionable line.

Wherever the rainfall is regular, the country is immensely fertile, therefore the Soudan may be divided into two portions—the great deserts which are beyond the rainy zone, and consequently arid, and the southern provinces within that zone, which are capable of great agricultural development.

As the river Nile runs from south to north from an elevation of 3400 feet until it meets the Mediterranean at the Rosetta and Damietta mouths, it flows through the rainy zone to which it owes its birth, and subsequently streams onward through the 1200 miles of sands north of the Atbara River, which is the last tributary throughout its desert course.

Including the bends of this mighty Nile, a distance is traversed of about 3300 miles from the Victoria N'yanza to the Mediterranean; the whole of this region throughout its passage is now included in the name "Soudan."

The thirty-two degrees of latitude intersected by the Nile must of necessity exhibit great changes in temperature and general meteorological conditions.

The comparatively small area of the Egyptian Delta is the natural result of inundations upon the lower level, which by spreading the waters have thereby slackened the current, and allowed a sufficient interval for the deposit of the surcharged mud. That fertilizing alluvium has been brought down from the rich lands of Meroe and portions of Abyssinia by the Atbara River and its tributaries, the Salaam, Angrab, and the greater stream Settite. All those rivers cut through a large area of deep soil, through which in the course of ages they have excavated valleys of great depth; and in some places of more than two miles width. The cubic contents of these enormous cuttings have been delivered upon the low lands of Egypt at the period of inundations.

The Blue Nile, which effects a junc-

tion with the White Nile at Khartum in N. latitude $15^{\circ} 34'$ is also a mud carrier, but not to the same extent as the Atbara. The White Nile on the contrary, is of lacustrine origin, and conveys no mud, but the impurity of its waters is caused by an excess of vegetable matter suspended in the finest particles, and exhibiting beneath the microscope minute globules of green matter, which have the appearance of germs. When the two rivers meet at the Khartum junction, the water of the Blue Nile, which contains lime, appears to coagulate the albuminous matter in that of the White Nile, which becomes too heavy to remain in suspension; it therefore precipitates, and forms a deposit, after which the true Nile, formed by a combination of the two rivers, becomes wholesome, and remains comparatively clear until it meets the muddy Atbara, in latitude $17^{\circ} 40'$. The Sobat River in N. latitude $9^{\circ} 21'$ is a most important tributary, supposed to have its sources in the southern portion of the Galla country. All these powerful streams exhibit a uniform system of drainage from south-east to north-west. The only affluent upon the west is the Bahr Ghazal in latitude $9^{\circ} 20'$, but that river is quite unimportant as a contributor to the great volume of the Nile.

The rainy zone extends to about 15° North latitude, but the rainfall is dependent upon peculiarities of elevation, and physical conditions of localities.

Wherever the rainfall is dependable, the natural fertility of the soil is at once exhibited by enormous crops, in the neighborhood of villages, where alone a regular system of cultivation is pursued.

The gentle slope from the Equator to the Mediterranean—from the Victoria N'yanza source of the Nile 3400 feet in a course of about the same number of miles—may be divided into two portions by almost halving the thirty-two degrees of latitude in a direct line. Fifteen will include the rainy zone north of the Equator, and the remaining seventeen to Alexandria comprise the vast deserts which are devoid of water.

The enormous extent of burning sand which separates the fertile portion of the

Soudan from Lower Egypt would, in the absence of the camel, be like an ocean devoid of vessels, and the deserts would be a barrier absolutely impassable by man. Nature has arranged the various fauna according to the requirements and conditions of the earth's surface; we, therefore, possess the camel as the only animal that can with impunity support a thirst that will enable it to traverse great distances without the necessity of water. This invaluable creature will travel during the hottest months a distance of 120 miles with a load of 400 lbs., without drinking upon the journey until the fourth day. It is necessary that before starting, the camel shall drink its fill. This may be in the evening of Monday. It will then travel thirty miles a day, and by Friday P. M. it will have completed four days, or 120 miles, and will require water. A certain amount of dhurra (sorghum vulgare) must be given during a forced march, as the animal will have no time to graze upon the scanty herbage of the desert.

The desert of Korosko is 230 miles across to Abou Hamed, and this journey is performed in seven days, the camels drinking once only upon the road at the bitter wells of Mourâhd. Horses can be taken across such deserts only through the aid of camels, which transport the water required for the less enduring animals.

Although the camel is apparently indigenous to the African and Arabian deserts, it is a curious fact that we have never heard of such an animal in a state of Nature. Not even the ancient writers mention the camel as existing in a wild state in any portion of the globe. In this we find an exception to all other animals, whose original progenitors may be discovered in occupation of those wild haunts from which they must have been captured to become domesticated.

As the camel is the only means of communication between the Soudan and Lower Egypt, we at once recognize the reality of separation effected by the extent of desert, which reduces the value of those distant provinces to nil, until some more general means of transport shall be substituted.

The fertile provinces of the Soudan, irrespective of the White Nile margin, are those between the Atbara River and the

Blue Nile, in addition to all those lands between Cassala and Gallabat, together with the country traversed by the rivers Rahad and Dinder, opposite Senaar. The latter province between the Blue and the White Niles is the Granary of Khartum.

It is well known that the Soudan was annexed by Mehemet Ali Pacha, grandfather of the ex-Khedive Ismail Pacha, and by a stern rule the discordant elements of rival Arab tribes were reduced to order.

Khartum, at the confluence of the Blue and White Niles, became the capital, and Shendy, Berber, and Dongola represented towns of importance upon the river margin. Souakim and Massawa were ports upon the Red Sea, well adapted for commercial outlets. Cassala was fortified, and became the strategical point in Taka near the Abyssinian frontier. Gallabat, which was an Abyssinian town at the date of my visit in 1861, was subsequently added to Egyptian rule. In 1869—1875, the Khepive Ismail Pacha annexed the entire Nile Basin to the Equator.

This enormous territory comprises a great variety of tribes. Those north of the Equator to the Blue Nile are more or less of the negro type, but the deserts are peopled by Arabs of distinct origin, some of whom arrived as conquerors from the east coast of the Red Sea at a period so remote that authority is merely legendary.

The inhabitants of Dongola possess a language of their own, while all other Arab tribes, excepting the Haddendowas, speak Arabic. The deserts from Cairo to the Blue Nile comprise the following tribes: Bedouins, Bishareens, Haddendowas, Jähleens, Dabainas, Shookeereaks, Beni Amers, Kunanas, Rufars, Hamadas, Hamrans, Halhongas, and Abbabdiehs. The west borders of the Nile contain the Bagaras, Kabbabeesh, Dongolawas, and some others. All these people were well in hand, and subservient to the Egyptian Government within my knowledge of the country from 1861 to 1874.

The White Nile tribes from Khartum to the Equator, including the inhabitants of Darfur and Kordofan, are beyond enumeration.

The occupations of these various races

depend mainly upon the conditions of their localities. Those lands which are well watered by a periodical rainfall, are cultivated with dhurra (sorghum), sesamé, cotton, and a variety of native produce; while the desert Arabs are mainly employed in pastoral pursuits, breeding camels, sheep, goats, and cattle, which they exchange for the necessary cereals.

It may be readily imagined that an immense area of wild desert is required for the grazing of such flocks and herds. The stunted shrubs, and the scant herbage which are found within the hollows, where the water from an occasional thunderstorm has concentrated, and given sustenance to a wiry vegetation, are quickly devoured by the hungry animals that rove over the barren wilderness.

The Arabs must continually move their camps in search of fresh pasturage, and the sufferings of the half-starved beasts are intensified by the distance from water which of necessity increases as they wander farther from the wells. I have seen many places where the cattle drink only upon alternate days, and must then march twenty miles to the watering-place. I have always considered that the Arabs are nomadic from necessity, and not from an instinctive desire to wander, and that a supply of water for irrigation would attract them to settle permanently as cultivators of the soil. There are certain seasons when it becomes imperative to remove the cattle from rich lands into the sandy deserts, at the approach of the periodical rains, to avoid the mud, and more especially to escape from the dreaded scourge, the fly; but an exodus of the camels and stock, together with their attendants, would not affect those who remained behind to cultivate corn and cotton during the favorable time.

The fertile area of the Soudan north of the Blue Nile is almost unlimited, but there cannot be any practical development until the means of transport shall be provided. At the present moment there would be no possibility of extending the area of cultivation with a view to export, as the supply of camels would be insufficient for the demand. In 1873, Moomtaz Pacha, an energetic Circassian, was Governor of Soudan, and he insisted that every vil-

lage should cultivate a certain amount of cotton in proportion to the population; this was simply experimental. The quantity produced was so extraordinary that the camel owners seized the opportunity to strike for higher rates, as they well knew the absolute necessity of crop-time. An immense amount of cotton remained ungathered, and fell upon the ground like snow, as the unfortunate cultivators had no means of conveying it to market. Moomtaz Pacha was declared to be insane, but on the contrary he had proved the great producing power of the soil and population, though at the same time he had demonstrated the utter futility of agricultural extension until railway communication should insure the means of transport.

The Soudan must be regarded in the light of a rich country to which there is practically no access. It would be of the greatest value if developed by modern engineering, but it will remain as a millstone upon the neck of Egypt unless such means of transport are encouraged without delay.

There is probably no other country so eminently adapted for the cultivation of cotton as the Soudan. The soil is extremely rich; the climate is perfection, as there is a perfect dryness in the atmosphere, which during the process of ripening and gathering is indispensable, the cotton can be dried, cleaned, and packed without a moment's hindrance from adverse weather; and, were railway communication established to Souakim, the crop would be shipped direct to Liverpool within three weeks by steamer.

The cultivation of flax and hemp is entirely neglected, but these valuable commodities could be produced to any extent upon the fat soil bordering the Atbara River, between Sofi and Kadarif.

In England we are so fully occupied with the affairs of every day life, and our food supply is delivered with such unbroken regularity, that few persons consider the danger of a sudden interruption that would be caused during a time of war in which we might be ourselves engaged. We are a hungry nation, dependent upon foreign shores for our supply of wheat, and our statesmen should devote particular attention to insure that supply under any circum-

stances; otherwise the democratic power which they are about to raise will be exerted in a manner that may surprise the Ministers of the day, when the high price of wheat shall have doubled the cost of the quatern loaf.

There is no portion of the world that will be better guarded in time of war than the route from Egypt to Great Britain. With Cyprus, Malta, and Gibraltar, in our possession, the Mediterranean will be secured from Alexandria to the Straits.

It is accordingly important to provide a food supply that would be transported through the well protected route. The Soudan would supply England with the two great commodities required—cotton and wheat.

The development of the Soudan should be encouraged and positively undertaken by England now that events are driving us to assume a responsible control. There is no possibility of internal improvement without the employment of foreign capital; and there will be no investment of such capital until confidence in the stability of the administration can be established. Of this, there can be no hope, until Egypt shall be in the acknowledged position of being the protected ally of England. If that should be accomplished, we should quickly see reforms in the Soudan that would within two or three years exhibit an extraordinary change both in the people and in the resources of the country. At present it is in a state of nature. Nothing has been done by the Government to encourage the industry of the people; on the contrary, they have been ill-treated and oppressed. Before the rainy season, the surface of the earth, parched and denuded of all semblance of vegetation by the burning sun, is simply scratched by a small tool similar to an inferior Dutch hoe, and a few grains of dhurra are dropped into a hole, hardly one inch in depth. This is repeated at distances of about two feet. The rain commences toward the end of May, and in a few days the dhurra shoots appear above the ground. The extreme richness of the soil, aided by plenteous rains and a warm sun, induces a magical growth, which starts the hitherto barren wilderness into life. The surface of the country which in the

rainless months appeared a desert incapable of producing vegetation, bursts suddenly into a brilliant green, and the formerly sun-burned area assumes the appearance of rich velvet, as it becomes carpeted throughout with the finest grass. Dhurra that first threw up delicate shoots above the hardened and ill-tilled soil, grows with extreme rapidity to the height of nine or ten feet, and the produce can be imagined from the fact that I once counted 4840 grains in only one head of this prolific sorghum. Cotton, and all other vegetation, grows with similar vigor immediately after the commencement of the rains.

This picture of abundance is confined to those districts which are beneath the influence of the rainy zone, but there are other lands equally rich and capable of production which must be cultivated by artificial irrigation. In the absence of any organized method such as exists in Lower Egypt by the extension of a canal system, the banks of rivers including the Rahad, Blue Nile, and Main Nile, are alone watered by the ordinary cattle-wheels (sakeeyahs); the cultivation is accordingly restricted to a comparatively small area that is within the power of irrigation by the simple machinery of the inhabitants.

If any person will study the map of the Soudan, he will at once observe the natural facilities for a general plan of irrigation that would combine the supply of water with the means of transport by canals. As the uniform drainage is from S.E. to N.W., the rivers Rahad, Dinder, Blue Nile, and Atbara, traverse the rich lands of the Soudan exactly in the same direction. These rivers are impetuous torrents, which by their extreme velocity quickly exhaust themselves after the termination of the rains in Abyssinia. A series of weirs upon the Rahad, Dinder, and Atbara, would thoroughly control the waters, that would thus be kept at higher levels, and would enable them to be conducted by canals throughout the fertile lands which at present are neglected in the absence of sufficient moisture. As those rivers are unnavigable, the weirs might be constructed in the most simple manner, as there is no traffic to require special adaptation.

A railway has been suggested from

Souakim to Berber. This would be a half measure, and a mistake, as Berber is below the last cataract of the Nile, and common-sense would dictate that the river terminus should be above the most southern obstruction. Although with good pilotage a steamer can ascend the Shendy cataract without much danger, there are many reasons that would be in favor of a terminus where the river is navigable throughout the Blue and the White Niles, which would enable the produce of the interior to be transported by vessels from the Equatorial regions without the slightest hindrance.

The south wind blows regularly for six months every year and thus it would be impossible for sailing vessels, after having delivered their cargoes at Berber, to reascend the river to Khartum, unless by the difficult and tedious process of towing against the rapid current.

A railway from Souakim might be constructed with no great difficulty, excepting the total absence of limestone for preparing the mortar necessary for bridges. The lime would either be brought from Egypt, or it must be burned at Souakim from the coral reefs. It might be cheaper and better if sent direct from Marseilles.

There is a perplexing necessity in bridging countless torrent beds throughout the desert route in the absence of one drop of water. Nevertheless, this precaution is absolutely necessary, as occasional storms of extreme violence would tear down and destroy any works that were not adequately protected. Another drawback to the construction of the railway would be the want of water, except at long intervals of two days' march. The first preliminary work should be devoted to an exploration of the substrata by boring apparatus that might discover springs in places as yet unexplored. I have no doubt that water exists in very many localities beyond the search of the desert Arabs, who are ill-provided with tools, and are contented with wells at intervals of twenty-four hours' march. It is quite possible that Artesian wells might be the result of boring at depths far below any that could be attained except by aid of the machine. Force-pumps should be arranged, which might be worked by camels, and the route from

Souakim would probably be supplied with water without much difficulty.

If the railway should be carried from Souakim to the Nile above the last cataract, the distance would be about 340 miles. The bridge that would cross the Atbara River should combine the "bar-rage," which would control the stream by means of sluice-gates, and the water would be led into canals for irrigation; at the same time those channels would convey the produce of the cultivated area direct to the several stations on the railway.

If the waters of the Atbara and other rivers were thus confined, instead of being permitted to waste their volume by the impetuosity of their streams, we should be enabled to store a supply for agricultural purposes to be in readiness for the various stages of cultivation.

Nothing should be lightly undertaken, and no contracts should be entered upon for any line of railway until a competent commission shall have decided upon a general plan of agricultural development for the Soudan. The first railway will be the parent of other lines, and the harmony of the whole system will depend upon a careful plan that shall have been pre-arranged, to include irrigation and canal traffic as feeders to the main artery.

There can be little doubt that eventually the entire Nile will be controlled by a system of masonry weirs similar to the "bhunds" which are the great engineering works upon the rivers of India. Such a system would render the Nile navigable throughout its course from Khartum to Cairo, and would insure irrigation at all seasons of the year, irrespective of the usual period of inundation. In the flood-time of the high Nile the surplus waters would be led into natural depressions that would form vast reservoirs, from which canals would lead the required volume to distant districts at a lower level. The water-power at every successive dam would be enormous, and could be used for driving the machinery that is necessary for the cleaning of cotton, prior to the operation of packing for exportation.

The English who have visited the Soudan may be counted upon the fingers, and yet we hear a cry from the lips

of ignorance, "Give up the Soudan, and confine the limits of Egypt to the first cataract of Assouan!"

The spirit of England appears to have undergone a lamentable change. The instant that a severe reverse startles the trembling nerves of pessimists, there is a sudden yell for retreat from the dangerous position. Candahar was abandoned. From the Transvaal there was a general skedaddle. If the unfortunate General Hicks had succeeded in Kordofan England would loudly have proclaimed the victory under British leadership; but a serious reverse at once inverts the picture, and the roar of the British lion is thundered for retreat! Such a cry respecting the Soudan would be a proof of the most cowardly ignorance. It is the unfortunate fashion of modern times for those who know absolutely nothing of a subject to become most positive in the expression of opinion—especially upon foreign affairs. The same person who as a stranger to the locality would not presume to argue upon the neighborhood of Richmond or the river Thames, will audaciously advance his views upon the Soudan and the sources of the Nile. People who are hardly respected upon the local board of a county town, are firm in their opinions upon Tonquin and Afghanistan. Certain newspapers are equally presumptuous, and reflect the ignorance of their subscribers.

If the Soudan were abandoned, the following consequences would assuredly ensue, which would ultimately endanger the existence of the more civilized country—Lower Egypt.

The entire Soudan, which is inhabited by many and various races, would relapse into complete anarchy and savagery. A constant civil war would be waged; cultivation would be interrupted; trade would cease. The worst elements of debased human nature (which must be seen, to be understood, in those regions) would be uncontrolled, and the whole energies of the population would be concentrated in the slave-trade. The White Nile—where General Gordon has devoted the best years of his life, and where I laid the foundation before him, in the hope that the seeds then sown would at some future day bear fruit—would become the field for every atroc-

ity that can be imagined. Even those naked savages believed our promises : "that England would protect them from slavery." They would be abandoned to every conceivable outrage, and the slave-hunting would recommence upon a scale invigorated by the repression of the last thirteen years, but suddenly withdrawn.

The anarchy of the Soudan would call upon the scene another power—Abyssinia. The march from Gallabat upon Khartum is the most certain movement, and could hardly be resisted, if well organized.

A portion of the Soudan would certainly be annexed by Abyssinia. Other portions after long civil conflict would have determined themselves into little kingdoms, and the whole would be hostile forces beyond the Egyptian frontier. The state of tension would entail the necessity of a military force in Egypt that would be a crushing burden upon her revenue. A sensible communication from H. H. Prince Ibrahim Hilmy Pacha to the *Times* a few days since directed public attention to the fact, that one of the great works of His Highness Ismail Pacha, the Khedive, was the establishment of the Nilometer at Khartum, together with the telegraph. Every day throughout the year the height of the Nile is telegraphed to Cairo, and during the period of threatened inundation the Government at Lower Egypt is kept informed of the approaching flood which is hurrying toward the Delta. Twenty or twenty-four days must elapse before the volume of Soudan water can reach Egypt, and thus time is allowed for the strengthening of embankments to resist an invasion which formerly arrived without warning, and devastated the most fertile provinces of the country. There cannot be a more striking example of the results of scientific development ; the few minutes of time occupied by the telegraphic message through a course of 1400 miles, paralyzes the attack of an enemy whose advance was formerly overwhelming.

Should the Soudan be lost to Egypt, the control of the river will have ceased. There will be no scope for future extension. The commerce of the interior will be ruined. The prestige of the country will have departed. The success of a

Southern insurrection will be a dangerous example for the Northern provinces, and for the Arab tribes from Syria to Arabia. No Government can afford to lose a province through insurrection ; it is the first wrench which precedes a general dislocation.

It has been frequently asked, For what object is this rebellion headed by the Mahdi? What is the desired aim? Why is a population that was hitherto so docile and easily governed suddenly exasperated into revolt? On March 25th, 1882, when opinions differed concerning the movements of Arabi Bey, and long before the British Government had framed a policy, the *Times* published a letter from myself which included the following paragraphs :

"The movement of Arabi Bey resolves itself into one of two questions : It is either sanctioned by the ruling powers, the Sultan and the Khedive, or it is adverse to those powers. If it is sanctioned by those authorities, it is contrary to the spirit of the firman which granted the powers of control to Europe. If it is adverse to the rulers of Egypt, it is rebellion.

"The results will be quickly visible. A period of mistrust and disturbance will be seized upon as an excuse for the non-payment of taxes. The revenue will diminish, while military expenses will increase. Abyssinia has long coveted a port upon the Red Sea, and has claimed a considerable portion of the Soudan. Should the patronage of England be withdrawn from Egypt, there may be extreme danger of an invasion from Abyssinia. *A very slight encouragement would induce a general rising of the Arab tribes of the Soudan.* Should the declaration against the slave-trade [Arabi's] be sincere, there will assuredly be difficulties with the Arab slave-traders and with the provinces of Darfur and Upper Egypt. I am no alarmist, neither am I a holder of Egyptian stocks under the control of Arabi Bey, but I foresee trouble and dislocation in the affairs of Egypt, which were prosperous and well organized until the reformer intruded himself upon the scene."

This forecast of a disastrous future has been terribly verified by events, although as usual the prophecy was unheeded at the time of utterance. It may be asked, upon what grounds were those words of warning raised at a time when England was deaf to such a cry? Look back to the frightful picture described in "Ismailia"—pp. 22-23—in the first month of 1870, for a reply, and Englishmen will form their own opinion of the merits of the case. I had returned to the Upper Nile, which I had left flourishing in 1864 :

"Khartum was not changed externally ; but I had observed with dismay a frightful change in the features of the country between Berber and the capital since my last visit. The rich soil on the banks of the river, which had a few years since been highly cultivated, had been abandoned. Now and then a tuft of neglected date-palms might be seen, but the river's banks, formerly verdant with heavy crops, had become a wilderness. Villages once crowded had entirely disappeared ; the population was gone. Irrigation had ceased. The night, formerly discordant with the creaking of countless water-wheels was now silent as death. There was not a dog to howl for a lost master. Industry had vanished ; oppression had driven the inhabitants from the soil.

"This terrible desolation was caused by the Governor-general of the Soudan, who although himself an honest man, trusted too much to the honesty of others, who preyed upon the inhabitants.

"The population of the richest province in the Soudan fled from oppression and abandoned the country ; the greater portion betook themselves to the slave-trade of the White Nile, where in their turn they could trample upon the rights of others ; where, as they had been plundered, they would be able to plunder ; where they could reap the harvest of another's labor ; and where, free from the restrictions of a government, they might indulge in the exciting and lucrative enterprise of slave-hunting.

"Thousands had forsaken their homes and commenced a life of brigandage upon the White Nile."

This was the state of the country for a distance of 200 miles, from Berber to Khartum ! and the miserable picture was an example of the general condition of the Soudan.

The exasperation of the people was subsequently intensified by the vigorous attack upon the slave-trade of the White Nile. It may be readily imagined that the suppression of that traffic, in which so many thousands were engaged, was an additional incentive to rebellion. The armed gangs of Akād attacked the troops under my command ; and subsequently General Gordon was involved in conflicts of considerable duration. The crushing defeats of the slave-hunters in those several engagements quenched their spirit for the moment ; but the fire still slumbered, and was ready to blaze afresh upon a favorable opportunity. The English element had been withdrawn from the Soudan on the retirement of General Gordon. His excellent lieutenant Gessi had succumbed to fever and exhaustion, consequent upon his exer-

tions in the baneful climate of the White Nile regions. Arabi Bey commenced a revolt in Egypt Proper. The power of the Khedive was overthrown, and a direct movement was commenced against all authority. Egypt was in arms against herself, as there was no other foe. The Mahdi—or rather a dervish named Mahomet Achmet—who had long been known to the Khedive H. H. Ismail Pasha, who thoroughly understood the management of such fanatics, took advantage of the general confusion of affairs and gathered a small surrounding of malcontents. A series of gross acts of mismanagement on the part of the Soudan authorities increased the influence of this extraordinary character, and a succession of defeats of the Government forces at the hands of badly armed Arabs produced a contempt for the Egyptian troops, of whom the population had hitherto stood in awe. It was a natural consequence that Darfur and Kordofan, already discontented owing to the operations enforced against the slave-trade, should seize the opportunity for revolt. The rich province of Senaar followed the example, and again the Government forces were defeated, while the strong garrisons both in Darfur and Kordofan were invested in their fortified positions. Those distant provinces west of the White Nile were lost, and should have been abandoned to their fate.

The English invasion of Egypt had resulted in the overthrow of Arabi and the restoration of the Khedive. General Hicks, with a staff of British officers, was dispatched to Khartum with specified instructions from General V. Baker Pasha to operate against Senaar. That province being situated between the Blue and White Niles offered favorable conditions for attack.

Abd-el-Kader Pasha, the Governor of Khartum, was to ascend the Blue Nile with a large force and give battle to the enemy, while general Hicks with 6000 men was to command the White Nile upon the west ; he would patrol the river with numerous steamers, destroy all boats, and intercept the fugitives should the rebels be defeated by Abd-el-Kader ; in which case they would attempt the passage of the White Nile to retreat upon Kordofan.

These operations were successfully carried out. Abd-el-Kader defeated the Mahdi's people in Senaar, and General Hicks, having disembarked his force at the appointed station, was in time to intercept the beaten rebels who were on the march to the White Nile. It does not appear that the enemy had been demoralized by their defeat in Senaar, as they assumed the offensive upon the approach of Hicks Pasha's forces, and attacked them with such determination that it was necessary to form a square. Although General Hicks was victorious, and the enemy retired with a loss of 500 killed, it was impossible to follow up the victory in the absence of cavalry. Such a battle could hardly have been accepted as decisive, and Senaar should have been occupied by a line of fortified posts until the power of the Government should have been thoroughly re-established.

At that period the military organization of the Soudan was transferred from General V. Baker Pasha's department to that of the Minister of War. Counter instructions were given to General Hicks to fall back on Khartum, and to collect an army for the invasion and conquest of Kordofan. For this purpose General Hicks was promoted to the chief command.

An advance of 230 miles through an enemy's country, devoid of supplies and almost waterless, in a climate of intense heat, the march of necessity through sandy desert, with a force of 7000 men and 6000 transport camels, was a most perilous undertaking, and it has terminated in frightful disaster. The unfortunate General Hicks and his entire army have been sacrificed to the usual absurd instructions that would be issued by Egyptian authorities. Kordofan and Darfur should have been abandoned, and the Government should have consolidated its power throughout the entire Soudan. If the Mahdi had been left unmolested in Kordofan, he would have quickly experienced the difference between pulling down and building up.

His forces have been united by the presence of a common enemy, but in the absence of the Government troops they would have gradually dissolved. Jeal-

ousies would have arisen among the chiefs, and discontent (the certain accompaniment of inaction) would have divided the ranks of his followers. In a short time they would have quarrelled among themselves, and the fascination of the Mahdi would have disappeared.

The success that he has now achieved enhances the danger of a general uprising of the Arab tribes throughout the Soudan, and the relapse of Senaar into the anarchy that had been quelled by the victories of General Hicks and Abd-el-Kader Pasha. Fortunately, the Oriental character is prone to delay, and the Mahdi has not followed up his attack on Hicks by an immediate advance on Dongola, to which there is a direct caravan route through the desert from Kordofan. Between that country and Dongola the desert is occupied by the Kabbabeesh tribe of Arabs, who are large owners of camels well known for their size and strength.

There should be no loss of time in arranging an organization that would protect Khartum (the capital), Dongola, Berber, and Senaar. It would be impossible for a stranger to comprehend a plan of operations for this purpose without reference to a map, but the movements would be simple, provided that the troops can be supplied. The loss of the capital would be fatal to the Government—therefore Khartum must be supported. To effect this, it will be necessary to secure Dongola by British troops sent by the Nile. These would occupy Dongola, but would go no farther. The moral effect of 3000 British soldiers stationed in that position would insure the fidelity of the Kabbabeesh Arabs, who could fall back with their herds for protection should the Mahdi's forces advance across the desert. The Kabbabeesh could be employed to fill up the wells upon the route toward Kordofan. Egyptian troops, with as many black regiments as possible, should march from Korosko across the desert 230 miles to Abou Hamed on the Nile, and thence along the river's bank to Berber, 143 miles. From Dongola to Berber a line of posts would be established. The great Sheik of the Korosko desert, Hussein Bey Halifa, can always be depended upon. He should be charged with the transport of the troops

across the desert. He should also raise those Arab tribes that are faithful to the Government—the Bishareens, Dabainas, and the Shookereeyahs from the borders of the Atbara. An Arab army should advance upon Kokreb, half way between Berber and Souakim. This is the principal oasis, which should be defended by a redoubt. When the wells from Berber to Kokreb shall have been secured, a detachment of troops should march to occupy this central position. From that point the friendly Arabs would seize all wells eastward upon the route toward Souakim, and thus by degrees advance in that direction. A force of 4000 Indian troops occupying Souakim would, in the mean time, prepare for an advance through the mountains, now occupied by the enemy who have already inflicted three defeats upon the Egyptian forces. Communication should be established between the Arabs under Hussein Halifa marching from Kokreb and the force at Souakim, in order to advance simultaneously from east and west. The enemy would thus be attacked in front and rear. When the route from Souakim to Berber shall have been cleared, and the wells occupied throughout, the Indian troops will have marched to Berber. Supports can then be sent forward from Souakim when required. From Berber the Nile is navigable for steamers to Khartum, 200 miles distant. Troops can therefore be transported with ease in thirteen days from Souakim. There would be by this arrangement two bases of operation—Souakim from the Red Sea, and Cairo on the Nile. The advance by the Nile would be upon both sides simultaneously—from Korosko to Berber on the east, and to Dongola through to Berber upon the west. Troops would be converging upon Berber from three different points—Souakim, Dongola, and Korosko; and Berber would then become the base for the support of Khartum and Senaar, both of which are situated upon the navigable Blue Nile.

Under a capable administration I do not see any supreme difficulty in the reorganization of the Soudan. There has been a total want of confidence between the governing power and those who were governed, and a general and radical reform is necessary. The first

consideration should be the actual requirements of the people. "What do you really want?" is the question that must be answered. The simple reply will be "JUSTICE."

Unless under British supervision this will never be attained—the Egyptian officials are hopeless.

It is impossible to obtain good service unless those who are employed receive their due amount of salary. The sheiks of Arab tribes should be liberally and punctually remunerated if their loyalty is to be relied upon. Hussein Halifa Bey should be made a Pasha if he proves faithful to the Government in their necessity. A few decorations distributed among the prominent sheiks of various tribes would be highly prized, and would produce good service.

A British High Commissioner should be sent to Berber to inquire into the actual demands and necessities of the people. He will be appalled at the hosts of grievances; he will also be disgusted with the shameful facts of extortion and oppression.

Although the revolt must be crushed with an iron hand to prevent a recurrence of such insurrections, I sympathize with a down-trodden people, whom, if I had been an Arab, I should have been the first to lead. Much good might be effected by an impartial judgment, and the wild inhabitants of the deserts have a keen sense of right and wrong according to the just precepts of the Koran. If force alone shall be used, the rebellion may be stunned; but the spirit of discontent will rankle in the hearts of the population. There should be a combination of force together with diplomacy, and a resolve on the part of the authorities to administer pure justice.

A rectification of frontier will be absolutely necessary before any development of internal resources can be expected. The White Nile should be the boundary of Egypt upon the West as far as the station of Fashoda. An arrangement must be entered into with Abyssinia; a well defined boundary line must be agreed upon, and be occupied by a chain of Government forts.

The encroachments of Egypt upon Abyssinia have been continual, though by slow degrees, and were only checked

by the total destruction of three corps d'armée, which suffered the usual fate of Egyptian military enterprises. These victories have encouraged the hopes of Abyssinia, which lays claim to a considerable portion of the Soudan, and have increased the danger of an invasion during an opportunity when general disturbance has paralyzed the power of Egypt. A dog-in-the-manger policy has been pursued toward her neighbor which is adverse to the interests of both countries. Egypt should benefit by commercial relations with Abyssinia ; instead of which she has destroyed all power of development by excluding that unfortunate country from the sea-border. After the succession of defeats which Egypt suffered in her invasion, it would be impossible for her to assume the initiative in proposing a rectification of frontier and a commercial treaty. Such an invitation can only be given through the medium of England. Masawa might be offered to Abyssinia as an outlet for her commerce under certain stipulated conditions, together with the province of Boghos, which was originally Abyssinian. An excellent frontier line might be arranged from Gallabat along the Atbara to Tomat near Sofi, at the junction of the Settite River, and the Mareb or Gash in the south of Cassala. Thence along the mountains, including Boghos to Masawa.

If Abyssinia were thus generously encouraged, a most important development would be the immediate result. The highlands of that country are remarkably healthy ; coffee is a natural production, which at the present moment finds its way through Gallabat for the supply of Khartum and the entire Soudan, in exchange for cotton, and Maria Theresa dollars. If Abyssinia possessed a seaport, we should quickly experience the benefit of a new outlet both for British manufactures, and for the general productions of that country.

The important question still remains unanswered, How are the necessary changes and reforms in the Soudan to be carried out ?

First of all, it has to be reconquered. After that, it must be reorganized. It must then be governed upon Liberal principles. Who is to do all this ?

Much as I deplore the necessity, I

believe the task must be undertaken by Great Britain, if we intend to reconstruct the shattered administration of the Khedive. But no half-measures will be effective. No pea-and-thimble tricks will gain the confidence of natives—no sudden disappearance of the pea of British responsibility from one thimble to the other ; we must either become responsible for the whole or nothing. The Soudan and Egypt cannot be separated—they are as necessary to each other as England and Scotland. It is not indispensable that they shall be administered by the same laws ; the races of the Soudan are a strong contrast to those of the lower delta, and they require a paternal government ; somewhat after the model of our Indian Viceroy and Council. Any Radical programme including a representative assembly would be utterly absurd. The Oriental mind concentrates its respect upon the individual representative of *power*, which means government. The present attitude of England in Egypt does not represent *power*, but simply *obstruction*.

The policy of withdrawal of our military force produced consternation in the minds of all those who had real experience of the country. Had this been carried out, the Khedive would have been dethroned within a month. Events most calamitous have suddenly awakened our authorities to the true aspect of the situation : the Soudan in widespread insurrection ; the provinces of Kordofan and Darfur lost ; the routes of communication in the hands of the enemy ; a total want of confidence in the British administration in Lower Egypt ; Alexandria still in ruins, as no Europeans have the courage to re-build, *because England intends to evacuate the country* ; the Egyptian army destroyed, excepting the small force of Sir Evelyn Wood, which apparently is not allowed to move ; a deficit in the revenue of more than two millions and a half, and four millions due for indemnities at Alexandria ; bankruptcy staring us in the face ; the preference stock at 86, which stood at 96 a week after the battle of Tel-el-Kebir ! This is the state of Egypt after the benefit of fifteen months of British interference ! And this is the result of a half-hearted policy of half-measures, which means ruin alike

in private affairs and in public administration. England must become the determined ally and the adviser of Egypt. This position, represented by a perma-

nent military force, will change the scene and assure the prosperity of the country.—*Contemporary Review*.

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF GAMBETTA.

BY AN ENGLISH LADY.

THE first anniversary of the death of Gambetta should not pass unnoticed in the country for which he had so deep a respect and regard. He was in constant communication with England, following closely the career of her statesmen and watching the course of her politics with the keenest interest. Gambetta had a great admiration for the freedom of our political life, which he described as "a peaceful arena of contradiction, of dialectics, where progress is the conquest of reason and soon becomes that of the majority." He once said to me: "I very much wish to visit England incognito, for as Gambetta I should see nothing, but have to endure the weariness of banquets and receptions. I should like to land in the north of Scotland, travel southward under an assumed name, visit your great manufacturing towns, and particularly your rural and agricultural districts, study your national characteristics, and get as much information as possible on every subject, only putting aside my incognito when I arrived in London."

Gambetta's early life was much influenced by his mother and aunt, both remarkable women, descended from a family of gentle birth. Orissa Massabie, his mother, and her two sisters, Jeanne and Armande, were very poor. Orissa married M. Gambetta to secure a home for herself and sisters; she had two children by her marriage, Bernadine, the elder, now Mme. Leris, who has lately added the name of Gambetta to her own, and Léon Michel. The father wished him to become a priest, but the young man objected, and his mother sided with him, though her own brother was a priest. He went to Paris at eighteen to study law; his lame aunt Jeanne accompanied him, and gave up everything to become his housekeeper, companion, and counsellor. She had a

keen woman's instinct which told her who were Gambetta's friends and who were his foes; often to his annoyance she would deny admittance to visitors whose expression she disliked. The young meridional Republican flung himself earnestly into the intellectual and political movement going on around him, specially distinguishing himself among his companions by his extraordinary eloquence. During his lifetime detractors unable to deny him the gift of eloquence hoped to lessen him as a statesman by exaggerating him as an orator; but Gambetta never regarded eloquence as other than a means to an end. "I appreciate eloquence at its just value," he once said to me; "words are little as compared with deeds; I do not believe in power which is only revealed in words." Eloquent he undoubtedly was by nature and temperament, but also by careful training and study. No diffidence ever tempered the passionate energy and robust sincerity which burst forth on almost every occasion; his ardent impetuosity and glowing enthusiasm were so communicative that he poured into the hearts of his listeners something of his own passionate transport; often the opposition, carried away by the torrent of his eloquence, rose like one man, giving full expression to their admiration of the orator, though they were bitterly opposed to the statesman. In all his speeches Gambetta took the highest point of view from whence he could survey the question at issue in all its bearings, impatient to reach some principle of morality, liberty, right, or justice. He never lingered over details; figures and statistics do not encumber his speeches; they would have impeded his progress. Patriotism, liberty of suffrage, education, absolute right to opinion—these were subjects his noble eloquence loved to clothe in majestic

amplitude of speech. Dignity was a signal quality of his eloquence. "Populo" was an epithet he liked to give himself, and certainly he never forgot, or wished others to forget, that he was one of the people, though he raised himself above them by his genius and cultivation, belonging thus to the "aristocracy of the best." From the people he took much of the color and individuality of his language. Who shall say that any orator of this century excelled the power of Gambetta to stir patriotic passion, awaken enthusiasm for liberty, or rouse in men's hearts that love of freedom which makes them free? Gambetta objected to being styled only a Republican. "It never occurred," he said, "to the men of the Convention even to call themselves Republicans—they called themselves patriots. All the men of to-day should remember this."

Gambetta can hardly be said to have prepared his speeches. He modified the order and even the general plan of his argument to suit the occasion, but when he expected some important debate he so far prepared himself by reviewing in his memory or re-reading all the documents relating to the question; he then gained complete mastery over the subject by discussing it with friends, answering their objections, seizing upon and assimilating their suggestions. His powerful memory gave him so fast a hold upon the past that it seemed to endow him with an almost prophetic insight into the future; he foresaw what his adversaries would say, and spread his toils accordingly. There was a great deal of strategy about Gambetta, though he trusted to the inspiration of the moment to shape and color the material he had in his mind. I have often heard his friends regret that he had not made in the tribune speeches he had poured forth to them in the privacy of conversation. Even a few days before his death, excited by remarks in the papers, which he insisted on reading to the last, he raised himself up in his bed, and, to a friend who had watched him through the night, delivered one of his most impressive and comprehensive speeches on the present and future policy of his country. Driving one day with a young deputy from Paris to Versailles, he said, "Do not speak to me :

I have a long and important speech to make, which I have not even had time to think over." The silence, therefore, remained unbroken, and on looking round his friend saw that he was not deep in thought, but fast asleep, nor did he wake till they reached Versailles; he laughed and shrugged his shoulders when reminded of the speech he had intended to prepare, and which he made that afternoon as brilliant and finished as though he had taken voluminous notes and committed them to memory. The only adversary Gambetta really enjoyed fighting was the Duc de Broglie. "The ablest plotter in existence: a Machiavelli for scheming, it is a pleasure to wrestle with him: he is supple and escapes one's grasp, he glides away and slips back; he is a cat. With Fourtou it is quite another matter; he hides behind every hair of his beard." But, though great as an orator, Gambetta was essentially a statesman. France during the past year has had but too much reason to regret her leader. Nothing could better have revealed the place Gambetta held in his country than the series of unfortunate mistakes and difficulties which France has plunged into since his death. Gambetta alone could temper and restrain the Republic, which felt in him her founder and leader.

Possessed in a supreme degree of governmental instinct and political foresight, he knew better than any one how to work the machinery of the State: master of every department, he saw how the whole might be made to work harmoniously, but the inefficiency of the only men he could get to act with him, and the secret enmity of M. Grévy, made the odds too great against him. His opponents bitterly accused him of aiming at dictatorship. On my remarking to him that he was accused of desiring his own aggrandizement, that he wished to reign, "What a miserable ambition that would be!" he answered; "I have seen all the littleness of so-called greatness. I will be otherwise great." He disliked being called Opportunist; but Burke's notion of political method is not a bad definition of Opportunism, and one which Gambetta would surely not have disclaimed. Circumstances give in reality to every political principle its distinguishing color

and discriminating effect; the circumstances are what render every civil and political scheme beneficial or obnoxious to mankind. Every problem, for Gambetta, allowed of a positive solution, not necessarily an absolute solution, but the best under the circumstances. I remember hearing a friend who had just come from him thus describe the manner in which Gambetta had that morning received disastrous political news. For a minute he appeared fury-possessed—beat the table with his fist, shouting fierce denunciations against the folly of his party and the treachery of his foes; then as suddenly he became quite calm, walked to the window, remaining there some time softly drumming the pane. When he turned round the storm was over; he was quite composed; he had seen a way out of the difficulty. Good-humored magnanimity was a great characteristic of Gambetta's; he never showed bitter rancor or personal resentment. "I have no time for ill-will," he would say; and when pressed to refute or resent calumny he merely shrugged his shoulders, saying, with serene contempt, "Le silence suffit." But generous as he was to his enemies, and quick to forget offence, the attitude of France toward him latterly, the ingratitude and desertion of so many, wounded him deeply. The morning of his death he said to a friend, Mr. E., "I begin to grow weary of struggling." Some of this weariness came over him after his defeat on the question of the *scrutin de liste*, when in vain he protested against the accusations of the Chambers, and appealed to their gratitude and their conscience in a speech of pathetic grandeur, in which he unrolled before them their future and his past.

After his mother's death in July, Gambetta grew more silent, and sometimes showed signs of melancholy, so contrary to his powerfully joyous nature—perhaps, also, a physical foreshadowing of death already hung over him, checking his overflowing hopefulness and hilarity—his joyousness came fitfully and seemed to sit superficially upon him. One day, in August, 1882, a friend went to breakfast with him in his poor and comfortless home, in the Rue St. Didier. Gambetta talked earnestly

and eloquently, and after the déjeuner, as was his wont, flung himself on a low couch. As he sometimes snatched a few minutes' sleep in the day, his friend, seeing him lying back very still, thought he was sleeping, and, taking up a newspaper, went to the window, when, stealing another glance at Gambetta, he saw two big tears roll down his face. Knowing Gambetta's courage and manly endurance, with mingled pain and surprise he went up to him, and said, "You must not grieve unreasonably; the thought of your mother ought to be a tender recollection, and not a bitter sorrow; besides, you have work to do, you are not at liberty to yield to grief." Then Gambetta turning his face away, said, "Oh, my friend, these private and public sorrows are at times more than I can bear." Then looking up his eyes rested on a beautiful picture by Henner, given to him by the ladies of Alsace, representing a young peasant girl beneath which was written "Alsace." "You are right," he said, pointing to the picture; "there is my duty," and he added, "un devoir qui console de tout." Undoubtedly that was his dream, but he had the fine judgment and the good taste rarely in private or public to touch upon this delicate subject; he knew too well that the *Revanche* could only be obtained by the regeneration of France, by patience and self-control. "For the sake of our dignity," he exclaimed, "let us never speak of regaining Alsace and Lorraine, but let it be understood that it is ever in our thoughts." Mme. Leris, his sister, told me how passionately warm were his family affections. During his last illness he sent his father the little money there was in the house, a few hundred francs, "to buy himself," he said, "a New Year's present." When Gambetta seemed a little better, and not till then, would he allow his friends to write to his father. "Spare him as much anxiety as possible; write him a reassuring letter."

I once asked Gambetta what quality he most admired. "Moral courage," he replied; "for with moral courage a man will *dare* to do right—even though it be against his interest," he added, smiling. At the meeting of the Chamber in January, 1882, which was a scene

of meaningless uproar and confusion, he said to me on coming out, "Well, this is not an impressive scene; they behave like a heap of unruly schoolboys." On my asking him if he did not feel profound contempt for these men who required to be pulled by strings like puppets. "You must not think," he said, "that I despise men. I am not cynical. I recognize the greatness, the high intelligence, the devotion of men; it is only for certain individuals that I feel contempt." "I wish I had known you when your future was as yet uncertain," I once said to him. "When I was unknown. . . . Well, I am just the same; I have not changed at all; the times, the course of events, people have changed, but I remain the same, notwithstanding all accusations to the contrary."

In January, 1880, speaking of Ireland, he said: "She has many imaginary woes, but she has also real grievances, and there lies her force." "What would you do for Ireland now?" I asked. "Well, since the country is on fire you must send for the pompiers. Nothing can be done till the flames are extinguished. How could you build in a conflagration? You should only be careful not to add fuel to the fire, which it seems to me you are doing." Of free trade he said: "That would be the key to the prosperity of France, but I shall never live to see it; all that I can hope for are good commercial treaties. You English are great free-traders, but unfortunately we are not."

I asked him whether he considered England very much in advance of France. He replied: "About ten years' difference, not more; but there is one thing you will have in England long before us—woman's suffrage;" "Do you approve?" I asked. "For England, yes; but here in France, no;" because with you there is greater independence of thought. You are Protestants; the women of England are better educated—I speak chiefly of the people. Our women of the same class have little or no instruction, and what would render female suffrage impossible is their religion; it would certainly be petticoats voting, but the petticoats worn by men—that is to say, the priests." Gambetta was well versed in the history

of the Popes. When at last he went to Rome he made a collection of the photographs of all the cardinals, he knew their names, characteristics, and histories, and picked out the photograph of Cardinal Pecci, saying, "That is the man who will be Pope." After his death among his most private papers was found, neatly folded and wrapped in tissue paper, the faded red silk cap of a cardinal. I once said to Gambetta, "If you had been Pope what wonderful reforms you would have made in the Church; you would have revolutionized Roman Catholicism." "Oh, no," he replied; "that would be quite impossible, for the Pope can reform nothing. If I were Pope and attempted reforms I should die a very sudden death, and a wiser Pope would succeed me."

Gambetta greatly delighted in sunshine and flowers; no heat seemed too great for him. He would walk out in the full noonday sun of August through the burning streets, and not understand any one's finding it too hot. On a friend's declaring that the heat was unendurable, "Do not say one word against it," he cried; "I will not allow any one to speak disrespectfully of the sun." Though he enjoyed hot weather, he always, on sultry days, had a fan put by his plate at dinner. He dearly loved flowers. On one occasion, visiting the cemetery of Père Lachaise, he could not resist gathering the flowers he saw, though it was against the regulations, and making a big nosegay. "I know it is very wrong," he said, laughing; "but when I see flowers I cannot withstand the temptation; I *must* pick them." Gambetta was able to enjoy without having the slightest desire to possess. He could delight in Nature without owning fine parks; in art, without longing to cover his own walls with costly paintings; in literature, without coveting priceless copies in faultless bindings. His thirst for knowledge was insatiable; every new book that appeared passed through Gambetta's hands. He saw all the reviews and his rooms were littered with the newspapers of the day. The leading foreign newspapers he had translated for him. He enjoyed nothing better than visiting exhibitions and gal-

leries of pictures : he prided himself on his knowledge of art, and boasted of having been the first to appreciate the great French painter Millet. He often expressed a desire to have his portrait painted by Meissonier, but he could never afford the time. He hoped to find in Paris a museum and institution answering to our South Kensington Museum. He did not at all care for music. At a friend's house, where he sometimes spent the evening, as soon as music commenced he went into an adjoining room and played at billiards ; he liked sitting with his friends talking till early dawn ; when toward 3 A.M. their conversational power seemed to flag, Gambetta would exclaim, "Is it possible that you are already sleepy ? On ne sait plus causer aujourd' hui," and reluctantly he would rise, saying, "Well, I suppose I must go ; five hours' rest and then to work again."

Now the work is over, and the long rest has come. Speaking of his own career, Gambetta might have said with Burke, "I can shut the book ; I might wish to read a page or two more, but this is enough for my measure ; I have not lived in vain." But we who sorrow at his death may wish that the book had not been closed so soon ; for Gambetta's great achievements during the past gave promise of great achievements for the future, not merely in the remote possibility of restoring to France her lost provinces, but as a leader of Democracy in Europe, and one who had made liberty more of a fact and less of a name, created the established Republic out of what had seemed but a revolutionary dream, and to whom looked, not France alone, but all nations eager for social progress and free political institutions.—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

OLD WRITERS AND MODERN READERS.

FIELDING, in his "History of Tom Jones," after describing "the outside of Sophia," his charming heroine, continues : "Nor was this beautiful frame disgraced by an inhabitant unworthy of it." Here, however, his description stops short. Her bodily charms he had painted, for he had no other way of bringing them before his reader's eyes. But with her character he dealt in quite another way. "As there are," he writes, "no perfections of the mind which do not discover themselves in that perfect intimacy to which we intend to introduce our reader with this charming, young creature, so it is needless to mention them here ; nay, it is a kind of tacit affront to our reader's understanding, and may also rob him of that pleasure which he will receive in forming his own judgment of her character."

If to introduce a character with a minute description is an affront to the reader's understanding, it is one that has of late years been very commonly offered. Perhaps our modern novelists assume that their readers have no understanding ; in many cases we should not be prepared to say that in this assumption they are wrong. Be that as

it may, neither authors nor readers seem to know anything of that pleasure which Fielding mentions. In fact, to the reading world in general it has, we fear, lost most of its relish. We see that, as regards some of the pleasures of the body, there is on the part of many persons willingness enough to add to their enjoyment by taking a share in the preparations that they need. At no time, perhaps, has there been a greater liking for roughing it, as it is called. A great number of people every year spend their holidays in camping out, and before they eat their dinner sometimes catch it, and very often cook it. Before they can sleep they must pitch their tent and arrange their own couch. Before they can breakfast, they must light their own fire and boil their own kettle. But with all this activity of the body, there has come an indolence of the mind even in respect of enjoyments. The reader of the present day does not wish, in Lamb's pleasant words, "to cry halves to anything that he finds." He has not indeed any wish—we still borrow the thought from *Elia*—to "find." All that he asks is that the author should "bring." He would have every writer like the "true Caledonian," who

" brings his total wealth into company, and gravely unpacks it." He wants to have all trouble spared him, so that he may make his way through a book with as little effort as is made by an idle man who on a summer's day, without laying hand to oar, is carried in his boat down some stream, as quick-flowing as it is shallow. He knows nothing of that pleasure which Fielding describes which comes to us as we form our own judgment of the character of a hero or a heroine. He asks in all things for the direction of the court. He requires that the judge should sum up before the facts have been set forth, and even before the trial has fairly begun. He would have all the characters labelled like the Greek pictures of old—and carefully labelled too. Each story must begin with a full descriptive catalogue. He must be told what he must look for and what he will find, just as if he were going to spend a day at the Fisheries Exhibition.

No doubt there have been in most ages, if not perhaps in all, readers of this indolent disposition. One of them complained to Johnson that he found Richardson very tedious. "Why, sir," Johnson answered, "if you were to read Richardson for the story, your impatience would be so much fretted that you would hang yourself. But you must read him for the sentiment, and consider the story as only giving occasion to the sentiment." He used to say of "Clarissa" that "it was the first book in the world for the knowledge it displays of the human heart." Now to enter into this sentiment, to master this knowledge, an effort, and a long effort, must be made. To the author's reason the reader must bring an understanding. He must bring patience also. One of Richardson's novels is not to be swallowed down in an afternoon. The sentiment of a long story cannot be seized by one who reads and skips, nor without some trouble can the human heart be studied. There is one great advantage that is afforded by a novel that is written on Fielding's method. It supplies so many more interesting subjects of conversation. When each reader is left to form his own judgment of the hero or heroine there must always be a considerable variety of opinion. Eager

discussions can be raised, and characters can be fought over with as much ardor as if they had lived either on the world's great stage or in the next parish. Thus there are many Sophias. There is Fielding's Sophia and there is Tom Jones's Sophia. "But I also have my Sophia," each reader may say; "and you, my dear sir, you also have yours. Yours is not the real Sophia; not, if I may so express myself, Sophia's Sophia; but as a study of character it is not uninteresting." Round a story told on such a plan as this rise much the same discussions as those which endlessly rise round Hamlet. Was the Prince of Denmark wholly mad? Was he partly mad, and partly feigning to be mad? Was he wholly sane? What a loss of interest would there have been had Shakespeare in his *dramatis personæ* entered Hamlet as a mad prince, or a sane prince, or a prince sometimes sane, sometimes mad, and sometimes feigning madness! Fielding, in his "Journey from this World to the Next," pleasantly describes how he saw "Shakespeare standing between Betterton and Booth, and deciding a difference between those two great actors concerning the placing an accent in one of his lines." In reciting "Put out the light and then put out the light," where was the emphasis to be laid? Being appealed to, Shakespeare said: "Faith, gentlemen, it is so long since I wrote the line, I have forgot my meaning." In much the same way we could well believe that if Fielding, not in the next world, but in this, had been asked for his own judgment of Sophia's or Jones's character, and if he had given it and then had been pressed with some apparent contradiction in some particular incident, he might have replied: "Faith, gentlemen, it is so long since I wrote down the incident that you mention that I have forgotten it. When I did write it, it seemed to me no doubt what the lady or the gentleman would in the circumstances have done. But I leave every one free to form his own judgment. You have all the facts before you, and you are each of you quite as capable as I am of arriving at a just estimate of the characters of my hero and heroine." When we thus take the trouble to form

our own judgment, we have moreover this further pleasure, that we are convinced that we are right, and that those who differ from us are wrong. Our self-esteem is pleasantly flattered. But what chance have we of being pleased with our own sagacity when nothing is left by the writer on which it can be exercised? In every work of fancy and imagination a partnership must be established between the author and the reader. But if one does all and leaves nothing for the other to do, it will, we fear, too often prove on the reader's part a kind of sleeping partnership.

In works of a very different order from novels the reader of our time shows the same indolence. As regards these he is too restless to remain contentedly in entire ignorance, and too lazy to arrive at any real knowledge. Hence we have in shoals these hand-books of literature and abridgments of great authors. A man may pass very well through life and know nothing of Pepys, nothing of Boswell nothing of Horace Walpole's Letters, and nothing of Madame D'Arblay's Diary. But if such works as these are to be known they must be read. They cannot be reduced to an essence. It may be an objection to whipped cream that it takes up so much space; but by any method of compression it would cease to be whipped cream. The common excuse is made that in so busy an age as this there is no time to read such long books. We do not know that this age is so much busier than those that have gone before it. The complaint is a very old one, and even in the present day a good deal of time seems to be rather killed than lived. Be that as it may, if there is not time to read big books big books cannot be read. But then let us not be tricked into the belief that we can still either enjoy them or know them. A little knowledge, if not a dangerous thing, is in such cases a foolish thing. At all events it often leads its possessor into folly. It tempts him to make a display of knowledge of which he has not the reality. But if there is not time for original works that are big there is at least time for those that are small. If a man is frightened by the size of Boswell, there can be nothing to scare him in the

Autobiography of Gibbon. If he dare not try the nine big volumes of Walpole's Letters, he may with good heart attempt the two small ones which contain Swift's Letters to Stella. If in "Tom Jones" and "Sir Charles Grandison," the beginning seems separated by too great a space from the end, a summer day or a winter's evening will be long enough for accompanying either Joseph Andrews or Evelina from their birth to their marriage.

Among all the evils that follow in the train of a regular system of examinations, we know of none greater than a certain habit of indolence which it forms in the mind. It encourages a student—nay, even, in the press of competition it almost forces him—to accept his judgments ready-made. He wants to know what others say of a writer not what the writer himself says. He has no time to take a book home, as it were, and make it part of himself. He never "travels over the mind" of a great author till he becomes as familiar with its beauties and its nooks, its heights, its levels, and its depths as a Cumberland shepherd with the mountains and valleys round about his home. He never looks upon his books as his friends. It is to his head, and not to his heart, that he wishes to take them; and he only cares to keep them there till they have served their purpose at the next examination. How different was the way in which Macaulay and his sister read! "When they were discoursing together," says Mr. Trevelyan, "about a work of history or biography, a bystander would have supposed that they had lived in the times of which the author treated, and had a personal acquaintance with every human being who was mentioned in his pages. Pepys, Addison, Horace Walpole, Dr. Johnson, Madame de Genlis, the Duc de St. Simon (Macaulay, by the way, would have written the Duke of St. Simon), and the several societies in which those worthies moved, excited in their minds precisely the same sort of concern, and gave matter for discussions of exactly the same type, as most people bestow upon the proceedings of their own contemporaries. The past was to them as the present and the fictitious as the actual." Now, though

Macaulay's power is given to few indeed, yet many—perhaps most people—have quite enough understanding and imagination from nature to enable them to live from time to time moments, it may be brief moments, both in the past and in the world of fiction and of fancy. A child in his games, as he fills "his humorous stage" with the different persons, shows how natural this is. It is not so much the growth of years that kills in him the habit as education and the scorn of his elder playfellows. The loss is indeed a great one, and the massacre of these simple feelings is a second massacre of the innocents. There is but one way to retain them. We must choose our books wisely, and when we have chosen them we must make a wise use of them. We cannot hope to live in all the ages that are past. The most that any but the most favored among us can attain is to have one century, or one half-century, in which he has, as it were, his second home, whither he can withdraw himself for a brief space from the troubles and cares of the days in which he lives. But a place of retreat like this is not raised by an idle wish. Effort must be made, and a prolonged effort too. Yet it is a labor that, even while it is being made, is fully repaid. When guides to literature and manuals are all thrown on one side, and we begin "a pleasant loitering journey" through some tract of literature, "thought following thought, and step by step led on," the sense of joyous freedom and of eager curiosity more than supports us. One book leads us to another, and the circle of our friends widens as widens the circle of our

knowledge. Then, too, we have that pleasure of which Fielding wrote. Both in the world of men and in the world of fiction we form our own judgments. We almost feel as if we had some share—however small a one—with a favorite author in a favorite book. For, when we find in how different a light some character appears to other readers, we half suspect that he is partly of our own creation. If the author's claim to the whole were put in, we might each be tempted to say, with a slight change in the poet's line: "That but half of it was his, and one half of it was mine."

Happily, in such a course of reading as this, we need not be greatly deterred by the cost. Works of great excellence can often be picked up at the bookstalls for less money than is asked for some hash of them that has been just served up. A shilling a volume goes a good way in stocking our shelves, if we think nothing of fashion or the run of modern thought, and only ask that in good type and a fair binding we shall have a work of sterling worth. The young reader is naturally dazzled by the brilliant prospect that rises before him as he surveys the various series of literature that are in course of publication. With great epochs and great minds he hopes to become acquainted at the cost for each of two shillings of his money and a few hours of his time. Let him remember that a few warm friends are better than a host of nodding acquaintances, and let him reflect that, whether among the living or the dead, among men or among books, a friend is only made at the cost of much trouble and of much time.—*Saturday Review*.

SCRAPS FROM THE CHRONICLES OF VENICE.

BY AMY LAYARD.

IN the year A.D. 452, when the great hordes of Attila came across the mountains and scattered fire and destruction over all the rich plains of Italy, there fled from Padua, into the dreary lagoons of the Adriatic, a company of despairing men, with their families, trusting themselves rather to the winds and waves than to the tender mercies of the

Huns. Some found a refuge on the island of Torcello, and some on a smaller one, which, from its fancied resemblance to an olive, they named Olivolo; nor were they, tradition tells, the first who had made a home on this lonely spot, for thereon they discovered the vestiges of a castle built by Antenor, the Trojan, who fled thither after the

destruction of the city, for which end he had conspired with Odysseus and Agamemnon.

In course of time, the little colony continuing to flourish, they built a church, which they dedicated to the fisher's patron, St. Peter, and, in memory of its site, called it San Pietro di Castello, and this church eventually became the mother-church of Venice, of which the island of Olivolo forms the most easterly point. Seeing, as one now does, these islands paved, covered with buildings, and connected with each other by bridges, it is difficult to realize what, in those bygone times, must have been the desolation and dreariness of a home upon them. The nearest approach to forming any idea of their ancient appearance is to be attained when, at low tide, Venice is surrounded by a series of flat, marshy-looking islands, the soil of which is bound together by a long green seaweed, and over which wanders here and there some poverty-stricken wretch seeking for any stray article left there by the receding waters. Such must have appeared the whole surrounding scene when these poor fugitives from Padua established themselves on their olive island, poor exchange for their olive-clad plains of home. The prettiest view of the dome-crowned church of San Pietro is to be had by going in a gondola nearly as far as the island of Saint Elena, or, as the Venetian dialect has it, Sant' Eyena. From here the dome shows beautifully against its background of snow-covered mountains, and with its campanile (which leans perilously, as do most of the towers of Venice) casts long, clear reflections over the still water. It was from this church of San Pietro that took place the celebrated robbery of the Brides of Venice, on the 2d of February, 944. On this day, the feast of the Purification of the Virgin, it had been in olden times the habit for all the marriageable maidens to assemble before the Doge, and there the young men chose their brides, those who selected pretty ones paying a certain sum to dower the ugly ones.

But as the city grew, this custom fell into disuse, and after the marriages had been settled by the parents of the young people, the daughters of the city were

wedded on that day at San Pietro, taking with them each their dowry in a little ark. Still later when the Republic had grown rich and great, the ancient custom became further changed; only twelve maidens were married, and these, chosen out of the poorest families of the city, were dowered by the State, and adorned for the occasion with crowns and jewelled breast-plates, from the public treasury, and, as before, each carried her portion in a little ark. The procession must have filed along the Riva dei Schiavoni, under the bright morning sun as all the maids had first to present themselves to the Doge, before going to the church, where they were met by their bridegrooms and friends, all in their gayest attire, and by the crowds of their fellow-citizens assembled to see the ceremony.

The fame of this festival having reached the ears of some pirates of Trieste, they determined, at one bold swoop, to carry off the brides, with the State jewels on them, from the very midst of the bridal-train. Coming across from Trieste the night before the festa, they moored their boats under the island bank, and next morning, clothed, says the old chronicle, in robes of purple and scarlet, but fully armed beneath this festal guise, they mixed with the crowd which awaited the brides, and with them entered the church, where, at a given signal, they drew their swords, and, cutting a way through to the altar, seized the twelve frightened girls and bore them away to their boats, and then fled with all sail up. One scarcely realizes how, amid such a crowd of spectators, there were not found some to prevent this bold plan being carried out; whether they were all unarmed, or too much taken by surprise to effect a rescue, is not told; but no sooner were the pirates fairly off than the whole city seems to have woken to the fact that it would be to her everlasting disgrace if her daughters were not restored safe and sound.

The Doge, Candiano III., ordered out his galleys, and, sending his commands to the masters of the guilds to do likewise, put himself at the head of the little fleet and pursued the robbers, who, foolhardy, or impatient to divide their spoil, had landed on the shore at

Caorle, and were there found by the indignant Venetians, intent on the distribution of the plunder.

The first Venetian boat was manned by some of the cabinet-makers from the parish of Santa Maria Formosa, and these hardy workmen, falling on the pirates, slaughtered them every one, rescuing the maidens. The Doge ordered the dead bodies of the pirates to be thrown into the sea, and then decreed that henceforth that port should bear forever the name of Porto Delle Donzelle, the port of the damsels, and that the day of their rescue should be kept as a festival for all time.

Then the Doge, a man of many sorrows, whose reign, like that of David of old, was troubled by a rebellious son, calling for the cabinet-makers, asked them what reward they would desire for their bravery. Perhaps there was one of the bridegrooms among the party, and he thought the recovery of his bride sufficient reward; be that as it may, the honest workmen only requested that henceforth forever, their serene Prince and his successors should, on the anniversary of that day, pay a visit in state to their parish church, Santa Maria Formosa. But the Doge, desirous they should ask more, feigned to see obstacles, and putting them off, said, "And what if it should rain?" But they, unwilling to be refused, replied, "We will give you hats to cover you." Where to the Doge further objected, saying, "And if I am thirsty?" They answered, "We will give you drink." So the Prince, marvelling at their modest persistence, agreed to their demand; and every year he, and his successors after him, accompanied by the Signoria in their robes of state, paid a visit to the church on the feast of the Purification of the Virgin, and there were received by the parish priest, who, in remembrance of the promise of his flock, presented the Sovereign with some gilt hats, and flasks of malvoisie, and oranges; and further, to preserve the recollection of the day's events, twelve girls were yearly chosen by ballot, two out of each of the six parishes of the city, and, dressed with great magnificence at the expense of their respective parishes, were carried round the city in open boats, and, with the

Doge and the Signoria in their gilt barges following, went on the octave of the 2d of February, to San Pietro, to thank their God, who had protected the daughters of the city and rescued them from the hands of the oppressor; and then, returning to St. Mark's, were dismissed by the Doge with his blessing, after which they made the tour of the Grand Canal, every window and roof being crowded with spectators, while bands of music were stationed at intervals on the balconies.

The brides were received at the house of one of the richest families, and there fêted and made much of for the space of a week; great banquets, dances, and comedies were given, and such enormous expenses incurred, that the State at last interfered, and passed a law to limit the sums spent, and to reduce the number of the brides from twelve to four, afterward to three, and finally, abuses having crept in, it was decreed that, in future, wooden figures representing the maidens should be carried in their stead, which substitution caused such indignation among the populace that they followed the train with hisses and howls, and at last pelted them with showers of turnips, which, no doubt, then as now, lay handy on every vegetable stall, where to this day they form, both raw and cooked ready for eating, one of the chief articles of sale.

The riot was punished with a fine of one hundred soldi, and from that day, 1272, until 1379, the procession was allowed to take place in peace; but the war at Chioggia breaking out, the State was either too sad or too impoverished to continue the festa, and the custom ceased, never to be revived, the only memorial of it being in the tongue of the people, who still, as a term of abuse, designate a stupid, skinny woman, a "wooden bride."

The church of San Pietro now looks very deserted, grass grows between the great flags of the paved campo before it, and the patriarchal palace is turned into barracks; but the tower, though leaning, is in perfect repair, and, with its facing of white Istrian marble and its arched parapet is one of the finest in the city.

Close to this little island lie the arsenal and dock-yard once renowned, for the

construction of war-galleys, now busy building a great ironclad, and all around stand the houses occupied by the workmen, great high buildings, peopled evidently by countless families, who all hang out their linen to dry at the front windows, the parti-colored garments making curious patches of color on the once scarlet but now peeling walls of these ancient tenements, over the doors of which are to be seen the half-obliterated carven shields of some old family, now perhaps extinct, or, as in the case of the last representatives of some noble houses, reduced to the condition of gondoliers

It is a matter of wonder how any of the old Venetian stock are still in existence, when the number of deaths which took place during the great plague is considered; for in 1630, in the course of that one year, 80,000 people were swept away in Venice alone. The government did all in its power to prevent the spread of the awful scourge by instituting, not only hospitals for the sick, but quarantine for those who had been in any way in contact with them. The sick were sent to the little island near the Lido, called the Lazaretto, where there is still a hospital, and those who were as yet well, but who had run the chance of contagion, were encamped around the Lazaretto nuovo, the island which is now occupied by the trim gardens and monastery of the Armenian Fathers. No better description of the scene can be given than in Sansovino's own words:

But here came only those who were well, who, having been among the sick, doubting whether they were infected, retired to this place, and there did quarantine for twenty-two days. Which thing I having known in my own person to my grievous loss by the death of my daughter Aurora, at the age of eleven years, and by the grief of Benedetta Misocca, my consort, in the time of the plague, in the year 1576, it pleases me to relate the order in which this work was maintained, for the example of foreign princes, so that they may clearly understand what was the singular charity of our fathers and lords toward the people in its urgent need, and so that they may learn to imitate them with works really worthy of them, and to make perpetual memorial to the glory of this, without doubt, Christian and pious city. There were there from eight to ten thousand persons in three thousand or more boats. To all these, for the most part poor people (although there were also some nobles and citizens who lived at their own expense), who had been despoiled of their

infected property which they left in Venice, was given food at the public expense for two and twenty days. So many boats, small and large (because among them were some hulks of disabled galleys), posted round the Lazaretto, had the appearance of an army besieging a sea city. Above was seen a banner, beyond which it was forbidden to pass, and near by was the force for the punishment of those who disobeyed the commands of the superiors.

In the morning at a proper hour appeared the inspectors, who, going from bark to bark, informed themselves if any had fallen ill, and, finding any such, sent them to the Lazaretto vecchio. Not long after this, arrived other boats laden with bread, cooked meat, fish, and wine, and dispensed the above articles to the amount of fourteen soldi the day per head, in such order, and in such silence, that it could not be surpassed. As the evening fell, there was heard a wonderful harmony of divers voices of those who at the sound of the Ave Maria, praised God, singing, some litanies, and some psalms. At night-time not a sound nor a movement was heard, so that no one would have said that there was a living man there, much less eight or ten thousand persons. But scarcely did the day dawn, when there arrived at least fifty boats, full of people who came into quarantine, the which folk were all received and saluted with mild applause and cheerfulness by every one, protesting to the new comers, that they ought to be of good heart, because here no man labored, and they were in the country of Cockaigne. Meanwhile, with prayers that came from the depth of their heart, they turned toward heaven, and, with joined hands, prayed for the perpetual maintenance of this republic. It was also a marvelous thing to see the number of boats which went to visit their divisions with divers refreshments. And neither was it a small marvel to the lookers-on to see the wooden houses, made by the public on the shores of the Lido, near the water, for the convenience of the people: because from afar it seemed like a new city; and, besides this, it had a cheerful and joyous aspect, although the hearts of the people, so crushed with much suffering, were filled with extreme compassion and grief.

But all these precautions availed but little; the plague held its own, until the Doge and Senate, in despair, vowed to build a magnificent church in honor of our Lady of Health (the Madonna della Salute) if only this plague should cease, and annually to repair in state thereto, in thanksgiving for the answer to their prayers.

In 1631, the plague abating, they immediately took thought to redeem their word, and published a request for plans from architects of all nations, writing orders to their ambassadors at different courts to help them in this object. But meantime, not to put off the day of thanksgiving, a great wooden church

was temporarily erected, on the spot on which now rise the white domes, so well known to all visitors to the queen of the Adriatic. The site chosen, being on the farther side of the Grand Canal, a bridge was built on boats across from the church of San Moïse to the door of the temporary erection, and all adorned with oriental carpets, and from this bridge to the door of St. Mark's the road was covered in with arches, draped with white cloth.

The chief magistrate of the Board of Health made proclamation on the Piazza di San Marco, that God, by the intercession of the Virgin, had in His mercy freed the capital of Venetia, and her provinces from the scourge of the pestilence; and, as he finished speaking, all the bells rang out, every ship in harbor fired off a salute of artillery and the air rang with the shouts of the people. High Mass was then sung by the Patriarch in the great Basilica, and then, in solemn order, the train passed under the white-draped arches, the Doge in his gorgeous robes of cloth of gold, the senators in their crimson brocades, richly furred, the nobles in purple velvet, and all the clergy of the city in full canonicals, making altogether such a grouping of color as now exists only in the pictures of Paolo Veronese.

The Te Deum was sung in the temporary church. But we may well imagine that beneath all this outward show of rejoicing, and in spite of the heartfelt thanksgiving for the cessation of the pestilence, which had more than decimated the city, there must have been many a sore heart; for, amid all that gayly-adorned festal troop, there can have been none in whose family some gap had not been recently made by the enemy which laid low rich and poor alike.

The design chosen for the church which should arise on the site of the temporary fabric, was that of Baldassare Longhena, and the work was soon set in hand, but the building was not consecrated until more than fifty years after the first thanksgiving day. Now, although it is of a corrupt style of architecture, with its monstrous rolled cornices and theatrically-posed statues, it forms one of the most charming features of the Grand Canal, particularly at sunset, when the traveller returning from

the Lido sees the domes rising pearly-gray against the blue and crimson sky, the water rippling gold and violet and emerald green at their feet, the vista of the opening canal stretching away into the dusk, all its inequalities softened into one general beauty in the evening haze. One of the best views of the Rialto is from a little way above the "Volta di Canal," that is, the bend made by the Grand Canal just by the great Foscari palace. The posts which every house has for the convenience of mooring the gondola, with their bright tints (being painted with the owner's colors, his crest, or coat-of-arms on the upper end), add greatly to the cheerfulness of the scene.

The aspect of the Rialto is probably as familiar to most people as their own house-door, so often has it been depicted by artists of all nations; and yet the bridge itself is not, except for the boldness of its great span, really beautiful, being overweighted by the double row of shops on the top. Who does not think of Shylock when the Rialto is mentioned, and of his speech to the merchant?

Signor Antonio, many a time and oft
In the Rialto you have rated me
About my monies and my usances.

But the Rialto here meant is not the bridge, but the space at the foot of it, where the vegetable market now is, and where in former days the merchants used to walk under the arcades and talk over their business. Here, also, after the death of a member of a patrician house, the men of the bereaved family assembled, dressed in deep mourning, *i.e.* in long training robes of black, with hanging sleeves, and girded with a leathern belt, and received the condolences of friends, who took them solemnly by the hand, murmured a few words of sympathy, and then passed on.

On the open space at the top of the bridge stood for three days Marco Polo, the great traveller, feigning to be mad and turning a wheel, and crying incessantly, "If the Lord pleases, He will come," until, on the back of a beggar in the gazing croud, he recognized the ragged garments in which his treasured jewels were stitched, and which his uncle's wife had unwittingly given away.

Leaving the Rialto behind us, we see

the fish market on our left, and of an early morning it is a very pretty sight, covered with baskets of little silvery fish, something like whitebait, called here "bussichetti," great dogfish with wide mouths, and quantities of the razor shell-fish, "capi lunghi," which are eaten raw, and "capi santi," the pilgrim's cockle, with its pretty yellow and rose-tinted shells. Over all these, the fishermen make awnings with the beautiful golden and scarlet sails of their boats, which lie moored along the edge of the quay.

Almost opposite to the fish market is the opening of the narrow canal which leads to the palace erst belonging to the hapless Marino Faliero, "who," as says the old historian, "being aged eighty years, very rich, of excellent heart and great eloquence, but extraordinary choleric; by this choler, being moved with great indignation at an insult done to the honor of his name, and not avenged as he desired, conspired against his country, not for lust of lordship, being of the age of eighty years and without children, but by reason of weakness of the brain, he being then so old;" and so, with brief sentence he concludes, "he was decapitated in that place in the which he had received the ducal crown:" this place not being, however, at the head of the Scala dei Giganti, as Byron would, in his drama, lead one to believe, that staircase not having been built until more than a hundred and fifty years after Marino's death.

The house just beyond the bridge, on the right, contains part of the original fabric in which poor Marino Faliero was born, and which, after his death, was confiscated and given as the price of blood to the furrier who had betrayed him, who did not long enjoy his ill-gotten gains, but, being of a grasping and restless character, was exiled by the Government. Over the Byzantine windows, on the second floor, is still visible the stone-carved shield of the Falieri, as well as other ancient carvings, let into the wall.

Returning into the Grand Canal, the gondola passes between many an old palace, each with its story attached. On the right, just before the bend which the canal makes toward the station, is

the great Palazzo Vendramin Calerghi, sometimes called the Palazzo Non Nobis, from the inscription "Non nobis Domine, non nobis," the motto of the family, cut on the stones forming its base. Here, in 1658, took place one of those brutal murders which occasionally occur in the annals of Venice. At that date there lived in this palace Vittore, a priest, Giovanni, and Pietro, three brothers of the house of Grimani, dissolute and factious men, whom the State, tired of their crimes, had sentenced to banishment; but the three brothers braved the law, and remained in their house, surrounding themselves with bravoos, ruffians ready to obey their worst bidding.

Francesco Guerini, a Venetian noble, having in some manner incurred the hatred of the three, they had him seized on the night of the 15th of January, as he was leaving the opera at the theatre then existing in the parish of San Giovanni e Paolo, and brought from thence in a gondola to their own house, taken into the little garden, which lies alongside, bordering on the Grand Canal, and there had him murdered before their eyes. The Senate, indignant at this outrage, cited the brothers to appear before its tribunal; but they, refusing to obey the summons, were again sentenced to banishment, degraded from their rank as nobles, and their goods confiscated, and, furthermore, it was decreed that their palace-door should be built up, the garden, the scene of this dastardly murder, should be laid waste, and a column erected therein bearing this inscription:

L'abb. Vettor, Zuane e Piero, fratelli Grimani, furono banditi per haver contro la pubblica libertà, nelle proprie case barbaramente condotte e con moltissime archibugiate interfetto s. Francesco Querini, fo de Z. Francesco.

[The Abbé Victor, John and Peter, brothers Grimani, were banished for having, against the liberty of the public, barbarously led into their own house, and laid low with many arquebus shots, Messeri Francesco Querini son of Messeri Francesco.]

This decree was carried out; but, in spite of it, we find that some years afterward the sentence of banishment was repealed, the brothers were restored to their former honors, the column of infamy (as these pillars commemorative of a crime were named) was removed,

the garden restored to its former state, and the three murderers so far increased in wealth and prosperity that they added another wing to their already magnificent house. Truly these wicked men flourished like a green bay tree ! It would be interesting to know whether their end was prosperous or whether retributive justice overtook them at last.

Farther up the canal, and at the corner of the Canareggio, the broad canal which, before the days of the railway, was the main route to Mestre, stands the handsome two-storied house called Ca' (*i.e.* Casa) Labia, once belonging to the rich and powerful family of that name, of whom the story goes that their name even was a pun on their riches, "*mi pare che abbia quella casa sempre ricchezze*," says the gondolier (Venetian speech dropping every *l*) who tells the tale, of how so great and wealthy were they, and so proud thereof that they wished to appear even more so, and, therefore, gave magnificent banquets to many gentlemen, every one being served on golden plates, the which, after dinner, the servants had orders to throw from the windows into the canal, as if these things were of but little worth to such as they ; "but," adds the narrator, "mark this, guards were set to watch the spot, and at night, when all was quiet, the heir of the house dived, and recovered all his golden plates which for ostentation had been cast away ; but the end of their pride and vain-glory was, that these who had been so rich and powerful ended their days in misery and poverty." We do not know what gave rise to this tradition, but certain it is that the Labia were very wealthy, for it is recorded that many a time they entertained more than forty gentlemen at banquets, where every one was served on gold ; and on one occasion, Paolo Antonio Labia, on his return from some naval expedition, when the men under his command were disbanded, furnished three hundred of them with new garments and food, and money sufficient to take every man to his own home, be the distance what it might. The richly ornamented Palazzo is now turned into a "*deposito di carrozze*," but, considering that such a thing as a carriage is unknown in

Venice, the business can scarcely be a lucrative one.

Close beside the house rises the campanile of the church of San Geremia. A view of which is to be found among Canaletto's pictures of Venice ; but the church then bore quite a different aspect to its present one, the entire building having since been remodelled.

Beyond the Canareggio bridge rise the tall houses of the Ghetto, the part of Venice which, after many years of total exclusion of the Jews from the city, was, in 1416, at last conceded to them ; under the condition that they should never be seen without, says the ancient decree, a large yellow O, as big as a loaf, on their breasts, and a yellow cap on their heads. The Ghetto of Venice is, contrary to the traveller's usual experience, one of the cleanest parts of the city ; and its inhabitants seem here, as elsewhere, to have been prosperous in money-getting, for some of the finest houses in the Grand Canal now belong to members of the Chosen People.

The stranger in Venice is particularly struck by the curious narrow ways which lead up to some of the best houses, making it almost impossible for him to find his road to them on foot, as the narrow alleys, or "*calle*," as they are called here, twist and turn in the most confusing manner. Neither is the fashion of numbering the houses conducive to ease in finding any given address, as the whole of each parish is numbered through from beginning to end, without any reference to the names of the streets ; the reason of this being, doubtless, that within a few hundred square yards several streets bearing the same name are to be found, "*Calle della Malvasia*" and "*Calle del Magazen*" being the most frequent—the former from the, in ancient times, large number of shops for the sale of the favorite wine, "*Malvasia*," *i.e.* Malvoisie ; and the latter referring to the small taverns called "*magazeni*," where loans of small sums of money were obtainable as well as wine.

Passing from the Campo di San Polo, a large open square, surrounded with handsome houses now falling into decay, through one of the above-mentioned Calle del Magazen, a narrow tortuous

passage, about four feet wide, we reach a little bridge, a modern erection, across which the way leads under low pillars, along the quay of a little canal, the Rielo di S. Polo, to the back or land entrance of the Ca' Capello, not the house from which the famous Bianca Capello fled with her Florentine lover, but a smaller one belonging to another branch of the family, and the front of which was formerly adorned with paintings by Paolo Veronese and his friend Zelotti, but of which works of priceless value no traces now remain. In this palace, on the 9th of February, 1519, the head of the Capelli gave a great fête, and Sanuto tells in his diary how

it was feared that the merry-making would be broken up, a quarrel having arisen among some of the guests; but peace being fortunately re-established, the gentlemen proceeded, each with his lady, under the pillars, above mentioned, into the Campo San Polo, where, having danced till nine o'clock, they returned to the Ca' Capello, where they supped, the banquet being no doubt laid in the great hall, which here, as in most old Venetian palaces, runs through the centre of the house, on the first floor, and from which hall, it may be said in conclusion, these few glimpses of old Venetian customs are taken.—*National Review.*

A VISIT TO PHILISTIA.

BY SIR LEPEL GRIFFIN.

WHETHER the discovery of America by Columbus has been of advantage or loss to the so-called civilized peoples of the Old World would form an interesting thesis for discussion. When we remember the gentle and refined races of Mexico and Peru, trampled beneath the gross feet of Pizarro, Cortes, and the Inquisition; or regard the savage picturesqueness of the Indian tribes that wandered over the North American Continent, cruel, brutal, and happy, uninjured by and uninjuring Western culture, we cannot but look with some doubt and hesitation at America of to-day, the apotheosis of Philistinism, the perplexity and despair of statesmen, the Mecca to which turns every religious or social charlatan, where the only god worshipped is Mammon, and the highest education is the share list; where political life, which should be the breath of the nostrils of every freeman, is shunned by an honest man as the plague; where, to enrich jobbers and monopolists and contractors, a nation has emancipated its slaves and enslaved its freemen; where the people is gorged and drunk with materialism, and where wealth has become a curse instead of a blessing.

America is the country of disillusion and disappointment, in politics, literature, culture, and art; in its scenery,

its cities, and its people. With some experience of every country in the civilized world, I can think of none except Russia in which I would not prefer to reside, in which life would not be more worth living, less sordid and mean and unlovely.

In order that this opinion may not appear harsh, exaggerated, and unfriendly, it is necessary to say a few words on the subject of international criticism. There appears to exist an idea that the friendliness and indeed the amalgamation, social and political, of the two great branches of the Anglo-Saxon race are so to be desired, that all mutual criticism of politics or manners should be uniformly favorable, even though the praise be undeserved. I will leave others to discuss whether there can be more in uncandid criticism than loss of self-respect; and only inquire whether, if we are unable to say pleasant things of America, it be not better to remain altogether silent. I believe silence to be both harmful and useless. In the first place, America is not an inert mass, devoid of attractive power. It is, to the last degree, energetic, dynamic, and aggressive, while its attractive force is so felt within the orbit of England that a large and increasing number of politicians and publicists are looking to America for the

dawn of a new social and political millennium, and are recommending American remedies for all our national disorders. Each year the democratic tide rises higher and our institutions become more Americanized; while some English statesmen are admittedly careless how high the tide may rise, and what existing institutions it may sweep away. It is as well that Englishmen should understand what is the dream of advanced New York Republicans as represented by the *World*:

"*Ça ira ! Écrasez les infâmes ! !*"

"The storm of revolution is looming and lowering over Europe which will crush out and obliterate forever the hydra-headed monarchies and nobilities of the Old World. In Russia the Nihilist is astir. In France the Communist is the coming man. In Germany the Social Democrat will soon rise again in his millions as in the days of Ferdinand Lassalle. In Italy the Internationalist is frequently heard from. In Spain the marks of the Black Hand have been visible on many an occasion. In Ireland the Fenian and Avenger terrorize, and in England the Land League is growing. All cry aloud for the blue blood of the monarch and the aristocrat. They wish to see it pouring again on the scaffold. Will it be by the guillotine that cut off the head of Louis XVI.? Or by the headsman's axe that decapitated Charles I.? Or by the dynamite that searched out the vitals of Alexander the Second? Or will it be by the hangman's noose around the neck of the next British monarch?"

"No one can tell but that the coming English *sans-culottes*, the descendants of Wamba the Fool and Gurth the Swineherd, will discover the necessary method and relentlessly employ it. They will make the nobles—who fatten and luxuriate in the castles and abbeys and on the lands stolen from the Saxon, sacrilegiously robbed from the Catholic Church and kept from the peasantry of the villages and the laborer of the towns—wish they had never been born. They will be the executioners of the fate so justly merited by the aristocratic criminals of the past and the present. The cry that theirs is blue blood and that they are the privileged caste will not avail the men and women of rank when the English Republic is born. They will have to expiate their tyrannies, their murders, their lusts, and their crimes in accordance with the law given on Sinai amid the thunders of heaven: 'The sins of the fathers shall be visited upon the children even unto the third and fourth generations.'"

Even if such ravings as these are dismissed as unworthy of notice, it is not the less certain that the most amiable and intelligent Americans are looking forward to a near future in which the Republican Jion, having digested the aristocratic lamb, shall lie down in dig-

nified repose with no one to question his claim to be the first of created beings in a renewed world, the secret of which he pretends to be equality applied to all except himself. For an illustration of this, it is sufficient to refer to one of the latest and most pleasing American books, entitled "An American Four-in-Hand in Britain," by Mr. Andrew Carnegie, which describes, with great vivacity, how a party of simple and impressionable Republicans chartered a coach at Brighton and were driven, to their immense satisfaction, through England and Scotland. Throughout this book, which is by a friendly hand, and treats British weaknesses with kindly compassion, runs the strong stream of belief in the triumph of Republicanism in England, and its regeneration "under the purifying influences of equality," which Mr. Carnegie declares is the panacea of all disorders, even a constitutional monarchy. If he would only visit Boss Kelly, surrounded by the gang of Irish thieves who rule and rob New York, and explain to them that he was in every sense their equal, I cannot but think that, during his hurried exit from the presence of the municipal gods, he would modify his somewhat simple political beliefs.

If, then, there be those, like myself, who believe that no greater curse could befall England than for her to borrow political methods, dogmas and institutions from America, there seems every reason why such should explain the grounds, good or bad, for their belief, with which American travel may have furnished them. The good in American institutions is of English origin and descent; what is bad is indigenous, and this she now desires to teach to us. But Britannia, who, since her daughter has become independent and carried her affections elsewhere, has escaped the dreary rôle of chaperone, may surely refuse invitations to see Columbia dance, in fancy dress, to the tune of Yankee Doodle. and may plead her age and figure when asked to learn the new step. There are doubtless in English politics and society many evils and anomalies—privileges which cannot be defended, wrongs and injustice and misery which must be redressed and relieved; but,

nevertheless, the English constitution, with its ordered and balanced society from the throne to the cottage, is the symbol and expression of liberty in the world. Republican institutions have had a trial for a hundred years, and, so far as outsiders can judge, their failure is complete. France under a Republic has become a by-word in Europe for weakness and truculence abroad, and financial imbecility and corruption at home; while America, which boasts of equality and freedom, does not understand that, with the single exception of Russia, there is no country where private right and public interests are more systematically outraged than in the United States. The ideal aristocracy, or government of the best, has in America been degraded into an actual government of the worst, in which the educated, the cultured, the honest, and even the wealthy, weigh as nothing in the balance against the scum of Europe which the Atlantic has washed up on the shores of the New World.

A sketch of contemporary American politics will form the subject of a later paper, and I only desire here to notice a few American characteristics, and, especially, to record the impression which the many distinguished Englishmen who have recently visited the States—such as Lord Coleridge, Mr. Irving, and Mr. Matthew Arnold—seem to have made on American society. Never before have so many Englishmen of note—authors, artists, and members of both Houses of Parliament—been at one time in the States: they have naturally attracted a great deal of attention, and much criticism, friendly and hostile, has been expended upon them.

But international social criticism, which rests on a basis altogether different from political, is very apt, between England and America, to be prejudiced and unjust. Both races are strangely provincial for people who travel so much, and create grievances out of mere differences in habits and manners, while they are so near of kin as to be acutely sensible of departures from their own standard of taste or morals. English travellers are apt to expect too much; and men who travel uncomplainingly in Spain, where night is chiefly distinguished from day by its change of annoy-

ance, or in Bulgaria, where the only procurable bath is a stable bucket, complain bitterly at not finding in the rude hostelries of the Western States of America the conveniences and the *cuisine* of Bignon or the Bristol. But, apart from unreasonable claims, which, throughout life, make up so large a part of our unhappiness, there exists a fruitful source of irritation to Englishmen travelling in America in the depreciatory attitude to all things English that is taken by the vast majority of Americans. It is a new and doubtless a wholesome experience for Englishmen, for on the continent of Europe, however much we may be disliked, we are regarded with a hostile respect and consideration which is flattering to the national vanity. Our habits and prejudices are indulged and consulted. The splendid hotels of the Rhine, of Switzerland and Italy were built for English travellers and in deference to English tastes and requirements, although of late years our American cousins have shared with us the venal attention of Continental landlords. But in America all this is changed. English tourists are few in number, and are lost in the vast society of travelling Americans. Their habits, when they differ from those of the natives, are considered antiquated or objectionable; and every American usage or institution is held up to admiration, not only as good in itself, but as better than anything to be found in "the old country." The stranger would be far more disposed to accord an ungrudging admiration to the many improvements and conveniences which America has introduced into common life, if it were not demanded so peremptorily with regard to numerous matters on which there may be a reasonable difference of opinion, or on which impartial observers would give the preference to English methods. But whether it be hotels or railway cars, horses or carriage-building, banks or beautiful women, oysters or engineering, the ordinary American loudly asserts his superiority over England, and treats an Englishman as an imbecile creature to whom he was deigning to expound the elementary principles of social and political life. "Mr. Washington Adams in England," a novel by

Mr. R. G. White, amusingly reviewed last October in the *Saturday Review*, is as good an illustration as could be found of the worst type of American critic—ignorant and presumptuous—who, from the internal evidence of his book, could never have crossed the ocean, discussing English life and manners. It is some consolation to find that Mr. White does not reserve his thunders for a subject of which he knows nothing, and that to the September number of the *North American Review* has contributed an article on "Class Distinctions in the United States," which, for fierce and contemptuous abuse of the mushroom millionnaires whose evil example is demoralizing American society, exceeds anything which a partially-informed Englishman could fairly or with propriety write. I do not, however, desire, by criticising American society further than it influences political and national life, to lay myself open to the charges of bad taste or superficiality which may justly be brought against Mr. White; and my friends in New York, Washington, Philadelphia, and the West, whose kindness and hospitality will always be remembered, would, I am sure, be included by Mr. Matthew Arnold in "the remnant" upon which he was inaudibly eloquent in his first New York lecture—the salt which is to purify American society, the examples of sweetness and light which are to illumine and beautify the degenerate western world. But whether writers like Mr. White misunderstand and misrepresent English society, or whether we are as black as we are painted, British equanimity will probably remain unshaken. In either case it is certain that the English are not popular in the United States, although there is a far more friendly feeling between the two nations than existed some years ago. This is most evident in the eastern towns, such as Boston and New York, where the imitation of English manners and amusements has become for the time the fashion. Horse-racing has grown to large proportions, fox-hunting, lawn-tennis, and cricket are making slow progress, and the New York dude might almost compare, for fatuous imbecility, with the London masher. So far and low have English

fashions penetrated, that Mr. Stokes, the affable proprietor of the Hoffman House, keeps no waiters in his employ who will not consent to shave their mustaches and cut their whiskers *à l'Anglaise*. But in the Central and Western States, with the exception of Colorado, which is being largely developed by English settlers and capital, there is little love for England or English ways, and criticism is almost uniformly unfriendly. As an example of this may be mentioned the savage abuse of Western journals, among which raged an epidemic of discourtesy directed against some members of Mr. Villard's North Pacific party for a misapprehension, amply apologized for, which in England, and affecting American guests, would have remained unnoticed. Americans will often say that the sentiment of the country cannot fairly be ascertained from newspapers; but in a country where the press has attained an unprecedented development, and where newspapers are, to all appearance, the only literature of the vast majority, a foreigner must assume that they represent, with some exactness, the popular opinion. There is no reason why the English should be popular in America. They are almost the most disagreeable race extant, and are often unendurable to each other; nor is there any part of Europe, except perhaps Hungary, where they are not more disliked than in the United States. The opinion expressed by the most original of living American poets, the present Minister to the Court of St. James's, represents that of most foreigners, and it is difficult to see that it is essentially unfair:

"Of all the sarse that I can call to mind
England *does* make the most onpleasant kind:
It's you're the sinner ollers, she's the saint:
Wat's good's all English, all that isn't ain't
—She's praised herself ontill she fairly thinks
There ain't no light in Natur' when she winks."

Such characteristics are not amiable, and the laws of heredity have transmitted them to our Transatlantic cousins. It is, indeed, probable that the Americans are, intrinsically, as disagreeable as ourselves; for although, on the continent of Europe, they are comparatively popular, this is probably because they are less known. Annually, a flight of pork-packers and successful tradesmen

cross the Atlantic, with their families, to complete an education, which has in reality not begun, by a contemplation of Paris hotels and Rhine steamboats. But the American pork merchant is silent in the presence of his peacock-voiced wife and daughters; and the complete party, Philistine though it be, is infinitely preferable to the swarm of London shop-boys with their sweet-hearts, whose uproarious felicity makes hideous all foreign resorts in the near neighborhood of England. In the continental dislike of England is an element of jealousy and suspicion, in which America has no part. We have fought and bullied in every quarter of the world, and, to-day, we stand with crossed swords with Russia in Central Asia and Armenia, with France in China and Egypt. Eight hundred years of victory—for the English never own a defeat—has left much soreness on every side, while the too fortunate Yankee, navyless and armyless, is not regarded, in a city like Paris, as a past or future enemy, but merely as the welcome victim of hungry shopkeepers. If America were as closely connected with Europe as is England, her citizens would be as much disliked as Englishmen. The two nations, however diverse their special characteristics may appear to a superficial observer, are curiously alike. The true Americans are unaffected by the stream of German or Scandinavian or Irish emigration, with which they have never mingled. They are now, and will remain, Englishmen in thought, genius and weakness—the physical type modified by an uncongenial climate mostly in extremes, the commercial spirit intensified by unrivalled opportunities for its successful employment, and the national genius for mechanical invention developed by the high wages of labor, precisely as the monkey developed a prehensile tail.

Another English characteristic, strongly developed and even grotesquely caricatured in America, is the love of big things, which is, after all, a failing akin to virtue, and which will guide America into fair pastures when adversity and Mr. Matthew Arnold shall have chastened and purified Philistia. At present, Americans are satisfied with things because they are large; and if not

large they must have cost a great deal of money. One evening, at the Madison Square Theatre, an American observed to me, "That is the most expensive drop-scene in the world." It was a glorified curtain of embroidery, with a golden crane and a fairy landscape, and might justly have been claimed as the most beautiful drop-scene in the world; but this was not the primary idea in the Yankee mind. The two houses most beautiful architecturally in the Michigan Avenue at Chicago were shown to me as half-a-million-dollar houses. A horse is not praised for his points, but as having cost so many thousand dollars; a man, who certainly may possess no other virtue, as owning so many millions. The habit of making size a reason for admiration is less jarring to an educated taste than that of making money the standard of beauty and virtue.

Full in front of the White House at Washington, as a warning to all future Presidents to avoid the penalties which attach to patriotism, a column of white marble is slowly rising to the memory of Washington. It is intended to eventually appear as an obelisk of six hundred feet, "the highest structure ever raised by man, excepting the Tower of Babel." Whether the design, which would seem to have been framed in the spirit which brought confusion on the builders of its prototype, will ever be completed it is impossible to say. The corner-stone was laid thirty-five years ago, and something more than half the destined height has been already reached. Colonel Casey, in charge of the work, promises its early completion; but if America continues to depart from that standard of free and honest administration which the high-minded, chivalrous, and clean-handed founder of the Republic set up it would seem that for very shame the monument will be left unfinished, to symbolize, as the tower of a shot manufactory or a cotton-mill, the triumph of industrial enterprise rather than of successful patriotism. In no case will it possess any interest beyond its size. Many nations have begged or stolen obelisks from Egypt to decorate, with dubious taste, their capitals. Half a dozen may be found in odd corners in Rome; London, and

Paris, and New York have each their trophy; and modern imitations have been raised in cemeteries and on battle-fields in memory of those whom the affection of friends or the gratitude of nations have not thought worth an original design. But the obelisk is a monolithic feature in Egyptian architecture proportional to and in harmony with surrounding buildings, and never placed by itself. On the banks of the Potomac, and to the memory of the most distinguished American, this gigantic obelisk, although embellished with three large windows and a patent elevator for country visitors, is incongruous and absurd. When the next saviour of his country shall have liberated America from the tyranny of Rings and monopolists, as much heavier than that of George III. as were the scorpions of Rehoboam compared with the whips of his father, a grateful people must logically raise a pyramid, greater than that of Cheops, to his memory.

The Metropolitan Opera House at New York, which has been opened this season, is the latest illustration of the American love of big things because they are big. This theatre is said to be the largest in the world, and was built by wealthy New Yorkers who were unable to buy boxes at the original Opera House, as their proprietors did not think fit to die or vacate as quickly as the aspirants made money. The result has been the present house, in which may be nightly seen the miserable and unmusical millionnaires, from Vanderbilt, like royalty, in the centre, to Jay Gould in the depth of his stage-box, like a financial spider waiting to suck the blood of a new victim, feigning a pleasure they do not feel, applauding, with consistent ignorance, at the wrong time and in the wrong place. A similar scene of anguish was surveyed by Satan when, in Milton's song, he rose from the fiery marl and addressed his peers. The new house cannot be compared with those of Paris, Vienna, Moscow, and London, which have all and each their special charm. Its architect visited Europe, and carefully collected for reproduction everything that he could find ugly or inconvenient, and then built the largest, the meanest, the most ill-arranged opera-house, the worst for

sight and sound, to be found in the world. New York, whose opera-going society is hardly a twentieth of that of London in the season, cannot support two opera-houses; and on the six or seven occasions that I have been in the new house it was half empty. But the love of big things has been gratified, although the interests of music and the public have been sacrificed.

Lord Coleridge, in his speech at the Academy of Music in New York, said: "The first question that is almost always put to me is whether I was not amazingly struck by the vast size of the country. It was not size that particularly impressed me. If size were to be regarded, I should say that smallness rather than bigness should be insisted on. Men are great in proportion to their natural advantages. What of the size of your country? You did not make it. It is not size but products that are to be looked to." This argument does not commend itself to the American mind, which but slowly concedes that a pound of dynamite may be more energetic than a barrel of gunpowder, and a drop of prussic acid than a pint of castor-oil.

Although the Lord Chief Justice on this occasion indulged his American friends with a little playful satire, he was not in a position to act the mentor, and still less the critic. He was the guest of the American bar, and no Englishman in recent years has received in the States a more cordial or generous welcome. The high rank and reputation of the Chief Justice, his unblemished character, and the literary distinction connected with his name, combined with his fine presence and courtly manners, impressed and charmed American society. His progress from city to city was almost triumphal, and his opinion of his hosts and their country as expressed in his speeches was doubtless heartfelt and sincere. Guests and hosts were mutually gratified. It may, however, be questioned whether it was altogether consistent with the dignity of the Chief Justice of England to be carried about America like Barnum's "Greatest Show on Earth," as an advertisement of the glory of that remarkable country. Better the dinner of herbs with freedom, than terrapin and

canvas-back ducks with servitude. And it must be admitted that a full expression of opinion and indulgence of the critical or judicial spirit were impossible in these frequent banquets and receptions. It is not after dining with a friend that we can best criticise the arrangement of his house or the manners of his family. It is true that honest criticism was neither expected nor desired, for the Americans resemble—and herein they are very sensible people—those authors described by Oliver W. Holmes, who when they ask for your criticism expect your praise, and will not be satisfied with anything else. A Chief Justice should only speak from the bench, where his words carry the force and weight which is rightly accorded to deliberate judgment, wisely formed and temperately expressed. Not for him is the glorious dust of the arena or the applause of the crowd; the falseness of open compliment, the insincerity of unspoken blame. His language should be judicial or he should be silent. Now, whatever may have been the merits or charm of Lord Coleridge's American utterances, no one will be disposed to call them judicial. His praise of many things American may be fairly held extravagant; his eulogy of Matthew Arnold is open to the same objection; while, if the American press be correct, he even attempted to socially whitewash General Butler, Governor of Massachusetts, the most unscrupulous and indecent of demagogues, whose defeat during the late elections has delighted all honest men, whether Republicans or Democrats. His ungrudging praise of the judiciary of the United States altogether ignored the fact that a considerable proportion of that body, elected by the same processes as give municipal government to the cities, is notoriously inefficient and corrupt, and that the criminal classes, who are personally most interested in the verdicts of the courts, select the judges to preside in them. Even in lighter matters Lord Coleridge's desire to please went somewhat in excess of the requirements of the situation. His comparison of English and American beauty, which occasioned much comment in the States cannot be considered just to his own

countrywomen. The *Washington Post* says :

"But his expressions regarding the American ladies have imperilled the Lord Chief Justice's chances of ever again finding favor in the eyes of English beauty. An absence of only two months from his native land has served, he says, to win him from the standard of English loveliness, and he can conscientiously champion only the American type of beauty. Wherever he went the American lady was the same charming personage, and the American girl the same self-possessed bundle of independent anomalies. He could not sufficiently praise the fresh complexions, the charming manners, and the independence that marked the ladies he counted himself fortunate in meeting. And fairly turning against his own countrywomen, he unhesitatingly admitted that in his eyes the American women were the more attractive."

A correspondent of the *New York World*, who claimed to have interviewed Lord Coleridge on the steamer which took him to England, writes :

"He said he thought the American women far excelled their English cousins in both beauty and intellect, and he should not be backward to say so on his native soil."

Although justice be proverbially blind and the ethics of compliment are elastic, there is no occasion to believe that Lord Coleridge ever made the remarks attributed to him in so crude a form; and American reporters are very apt to record the questions they may ask as being the answers they have received. But the comparison, whether made by Lord Coleridge in these terms or not, is one of some interest, and a few remarks on it will not be out of place. There can be no doubt that Americans honestly believe their women to be the most beautiful in the world; nor to them would there appear any extravagance in the remark of the *New York Sun* on the audience which attended Irving's first performance, "in respect of the beauty it contained far surpassing any audience that Mr. Irving ever bowed to in his life." But the opinion of foreigners—I do not speak of Englishmen alone—is very different; and I have never met one who had lived long or travelled much in America who did not hold that female beauty in the States is extremely rare, while the average of ordinary good looks is unusually low. More pretty faces are to be seen in a single day in London than in a month in the States. The average of beauty is far higher in

Canada, and the American town in which most pretty women are noticeable is Detroit, on the Canadian border, and containing many Canadian residents. In the Western States beauty is conspicuous by its absence, and in the Eastern towns, Baltimore, Philadelphia, New York, and Boston, it is to be chiefly found. In New York, in August, I hardly saw a face which could be called pretty. Society was out of town, but an estimate of national beauty is best formed by a study of the faces of the people; and the races at Monmouth Park had collected whatever of beauty or fashion had been left in the city. Even at Saratoga, the most attractive face seemed that of a young English lady passing through on her way to Australia. In November, New York presented a different appearance, and many pretty women were to be seen, although the number was comparatively small, and, at the Metropolitan Opera House, even American friends were unable to point out any lady whom they could call beautiful. A distinguished artist told me that when he first visited America he scarcely saw in the streets of New York a single face which he could select as a model, though he could find twenty such in the London street in which his studio was situated.

The American type of beauty is extremely delicate and refined, and London and Continental society will always contain some American ladies who may rank among the loveliest in the world. Such are known to us all, but are more common in Europe than America. A beautiful girl is, in the first place, more likely to travel than a plain one, for she is anxious for new worlds to conquer; the pride and affection of her parents are more likely to second her legitimate ambition, and, having reached Europe, she is obviously more likely to remain there. If American girls be anxious to marry Englishmen, as a study of contemporary novels, plays, and society would seem to show, it is a proof of their good sense; for America, which is the best place in the world for making money, is the very worst for spending it. Life revolves round the office and the shop and the counting-house, and a woman of spirit doubtless prefers a society like that of London, where even

the men, to say nothing of the women, from the time they rise at eleven till they go to bed at three o'clock in the morning, think of nothing but how they may amuse themselves. America will grow day by day more like the Old World in this respect, and when its citizens shall have learned the science of amusement it will become a far more agreeable place than it is at present. The change in the habits of the men will have a direct effect upon the beauty of the women. The English are an athletic race, and the amusements in which they delight are in the open air. As are the men so are the women. Riding and rowing, walking and tennis, have developed in them a beauty the chief charm of which is that it is healthy. The late hours of the ball-room do not take the bloom from a cheek which is daily renewed by a gallop in the park before luncheon or a game of lawn-tennis in the afternoon. In America life is sedentary. The national game of base-ball is mostly played by professionals; the national pastime of trotting-matches cannot be counted as exercise in the English sense of the word. The men, with few exceptions, have no country life—few of them even know how to ride; they neither hunt, nor row, nor shoot, nor play cricket; and the women, being everywhere the shadow of the men, are accomplished in none of those out-door exercises in which their English sisters find and renew their beauty. The charm which is born of delicacy may be a very lovely thing, like the finest porcelain, but it does not constitute the highest form of beauty, which is inseparable from good health.

The last of Lord Coleridge's opinions that I shall notice recommended Matthew Arnold to the American public as the most distinguished of living Englishmen; and although he afterward attempted to modify his statement the praise was felt to be extravagant. The assertion in an English literary journal that there is scarcely a railway guard or porter in America who is not familiar with Arnold's works is as foolish as untrue. I have travelled many thousand miles in America, but have never met a railway porter whose literary tastes rose superior to the *Police News*;

and in all societies Arnold must remain an acquired taste, like olives or caviar. If he became popular his virtue as a prophet would disappear. It was, then, with much interest and some anxiety that I went to Chickering Hall to hear Matthew Arnold's first lecture in New York, for he had freely condemned the Americans in former days as a race of Philistines, and they have long memories. We English are accustomed to Mr. Arnold when, like Balaam, he starts on a mission of cursing. Whether we drink champagne, or sand the sugar, or beat our wives, we know that there is no escape from condemnation. Unless we can take refuge with the few elect in his private ark, we belong to an upper class materialized, a middle class vulgarized, or a lower class brutalized. But the Americans were not used to this drastic treatment, and had shown some temper when told that, even if they had fewer barbarians and less mob, they were an unredeemed and irredeemable vulgar middle class. Chickering Hall, however, displayed no signs of hostility. On the contrary, when Mr. Parke Godwin had ended a labored and perfervid introduction, the great English critic was received by a crowded house with every sign of sympathy and respect. There was not a vacant chair, and the audience was evidently largely composed of the most educated and cultured classes, and included many ladies. But the lecture, as such, was a complete failure. Matthew Arnold says he dislikes public speaking, and certainly his voice is—or was—unequal to the demands of a well-filled hall. Reading his lecture with the manuscript close to his eyes, placing a strong accent on the penultimate or ante-penultimate syllable and dropping the last altogether, allowing the voice to so sink at the close of a sentence that the last words were inaudible, without gesture or expression, Mr. Matthew Arnold combines in himself all the possible faults of a public lecturer. Sitting ten rows in front of the reader, I found it impossible to hear the whole of any sentence or to follow the argument of the address. Occasionally, a quotation more or less familiar could be picked from the general monotone—as Dr. Johnson's declaration that "Patriotism is the last refuge of a scoun-

drel," or Plato's description of Athenian society : "There is but a very small remnant of honest followers of wisdom, and they who are of these few and have tasted how sweet a possession is wisdom, and who can fully see the madness of the multitude, what are they to do?"

But these were mere oases of sound in a desert of inaudibility ; and of the fifteen hundred persons present, perhaps a hundred understood the lecture, to some four hundred an occasional sentence was vouchsafed, while a thousand heard nothing. An American audience is wonderfully patient and generous ; and although at first from several parts of the hall came unavailing cries of "Louder," "Can't hear you," yet, when it was thoroughly realized that remonstrance and entreaty were in vain, the audience resigned themselves to the enjoyment of their Barmecide feast in a manner both amusing and pathetic. The lecture, if audible, would hardly have satisfied an American audience. Its purport seemed to be that majorities were always vicious and wrong ; and that the only advantage to America in her great and increasing population was that, in so vast a multitude of fools and knaves, there must be a considerable "remnant" who, if fortune were favorable, which the lecturer did not anticipate, might redeem and transform the corrupt mass. Mr. Matthew Arnold is very likely right, but with these sentiments America has no sympathy. It holds that he wastes his rare powers in futile criticism of the Philistines, who are the practical men of the world and who do its real work. The night after his lecture, the well-known journalist, Mr. Dana, in the same hall, repudiated his doctrine, and declared that the facts of America and Europe contradicted his theory ; that in England and France there was little or no political progress, that in democratic institutions and the principle of equality were the salvation of the human race ; while material triumphs by man over nature contained the condition of progress, a work independent of poets and essayists like Mr. Arnold. There can be no doubt that Mr. Dana truly interprets the feeling of his countrymen, who are satisfied with themselves and do not care to be improved or instructed by

any teacher however illustrious. Mr. Matthew Arnold, piloted by Mr. D'Oyley Carte, and inaudibly lecturing to New York society, too painfully recalls Samson grinding corn for the Philistines in Gaza.

The visit of Mr. Irving, Miss Ellen Terry, and the Lyceum Company to America naturally excited far more general interest than that of the English essayist. The journals and periodicals were filled with notices of the distinguished actors, and, on their arrival, the most minute particulars of their appearance, speech, and manners were given to the world. A likeness to Oscar Wilde, at whom America has not yet ceased to laugh, was at once found in Mr. Irving, and one paper quietly remarked that "he talked like an educated American and had but one or two of the mannerisms of the Cockney." From the numerous *critiques* of the New York press it would be impossible to gather any correct idea of the effect which Mr. Irving produced on American audiences; for the differences of opinion which exist in England as to the merits of his acting are still more strongly felt and expressed in America, and it was in the theatre alone that a just estimate could be formed. No exception could, it is true, be taken to the warmth and generosity of the reception of Irving, when, as Mathias, he first appeared on the New York stage. The cheering was general and long continued; and throughout the piece and at its termination he was most enthusiastically applauded. But *The Bells* was an unfortunate choice for the opening night, as the extravagance belonging necessarily to the melodramatic character of Mathias accentuated the mannerisms of the artist, and jarred on an unfamiliar audience. The selection of *Charles I.* for the next night and the first appearance of Ellen Terry was equally unfortunate; although both the principal actors, and especially Miss Terry, were most cordially received. The character of Queen Henrietta Maria is unsuited to Miss Terry's genius, as no one knows better than that accomplished lady herself; and the admirers of Mr. Wills's play, if indeed there be any, must admit that its tawdry sentiment and perverted history could hardly be

acceptable to a democratic audience, who, ignorant of history as Americans are, still vaguely associate Cromwell with liberty and the Stuarts with persecution. "We have had enough of this antiquated stuff," said a young man seated by me, and this was, I think, the general verdict of the house. One singular point in connection with this play may be mentioned. When Charles I. attempts to kneel to Lord Moray the American house loudly applauded; and Mr. Irving has noticed this as a proof of the high intelligence of the New York audience as contrasted with the silence of an English audience. The explanation is not as Mr. Irving thinks. The point is not applauded by a conservative English house, which considers the action which Mr. Irving ascribes to the King as indecent, inartistic, and an outrage on propriety. A democratic audience applaud, for the humiliation of a king is especially grateful to them.

Irving's greatest triumph during the week was in *Louis XI.*, as English playgoers will readily understand. It was a disappointment to find that his Shylock, which we are accustomed to consider one of his best characters, was not generally appreciated, and was considered ineffective and tame. The truth is that Americans have been accustomed to see the play treated in an absolutely different manner, as a one-character drama, in which the passion of the outraged Jew is the sole element of vital interest. This results from the system on the American stage, where the interest attaching to one fine actor is supposed to cover the faults and follies of third-rate supporters and an unintelligent stage management. In Mr. Irving's rendering of *The Merchant of Venice* the tragic element is subdued, and the play is left, as Shakespeare intended it, a glorious and light-hearted comedy, with one element of sorrow and pathos running through it, in the calamity and revenge of the robbed and desolate Jew. But whichever rendering of the part of Shylock be held artistically correct, the play was received in New York with more delighted enthusiasm than I have ever witnessed in a theatre. What Shylock loses, in Irving's treatment of the play, is gained by Portia, who appeared as the very Genius of Comedy, and

whose irresistible charm of manner and grace of gesture, movement, and voice carried the house by storm. The character of Beatrice is probably that which best suits Ellen Terry, and this is reserved for Boston ; but New York appeared satisfied that, in Portia, this charming actress had given one of the most delightful representations that had ever been seen on the American stage. Ellen Terry's success has been unequivocal and complete ; while that of Irving has been as great as his best friends

and admirers anticipated. He is accepted as an artist of the most varied and cultivated talent ; and his stage management, in appropriateness, evenness, finish, and beauty of scenery, has been a new revelation to New York. If his genius has not been able to reconcile Americans to his mannerisms, natural and acquired, this is surely what those who know the conflict of opinion in English society regarding this remarkable actor must have expected.—*Fortnightly Review*.

THE TEDIUM OF TRUTHFULNESS.

AMONG the many make-believes of our civilized society, we know of none more hollow than the theory that every decent person speaks the truth. We are not obliged, in any other direction, to pretend to believe in the faultlessness of our friends. We may suppose it possible that they should sometimes fail in kindness, in generosity, even in justice, without insulting them, without necessarily offending them, if they have any sense ; everything depends upon the manner in which a hint at any failure of this nature is expressed. But in the case of truth it is the suspicion itself that is unpardonable. The only case in which we know of a hero of fiction being allowed to express such a doubt occurs in the novel in which a heroine of George Sand captivates, among her other lovers, no less a personage than Frederick the Great, and is asked by him, after a statement which fully justifies the query, and with a frankness no doubt authenticated by plenty of historic precedent—"Est-ce vrai, ce que vous avez dit ?" Why may ordinary mortals never imitate him ? They may ask, without offending any one but a fool—Is that just ? Why may they never say—Is that true ? There is an obvious reason for the difference. We must not have two grades of truth in social, as there is in civil intercourse ; we must not (it seems to us a misfortune that we have done so anywhere), by fencing-off a certain domain in which lying is heinous, provide a territory on which it becomes venial. This is a very good reason for avoiding an appeal to any

one to certify the truth of his own words. But so far as it becomes an assumption that the assertions of ordinary, respectable people are habitually true, it is a misfortune, for it conceals the difficulty, and lowers the standard of truth.

For as we assume that it is an insult to suppose any one has said what is not true, we must suppose the ordinary intercourse of respectable mankind is truthful, and then we are obliged to allow that all sorts of statements wholly at variance with fact are not untruthful. There are certain directions in which we all recognize that others have a right to correct information, and give it them, just as we pay our debts ; but this is a question of honesty, not of truth. A great Protestant teacher was indignant with a great Catholic teacher for reporting on the title-page of his reply the Protestant's assertion that Catholics were indifferent to truth, without his qualification, "for the sake of truth ;" and if the charge itself had not been repeatedly quoted, word for word, in the reply, we should certainly have felt some sympathy with Mr. Kingsley in regarding the distinction as an important one. But if he means that truth for truth's sake is a common ideal anywhere we do not agree with him. We need not go among Catholics for instances of a false impression conveyed with a good conscience ; anybody may observe the phenomenon, who will ask his neighbor certain questions which people do ask each other surprisingly often. The ordinary standard justifies an answer con-

veying a false impression when the inquirer has no right to a true impression, and when a refusal to answer would convey, and often exaggerate, the very facts which it is desirable to conceal. It is not a lie, people think, to say something untrue, when you are asked an impertinent question, which a refusal to answer would practically answer. Very well, then, find some other name for a justifiable untruth, and let us give up pretending that we condemn all untruth. The refusal to call any statement false unless it is also treacherous or dishonest has blurred our moral vision, in leading us to confound two qualities which are perfectly distinct; and whether it be right always to tell the truth or not, we are quite sure that every one should know when he is telling an untruth. The most disastrous falsehoods are those of which the speaker is unconscious, and there is at least one person to whom each of us should be careful to be absolutely sincere—himself.

One of the disadvantages of this pretence that truth is common, is that it hides from us the reality that truth is difficult. It is allowed by every one to be difficult for "the lower orders." People do not expect it to be very accurate, when they come to deal with maids-of-all-work, small shopkeepers, and the like; but they are apt to suppose that the difficulty diminishes with every rise in life, and vanishes when we lose sight of its struggles and sordid miseries. But we avow our own strong suspicion that even the Peerage itself does not remove men and women from the sphere of this difficulty. "I suppose *anybody* would tell a lie to save a noise," said a gamekeeper once, we hope with some exaggeration of the general objection to what he meant by a "noise," but with substantial accuracy as to the range of the temptation to escape many words about a vexed question by some brief, convenient fiction. Truth on any matter in which measurement of time and space is inapplicable, and in which the issue could not be put into a question answerable by "Yes" or "No," is distinguished by a lamentable want of simplicity, which the artistic mind unconsciously corrects as it goes along. Indeed, even the inartistic mind is driven to feel that life is not

long enough for unadulterated truth. This is one of the allurements to lying that moralists have failed to notice; they have remarked on the danger, the unpopularity, the general expensiveness of truth, but it has, we flatter ourselves, been left to us to point out that one of the greatest difficulties in the path of one who makes it his habitual aim is that it is so extremely tedious.

Our discovery must not be attenuated to a mere assertion of the well-known fact that truth is prosaic. People should learn to bear what is prosaic. Novels are to be had in plenty at every book-stall, and nobody has any right to demand that we should tax on his behalf at once our imagination and our conscience. Truth may be absolutely uninteresting, but it is not necessary that the speaker should be anything else. But that he should be tedious, to the extent to which truthfulness is tedious, is an evil which we all naturally aim at avoiding, without perceiving that, as we succeed, truth is insensibly modulated into fiction. Omit everything that is tiresome from an anecdote, and you no longer tell it just as it happened. Some time ago, one of the readers of a popular biography confessed that its hero's character for truthfulness had sunk in his estimation, from the discovery that a trivial incident in which he had been a spectator, so that the details were fresh in his memory, was so narrated (in the autobiographical form) as to put the narrator in a more creditable position than he had really occupied. There may have been mixed motives at work, but we have no doubt that the change was due mainly to the fact that the incident actually told in two lines would, if given exactly as it happened, have occupied five or six. The desire to narrate a trifling incident briefly is quite enough of an inducement to drop all those explanatory parentheses which make any fragment from history accurate, while the mere effort to give a central interest to any little incident in which one has been an actor insensibly tends to increase the importance of one's own part in it. If our conduct, as Fielding happily says, comes filtered from our own lips, our importance always comes from the same source slightly magnified; and this instinct by which

we avoid whatever dilutes and enfeebles interest, does no more than sweep a clear space for the personality—be it our own or another's—which we aim at bringing out in all its distinctness. All this is true of mere narrative, but when we come to the world of opinion, though on the one hand the temptations of egotism are less, the necessities of limitation are, on the other, very much greater. We might, perhaps, get a hearer to attend to what we have done, but where is one who will hear us out, if we attempt on any subject not perfectly simple to explain all we think? And so we choose, naturally and rightly, the part of opinion that our hearer will listen to, and express that, and nothing more. It is impossible to say that these fragments of our belief, as they are transferred to another mind, are either false or true. They certainly appear extremely inconsistent if two hearers compare them. Suppose, for instance, that two guests at a dinner party, one a Liberal and one a Conservative, consecutively ask a third what he thinks of a speech just made by Mr. Gladstone. He tries to select from the complicated feelings with which he regards it some one with which, on each occasion, he knows his hearer is in sympathy—or possibly some one with which he knows him to be in strong antagonism, for sometimes we wish to wave our banner—but at any rate, some feeling which he knows will be speedily intelligible to his hearer. "I think it a very fine speech," he replies, let us say on the amiable theory, to the Liberal; and on the same principle, when the Conservative repeats the question, he tries to find something which may form the basis of a real discussion, and says "that it did not appear to him very well adapted for its object." An interruption occurs, and these words remain as a summary of his entire view in the mind of his hearer, who next day communicates it to the Liberal inquirer. "So your warmest Liberals confess that Gladstone's speech was a very poor production," he exclaims, repeating, as he thinks, "X's" opinion with perfect accuracy. The indignant protest leads to a repetition of the little dialogue, and "X" being proved to have said to a Liberal that Mr. Gladstone has made a

very fine speech, and to a Conservative that the same speech was very poor (and very likely his last hearer is ready to swear that that was the exact expression he used), is set down as a humbug, and if either of his hearers is a man of rank or position, as a snob into the bargain. Yet all the while he has expressed with perfect sincerity the only part of his opinion that he felt could be truly expressed to either hearer, without an amount of tedium that neither of them would have endured. If he had occupied the two hours of dinner with a delineation of his views as they abutted on Liberal territory, and taken up the rest of the evening with the opposite façade, he might have combined the broken fragments of his opinion in a coherent whole, and escaped the suspicion of insincerity. But what mortal host would ever have made him welcome to his threshold again? A man who gave his opinions like the American orator, with the proviso that "if you do not approve of them, gentlemen, they can be changed," might contribute so much wit, or fancy, or good spirits, or social pleasantness of some kind to the banquet, that he should always find a place there; but a speaker who poured forth his political views from the first spoonful of soup to the last spoonful of ice would not be redeemed from abhorrence, if his reasonings might be bound up with the speeches of Burke without our discovering the difference. And observe that this discrepancy cannot be set down to a mere wish to be in sympathy with the person one is addressing. The principle on which one selects a fragment of one's opinion for expression is quite distinct from the fact that a small fragment has to be selected, and the moral of our fable would be just the same, if we suppose the speaker animated by antagonism, instead of by sympathy. If he felt himself as many people do, a Conservative among Liberals, and a Liberal among Conservatives—or (to express our meaning in a form which itself becomes more tedious the moment it becomes more accurate) if he felt that the necessary truth for a Radical was that all harmless things should be preserved, so far as they were rooted in the past; and for a Conservative, that all harmful things should be destroyed, al-

though they were rooted in the past—he might be convicted of just as much insincerity, when the two came to compare his answers to the same question. It is the fact that truth is a relation between hearer and speaker, and not that that relation must be one of sympathy, which forces us, in speaking to different people, to use different language.

And if we feel this necessity in matters which, like political questions, are regarded by a great number of people from the same point of view, however unintelligible is that point of view to others, we shall feel it much more pressingly in matters of personal interest and difficulty. It is true that these are, for the most part, subjects on which nobody has any right to ask questions; but it is surprising how often they sin in this way, and even when there is very little temptation. The most impertinent questions are asked every day, by people who are not the least impertinent, and who care extremely little about the answers. Most of our readers, we should imagine, had been asked some time or other how some marriage in their immediate connection was liked, and had not the slightest compunction in answering untruly. After all, what they avoid in amiable fiction merely has its place supplied by unamiable fiction. Suppose the hearer is informed of the fact that the marriage has been opposed as long as possible, he would often go away with an even more fallacious impression of the real state of the case between the two families about to be connected. Perhaps the best punishment for asking impertinent questions would be, in many cases, the extreme tedium of listening to their answers, only that the school-master's commonplace, "It hurts me more than it hurts you," would be true of the person obliged to inflict it. To have to listen, with such an appearance of decent interest as could hardly be withheld to the mixed feelings which are occasioned by a marriage, to be obliged to understand the proportion of regret in a feeling that we may truly describe as satisfaction, of heartfelt joy in a feeling that we are obliged to avow as regret, might perhaps make an impertinent questioner think twice before he dropped out his

vapid queries again. But more valuable things than his patience would have to be sacrificed, and these sinners, we fear, must be left unpunished, if the only resources in the hand of justice consist of the tediousness of truth.

It is not only in answer to a question, however, that we are from this reason forced into untruth. Even the forms in which we are obliged to express our most spontaneous feelings are sometimes untruthful, unless they are intolerably lengthy. "I envy you your happiness," we exclaim; and nothing is more unlike envy than the feeling with which we regard the relation or possession. Now, try to translate the feeling which we thus shortly express into something that is not misleading. "The sight of your happiness brings vividly before me an appreciation of the importance and value of those circumstances on which it depends, and a wish to partake in them, if it were possible without diminishing your share in them." We beg our reader's pardon for illustrating our theme so forcibly; but let him try his hand, if he is dissatisfied with our attempt. He will find that there is no short way of suggesting this truth, but by saying what is false. And in this case, the falsehood seems to us particularly unfortunate. Our words react on our feelings, and it is a moral disaster to bring the tainting word *envy* so near the purest emotions of our nature. The sight of the blessings which we do not share may raise the purest or the most ignoble feelings in our heart; the tediousness of truth, or the poverty of language, forces us to use one expression for both, and so, to some extent, actually to confuse them.

It may be objected to the above remarks that falsehood may be very tedious, as well as truth. It cannot be asserted, indeed, that any form of error is secured from tedium. The most heterodox doctrine, the most untrustworthy history, even the most insincere statement about the speaker, may all be made extremely wearisome; we may yawn over the most inaccurate information, and under the most unsound theology. But the union of error and tedium is the result of mere superfluity of naughtiness. The fair virgin Truth is wooed assiduously by this worthy bore;

go where she may, he is not far off, those who seek her must perforce put up with at least a sight of him. But that flaunting damsel Error, if she appears in his company, must seek him out; he never forces himself upon her, has, in fact, no lurking tenderness for her whatever. Error may be tedious, but truth must be. At least, it can only escape the danger on one of two conditions; it must concern matters of actual measurement and physical observation, or it must be spoken by a man of genius. It may be conveyed in a compendious form, we presume, to the mathematician, the physicist, the statistician; but the moment you try to tell truths that are interesting to human beings as such, the moment you aim at truth about character, you enter on ground where truth without tedium is the privilege of genius. We have no intention of apologizing for the falsehoods of those gifted beings who *can* put the truth in a

small compass. We should have a little mercy for a man of distinguished literary power who left a false impression on his hearers, as for a great general who fought a duel. Literary fame is as much a guarantee of the power of conveying one's meaning as military fame is of courage; the possessor of the first is as guilty if he fails to use his power, as is the second if he make use of such an opportunity as a challenge to assert it. But the rank and file of humanity have the choice, in almost all the occurrences of life where truth is the least difficult, of such tedium as we have—not, we fear, without an appreciable amount of practical illustration—suggested to the reader, or of falsehood. Which alternative a rigid standard of rightness would sanction, we have not attempted to decide; we merely record our own belief that, as a matter of fact, it is impossible to combine both.—*The Spectator*.

HELEN'S TOWER.

BY ROBERT BROWNING AND ALFRED TENNYSON.

[The following verses were written respectively by the two greatest English poets of to-day, at the request of Lord Dufferin, on the dedication of a tower built to the memory of his late mother, the Countess of Gifford.—Editor ECLECTIC.]

Who hears of Helen's Tower, may dream perchance
How the Greek Beauty from the Scæn Gate
Gazed on old friends unanimous in hate,
Death-doom'd because of her fair countenance.

Hearts would leap otherwise at thy advance,
Lady, to whom this Tower is consecrate!
Like hers, thy face once made all eyes elate,
Yet, unlike hers, was blessed by every glance.

The Tower of Hate is outworn, far and strange:
A transitory shame of long ago,
It dies into the sand from which it sprang;
But thine, Love's rock-built Tower, shall fear no change;
God's self laid stable earth's foundations so,
When all the morning stars together sang.

ROBERT BROWNING.

HELEN'S TOWER, here I stand,
Dominant over sea and land.
Son's love built me, and I hold
Mother's love engraved in gold.
Love is in and out of time,
I am mortal stone and lime.

Would my granite girth were strong
 As either love, to last as long,
 I should wear my crown entire
 To and thro' the Doomsday fire,
 And be found of angel eyes
 In earth's recurring Paradise.

A. TENNYSON.

THE POSSIBLE SUSPENSION OF OLD AGE.

BY W. O. DAWSON.

IN bygone times those profound mystics and metaphysicians, the Rosicrucians, and still earlier, the Alchemists claimed to have discovered the Elixir of Life.

They asserted that old age might be retarded, and life considerably prolonged by means of an elixir, preventing, or rather suspending, physical decay. The celebrated English Rosicrucian Dr. Flood, whose writings became famous is said himself to have attained the century. Modern science has recently made more startling discoveries than even those of which the Alchemists dreamed. The possibility of prolonging life has throughout all ages been deemed worthy of notice by great thinkers, among whose numbers the illustrious Bacon and Hufeland are enrolled. In the following article we shall endeavor to furnish our readers with the latest scientific knowledge relative to the possible suspension of old age. Imprimis—old age is of two varieties—premature, and that caused by the lapse of time. Premature age, as engendered by various mental and physical excesses, comes not within our present notice. The principal characteristics of old age, as demonstrated by anatomical research, are a deposition of fibrinous, gelatinous, and earthy deposits in the system. Every organ in the body during old age is especially prone to these ossific depositions. These earthy deposits have been found to consist principally of phosphate and carbonate of lime, combined with other calcareous salts, according to the researches of Dr. C. T. B. Williams, F.R.S. "That man begins in a gelatinous and terminates in an osseous (or bony) condition" has been truly observed by a French physician. From the cradle to the grave a

gradual process of ossification is undoubtedly present; but after passing middle life, the ossific tendency becomes more markedly developed, until it finally ushers in senile decrepitude. These earthy deposits in the various organs during old age materially interfere with the due performance of their respective functions.

Hence we find imperfect circulation in the aged, owing to the heart becoming partially ossified, and the arteries blocked with calcareous matter interfering with that free passage of blood upon which nutrition depends, so the repair of the body naturally becomes impaired thereby.

Mr. G. H. Lewes, in his luminous work, "The Physiology of Common Life," truly observes: "If the repair were always identical with the waste, life would then only be terminated by accident, *never by old age*. Both Bichat and Baillie considered that the greater number of persons over sixty suffer more or less from arterial ossification. When the heart's valves become cartilaginous, they consequently fail to propel the blood to its destinations, this fluid being further obstructed by the ossified and contracted condition of the arteries themselves.

In youth, on the other hand, nutrition is perfectly carried out, there being no blockages to impede the circulating system upon the due performance of which physical reparation depends.

Bearing the above facts in mind, we plainly perceive that the *real* change which produces old age is, *in truth, nothing more or less than a slow but steady accumulation of calcareous matter throughout the system.*

It is owing to these depositions that the structure of every organ is altered,

their elasticity giving way to senile rigidity. Blockages of various organs then commence, until, at last, one of the vital organs becomes impeded, causing death. The idea that old age was brought about by failure of the so-called vital principle has long since been discarded by science. Now in reality the *true cause* of gradual disintegration in the various organs is the fact that they become inadequately supplied with blood, upon which the renovation of their structures depends.

While speaking of calcareous and osseous degenerations, that eminent authority, Dr. C. T. B. Williams, F.R.S., observes at page 252 of his splendid work, "The Principles of Medicine," "This process is there given to be viewed as almost entirely of a chemical nature, consisting in the concretion and accumulation of calcareous salts, phosphate and carbonate of lime." The *causes* of old age bring, therefore, nothing more or less than ossific deposits. We will now proceed to elucidate the principal influences leading to the condition we have described.

Having arrived at the predisposing causes of senile decay, it yet remains for us to go still further, and seek out their origin. The two principal sources of old age are fibrinous and gelatinous substances; secondly, calcareous depositions. According to the recent researches of Mr. de Lacy Evans, the origin of the former may undoubtedly be traced to the destructive action of atmospheric oxygen, and this proposition is demonstrated by the following argument.

In the air we breathe, the relative proportions of oxygen to nitrogen are 22 to 78. Although oxygen is in far smaller bulk, yet it is the most active element. Now, oxygen has an affinity for every other element except fluorine, thereby forming the oxides. Oxygen plays by far the most important part in those chemical changes constantly at work within the animal economy, life itself being but a constant waste by oxidation, and reparation by food. In the blood exists albumen and fibrine, themselves resolved into component elements — carbon, hydrogen, nitrogen, oxygen, sulphur, and phosphorus. Fibrine has been said to contain 1.5

per cent more oxygen than albumen. Now, oxidation converts albumen into fibrine, fibrine itself being but an oxide of albumen.

Although unquestionably fibrine nourishes the organs of our bodies by repairing their waste, *yet a great deal of this substance accumulates in course of time, lessening the calibre of the blood-vessels, and thereby causing their induration.*

It therefore follows that, as time goes on (old age), fibrinous and gelatinous depositions become noticeable. Consequently, as fibrine is an oxide of albumen, so also is gelatine an oxide of fibrine, due to the action of oxygen on the fibrine deposited by the blood. A further effect of oxidation causes part of these substances to be decomposed, and subsequently eliminated through the kidneys as compounds of ammonia and urea. There is always a continual struggle progressing in our systems between accumulation and elimination. Thus it is that the fibrinous and gelatinous accumulations of old age are chiefly traceable to the chemical action of atmospheric oxygen.

The calcareous deposits next claim our attention, being proved by anatomical investigation to be peculiarly characteristic of old age.

In the human body water forms 70 per cent of its aggregate weight, in fact there is not a single tissue which does not contain water as a necessary ingredient. Now water holds certain salts in solution, which become more or less deposited, notwithstanding the large proportion eliminated through the secretions. Nevertheless it is only a matter of time before these minute particles deposited by the blood have a marked effect in causing the stiffness and aridity of advancing life. The reason why in early life the deposit of earthly salts is so infinitesimal is simply because they have not had time to accumulate. It is the old kitchen boiler which is found full of incrustations, not the new one, time not having been sufficient for their deposit. M. de Canu proved by analysis that human blood contains compounds of lime, magnesia, and iron, averaging 2.1 in every 1000 parts. This clearly demonstrates that in the blood itself are contained the earth salts,

which gradually become deposited in the system.

Blood being made from the assimilation of food, it is therefore to food itself we must primarily look for the origin of these earthy deposits. Besides providing the requisite elements of nutrition, food contains calcareous salts, which, upon being deposited in the arteries, veins, and capillaries, become the proximate cause of ossification and old age. Mr. G. H. Lewes says with truth in his "Physiology of Common Life," "Moreover, in food we are constantly introducing different substances which produce variations in the nutrition of the parts. These differences *accumulate* their influence in those changes named ages, and they culminate in the final change named death."

Having now traced the primary existence of calcareous matter to *food itself*, it is consequently a subject of no small moment to ascertain those varieties of dietetic articles containing these salts. As a matter of fact, everything we eat does contain them to a greater or less degree. The cereals have been found most rich in earth salts; so bread itself, the so-called staff of life, except in great moderation, assuredly favors the deposition of these salts in the system. The more nitrogenous our food, the greater its percentage in calcareous matter; thus a diet composed principally of fruit, from its lack of nitrogen, is best adapted for suspending ossific deposits. Moderation in eating must ever be of great value as an agent for retarding the advent of senility. Large eaters more rapidly bring about these ossific deposits, owing to having taken more food into the stomach than it is able to utilize or excrete, the result being naturally a more rapid blockage. According to the researches of Mr. de Lacy Evans it would appear that the following articles of food contained least of the earth's salts: 1st. Fruits (chiefly owing to their lack of nitrogen). 2d. Fish and poultry. 3d. *Young* mutton and veal. Old mutton and beef from age contain a large quantity of earthy matter.

It becomes self-evident, therefore, that living moderately and as much as possible on a diet containing a *minimum amount of earthy particles* is clearly most

suitable in order to retard old age and thereby prolong existence. The most rational treatment with a view to retard old age is in the first place to endeavor as far as possible to *counteract* the excessive action of atmospheric oxygen; secondly, to retard the deposit of ossific matter and as far as possible to dissolve partially-formed calcareous concretions. Distilled water and diluted phosphoric acid are believed by Mr. de Lacy Evans to have the desired effect. When considering their special action we cannot but fully coincide with him as to their efficacy in retarding old age by their combined chemical action. Now distilled water alone has a powerful action owing to its solvent properties, thereby dissolving and excreting the excess of earthy salts which otherwise would become blocked up in the system, gradually storing up those blockages which in time cause old age. The solvent properties of distilled water are so great *per se* that on distillation in vessels it actually dissolves small particles of them. Now the generality of waters contain more or less carbonate of lime, and are to be avoided, especially those from chalky soils, tending as they do to produce calcareous deposits. The action of distilled water as a beverage is briefly as follows: First, its absorption into the blood is rapid; second, it keeps soluble those salts already existing in the blood, thereby precluding their undue deposit; third, it facilitates in a marked degree their elimination by means of excretion. After middle life *a daily use of distilled water is highly beneficial* to those desirous of retarding old age, and it is also a useful adjunct for adverting stone in the bladder and kidneys.

Lastly we have to deal with the special beneficial action of diluted phosphoric acid when mixed with distilled water and consumed *daily*. If well diluted with distilled water it is perhaps the most powerful means known to science for suspending old age. Diluted phosphoric acid possesses the following great merits: It prevents the accumulation of earthy salts and also facilitates their elimination. Secondly, by its great affinity for oxygen those fibrinous and gelatinous deposits previously alluded to are held in abeyance

by its use. Thus by its *double* agency, combined with distilled water, we have a most valuable preventive against the *primary* causes of old age, which its daily use holds in check. Hypophosphites are believed to exercise a like action, as on becoming phosphates through fixing the oxygen from the blood, undue oxidation (waste of the tissues) is to a great extent prevented.

To sum up shortly what has already been advanced, according to the teach-

ings of modern science the most rational and certain means of retarding old age are by avoiding all foods rich in the earth salts, and by taking *daily* two or three tumblerfuls of distilled water with about 10 to 15 drops of diluted phosphoric acid in each glassful. Thus are the inimical salts held in solution and their excretion daily effected. The means herein advocated have also another great advantage, viz., that they cannot possibly do any harm.—*Knowledge*.

SENILIA: PROSE POEMS BY IVAN TURGENIEF.

II.

THE WORKMAN AND THE MAN WITH THE WHITE HANDS.

WORKMAN. Why do you come here? What do you want? You do not belong to us! Be off!

THE MAN WITH THE WHITE HANDS. I do belong to you, brother.

WORKMAN. No, indeed! You, one of us! What an idea! Look at my hands! Are they not soiled? They smell of animals and of manure; but look at yours, they are white; how can they smell?

THE MAN WITH THE WHITE HANDS (*offering his hands*). There; smell them!

WORKMAN. What the devil is this? They seem to smell of iron!

THE MAN WITH THE WHITE HANDS. They do. For six years they were hung with chains.

WORKMAN. And wherefore?

THE MAN WITH THE WHITE HANDS. Because I labored for your welfare; because I longed to free you—lowly, ignorant men; because I resisted your oppressors—revolted. . . . This is why I was imprisoned!

WORKMAN. So! Imprisoned? And who bade you revolt?

TWO YEARS AFTER.

ANOTHER WORKMAN (*to the first*). Listen, Peter; the last summer but one since, a Man with White Hands came here; he talked with you!

THE FIRST WORKMAN. Well! what of him?

THE OTHER WORKMAN. Only think;

he is to be hanged to-day! That is the sentence.

THE FIRST WORKMAN. Has he revolted again?

THE OTHER WORKMAN. Yes.

THE FIRST WORKMAN. So! . . . I say, brother Dmitry, cannot we manage to get hold of a piece of the rope with which he will be hanged? They say that great, great luck will befall the house which possesses such a rope.

THE OTHER WORKMAN. That is true, brother Peter; we must try to do so.

April, 1878.

THE ROSE.

The last day of August—the beginning of autumn.

The sun is sinking. An unexpected but swiftly-passing shower of rain, without thunder and lightning, has just fallen over our wide plain.

The garden before the house glowed in the red evening, and steamed with the moisture of the rain.

She sat by the table in the drawing-room, and gazed fixedly and thoughtfully through the half-opened door into the garden.

I knew what was passing in her mind; that, at this moment, after a short but painful struggle, she had yielded to a feeling which she could no longer overcome.

Suddenly, she rose, went hastily into the garden, and disappeared.

An hour elapsed—two hours; she did not return.

Then I arose, quitted the house, and went along the same path that she—I did not doubt it—had taken. Around me

all was dark ; the night had set in. But upon the wet sand of the path glimmered a round, red object, visible even in the darkness.

I stooped down. It was a little, scarcely-blown rose. Two hours before I had noticed this same rose in her bosom.

Tenderly I raised the fallen flower from the earth and placed it on the table in the chamber, before her chair.

At last she returned ; she stepped lightly across the room, and seated herself by the table.

Her countenance now was paler, but more animated ; her sparkling, half-closed, and contracted eyes glanced around with some slight confusion.

Suddenly, she perceived the rose ; she took it up, looked at its soiled and crumpled petals, and tears shone in her eyes.

"Why do you weep?" I asked.

"For this rose. Look what has happened to it."

And then a fancy struck me that I would make a profound observation.

"Your tears will wash away these stains," I spoke with a peculiar accent.

"Tears do not cleanse, they scorch," she replied ; and she turned and flung the blossom into the expiring embers of the fire.

"And fire scorches still better than tears," she exclaimed, not without pride ; and her beautiful eyes yet wet with tears smiled a happy challenge.

And then I knew that she also had been scorched.

April, 1878.

ALMS.

An infirm old man passed along a broad highway, in the neighborhood of a large town. His gait was unsteady, his wasted feet slipped and stumbled feebly and heavily, as if the movement were unusual ; his clothes were tattered, and his uncovered head sank upon his breast. He was quite exhausted.

He seated himself upon a chance stone by the roadside ; he bent down, and leaned back ; he covered his face with both hands, and through the parted fingers tears dropped upon the dry, gray dust of the road. He was thinking of his past.

Once he was strong and rich ; he had

ruined his health, and had parted with his wealth to friends and foes. And he had not a morsel of bread. All had forsaken him ; the friends sooner than the foes. Should he indeed humble himself so far as to ask alms ? His heart was filled with bitterness. . . . He was ashamed.

And his tears fell ceaselessly, moistening the gray dust.

Suddenly he heard himself called by name ; he raised his head and saw an unknown man before him.

This one's countenance was tranquil and dignified, still not severe ; his eyes glittered not, but they were clear ; his look was penetrating, but not forbidding.

"Thou hast given away the whole of thy fortune," he spoke in a quiet tone, "and dost thou regret that thou hast done good?"

"No, I regret it not," replied the old man sighing, "but now I must die."

"Had there been no poor upon the earth to stretch out their hands toward thee," continued the Unknown, "then wouldst thou have lacked the opportunity to bestow charity ; the cause for it would have been wanting."

The old man answered not, and fell reflecting.

"Then banish pride, poor man," added the Unknown, "go, stretch out your hand, give other good men an opportunity of proving beyond a doubt that they *are* good."

The old man trembled and looked up, . . . but the unknown had vanished. . . . In the distance he saw a traveller.

He went up to him, and extended his hand. The traveller turned away with a gloomy mien, and gave him nothing.

Another traveller followed this one—and he gave the old man a small alms.

The old man bought bread with the gift he had received, and the begged bread tasted sweet ; his heart no longer felt ashamed ; on the contrary, it was glorified by a quiet happiness.

May, 1878.

THE INSECT.

I dreamt that some twenty of us sat together in a large chamber by an open window.

Women, children, old men, were of the party. All conversed upon a cer-

tain well-known theme ; each talked eagerly, and scarcely listened to the remarks of the others.

Suddenly, a large insect, about two *werschoks* in length, flew into the room with rustling wings ; it circled around, and then settled upon the wall.

It resembled a fly or a wasp. Its body was a dirty-brown color, and its hard flat wings were of the same hue ; it had cleft, hairy feet, and a head large and angular as that of a dragon-fly. Both feet and head were blood red.

This remarkable insect turned its head continually up and down, right and left, moving its feet at the same time. . . . Then, suddenly, it detached itself from the wall, flew rustling through the room, settled again, and commenced the same annoying and disgusting evolutions without stirring from the spot.

We all exclaimed with aversion, fear, and even terror. . . . No one had ever seen anything like it before, and all cried : " Drive the horrible creature out ? " All waved their handkerchiefs at a safe distance—but no one would venture to approach it, . . . and whenever the insect flew about, all involuntarily retreated.

But one of us, a pale young man, looked at us with surprise. He shrugged his shoulders, smiled, and could not make out what had happened to us, and why we were so agitated. He did not see the insect, neither did he hear the evil-boding rustle of its wings.

Suddenly the insect appeared to stare at him. It soared on high, and, alighting on his head, stung him upon the brow. The young man uttered a low cry, and fell down dead.

The fearful insect flew away. . . . Then we guessed for the first time what manner of guest it had been.

May, 1878.

THE CABBAGE SOUP.

The only son of a peasant widow woman, a youth twenty years old, and the best workman in the village, was dead.

The great lady of the village, who had heard of the widow's loss, went to pay her a visit on the day of the funeral.

She found the poor woman at home. She stood by a table in the middle of

the hut, and slowly, with a regular movement of her right hand, she scooped up cabbage soup out of a sooty pot, and swallowed one spoonful after another.

The old woman's face was gloomy and bitter, her eyes were red and swollen ; . . . nevertheless she beld herself as calm and erect as if she were in church. " Good God ! " thought the lady. " To be able to eat at such a moment ! . . . How utterly without feeling these people are."

And the lady just then recollected that when she, some years ago, had lost her little daughter nine years old, she had in her sorrow even refused to rent a charming villa in the neighborhood of Petersburg, and that she had remained in town the whole summer ! And this woman was eating cabbage soup !

At last the lady grew impatient. " Tatjana," she exclaimed, " for God's sake ! . . . I cannot but feel astonished ! . . . Did you not love your son ? Is it possible that you have not lost your appetite ? How can you eat cabbage soup at such a time ? "

" My son Wassja is dead," said the woman in a low tone, and the pent-up tears flowed afresh down her hollow cheeks, " and now my end also is near ! The head of my living body has been taken away from me ! . . . But is that any reason for spoiling the soup ? It is nicely salted."

The great lady merely shrugged her shoulders and went away. She can have salt cheaply.

May, 1878.

THE HAPPY LAND.

Oh land of happiness, oh land of joy, of light, of youth, of enjoyment ! Now have I seen thee—in a dream.

We were in a beautiful, richly-decked boat. Beneath the wantoning pennon, the white sail swelled like the breast of a swan.

My companions were unknown to me, but they were equally young, gay, and happy as I ; my whole being felt they were so.

Still I hardly noticed them. I saw all around me only the boundless, azure-hued sea, covered with the dense golden scales of the rippling water ; above my head hung just such another boundless,

azure sea, and along this sea glided the joyful sun, smiling and triumphant.

From among us rose occasionally a loud, jocund laugh, like unto the laughter of gods.

And from time to time verses escaped from parted lips—verses full of heavenly beauty, inspiration, and power. . . . The heaven above seemed to answer musically, and the surrounding sea quivered sympathetically. Then ensued a blissful repose.

Lightly tossed upon the gentle wave-lets, floated the swift boat; no breeze stirred it—our own throbbing hearts directed its course. As if it were a living creature, it slid along, obedient to our wishes.

We passed islands on our voyage. Enchanted islands, gleaming with all the hues of the most precious jewels, rubies, and emeralds. Intoxicating vapors arose from the swelling shores. One of these islands covered us with a shower of white roses and May flowers, and long-pinioned, rainbow-hued birds soared out of others.

These birds flew in wide circles around our heads, the May bells and roses melted into a pearly foam, which glided by the side of our vessel.

Simultaneously with the flowers and the birds, sweet, alluring sounds penetrated toward us. . . . As if by magic, women's voices arose; and all around, heaven and earth, the waving of the swelling sail, the murmur of the current round the helm—all spoke of love, happy, blessed love.

And the loved one of each of us was present, . . . invisible and yet near. But one moment—and her eyes sparkle, her smile is there. Her hand clasps thine, and leads thee into an eternal Paradise.

Oh Land of Happiness! I saw thee in a dream.

June, 1878.

WHO IS THE RICHER?

When the wealthy Rothschild is praised in my hearing—who, out of his enormous revenues, spends thousands on the education of poor children, on the healing of the sick, and on the care of infirm old men—I feel moved, and praise him.

Still, while I am praising him, and

feeling thus touched, I involuntarily think of a poor peasant family, who took an orphan—a poor relation—into their miserable, shattered hut.

"We will take Kate to live with us," said the wife; "it is true it will cost us our last groschen; we shall not even have salt to flavor our soup. . . ."

"Well, we can eat it without salt," answered the peasant, her husband.

Rothschild ranks far below this peasant!

July, 1878.

OLD AGE.

There came sad and gloomy days.

Sickness, the misfortunes of loved ones, the chill and gloom of old age. All that thou lovedst, that was dear and precious unto thee—all is over, and has fallen into ruins. Thy path lies downward.

What is to be done? Wait? Lament? Neither the one nor the other is of any avail.

An aged, worn-out tree bears few and small leaves. Still it is verdant.

Retire into your inward life, turn round and live in your recollections; there, far in the depths of your self-concentrated soul, your early life, now accessible to you alone, will blossom afresh for you as a fresh and fragrant evergreen, with the strength and sweetness of youth.

But be wary, poor old man—gaze not into the distance!

July, 1878.

THE NEWSPAPER CORRESPONDENT.

Two friends are seated together at a table, and drink tea.

Suddenly a noise arises in the street, with sounds of abuse and scornful laughter.

"They are mobbing some one!" remarks one of the friends, looking out.

"A delinquent! . . . Perhaps a murderer!" cries the other. "Listen! Whatever he may be, such an unjust proceeding should not be permitted. Come, we will rescue him."

"But it is no murderer whom they are thrashing."

"Not a murderer? Then he is a thief! Come instantly, and let us save him from the hands of the mob."

"He is not a thief either."

"Not a thief? Then he must be a cashier, a railway director, an army contractor, a Russian Mæcenæ, a lawyer, a well-intentioned editor, or a public benefactor! . . . Say nothing, but come along, and we will rescue him."

"No, . . . it is a newspaper correspondent who is going to be thrashed."

"Oh, indeed! A newspaper correspondent! Now, look here, let us first finish our tea."

July, 1878.

TWO BROTHERS.

I had a vision.

Two angels appeared before me—two genies.

I call them genies, for both were without clothing, and long, strong wings sprang from their shoulders.

Both were youths. The one—well built, brilliant, and dark-haired. He had fiery, brown eyes, with thick eyelashes; his look was insinuating, bright, and longing; his countenance beaming and steadfast, the expression a trifle bold and insolent. The full, rosy lips quivered from time to time. The youth smiled with the air of a ruler, idly and consciously; a magnificent garland crowned his bright locks, and nearly rested upon his velvety brows. A gay leopard skin, held together by a golden arrow, hung loosely from his shoulders down to his arched hips. The plumage of his wings shimmered rosily; their extremities were brightest red, as if they had been dyed in fresh purple blood. From time to time a shiver passed through his frame, which was accompanied by a silvery sound, like the tinkle of a spring shower.

The other genie is lean, and his complexion yellow. With every breath he draws his breastbone rises visibly. His hair is scanty, light-colored, and smooth; his eyes large, round, and pale blue; his glance is restless and remarkably clear. Every feature is sharp; the small, half-open mouth is set with teeth, pointed as those of a fish. He has a narrow, eagle nose, and his projecting cheeks are covered with a light down. The thin lips have never—not one single time—smiled.

It is a regular-featured, fearless, pitiless countenance. (The face of the other genie, although sweet and lovable,

expresses no sympathy.) From his head hang a few empty crushed ears of corn, mingled with dry blades of grass. A coarse, gray garment covers his loins; his wings, of a dull, dark blue hue, move slowly and threateningly.

Both youths appear to be inseparable companions.

Each leans upon the other's shoulder. The soft hand of the first lies like a swelling cluster of grapes upon the shoulder of the second; and this one's meagre hand rests with its bony fingers like a serpent upon the rounded breast of the first.

And I hear a voice and listen:

"Love and Hunger—two own brothers, the two foundation pillars of everything that has life stand before thee.

"All life rouses itself to feed, and feeds itself to beget other life.

"Love and Hunger—their object is the same, the maintenance of life, one's own and others'; life's all in all."

August, 1878.

TO THE MEMORY OF J. P. W--SKAJA.

She laid there, dying of typhus, for two long weeks. There—in a desolate Bulgarian village, under the shelter of an old shed, which had hastily been transformed into a field hospital.

She was unconscious, and none of the surgeons paid any heed to her; only the wounded soldiers, whom she had nursed so long as her feet would carry her, stood in ranks round her infected couch, ready to bring a few drops of water in a pot to moisten her parched lips.

She was young and fair. She had moved in the highest circles; great dignitaries inquired after her; women envied her, and men paid her court. . . . Two or three men loved her secretly and fervently. The world laughed at her; but there is a laugh sadder than tears.

Such a mild, gentle heart, and withal what strength, what self-devotion! She knew no greater happiness than to help those who required assistance; she knew no other joy, and never discovered one. She passed by every other pleasure. Long ago she had already made up her mind. The glow of an unquenchable faith took possession of her whole being, and her life was dedicated to the service of her fellow-creatures.

No one knew what imperishable treasures were buried in the most secret recesses of the depths of her soul, and now, of course, no one ever will know.

And why should they know? . . . The sacrifice is prepared, . . . the duty performed.

But it is a sorrowful reflection that not one single word of thanks fell to the lot of her corpse, though she avoided all thanks, because they made her feel ashamed.

I pray that I may not grieve her gentle shade if I venture to lay this late-blooming flower upon her grave!

September, 1878.

THE EGOIST.

He possessed every quality calculated to make him a scourge to his family.

From his birth upward he had been healthy and rich, and healthy and rich he had continued during the whole of his long life. He was guilty of no crimes, made no false steps, never made a promise that he either would not or could not fulfil, and never missed his aim.

His honesty was unimpeachable, and in proud consciousness of this honesty he reviled every one—relations, friends, acquaintances.

His honesty was capital to him, that yielded usurious profits.

Honesty gave him the right to be unmerciful, and to deny the existence of good deeds which were not quite legally drawn up. But he withheld his right hand and was merciless, and rendered no good deeds—for ostentatious benefits are no benefits.

He paid no heed to any one beyond his own exemplary self, and he was extremely angry if others were not equally anxious to take care of his worthy person.

But, withal, he did not consider himself an egoist—on the contrary, he condemned and abused egoism and egoists. Naturally! the egoism of another interfered with his own.

As he was not conscious of the slightest weakness of his own, consequently he could neither understand nor tolerate weakness in others. In short he understood nobody and nothing, for he was utterly and totally, on every side, above

and below, before and behind, solely taken up by himself.

He did not even know what pardon meant. He had no opportunity of excusing anything in himself, how then could he be able to pardon others?

Before the tribunal of his own conscience, before the countenance of his own God, this prodigy of virtue boldly raised his eyes, and said in firm and clear tones: "I am indeed a worthy and a moral man."

And he will repeat these words upon his dying couch, and even then nothing will touch his stony heart—his spotless, inviolable heart.

Oh, thou cripple of a self-restrained, inflexible, cheap virtue—thou art almost more revolting than the unpainted deformity of vice!

December, 1878.

THE BANQUET OF THE DEITY.

Once it occurred to the Most High to hold a great banquet in His azure-hued halls.

As guests, all the virtues were bidden. Only virtues, . . . no men, nor yet women.

Many assembled, great and small. The small virtues were more agreeable and more lovable than the greater ones; but all appeared satisfied, and conversed politely with each other as if they were near relatives and friends.

But the Most High noticed two beautiful ladies who appeared to be unknown to each other.

So the Master of the house took the hand of one of these ladies and led her to the other.

"Charity!" He said, and pointed to the first.

"Gratitude!" He added, presenting the second.

And both virtues were unutterably astonished, for it was long since the creation of the world—and now they met for the first time.

December, 1878.

THE SPHINX.

Yellowish-gray sand, loose above, firm and grating underneath. . . . Interminable sand as far as the eye can reach.

And above the desert of sand, above the sea of dead dust, the gigantic head of a Sphinx rears itself.

And what would these large, pouting lips, these widely-distended nostrils, these oval, half-drowsy, half-watchful eyes beneath the double arch of the high brows, be saying?

Truly, they would say something! They do speak even, but only *Œdipus* can guess the riddle, and comprehend their dumb language.

Ha! . . . I recognize those features, . . . they are no longer Egyptian. The low, white brow, the prominent cheek-bones, the short, straight nose, the beautiful mouth lined with white teeth, the slight mustache, and the small, crisp beard upon the chin, . . . and those small eyes, set so widely apart, with the abundant hair forming a cap round the crown of the head. . . . 'Tis thou, Karp, Ssidor, Ssemjou! Peasant from Jaroslaw, from Rjäsan. Countryman, thou Russian peasant! . . . Since when hast thou perished by the Sphinx?

But perhaps thou also wilt speak? Yes, thou also art indeed a Sphinx.

Thine eyes, those colorless yet intense eyes, speak likewise. . . . And their expression also is speechless and unintelligible.

But where is thy *Œdipus*? . . .

Alas, unfortunately it is not sufficient that one assumes a little cap, to become thy *Œdipus*, oh! thou Russian Sphinx!

December, 1878.

THE NYMPHS.

I stood before a glorious and extensive chain of hills, which formed a half-circle; from base to summit they were clothed with young verdant forests.

Above the southern heaven was limpid azure; the sunbeams streamed from on high; and hasty streamlets, half-veiled with verdure, murmured below.

And then I recollected the ancient legend of the Greek ship which sailed upon the *Ægean* Sea, in the first century after the birth of Christ.

It was mid-day, and calm weather. Suddenly a voice sounded from above, overhead the steersman: "If thou sail to yonder island, call with a loud voice—'The great Pan is dead!'"

The steersman was bewildered, terrified. But when the ship reached the island he obeyed, and cried: "The great Pan is dead!"

And immediately, along the whole extent of the shore (although the island was uninhabited), as if in answer to his call, were heard loud sobs mingled with moans and lamentable cries: "He is dead, dead; the great Pan!"

I now remembered this legend, . . . and a curious idea occurred to me. What if I also were to utter a cry?

But face to face with the surrounding joy—how could I think of death there? And I cried from thence with all my might: "He has arisen from the dead; the great Pan has arisen!"

And, wonder of wonders! in answer to my cry there arose from the whole wide crescent of green hills a universal murmur, joyful laughter, and sounds of mirth. "He is arisen! Pan is arisen!" cried youthful voices. And all around me broke into happy exultation; clearer than the sun above, livelier than the brooks that murmured below the sward. Hurrying footsteps approached, and through the green thickets gleamed limbs of marble whiteness, and rosy, naked forms. These were the nymphs! Nymphs, Dryads, Bacchantes, who were hastening from the heights above down to the valley.

And they appeared at the same moment at the verges of all the forests. Their divine heads were wreathed with curling tresses, garlands and tambours were in their hands; while laughter, resounding Olympic laughter, rose and echoed around them.

In front hovered the goddess. She is fairer and statelier than all, with a quiver on her shoulder, the bow in her hand, and the silver sickle of the moon amid her tresses.

Diana—is it thou?

But suddenly the goddess remained standing motionless. The nymphs followed her example. The clear laughter died away. In indescribable terror, and with open mouths, their widely-distended eyes gazed into the distance.

I turned to follow the direction of their gaze. Beyond the meadows, on the extreme verge of the horizon, the golden cross glittered like a point of fire upon the white tower of a Christian Church. . . . The goddess had perceived this cross.

Behind me I heard a long, sobbing sigh, like the trembling of a snapped

chord, and when I turned again the nymphs had vanished. The dense forest was green as before, and here and there, through the thick network of twigs, white gleams shimmered and then disappeared. Whether they were the limbs of the nymphs, or merely streaks of mist arising from the valley, I know not.

But still how I pitied the vanished goddess!

December, 1878.

THE ENEMY AND THE FRIEND.

A prisoner, who had been condemned to life-long imprisonment, escaped from his dungeon, and took to flight.

The officers of justice pursued him, and were close upon his heels.

But he ran with all his might, and the pursuers were left behind.

Suddenly he arrived at the steep bank of a stream—a narrow but deep stream. He could not swim.

Both banks were spanned by a single rotten plank. The fugitive promptly stepped upon it. . . . It happened, however, that here, by this river, were his best friend and his bitterest foe.

The enemy said nothing, but simply crossed his arms; but on the other hand, the friend cried: "In the name of God! what are you doing? Recollect yourself, fool! Can you not see that the plank is quite decayed? It will break under your weight, and then your destruction is inevitable!"

"But there is no other way across! . . . and the pursuers, . . . can you not hear them?" groaned the unfortunate man despairingly, and he stepped upon the plank.

"I will not suffer it! No, I will not permit your ruin!" cried the eager friend, and he dragged the plank from under the fugitive's feet, who fell into the boiling waves and was drowned.

The enemy laughed complacently and departed; but the friend sat down upon the river bank and wept bitterly over his poor, poor friend.

"He would not follow my advice! He would not hear me," he whispered sadly.

"Besides," he said at last, "he would have had to languish his whole life long in a frightful dungeon. Now he is released from all his sufferings!—he is at rest. It was his fate.

"Nevertheless I am deeply grieved!—on the ground of humanity."

And the good soul sobbed, and was long inconsolable for the unhappy fate of his friend.

December, 1878.

CHRIST.

I saw myself as a youth, a mere boy, in a lowly village church. Before the holy pictures the slender tapers glowed like red sparks.

A rainbow-tinted halo surrounded each little flame. Inside the church it was sad and gloomy, but I saw many people therein.

Nothing but brown-haired peasants' heads! To and fro they came, with an undulating movement; prostrated themselves, and then arose, just as the ripe ears of corn bow when the summer breeze stirs them like the waves.

Suddenly some one came behind me, and knelt beside me.

I did not turn round, but instantly I had a feeling that this man—was Christ.

Emotion, curiosity, and fear all took possession of me at the same moment. I turned and surveyed my neighbor.

His face was just the same as any other—a countenance like every other human face. The eyes gazed mildly and earnestly upward. The lips were closed, but not compressed; the upper lip seemed to rest upon the lower one. His beard was not long, it was divided below the chin. The hands were folded and motionless. His clothing also was similar to other people's.

"Can that be Christ?" I thought. "Such a plain, a perfectly plain man! It is impossible!"

I turned away. But scarcely had I removed my gaze from this plain man, when it again struck me that He who stood beside me was truly Christ.

Once more I looked upon Him, and again I saw the same face, that appeared to me like any other man's face—those same commonplace, though to me unknown, features.

But at last the idea was torment to me, and I collected my thoughts. And then it first dawned upon me that just such an ordinary, human face was indeed the face of Christ.

December, 1878.

THE STONE.

Have you ever remarked an old gray stone lying on the sea-shore at flood-tide on a spring day ; the throbbing waves washing around it, caressing it, fawning on it, and clinging to it, and crowning its moss-grown head with a dazzling, pearly shower of glittering foam !

The stone remains ever the same—only its gloomy surface glitters with brighter hues.

And these hues bear witness that once in some bygone age, before the liquid granite had scarce begun to consolidate, it glowed throughout with fiery colors.

So was it also with my aged heart, when, a short while since, youthful, feminine souls encircled it on every side ; under their caressing touch the long-since faded colors sparkled afresh, and glowed with their former ardor.

The waves floated back, . . . but the hues are not yet quite faded, though a piercing wind effaces them yet more and more.

May, 1879.

THE DOVES.

I stood upon the summit of a gently-swelling hill ; before me stretched a field of rye, like a glittering sea of gold and silver. No curling waves glided over this sea ; the sultry breeze stirred not—a mighty thunderstorm was approaching.

Where I stood the sun still shone hot ; but there, across the field, not far distant, lay a dark blue thunder-cloud ; it hung like some gigantic burden over one half of the vault of heaven.

Everything sought shelter. . . . Everything groaned beneath the evil-boding glare of the last lingering sun-beam. Not a bird is to be seen, nor utters the softest chirp, even the sparrow has hidden himself.

What an intense odor from the worm-wood in the meadow ! I glance up toward the gloomy thunder-cloud, . . . and disquietude takes possession of my soul. "Now haste, haste !" . . . I thought ; "flash, thou golden serpent, and roll, thunder ! Mount on high, and descend ; discharge thy flood, grim cloud, and shorten this agonizing suspense !"

But the thunder-cloud stirred not. It weighed heavily as before upon the

silent earth—it seemed to swell ever more and more, and to grow still more sombre.

All at once, a lightly-hovering object gleamed forth, a contrast against the uniform gloom of the cloud. It resembled a white kerchief or a snowball ; it was a white dove ; it was flying across from the village.

It flew and flew straightforward. . . . At last it vanished behind the forest.

A few moments elapsed—this same oppressive stillness yet prevailed.

There, look ! Now there are two kerchiefs, two snowballs, gleaming there and flying back ; two white doves, who steer homeward with a tranquil flight.

And now at last the storm broke forth—the tumult arose.

I scarce had time to gain the house. A strong wind roared and whistled ; orange-hued, low-hanging clouds rushed along, as if torn to shreds ; everything whirled and revolved around ; a heavy shower of rain clashed and rattled down in vertical streams ; the lightning blinded with its green fire ; there was a scent of sulphur in the air.

Under the leaves, at the verge of the garret window, two doves sit side by side : that one, which flew to fetch its mate, and this, which perhaps has been rescued from death by the other.

Both are pluming their feathers, and nestle closely to each other.

It is well with you ! And while I contemplate them, it is also well with me . . . although I am alone—alone forevermore.

May, 1879.

NATURE.

I dreamed that I stepped into a vast subterranean, highly-arched hall. A subterranean, vast light illuminated it.

In the middle of this hall was seated the majestic figure of a woman, clothed in a green robe that fell in many folds around her. Her head rested upon her hand ; she seemed to be sunk in deep meditation.

Instantly I comprehended that this woman must be—Nature herself, and a sudden feeling of respectful terror stole into my awed soul.

I approached the woman, and saluting her with reverence, I cried, "Oh, Mother of us all ! on what dost thou

meditate? Thinkest thou, perchance, of the future fate of humanity? or of the path along which mankind must journey in order to attain the greatest possible perfection, the highest happiness?"

The woman slowly turned her dark, threatening eyes upon me. Her lips moved, and in a tremendous, metallic voice, she replied:

"I was pondering how to bestow greater strength upon the muscles of the flea's legs, so that it may the more easily escape from its enemies. The balance betwixt attack and flight is deranged—it must be readjusted."

"What," I stammered, "is that thy only meditation? Are not we—mankind—thy best-loved and most precious children?"

The woman slightly bent her brows and replied: "All living creatures are my children; I cherish all equally, and annihilate all without distinction!"

"But Virtue—Reason—Justice!" I faltered.

"Those are human words!" replied the brazen voice. "I know neither good nor evil. Reason to me is no law! and what is Justice? I gave thee life, I take it from thee and give it unto others; worms or men—all are the same to me. . . . And thou must maintain thyself meanwhile, and leave me in peace!"

I would have replied, but the earth quaked and trembled, and I awoke.

August, 1879.

HANG HIM!

"It was in the year 1803," began my old friend, "and not long before Austerlitz. The regiment in which I was an officer was stationed in Moravia.

"We were strictly forbidden either to oppress or to annoy the inhabitants; but in spite of this they looked askance at us, although we were their allies.

"I had a comrade, a serf who had formerly belonged to my mother, called Jegor. He was an honest, quiet fellow; I had known him from youth upward, and treated him as a friend.

"One day there arose lamentations, clamor, and abuse in the house where I dwelt. Some one had robbed the mistress of two hens, and she accused my comrade of the theft. He strove to vin-

dicate himself, and called me as witness. . . . He, Jegor Awtamonow—a thief! I assured the woman of Jegor's honesty, but she would not listen to me.

"Suddenly the trample of horses was heard in the street. It was the commander-in-chief with his staff.

"He rode at a walking pace; a corpulent, bloated man, his head was bowed, and his epaulettes hung down over his breast.

"As soon as the woman saw him, she threw herself upon her knees, her hair in disorder, before his horse; complained loudly of my comrade, and pointed with her finger at him.

"General!" she cried; 'Justice, my lord! Help! Rescue! This soldier has plundered me!'

"Jegor stood upon the threshold of the house in a soldierly attitude, his cap in his hand. He had even expanded his chest, and placed his feet in position—exactly like a sentinel—but no sound escaped from his lips. Had the array of generals, standing close before him in the street, intimidated him? or had the danger that threatened him transformed him into stone? In short, there stood my Jegor, only his eyes moved, and he was white as chalk.

"The commander-in-chief threw an absent, surly look at him, and growled irritably, 'Well?' . . . Jegor stood there like a statue; his teeth showed. An indifferent spectator would really have imagined that he was smiling.

"Then the commander-in-chief said shortly, 'Hang him!' spurred his horse and rode away, at a walking-pace as before, and then at a quick trot; the whole staff followed him. Only one solitary adjutant turned in his saddle, and glanced carelessly at Jegor.

"It was impossible to disregard the command. Jegor was instantly seized, and led off to execution.

"At first he shrank from death; and twice he cried in agony, 'My God! Help!' After that he added to himself in an undertone, 'God is my witness, it was not I.'

"He wept bitterly when he bade adieu to me. I was in despair. 'Jegor, Jegor!' I cried, 'why did you not reply to the general?'

"'God is my witness, it was not I!' replied the poor fellow sobbing. The

mistress herself was shocked. She had not in the least anticipated such a frightful issue, and she began, on her side, to howl. She begged forbearance of every one, wringing her hands; she protested that she had found her hens, that she was ready to explain all. . . .

"But naturally all this led to no result. This, my dear sir, is military form—discipline! The woman lamented terribly.

"Jegor, who had already been confessed by the priest, and who had partaken of the sacrament, turned to me: 'Tell her, one of noble birth,* not to grieve so. I have quite forgiven her.'"

My friend, as he repeated these last words of his servant, whispered—"Jegoruscha, my little dove, thou righteous one!" and the tears streamed down his cheeks.

August, 1879.

"THE ROSES WERE LOVELY, THE
ROSES WERE FRESH. . . ."

Somewhere and some time, long, long ago, I read a poem, and soon forgot it. Only the first stanza lingered in my memory:

"The roses were lovely, the roses were
fresh. . . ."

It is winter now; the frost has covered the window-panes with rime; a solitary light burns in the gloomy chamber. I sit in a corner, and through my brain rings ever and ever:

"The roses were lovely, the roses were
fresh. . . ."

I see myself standing before the low window of a Russian country house. The summer day softly sinks to rest and fades into the night; a scent of mignonne and lime blossom is wafted on the gentle breeze. A girl sits in the window seat, supported by her outstretched arm, and her head bent over one shoulder. She gazes fixedly and silently toward the sky, as if she would there mark the first glimmer of the stars. Those thoughtful eyes—how full of faith! how pathetically innocent are the half-parted, questioning lips! how calmly heaves the undeveloped bosom, as yet untouched by passion, and how pure and delicate is the outline of the youthful face! I

cannot trust myself to speak to her; but how dear she is to me! how my heart beats!

"The roses were lovely, the roses were
fresh. . . ."

Darker and darker it grows within the chamber. . . . The expiring taper crackles in the socket, and fleeting shadows wave on the low-browed ceiling. Beyond the walls, the frost gnashes and rages outside. . . . I can only hear the sad, dreary whisper:

"The roses were lovely, the roses were
fresh. . . ."

Other pictures of the past rise before me. I hear the cheerful bustle of country family life. Two little brown-haired heads, pressing close to each other, gaze fearlessly into my face with their clear eyes; the rosy cheeks quiver with suppressed laughter; the hands are firmly entwined; the hearty childish voices ring out in loud confusion; and behind, in the old kindly chamber, young, frequently-erring fingers hasten over the keyboard of an ancient, worn-out piano, and the Lanner'schen Waltzes cannot succeed in drowning the patriarchal hum of the Ssamowar!

"The roses were lovely, the roses were
fresh. . . ."

. . . . The light dies out, and all is dark. What hoarse and hollow cough was that? Curled up at my feet, shivering, and at times starting in his sleep, lies the old dog, my only companion. I am cold. . . . All are dead. . . . All dead! . . .

"The roses were lovely, the roses were
fresh. . . ."

September, 1879.

A SEA VOYAGE.

Once I sailed in a little steamer from Hamburg to London. We two were the only passengers—I and a little monkey, a female Nisiti, that a Hamburg merchant was sending as a gift to his English partner.

The little creature was on deck, fastened by a chain to a bench; it strained at its chain, and piped complainingly like a bird.

Each time that I passed by, it stretched out its cold, black hand toward me and gazed straight at me with mel-

* A form of address in Russia.

ancholy, almost human, eyes. I took its hand—and it ceased to pipe, and to pull its chain.

We were becalmed. The sea lay there like a motionless, leaden lake. Its extent did not appear great, for a thick fog, which veiled even the peaks of the mast, lay upon it. The sun hung like a dull red speck in this gloomy fog ; toward evening, however, it shone forth, and spread a strange mysterious red over the sky.

Long, even ripples, like the folds of massive, silken stuffs, swept back from the prow of the vessel ; they parted, curled, and then lay smooth, and at last vanished with a splash. The whirling foam grew into balls beneath the monotonously churning wheel ; it became milky, and, lightly frothing, was scattered around ; then flowed along in serpentine streaks, also to disappear, and to be swallowed up by the dense fog.

And incessantly complaining, intolerable as the monkey's squeak, sounded the tinkle of the little bell on the helm.

Here and there a seal sprang up, plunged head over heels, and then disappeared under the gently-curling plain.

The captain, a taciturn man with dark, sunburned features, stood smoking his short pipe, and sullenly spitting into the motionless sea.

To all my questions he only replied by short murmurs ; I was therefore, though against my will, forced to consort with my sole fellow-voyager, the monkey.

I seated myself beside it—it ceased complaining, and stretched out its hand to me.

The continual fog enveloped us in its drowsy atmosphere ; together we sat there, sunk in the same unconscious brooding, like two relations.

I smile now when I think of it. . . . I felt differently then.

But we have all a mother's heart for children—and it was sweet to me to see how confidently quiet the little creature grew, and how it clung to me, as to a friend.

November, 1879.

THE MONK.

I knew a monk, a hermit, a saint. He lived solely for the delight of prayer ; and, intoxicated with praying, remained so long standing upon the cold pave-

ment of the church, until his legs below the knees swelled, and became stony pillars. They lost all sense of feeling ; still he stood there and prayed.

I understood him—perhaps envied him even—and he also will understand me, but he shall not break his staff upon me, for I cannot attain his joys.

He has succeeded in annihilating his detested Self ; but, if I am unable to pray, it is not because of self-love.

To me, Self is perhaps even more burdensome and hateful than it was to him. He has discovered that in which he forgets himself. I also have found it—Oblivion—though not forever.

He lies not, neither do I lie.

November, 1879.

WE WILL STRUGGLE.

What an insignificant trifle may often give quite a different turn to the affairs of men !

Once I went pensively along the street.

Dark forebodings filled my breast, despair took possession of my being.

I raised my head. . . . Straight before me, between two rows of poplar trees, stretched the way like an arrow.

And over against the path, some ten paces distant from me, a family of sparrows were hopping about in the marsh—sprightly, merry, and full of confidence.

One in particular drew attention to himself by the fearless way in which he hopped about ; he swelled out his breast, and chirped as impudently as if the devil himself could not harm him. Without doubt, some conqueror !

Meanwhile, high overhead in heaven, a hawk was wheeling, whose intention perhaps was to devour this same conqueror.

I saw this, it made me laugh, and I took courage ; the gloomy thoughts vanished ; I felt once more courage, enterprise, vital power.

May not also a hawk be wheeling above my head ? The devil himself ! We will struggle !

November, 1879.

PRAYER.

Man may pray for anything ; he prays for miracles. Every prayer is after this fashion : " Great God, grant that two and two may not make four."

And such a prayer only is a true prayer from one to another. To pray to the Anima Mundi, to the Deity, to the God of Kant and Hegel ; to pray to the abstract, unsubstantial god, is impossible, not to be thought of.

But can even a personal, living, actual God cause two and two not to become four ?

Every true believer is bound to answer : " Yes, He can do that ! " and he is bound to bring his own mind to this conviction.

But what if his own reason contradicts such senselessness ?

Then Shakespeare comes to his aid :

" There are more things in heaven and earth,
Horatio,
Than are dreamt of in our philosophy. . . . "
etc.

But if one, in the name of truth, contradicts him ? He need only repeat the famous question : " What is truth ? "

Therefore, let us drink and be merry and pray.

July, 1881.

THE RUSSIAN LANGUAGE.

In days of doubt, in days of agonizing reflections on the fate of my Home, thou alone art my stay and my staff—oh, great, mighty, true, and free Russian tongue ! If thou wert not, would it be possible not to despair at this moment over all that is happening in my home ? But it cannot be possible that such a language could be given to any but to a great people.—*Macmillan's Magazine.*

June, 1882.

THE OLD AND NEW CYNICS.

THERE seem plenty of indications that the present day is likely to witness a revival of that cynical tone of thought which first grew into a school of thought, so far as we know, as a consequence of the sober and earnest irony of Socrates. Mr. Traill's very clever dialogues seem, for instance, to have no drift unless it be a cynical drift, *i.e.*, the drift of showing that almost every conceivable position can be made to look plausible by one clever man, and made to look utterly empty by another equally clever man, so that almost all convictions can be paired off against each other, and the equal and opposite waves of light shown to result in the darkness of indifference. At all events, if a cynical wave of thought be at hand, as we are disposed to think, we should ascribe it, as in the time of Socrates, to that spirit of eager and earnest questioning of the foundations of religion and ethics which has undoubtedly been long prevalent among us. When Cynicism first appeared in the world, it was professedly grounded on a depreciation of everything except the majesty of virtue, and one of the greatest Cynics was spoken of as " Socrates gone mad." The founder of the School used to deprecate even rudimentary education, on the ground that all virtue is inward, and

that reading and writing can only mislead men from the inward standard, by diverting them from the true source of moral knowledge. And yet there was certainly a great fascination in the old Cynicism. The celebrated Diogenes so fascinated his hearers, that there is a legend of a brother and a father going in succession to reclaim a young man who had fallen a victim to the fascination of Diogenes, and who, instead of reclaiming the wanderer, remained with him as disciples. We suppose that there has always been a fascination about the showing-up of the world, especially if the accomplished master of the art of showing-up the world, really seems to have anything better than the world to cling to, as the Greek Cynics not only *professed* to have, but undoubtedly believed themselves to have. Mere satirists like our modern cynics do not exert this fascination, because their exposure of the hollowness of things is felt to be itself hollow, since it is founded on the assumption of universal hollowness. But the old cynicism was not open to this retort. It believed itself at least to have laid a solid foundation for human goodness in creating a massive type of human character. The old cynicism was more like the cynicism of Carlyle than the cynicism of Vivian

Grey. It attached the greatest importance to the transcendental view of virtue. It made light only of what it treated as the accidents of life—though women, as a class, were included in those accidents, and Diogenes, when he saw two unhappy women hanging lifeless to a tree, is said to have breathed the wish that every tree would bear such fruit as that. A more cruel form of cynicism than that which gave expression to such a wish could hardly have been imagined, had not the bark of the old Cynics been a good deal worse than their bite; but no doubt a great deal must be allowed for the exaggerations of a school which saw what havoc the love of women made with their teaching as to the absolute irrelevancy of all outward circumstances to the strength of the virtuous soul. Cynicism, in the original meaning of the term, certainly owed its attraction partly to its exposures of the hollowness of earthly pleasures, but mainly to the intensity of its professed faith in virtue—its ascetic resistance to the softness and the luxury of a self-indulgent age. And the more modern cynicism, which deprecates not merely even what it regards as the accidents of life, but the significance of life itself, will exert none of the fascination which Diogenes in his tub exerted over the Athenians; for exaggerated as his doctrine was, it rested on the hardest belief in virtue of which man is capable, and erred, indeed, by overtasking in every way the resources of spiritual independence, and not by knocking the bottom out of all excellence, as modern satirists are so apt to do. The old Cynics disparaged science, because they held that a devotion to science diverts and fritters away men's moral strength; they disparaged the affections, because men dependent on them are not masters of themselves; they ran down beauty, because beauty casts a spell over men which enfeebles their characters in public life; they deprecated the whole apparatus of government and civilization, because they regarded all that apparatus as instrumental in reducing man to a link in a great system of machinery, when he ought to stand self-poised and self-sufficient in the pride of hardy individualism. In short, the snappishness of Cynicism was, undoubtedly, in its

origin, snappishness at the engrossing pleasures, luxuries, and outward attractions which seemed to be drawing man away from his true self—only the Cynic Philosophers had a very contracted notion of what man's true self was, and recognized far too little, that just as a man's physical food is to be found outside him, so the food of his mind and heart is to be found outside him, too. None the less, they preached a very sound view, when they taught that a man may easily become so dependent on the accidents of life that those accidents will be indispensable to him, and that when stripped of them he will be stripped of part of himself, and that this is unworthy of him. With all their extravagances, those cynics who drove home the doctrine that the indulgences of life ought to be easily separable from it, and to leave the inner man uninjured, were not cynics of our modern sort. They endeavored to strengthen the moral personality, and to make that outweigh what we now call its "setting"—to show that there was a germ of solidity beneath the hollowness of mere pleasures and transient affections. Modern cynics seem to take pleasure in showing the hollowness of that very inward man whom the old cynics sought to strengthen; they want to prove emptiness at the centre itself, whereas the old cynics proposed to lean on the centre, and to make light only of that which embeds the soul in ease, or flatters it with sweet sensations or emotions.

One reason of the greater depth of modern cynicism is, no doubt, that which was suggested by the Dean of St. Paul's in his fine Christmas-Day sermon, namely, that the ancient world, even in its highest religious ideals, made the relation of man to God no conscious and substantial part of that ideal, while the modern world has been compelled to do so. Of course, the result has been that we have recognized as the ancients never recognized, that man is not independent of external being, but absolutely dependent on external being; and that, without God, man has no hope, no career, no substantial existence in the proper sense at all. This profound and widely diffused belief in the religious dependence of man, has necessarily undermined the sturdier

school of cynicism, for those who doubt man's dependence on God of course go on to doubt him altogether, and can no longer insist on ascribing to him that inner kernel of independent life which it was the aim of the early cynics to save from the wreck of all that they regarded as the furniture and pleasant appliances of life, nay, to save in even increased vitality by reason of the wreck of that furniture and those appliances. We see that even the deepest sceptics now—so long as they are not cynics, but sceptics of the humanist kind—instead of encouraging man to stand up boldly and defy the world, attempt to provide him with some feeble substitute for the religion that they ignore, surrounding him with a number of soft observances which appear to be intended rather as anodynes for his sense of loneliness, than as equivalents for the faith he has lost. The new cynics, on the other hand, naturally laugh at all these poor attempts to cover the blank, and delight in showing how hollow is everything—happiness, love, grief, faith, fidelity, and man himself. The modern cynicism thus throws doubt on the solidity of everything, the soul of man included; the ancient cynicism threw doubts only on the solidity of everything outside the soul of man. Nor is the difference in any way surprising. A Universe from which, in modern belief, the Divine has disappeared, is not a Universe in which it is any longer worth while to uphold the soul as standing firm by its own innate strength. The religious conception of the human soul, as finding its perfection in submission and love to God, had gone so deep, that where that

ideal of it disappears, every ideal of spiritual strength disappears with it, and the utter hollowness of life becomes the natural axiom of the sceptical intellect. Cynicism with us, thus means the disbelief in all realities worth believing in—the discovery or presumed discovery that “the pillared firmament is rottenness, and earth's base built on stubble.” Thus cynicism, which used to mean only contempt for the solacements of life, now means contempt for its best things. Those who now find hollowness in the human affections, necessarily find hollowness also in the scheme of things which makes the human affections of so much account to us, hollowness in the whole order of the Universe and in the very cast of the human mind itself. Formerly, it was otherwise; it was possible for a depreciation of the outward arrangements of life to imply a profound belief in that inward dignity which repudiated the need for such arrangements. Now, however, either we believe in God with all our hearts, and therefore in all which God has provided for eliciting a higher order of character in man; or if we do not, those who are realists, those who are not disposed to live in a world of dreams, disbelieve in man with all their hearts, not merely on the ground of his self-indulgence, his effeminacy, his helpless disposition to lean on temporary supports, but on the ground of his incapacity for truth, his inconstancy in love, his opportunist conscience, and his weak craving for what they hold to be an impossible religion. The strong side of the ancient cynicism is almost inaccessible to the modern cynic.—*Spectator*.

LISZT.

BY REV. H. R. HAWEIS.

WHO has not heard of Liszt? Who has heard Liszt? I suppose to most of us in England he is personally a great tradition and nothing more; his compositions, indeed, form the chief *pièces de résistance* of our annual crop of piano-forte recitals, but the man and his playing are alike unknown. He has already

become historical during his lifetime. Only by a happy chance can I reckon myself among the few who have lately heard Liszt play.

I happened to be staying in Rome, and Liszt kindly invited me over to the Villa d'Este twice.

There at Tivoli alone with him he

conversed with me of the times long gone by—of Mendelssohn, of Paganini, of Chopin.

There in the warm light of an Italian autumn, subdued by the dark-red curtains that hung in his study, with an old-world silence around us, he sat at his piano once more ; and as he played to me the clock of time went back, and Chopin entered with his pale, refined face, his slight aristocratic figure ; Heine sat restlessly in a dark corner ; Mme. Sand reclined in the deep window-niche overlooking the desolate Campagna, with Rome in the distance ; De Lamennais stood at the foot of the piano—a delicate, yet sinewy and mobile frame—with his noble eager face all aglow, his eloquent tongue silent, listening to the inspiration of another believer in another *evangelium*—the evangelium of the emotions, the Gospel of Art.

Shadows all of you, yet to me for an hour, in the deep solitude of the great Cardinal's palace alone with Liszt, more real than the men and women of our lesser day.

Liszt is the embodiment of an epoch. In religion, politics, and philosophy he represents that creative ferment through which the genius of the nineteenth century has come to the understanding and possession of itself. The Romanticism of 1830-40, with all its deplorable aberrations, its reactionary and one-sided views, its hazardous experiments, its impatience of authority, its childlike and impulsive fancy, was nevertheless a great creative period.

Then were sown the seeds that have since germinated so gloriously in literature, and art, and politics throughout Europe. Then flourished, or at least were born, the men who impressed this century with its peculiar characteristics—its insatiable thirst for knowledge, boundless curiosity, noble upward endeavor, despairing scepticism, trembling hope, eager love of life and intense belief in itself, intuitive convictions which every decade has done something to deepen and perhaps to justify.

It was the age of Liszt, of Paganini, Thalberg ; of Mendelssohn, Schumann, Spohr, Chopin, Wagner ; of Lamartine, George Sand, Alfred de Musset, Victor Hugo ; of Byron, Shelley, Coleridge,

Scott, and Wordsworth—age of upheaval and revolution, ferment of new life, unsettlement of old opinions. The political heavens were full of portents ; the firmament of Art flashing with meteors ; the social world alive and palpitating with new theories of life, which mistook license for liberty—truly an age convulsed with the violence of the old aboriginal impulses suddenly let loose.

One thousand eight hundred and eleven was the year of the great comet—a year which, we are told, re-echoed with the sounds of the lyre and the sword, and announced so many pioneering spirits of the future.

In 1811 was Franz Liszt born. He had the hot Hungarian blood of his father, the fervid German spirit of his mother, and he inherited the lofty independence, with none of the class prejudices, of the old Hungarian nobility from which he sprang.

Liszt's father, Adam, earned a modest livelihood as agent and accountant in the house of Count Esterhazy. In that great musical family inseparably associated with the names of Haydn and Schubert,* Adam Liszt had frequent opportunities of meeting distinguished musicians. The Prince's private band had risen to public fame under the instruction of the venerable Haydn himself. The Liszt's, father and son, often went to Eisenstadt, where the count lived ; there they rubbed elbows with Cherubini and Hummel, a pupil of Mozart.

Franz took to music from his earliest childhood. When about five years old he was asked what he would like to do. "Learn the piano," said the little fellow. Soon afterward his father asked him what he would like to be ; the child pointed to a print of Beethoven hanging on the wall, and said, "Like him." Long before his feet could reach the pedals or his fingers stretch an octave, the boy spent all his spare time strumming, making what he called "clangs," chords, and modulations. He mastered scales and exercises without difficulty.

But there was a certain intensity in all he did, which seemed to wear him out. He was attacked with fever, but

* See my *Music and Morals*, sections 96, 106.

would hardly be persuaded to lie down until completely exhausted ; then he lay and prayed aloud to God to make him well, and vowed that on his recovery he would only make hymns and play music which pleased God and his parents. The strong lines of his character early asserted themselves—religious ardor, open sincerity, a certain nobleness of mind that scorned a lie and generously confessed to a fault, quick affections, ready sympathies, a mind singularly without prejudices or antipathies, except in music. Liszt's musical antipathies are matters of world-wide notoriety ; his hatred of "Conservatorium" dogma, his contempt for the musical doctrinaire, his aversion to the shallow and frivolous, his abhorrence of mere sensationalism.

The boy's decided bent soon banished all thought of anything but a musical vocation, but the *res angustæ domi* stood in the way.

How was he to be taught ? how was he to be heard ? how to earn money ? That personal fascination, from which no one who has ever come in contact with Liszt has quite escaped, helped him thus early. When eight years old, he played before Count Esterhazy in the presence of six noblemen, among them Counts Amadee, Apponyi, and Szapary—eternal honor to their names ! They at once subscribed for him an annuity of six hundred gulden for six years. This was to help the little prodigy to a musical education.

His parents felt the whole importance of the crisis. If the boy was to prosper, the father's present retired life with a fixed income must be exchanged for an unsettled, wandering and precarious existence. "When the six years are over, and your hopes prove vain, what will become of us ?" said his mother, who heard, with tears in her eyes, that father was going to give up the agency and settle down wherever the boy might need instruction, protection, and a home. "Mother," said the impetuous child, "what God wills !" and he added prophetically enough, "God will help me to repay you for all your anxieties and for what you do for me." And with what results he labored in this faith, years afterward in Paris, we shall see.

The agency was thrown up ; the humble family, mother, father, son, went out alone from the little Hungarian village into an unknown and untried world, simply trusting to the genius, the will, the word of an obscure child of eight : "I will be a musician, and nothing else !"

As the child knelt at his farewell mass in the little village church of Raiding, many wept, others shook their heads, but some even then seemed to have a presentiment of his future greatness, and said, "That boy will one day come back in a glass coach." This modest symbol represented to them the idea of boundless wealth.

Hummel would only teach for a golden louis a lesson, and then picked his pupils ; but at Vienna the father and son fell in with Czerny, Beethoven's pupil, and the famous Salieri, now seventy years old.

Czerny at once took to Liszt, but refused to take anything for his instruction. Salieri was also fascinated, and instructed him in harmony ; and fortunate it was that Liszt began his course under two such strict mentors.

He soon began to resent Czerny's method—thought he knew better and needed not those dry studies of Clementi and that irksome fingering by rule—he could finger everything in half a dozen different ways. There was a moment when it seemed that master and pupil would have to part, but timely concessions to genius paved the way to dutiful submission, and years afterward the great master dedicated to the rigid disciplinarian of his boyhood his "Vingtquatre Grandes Etudes" in affectionate remembrance.

Young talent often splits upon the rock of self-sufficiency. Many a clever artist has failed because in the pride of youthful facility he has declined the method and drudgery of a correct technique.

Such a light as Liszt's could not be long hid ; all Vienna in 1822 was talking of the wonderful boy. "Est deus in nobis," wrote the papers rather profanely. The "little Hercules," the "young giant," the boy "virtuoso from the clouds," were among the epithets coined to celebrate his marvellous rendering of Hummel's "Concerto in

A" and a free "Fantasia" of his own.

The Vienna Concert Hall was crowded to hear him, and the other illustrious artists—then, as indeed they have been ever since forced to do wherever Liszt appeared—effaced themselves with as good a grace as they could.

It is a remarkable tribute to the generous nature as well as to the consummate ability of Liszt, that, while opposing partisans have fought bitterly over him—Thalbergites, Herzites, Mendelssohnites *versus* Lisztites—yet few of the great artists who have, one after another, had to yield to him in popularity have denied to him their admiration, while most of them have given him their friendship.

Liszt early wooed and early won Vienna. He spoke ever of his dear Viennese and their "resounding city."

When I saw Liszt at Tivoli in 1880, I remember his saying to me, "J'ai reçu le célèbre baiser de Beethoven." I find that Beethoven's secretary, Schindler, wrote in 1823 to Beethoven: "You will be present at little Liszt's concert will you not? It will encourage the boy. Promise me that you will go." And Beethoven went. When the "little Liszt" stepped on to the platform, he saw Beethoven in the front row; it nerved instead of staggering him—he played with an *abandon* and inspiration which defied criticism. Amid the storm of applause which followed, Beethoven was observed to step up on the platform, take the young virtuoso in his arms, and embrace him, as Liszt assured me, "on both cheeks." This was an event not to be lightly forgotten, and hardly after fifty-seven years to be alluded to without a certain awe; indeed, Liszt's voice quite betrayed his sense of the seriousness of the occasion as he repeated, with a certain conscious pride and gravity, "Oui, j'ai, reçu le baiser de Beethoven."

A concert tour on his way to Paris brought him before the critical public of Stuttgart and Munich. Hummel, an old man, and Moscheles, then in his prime, heard him and declared that his playing was equal to theirs. But Liszt was bent upon completing his studies in the celebrated school of the French

capital, and at the feet of the old musical dictator Cherubini.

The Erards, who were destined to owe so much to Liszt, and to whom Liszt throughout his career has owed so much, at once provided him with a magnificent piano; but Cherubini put in force a certain by-law of the Conservatoire excluding foreigners, and excluded Franz Liszt.

This was a bitter pill to the eager student. He hardly knew how little he required such patronage. In a very short time "*le petit Liszt*" was the great Paris sensation. The old *noblesse* tried to spoil him with flattery, the Duchess de Berri drugged him with bonbons, the Duke of Orleans called him the "little Mozart." He gave private concerts at which Herz, Moscheles, Lafont, and De Beriot, assisted. Rossini would sit by his side at the piano and applaud. He was a "miracle." The company never tired of extolling his "verve, fougue et originalité," while the ladies, who petted and caressed him after each performance, were delighted at his simple and graceful carriage, the elegance of his language, and the perfect breeding and propriety of his demeanor.

He was only twelve when he played for the first time at the Italian Opera, and one of those singular incidents which remind one of Paganini's triumphs occurred.

At the close of a *bravura cadenza* the band forgot to come in, so absorbed were the musicians in watching the young prodigy. Their failure was worth a dozen successes to Liszt. The ball of the marvellous was fairly set rolling.

Gall, the inventor of phrenology, took a cast of the little Liszt's skull; Talma, the tragedian, embraced him publicly with effusion; and the misanthropic Marquis de Noailles became his mentor, and initiated him into the art of painting.

In 1824, Liszt, then thirteen years old, came with his father to England; his mother returned to Austria.

He went down to Windsor to see George IV., who was delighted with him, and Liszt, speaking of him to me, said: "I was very young at the time,

but I remember the King very well—a fine pompous-looking gentleman.”

In London he met Clementi whose exercises he had so objected to, Cipriani Potter, Cramer, also of exercise celebrity, Kalkbrenner, Neate, then a fashionable pianist, once a great favorite of George III., and whom I remember about thirty years ago in extreme old age. He described to me the poor old king's delight at hearing him play some simple English melodies. “I assure you, Mr Neate,” said George III., “I have had more pleasure in hearing you play those simple airs than in all the variations and tricks your fine players affect.”

George IV., went to Drury Lane on purpose to hear the boy, and commanded an encore. Liszt was also heard in the theatre at Manchester, and in several private houses.

On his return to France people noticed a change in him. He was now fourteen, grave, serious, often pre-occupied, already a little tired of praise, and excessively tired of being called “le petit Liszt.” His vision began to take a wider sweep. The relation between art and religion exercised him. His mind was naturally devout. Thomas à Kempis was his constant companion. “Rejoice in nothing but a good deed;” “Through labor to rest, through combat to victory;” “the glory which men give and take is transitory”—these and like phrases were already deeply engraven on the fleshly tablets of his heart. Amid all his glowing triumphs he was developing a curious disinclination to appear in public; he seemed to yearn for solitude and meditation.

In 1827 he now again hurried to England for a short time, but his father's sudden illness drove them to Boulogne, where, in his forty-seventh year, died Adam Liszt, leaving the young Franz for the first time in his life, at the early age of sixteen, unprotected and alone.

Rousing himself from the bodily prostration and torpor of grief into which he had been thrown by the death of his father, Franz, with admirable energy and that high sense of honor which has always distinguished him, began to set his house in order.

He called in all his debts, sold his

magnificent grand Erard, and left Boulogne for Paris with a heavy heart and a light pocket, but not owing a sou.

He sent for his mother, and for the next twelve years, 1828-1840, the two lived together, chiefly in Paris. There, as a child, he had been a nine days' wonder, but the solidity of his reputation was now destined to go hand in hand with his stormy and interrupted mental and moral development.

Such a plant could not come to maturity all at once. No drawing-room or concert-room success satisfied a heart for which the world of human emotion seemed too small, and an intellect piercing with intuitive intelligence into the “clear-obscure” depths of religion and philosophy.

But Franz was young, and Franz was poor, and his mother had to be supported. She was his first care. Systematically, he labored to put by a sum which would assure her of a competency, and often with his tender genial smile he would remind her of his own childish words, “God will help me to repay you for all that you have done for me.” Still, he labored often wofully against the grain. “Poverty,” he writes, “that old mediator between man and evil, tore me from my solitude devoted to meditation, and placed me before a public on whom not only my own but my own mother's existence depended. Young and overstrained, I suffered painfully under the contact with external things which my vocation as a musician brought with it, and which wounded me all the more intensely that my heart at this time was filled entirely with the mystical feelings of love and religion.”

Of course the gifted young pianist's connection grew rapidly. He got his twenty francs a lesson at the best houses; he was naturally a welcome guest, and from the first seemed to have the run of high Parisian society.

His life was feverish, his activity irregular, his health far from strong; but the vulgar temptations of the gay capital seemed to have little attraction for his noble nature. His heart remained unspoiled. He was most generous to those who could not afford to pay for his lessons, most pitiful to the poor, most dutiful and affectionate to his mother.

Coming home late from some grand entertainment, he would sit outside on the staircase till morning sooner than awaken, or perhaps alarm, her by letting himself in. But in losing his father he seemed to have lost a certain method and order. His meals were irregular, so were his lessons; more so were the hours devoted to sleep.

At this time he was hardly twenty; we are not surprised anon to hear in his own words of "a female form chaste and pure as the alabaster of holy vessel;" but he adds: "Such was the sacrifice which I offered with tears to the God of Christians!"

I will explain.

Mlle. Caroline St. Cricq was just seventeen, lithe, slender, and of "angelic" beauty, with a complexion like a lily flushed with roses, open, "impressionable to beauty, to the world, to religion, to God." The Countess, her mother, appears to have been a charming woman, very partial to Liszt, whom she engaged to instruct Mademoiselle in music.

The lessons went not by time, but by inclination. The young man's eloquence, varied knowledge, ardent love of literature, and flashing genius won both the mother and daughter. Not one of them seemed to suspect the whirlpool of grief and death to which they were hurrying. The Countess fell ill and died, but not before she had recommended Liszt to the Count St. Cricq as a possible suitor for the hand of Mademoiselle.

The haughty diplomat St. Cricq at once put his foot down. The funeral over, Liszt's movements were watched. They were innocent enough. He was already an *enfant de la maison*, but one night he lingered reading aloud some favorite author to Mademoiselle a little too late. He was reported by the servants, and received his polite dismissal as music master.

In an interview with the Count his own pride was deeply wounded. "Difference of rank!" said the Count. That was quite enough for Liszt. He rose, pale as death, with quivering lip, but uttered not a word.

As a man of honor he had but one course. He and Caroline parted forever. She contracted later an uncon-

genial marriage; he seems to have turned with intense ardor to religion. His good mother used to complain to those who came to inquire for him that he was all day long in church, and had ceased to occupy himself, as he should, with music.

Love, grief, religion, all struggling together for victory in that young and fervid spirit, at last seemed to fairly exhaust him.

His old haunts knew him not; his pupils were neglected; he saw no friends; shut himself up in his room; and at last would only see his mother at meals.

He never appeared in the streets, and not unnaturally ended by falling dangerously ill. It was at this time that Paris was one morning startled with the following newspaper announcement:

DEATH OF YOUNG LISZT.

"Young Liszt died at Paris—the event is painful—at an age when most children are at school. He had conquered the public," etc. So wrote the *Etoile*. In fact, he was seriously ill. M. von Lenz, Beethoven's biographer, went to visit him. He was lying pale, haggard, and apathetic; could hardly be roused to converse, except occasionally when music cropped up. Then his eye brightened for a moment like the "flashing of a dagger in the sun."

In 1830 the Revolution burst on Paris. This, it seems, was needed to arouse Liszt. The inner life was suddenly to be exchanged for the outer. Self was to be merged in the larger interests, some of them delusions, which now began to pose again under the cunning watchwords of "Liberté, Egalité, Fraternité."

Generous souls saw in the quarrel of Charles X. with his people the hope of a new national life. They proposed to exchange the old and effete "Divine right" for the legitimate "sovereignty of the people." "C'est le canon qui l'a guéri!" his mother used to say. Liszt was hardly restrained by her tears and entreaties from rushing to the barricades. The cure threatened to be worse than the disease. The heroic deeds of the "great week" inflamed him, and he shouted with the rest for the silver-hair-

ed General Lafayette, "genius of the liberties of two worlds."

The Republican enthusiasm, so happily restrained from action out of affection for his dependent mother, found a more wholesome vent in a vigorous return to his neglected art. Just as he was busy revolving great battle symphonies, his whole artistic nature received a decisive and startling impulse from the sudden apparition of Paganini in Paris. Preceded by revolution and cholera, this weird man had come upon the bright city that had sinned and suffered so much, and found her shaken and demoralized, but still seething with a strange ferment of new life in which Saint-Simonianism, communism, and scepticism, side by side with fanaticism, piety, and romance, struggled to make confusion worse confounded. Into the depths of what has been called the Romantic movement of 1830-40 it is not my purpose here to enter. There was war alike with the artificial humdrum of the old French world and the still more artificial revival of the classical world of Greece and Rome.

The human spirit was at length to be liberated; no one, it was held, need believe anything that did not happen to commend itself to his fancy or passion. As Heine put it: "The great God, it appeared, was not at all the being in whom our grandmothers had trusted; he was, in fact, none other than your yourself." No one need be bound by the morals of an effete civilization. In love the world of sentiment alone must decide our actions. Every one must be true to nature. All men were brothers, and women should have equal and independent rights. The social contract, most free and variable, must be substituted for marriage, community of goods for hereditary possessions, philosophy for law, and romance for religion. The beautiful and pregnant seeds of truth that lay embedded in the teeming soil of this great movement have since fully germinated; its extravagances have already, to a great extent, been outgrown.

In spite of theories disastrous to political and social order, the genius of Mme. Sand, Victor Hugo, and A. de Musset, sceptic and sensualist as he was, have rescued the movement from

the despair of raw materialism and produced works of immortal beauty and spiritual significance.

They helped the European spirit to recover its independence, they reacted against the levelling tyranny of the first Napoleon, and were largely instrumental in undermining the third Napoleon's throne of gilded lead. Stained with license and full of waywardness, it was, nevertheless, an age of great and strong feelings—an age volcanic, vivid, electric. Such an age eagerly welcomed the magicians who set the language of emotion free, and gave to music its myriad wings and million voices.

Paganini appeared. The violin was no more the violin. A new transcendent *technique* made it the absolute minister of an emancipated and fantastic will. The extraordinary power exercised by the Italian violinist throughout Europe was quickened by the electric air which he breathed. The times were ripe. He stood before kings and people as the very emotional embodiment of the *Zeitgeist*. He was the emancipated demon of the epoch, with power to wield the sceptre of sound, and marshal in strange and frenzied legions the troubled spirits of the time.

When Liszt heard Paganini, it seemed to him to be the message for which he had been waiting. From him he doubtless received that passion for "transcendent execution," that absolute perfection of *technique*, which enabled him to create the modern pianoforte school, and do for Erard and Broadwood what Paganini did for Stradivarius and Joseph Guarnerius. His transcriptions of Paganini's studies, the *arpeggio*, the *fioriture*, the prodigious *attaque* and *élan* that took audiences by storm, the meetings of extremes which abolished the spaces on the pianoforte keyboard by making the hands ubiquitous—these and other "developments" were doubtless inspired by the prodigious feats of Paganini.

Liszt now suddenly retired from the concert-room. He was no longer heard in public; he seemed disinclined, except in the presence of his intimates, to exhibit his wondrous talent; but he retired to perfect himself, to work up and work out the new impulses which he had received from Paganini.

He thus early laid deep the foundations of his unique virtuosity; and when he reappeared in public he seemed to mount at once to that solitary pinnacle of fame and surpassing excellence to which the greatest pianist then and ever since have looked up in admiring and despairing wonder. Tausig said: "We are all blockheads by the side of Liszt." Rubinstein has often declared Liszt's perfection of art and wealth of resource to be simply unrivalled.

For a short time in his absence at Paris, it was thought that Thalberg would prove a formidable opponent; but Liszt had only to reappear, and Thalberg himself was forced to join in the general applause. When between the various schools there was war, it was carried on by the partisans of the great men. Although they freely criticised one another, nothing is more remarkable than the kindly personal feeling which obtained between Liszt and his natural enemies, the great pianists of the age, Moscheles, Chopin, Mendelssohn, Thalberg.

There were no doubt cabals, and at one time in Paris he met with much detraction, but he seemed to move in a region of lofty courtesy in which squabbling for precedence was out of place; and his generosity of heart and genial recognition of others' talent disarmed criticism and silenced malice.

With the outburst of the Revolution, with the appearance of Paganini, came also to Liszt a violent reaction against the current religious ideas and the whole of the Catholic teaching.

Reading had opened his eyes; the Catholic system seemed to him not only inadequate, but false. He required a freer atmosphere, one rather more interpretative of human facts and human nature; he thought he found it in the doctrines of the Saint-Simonians. The "Nouveau Christianisme," by far the best of St. Simon's lucubrations, seemed to show that the Church had misrepresented and outraged the religion of Christ. It failed to take due account of art and science, had no sympathy with progress, refused altogether to assimilate the *Zeitgeist*, and had evidently ceased to lead the thinkers or purify the masses.

About this time Liszt came across the
NEW SERIES.—VOL. XXXIX., No. 3

eloquent and gifted Abbé de Lamennais. This man it was who more than any other saved Liszt from drifting into the prevailing whirlpool of atheism. The heterodox Abbé, who himself had broken with the retrograde religion of Rome, re-formulated his system, and discovered for him what at that time he most craved for—a link between his religion and his art.

"Art," said De Lamennais, "is in man what creative power is in God." Art is the embodiment of eternal types. Nature suggests a beauty she never completely realizes. Only in the soul of man is the supernal beauty mirrored as it exists in the mind of God. Art is the soul's formula for the expression of its inner life. "Art, therefore, is an expression of God; her works are an infinite manifold reflection of Him."

The mission of art to reveal the secrets of the inner life, to lift the souls of others into high communion with itself, to express its joy in possession, its hope of attainment, its insatiable and divine longings, its dreams of the infinite—these seemed to Liszt high functions, enriching, fertilizing, and consoling all life, and leading the spirit forth into that weird borderland of the emotions, where voices come to it from the Unseen, and radiant flashes from behind the Veil.

It was toward the close of 1831 that Liszt met Chopin in Paris. From the first, these two men, so different, became fast friends. Chopin's delicate, retiring soul found a singular delight in Liszt's strong and imposing personality. Liszt's exquisite perception enabled him perfectly to live in the strange dreamland of Chopin's fancies, while his own vigor inspired Chopin with nerve to conceive those mighty Polonaises that he could never properly play himself, and which he so gladly committed to the keeping of his prodigious friend. Liszt undertook the task of interpreting Chopin to the mixed crowds which he revelled in subduing, but from which his fastidious and delicately-strung friend shrank with something like aversion.

From Chopin, Liszt and all the world after him got that *tempo rubato*, that playing with the duration of notes without breaking the time, and those arabesque ornaments which are woven like

fine embroidery all about the pages of Chopin's nocturnes, and lift what in others are mere casual flourishes into the dignity of interpretative phrases and poetic commentaries on the text.

People were fond of comparing the two young men who so often appeared in the same salons together—Liszt with his finely-shaped, long, oval head and *profile d'ivoire*, set proudly on his shoulders, his stiff hair of dark blonde thrown back from the forehead without a parting, and cut in a straight line, his *aplomb*, his magnificent and courtly bearing, his ready tongue, his flashing wit and fine irony, his genial *bonhomie* and irresistibly winning smile; and Chopin, also with dark blonde hair, but soft as silk, parted on one side, to use Liszt's own words, "an angel of fair countenance with brown eyes, from which intellect beamed rather than burned, a gentle, refined smile, slightly aquiline nose, a delicious, clear, almost diaphanous complexion, all bearing witness to the harmony of a soul which required no commentary beyond itself."

Nothing can be more generous or more true than Liszt's recognition of Chopin's independent support. "To our endeavors," he says, "to our struggles, just then so much needing certainty, he lent us the support of a calm, unshakable conviction, equally armed against apathy and cajolery." There was only one picture on the walls of Chopin's room; it hung just above his piano. It was a head of Liszt.

The over-intensity of Liszt's powerful nature may have occasionally led him into extravagances of virtuosity, which laid him open to some just criticism. Robert Schumann observed acutely: "It appears as if the sight of Chopin brought him again to his senses."

It is no part of my present scheme to describe the battle which romanticism in music waged against the prevalent conventionalities. We know the general outcome of the struggle culminating, after the most prodigious artistic convulsions, in the musical supremacy of Richard Wagner, who certainly marks firmly and broadly enough the greatest stride in musical development made since Beethoven.

That Hector Berlioz emancipated the

orchestra from all previous trammels, and dealt with sound at first hand as the elemental and expressional breath of the soul, that he was thus the immediate precursor of Wagner, who said with more modesty than truth, "I have invented nothing"—this is now admitted. That Schumann was afraid of the excesses into which the romantic musicians threatened to plunge, and, having started well and cheered them on, showed some tendency to relapse into old form at the moment when his ingenious and passionate soul sank into final and premature gloom—that has been whispered. That Mendelssohn was over-wedded to classical tradition and a certain passion for neatness and precision which prevented him from sounding the heights and depths of the revolutionary epoch in the midst of which he moved, and by which his sunny spirit was so little affected—this I am now able to see. That Spohr was too doctrinaire and mannered, Meyerbeer a great deal too fond of melodrama and sensation for its own sake, that Rossini and Auber, exclusively bent on amusing the public, were scarcely enough *hommes sérieux* to influence the deeper development of harmony, or effect any revolution in musical form, most musicians will allow, and that Liszt by his unique virtuosity has made it difficult for the world to accept him in any other capacity, is the constant grievance paraded by his admirers. From all which reflections it may be inferred that many workers have contributed to the wealth, resource and emancipation of modern music from those trammels which sought to confine its spirit or limit its freedom. Through past form, it has at length learned to use instead of being used by form. The modern orchestra has won the unity and spontaneity of an independent living organism. Like the body, it is a complex mechanism, but it is to the mind of the composer as the human body is to the soul. It has grown so perfect an instrument, and deals with so perfectly mastered an art, that a prelude like *Lohengrin* or the opening of *Paraisifal* sounds like the actual expression of the inner moods of the spirit rendered outwardly with automatic unconscious fidelity. The rule, the *technique* are lost, hidden, forgotten, because

completely efficacious, and subordinated to the free movements of the composer's spirit.

To this latest triumph of the musical art three men since Beethoven have mainly contributed; their names are certainly Hector Berlioz, Wagner, and Liszt.

The darling of the aristocracy, accustomed from his earliest youth to mix freely with the *haute noblesse* of Germany and France, Liszt was a republican at heart. He felt acutely for the miseries of the people, and he was always a great player for the masses. "When I play," he once said, "I always play for the people in the top gallery, so that those who can pay but five groschen for their seats may also get something for their money." He was ever foremost in alleviating the sufferings of the poor, the sick, and the helpless. He seems, indeed, to have been unable to pass a beggar, and the beggars soon find that out; they will even intrude upon his privacy and way-lay him in his garden.

Once, when at the height of his popularity in Paris, a friend found him holding a crossing-sweeper's broom at the corner of the street. "The fact is," said Liszt simply, "I had no small change for the boy, so I told him to change me five francs, and he asked me to hold his broom for him till he returned." I forgot to ask Liszt whether the lad ever came back.

I was walking with him one day in the private gardens of the Villa d'Este at Tivoli when some little ruffians, who had clambered over the wall, rushed up to him with a few trumpery weeds, which they termed "bouquets." The benevolent Maestro took the gift good-humoredly, and fumbling in his pocket produced several small coins, which he gave to the urchins, turning to me apologetically: "They expect it, you know. In fact," he added, with a little shrug, "whenever I appear they *do* expect it." His gifts were not always small. He could command large sums of money at a moment's notice. The proceeds of many a splendid concert went to manufacturing committees, widows, orphans, sick and blind. He founded pensions and provided funds for poor musicians; he set up monuments to

great artists. A pecuniary difficulty arising about Beethoven's statue at Bonn, Liszt immediately guaranteed the whole sum. In the great commercial crisis of 1834 at Lyons Liszt gave concerts for the artisans out of work, and in Hungary, not long after, when the overflow of the Danube rendered hundreds homeless, Liszt was again to the fore with his brilliant performances for charity.

All through his life he was an ardent pamphleteer, and he fought not only for the poor, but in the highest interests of his art, and above all for the dignity of his own class.

In this he was supported by such musical royalties as Mendelssohn, Rossini, Paganini, and Lablache. Ella has told us how in past days the musicians were not expected to mix with the company, a rope being laid down on the carpet, showing the boundary line between the sacred and profane in social rank.

On one occasion Lablache, entering the music saloon at Apsley House, observed the usual rope laid down in front of him when he came on to sing in a duet. He quietly stooped down and tossed it aside. It was never replaced, and the offensive practice dropped out of London society from that day.

He refused to play at the court of Queen Isabella in Spain, because the court etiquette forbade the introduction of musicians to royalty. In his opinion even crowned heads owed a certain deference and homage to the sovereignties of art, and he determined it should be paid.

He met Czar Nicholas I., who had very little notion of the respect due to any one but himself, with an angry look and a defiant word; he tossed Frederick William IV.'s diamonds into the side scenes; and broke a lance with Louis-Philippe, which cost him a decoration.

He never forgave that stingy king for abolishing certain musical pensions and otherwise snubbing art. He refused on every occasion to play at the Tuileries. One day the king and his suite paid a "private view" visit to a pianoforte exhibition of Erard's. Liszt happened to be in the room, and was trying a piano just as his Majesty entered. The King advanced genially toward him and began

a conversation ; but Liszt merely bowed with a polished but icy reserve.

"Do you still remember," said the King, "that you played at my house when you were but a boy and I Duke of Orleans? Much has changed since then."

"Yes, sire," replied Liszt dryly, "but not for the better."

The King showed his royal appreciation of the repartee by striking the great musician's name off the list of those who were about to receive the cross of the Legion of Honor.

The idol of Parisian drawing-rooms at a most susceptible age, with his convictions profoundly shaken in Catholicism and Church discipline, surrounded by wits and philosophers who were equally sceptical about marriage and the very foundations of society as then constituted, Liszt's views of life not unnaturally underwent a considerable change.

He had no doubt frankly and sincerely imbibed Mme. Sand's early philosophy, and his witty saying, which I think I have also read in "Rasselas," that "whether a man marries or not, he will sooner or later be sure to repent it," belongs to this period. His relations with Mme. Sand have been much misrepresented. He was far more attracted by her genius than by her person, and although for long years he entertained for her feelings of admiration and esteem, she never exercised over him the despotic influence which drove poor Chopin to despair.

Of the misguided Countess who threw herself upon his protection, and whom he treated with the utmost consideration and forbearance for several years, I shall not have much to say ; but it must be remembered that he was considerably her junior, that he did his best to prevent her from taking the rash course which separated her from her family and made her his travelling companion, and that years afterward her own husband, as well as her brother, when affairs came to be arranged and the whole facts of the case were canvassed in a *conseil de famille* at Paris, confessed of their own accord that throughout Liszt had acted "like a man of honor."

It was during his years of travel with the Countess in Italy and Germany that Liszt composed the great bulk of his

celebrated transcriptions of songs and operatic pieces, as well as the renowned "Études d'Exécution Transcendante."

Liszt's attempt to preserve his *incognito* in Italy conspicuously failed. He entered Ricordi's music-shop at Milan, and, sitting down at a grand piano, began to improvise.

"'Tis Liszt or the devil!" he heard Ricordi whisper to a clerk, and in another moment the great Italian *entrepreneur* had welcomed the Hungarian *virtuoso* and placed his villa, his box at the opera, his carriage and horses at his disposal. Of course Ricordi very soon organized a concert, in which the Milanese were invited to judge the "pianist of the future," as he was then styled. The Milanese were better pleased with Liszt than was Liszt with the Milanese. He could not make them take to Beethoven. They even kicked at certain favorite studies of his own ; but he won them by his marvellous improvisations on fragments of their darling Rossini, and afterward wrote a smart article in the *Paris Gazette Musicale*, expressing his dissatisfaction with the frivolity of Italian musical culture, quoting in scorn a voice from the pit which greeted one of his own "Preludes Études"—it was the word "étude" at which the pit stuck—"Vengo al teatro per divertirmi e non per studiare," a sentiment which I think I have heard repeated in more northern latitudes.

Of course Liszt's free criticism got back to Milan. Milan was furious. Liszt was at Venice. The papers denounced him. Everybody proposed to fight duels with him. He was told that he could not play the piano, and they handed him over to the devil. Liszt wrote pacifying letters in the Milanese papers, but the uproar only increased. What would happen if he ever dared to show himself in Milan again, no one dared to speculate. He was a monstrous ingrate ; he had insulted every one down to the decorators and chorographers of La Scala, and he must be chastised summarily for his insolent presumption.

When the disturbance was at its height, Liszt wrote to the Milanese journals to say that he declined a paper war ; that he had never intended to in-

sult the Milanese ; that he would arrive shortly in Milan and hold himself in readiness to receive all aggrieved persons, and give them every explanation and satisfaction they might require.

On a hot summer's day he drove quietly through Milan in an open carriage, and, taking up his abode at a fashionable hotel, awaited the arrival of the belligerents. But as not one of them turned up or made the least sign, Liszt went back to Venice.

When, however, in fulfilment of a promise, he returned in September, he met with a characteristic snub, for his concert was poorly attended, and then only by the upper classes. He had mortally wounded the people. He did not consider Mercadante and Bellini so great as Beethoven, and he said so. This was indeed a crime, and proved clearly that he could not play the piano !

Toward the year 1840 the relations between Liszt and the Countess d'Agoult had become rather strained. The inevitable dissolution which awaits such alliances was evidently at hand. For a brief period on the shores of the Lake of Como the cup of his happiness had indeed seemed full ; but *es war ein Traum*. "When the ideal form of a woman," so he wrote to a friend, "floats before your entranced soul—a woman whose heaven-born charms bear no allurements for the senses, but only wing the soul to devotion—if you see at her side a youth sincere and faithful in heart, weave these forms into a moving story of love, and give it the title 'On the Shores of the Lake of Como.'"

He wrote, we may be sure, as he then felt. He was sometimes mistaken, but he was always perfectly open, upright, and sincere.

A little daughter was born to him at Bellaggio, on the shores of that enchanted lake. He called her Cosima in memory of Como. She became afterward the wife of Von Bülow, then the wife and widow of Richard Wagner.

But in 1840 the change came. The Countess and her children went off to Paris, and the roving spirit of the great musician, after being absorbed for some time in composition, found its restless rest in a new series of triumphs. After passing through Florence, Bologna, and Rome, he went to Bonn, then to

Vienna, and entered upon the last great phase of his career as a virtuoso, which lasted from 1840 to between 1850–60.

In 1842 Liszt visited Weimar, Berlin, and then went to Paris. He was meditating a tour in Russia. Pressing invitations reached him from St. Petersburg and Moscow. The most fabulous accounts of his virtuosity had raised expectation to its highest pitch. He was as legendary even among the common people as Paganini.

His first concert at St. Petersburg realized the then unheard-of sum of £2000. The roads were crowded to see him pass, and the corridors and approaches to the Grand Opera blocked to catch a glimpse of him.

The same scenes were repeated at Moscow, where he gave six concerts without exhausting the popular excitement.

On his return to Weimar he accepted the post of Kapellmeister to the Grand Duke. It provided him with that settled abode, and above all with an orchestra, which he now felt so indispensable to meet his growing passion for orchestral composition. But the time of rest had not yet come.

In 1844 and 1845 he was received in Spain and Portugal with incredible enthusiasm, after which he returned to Bonn to assist at the inauguration of Beethoven's statue. With boundless liberality he had subscribed more money than all the princes and people of Germany put together to make the statue worthy of the occasion and the occasion worthy of the statue.

The golden river which poured into him from all the capitals of Europe now freely found a new vent in boundless generosity. Hospitals, poor and needy, patriotic celebrations, the dignity and interests of art, were all subsidized from his private purse.

His transcendent virtuosity was only equalled by his splendid munificence ; but he found what others have so often experienced—that great personal gifts and prodigious *éclat* cannot possibly escape the poison of envy and detraction. He was attacked by calumny ; his very gifts denied and ridiculed ; his munificence ascribed to vainglory, and his charity to pride and ostentation ; yet none will ever know the extent of his private

charities and no one who knows anything of Liszt can be ignorant of the simple, unaffected goodness of heart which prompts them.

Still he was wounded by ingratitude and abuse. It seemed to check and paralyze for the moment his generous nature.

Fétis saw him at Coblenz soon after the Bonn festival, at which he had expended such vast sums. He was sitting alone, dejected and out of health. He said he was sick of everything, tired of life, and nearly ruined.

But that mood never lasted long with Liszt; he soon arose and shook himself like a lion. His detractors slunk away into their holes, and he walked forth victorious to refill his empty purse and reap new laurels.

His career was interrupted by the stormy events of 1848. He settled down for a time at Weimar, and it was then that he began to take that warm interest in Richard Wagner which ended in the closest and most enduring of friendships.

He labored incessantly to get a hearing for the *Lohengrin* and *Tannhäuser*. He forced Wagner's compositions on the band, on the Grand Duke; he breasted public opposition and fought nobly for the eccentric and obscure person who was chiefly known as a political outlaw and an inventor of extravagant compositions which it was impossible to play or sing, and odiously unpleasant to listen to.

But years of faithful service, mainly the service and immense *prestige* and authority of Liszt, procured Wagner a hearing, and paved the way for his glorious triumphs at Bayreuth in 1876, 1882, and 1883.

At the age of seventy-two Liszt retains the wit and vivacity of forty. He passes from Weimar to Rome, to Pesth, to Berlin, to Vienna, but objects to cross the sea, and told me that he would never again visit England. He seldom touches the piano, but loves still to be surrounded by young aspirants to fame. To them he is prodigal of hints, and ever ready to lavish all sorts of

kindness upon people who are *sympathique* to him.

At unexpected moments, in the presence of some timid young girl overpowered with the honor of an introduction, or alone with a friend when old days are spoken of, will Liszt sit down for a few minutes and recall a phrase of Chopin or a quaint passage from Scarlatti, and then, forgetting himself, will wander on until a flash of the old fire comes back to his eyes as he strikes a few grand octaves, and then, just as you are lost in contemplation of that noble head with its grand profile and its cascade of white hair, and those hands that still seem to be the absolutely unconscious and effortless ministers of his fitful and despotic will, the master will turn away—break off, like one suddenly *blasté*, in the middle of a bar, with "Come, let us take a little turn; it will be cool under the trees;" and he would be a bold man who ventured in that moment to allude to the piano or music.

I have preferred to confine myself in this article to the personality of Liszt, and have made no allusion to his orchestral works and oratorio compositions. The Symphonic Poems speak for themselves—magnificent renderings of the inner life of spontaneous emotion—but subject-matter which calls for a special article can find no place at the fag-end of this, and at all times it is better to hear music than to describe it. As it would be impossible to describe Liszt's orchestration intelligibly to those who have not heard it, and unnecessary to those who have, I will simply leave it alone.

I have seen Liszt but six times, and then only between the years 1876 and 1881. I have heard him play upon two occasions only, and then he played certain pieces of Chopin at my request and a new composition by himself. I have heard Mme. Schumann, Bulow, Rubinstein, Menter, and Esipoff, but I can understand that saying of Tausig, himself one of the greatest masters of *technique* whom Germany has ever produced: "No mortal can measure himself with Liszt. He dwells alone upon a solitary height."—*Longman's*.

LITERARY NOTICES.

THE FIELD OF DISEASE. A BOOK OF PREVENTIVE MEDICINE. By Benjamin Ward Richardson, M.D., LL.D., F.R.S. Philadelphia: *Henry C. Lea's Son & Co.*

The reputation of Dr. Richardson as a writer on medical topics is so widely spread and so solidly founded, that anything issuing from his pen has indisputable weight. To extensive scientific acquirements in all branches of his profession he adds a certain common-sense and balance of judgment, which readers of articles and books from his pen have been quick to recognize. The book under notice possesses the above quality in an eminent degree. It is written, we are informed by the author, for the intelligent reading public, "who, without desiring to trench on the province of the physician and surgeon or to dabble in the science and art of the medical treatment of disease, wish to know the leading facts about the diseases of the human family, their causes and prevention. It is not to be assumed that any man would not avail himself of the best medical skill for himself and his family which he could obtain. But it is no less true that a knowledge of disease and its antecedents, such as any intelligent person can easily obtain from such a book as that before us, would often be of such use to him that it might save him the necessity of sending for the physician. Dr. Richardson avows himself an ardent advocate of the preventive school of medicine. While he expressly emphasizes the importance of the curative school of medicine as well, it is easy to see that his sympathy is with the former. He urges that the system of relieving mankind of its misery and burden of disease, can no longer rest on what is called curative skill, as "the steady effort must be not only to cure disease, but to cure *cure*." To accomplish this does not depend on the physician alone. The intelligent public must be taught to recognize hygienic laws, and to learn enough of the conditions which bring about disease to have some clearly defined notions on such subjects for themselves. The author sums up his purpose in the following language: "I strive to trace the diseases from their actual representation as they exist before us, in their natural progress after their birth, back to their origin, and as far as I am able, I strive to seek the conditions out of which they spring. Thereupon I endeavor further to investigate the conditions, to seek how far they are removable, and how far they are avoidable." The first two divisions of the book are devoted to a concise and careful description of diseases, including even the minor troubles which flesh is heir to, with ob-

servations drawn from the author's own experience. All this, however, is only preparatory to Book III., which contains a practical summary of the origins, causes, and preventions of disease. Of course Dr. Richardson enters largely into the hygienic conditions which should be followed, and this chapter, which is the last, will have most attraction for the general reader. The book is so full of important matter that it is not practicable within our brief space to give more than a very general summary of its plan and methods. It aims to fill a very useful function, and accomplishes this in a thorough manner. Technical terms are discarded as far as possible, and everything is stated in the plainest and simplest fashion. While members of the medical profession will welcome this ripe expression of experience and opinion from one of their leading lights, we fancy that the public at large will also take a deep interest in a work so level to the needs of, so easily within the grasp, of the average intelligent reader.

KADESH-BARNEA, ITS IMPORTANCE AND PROBABLE SITE. WITH THE STORY OF A HUNT FOR IT, INCLUDING STUDIES OF THE ROUTE OF THE EXODUS AND THE SOUTHERN BOUNDARY OF THE HOLY LAND. By H. Clay Trumbull D.D. New York: *Charles Scribner's Sons*.

To many people, even those who believe themselves passably well acquainted with the Old Testament, the title of this book will seem a puzzle. To such the author explains in his introduction that forty centuries since Kadesh-Barnea was a place of importance, and more than once the scene of events on which, for the time being, the history of the world was pivoting. For the last two thousand years the location has been a question of doubt among both Jewish and Christian scholars. Dr. Trumbull set himself to solve the problem with as much zeal as Dr. Schliemann set himself to the ardent task of discovering the exact location of "tower-crowned Ilium," whose wonderful story Homer sings. It was at Kadesh, that many of the most important events in the history of the Israelites prior to their entrance into the "Promised Land" took place. It seems to be admitted among scholars, as the author states, that an agreement on the site of Kadesh-Barnea is essential to any fair understanding of the route and movements of the Israelites between Sinai and the Jordan. Yet, we are told, this essential preliminary has thus far been unattainable by Bible students generally. Dr. Trumbull thinks that he has sup-

plied the missing link, by a thorough exploration of the Sinaitic desert and the borderland of ancient Canaan, and following up the clews found in the Old Testament and other works of ancient history, including the Egyptian and *papyri*. After a thorough examination of the views of modern scholars and travellers, our author locates the site at Ayn Qadees, an ancient ruin on the south-western border of ancient Canaan. In this he follows the lead of some previous explorers, but fortifies his statements with many fresh facts. To the majority of readers it is probable that the question, whether or no he has really discovered the location of Kadesh-Barnea will be of less interest than the vivid illustrations which in the course of his narrative he throws on general Old Testament history. Dr. Trumbull has certainly brought great research, labor and acumen to his task, and he plainly shows in his argument that he has exhausted the literature of the subject. The personal narrative is not picturesque or specially interesting. The value of the book is solely in the direction of history and sacred archæology. The author expresses the hope that in this volume will be found the material for determining the Route of the Exodus, the Main Outline of the Israelitish Wanderings, and every landmark on the line of the Southern Boundary of the Land of Promise.

THE CUMULATIVE METHOD FOR LEARNING GERMAN. Adapted to Schools or Home Instruction. By Adolphe Dreyspring. New York: *D. Appleton & Co.*

This system of language study is based on the theory that every available faculty should be brought into active service in the acquisition of a foreign language. For example, he makes the ear a valuable factor in determining the verbal changes, which the gender of the German has made so difficult, by availing himself of what are called "vocal cues," to which the subject noun in each case furnishes the key-note. The plan followed in the Cumulative Method is to pass in gradual stages from the simple terms to the more complex phrasing; and the student is slowly introduced to a limited but convenient vocabulary of about eight hundred words. All the idiomatic combinations of this word inventory are presented to the student in a great variety of combinations, which are calculated to bring out fully their individual and conventional meanings. Mr. Dreyspring recognizes one very important fact, to wit, that the student should be taught to think in German, not to translate his thoughts into German. For this reason the explanatory parts are written in German whenever the stage of progress permits it, and every

device is used to keep the German form in mind and abolish the English, except so far as it serves as the key-note. The vocabulary of lessons is made up of the disintegrated portions of a fairy tale entitled, "Schönkind und das Thier." The different elements are brought gradually before the student singly, and then in groups, conversational lessons, elementary exercises, letters, paragraphs, and stories. Nearly every word of the story appears a dozen or so times throughout the book. So that the ability to read and master it may be regarded as a good test of his application. The originator of this language system seems to have proceeded on the right theory, the nature theory, that is, the pupil must be considered as a child. All the indications, which can be derived from what is necessarily an imperfect examination, show that the plan is admirably carried out to the end.

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF SERGEANT S. PRENTISS. By Joseph D. Shields. Philadelphia: *J. B. Lippincott & Co.*

Nowhere in the United States was society so picturesque and individual as in the South during the old slavery epoch. Less complex and artificial in its forms, the passions of men were far more unbridled than in the North, and a certain brilliant lawlessness reigned under the veneer even of those who affected social polish. The ardent temper of the people affected all their institutions, and a license of speech and action, not sanctioned in more staid communities, passed current side by side with what was called chivalry. The statesmen, lawyers, and public orators of the South reflected the general temperament, and a passionate and fervid rhetoric which held the imagination spellbound, took the place of those cool and temperate appeals to the reason which better suited the ideal of the men of the North. It was in such a community as this, where the duelling-pistol and the bowie-knife never failed to the arbiter of differences, which tongue and pen could not, or did not settle, that Sergeant S. Prentiss, a young man from Maine just entering on the practise of the law, selected a home some half a century since. Lane, physically a weakling, shy in his manner, he was the last man who would have been selected to cope with the brilliant men of the South in the field of wit and rhetoric, or to have met them on the so-called field of honor. But the insignificant young man possessed one of the most acute and powerful intellects of his age, and united to it fiery passions and lion-hearted courage. In a very short time he made himself equally feared, admired, and beloved, as he showed himself possessed of all those qualities which in Mississippi passed for the highest elements of man-

hood. The career of Prentiss was a veritable romance. He became, perhaps, the most successful and brilliant advocate in the State. He passed successfully through several duels and street fights. He was equally admired, in spite of his personal insignificance, by men and women. He was elected several times to Congress purely in virtue of his personal power, eloquence, and magnetism, when no other man of his party could have succeeded. When argument failed, he had such lavish resources of invective and repartee as a popular orator, that no exigency at the hustings ever found him unprepared to turn temporary defeat into victory. The stories of Prentiss's wonderful command over all of his resources are innumerable, and became traditions in Mississippi, which old men still love to tell to the youngers.

Though Mr. Prentiss during his Congressional career never made his name associated with any great measures, nor impressed himself very forcibly on legislation, the same powers which had electrified courts and popular audiences at home made him a noteworthy figure in the more sober and judicial scenes on which he had entered. It is said that the stumping of his cane as he walked to his place to speak, never failed to send a thrill of expectation through his auditors.

Mr. Shields has a fascinating theme in delineating the career and surroundings of such a man, and it has been a labor of love with him though he has held himself in commendable reserve in refraining from using violently eulogistic language. He tells his story in an easy, vigorous, and unaffected manner, and nowhere do we find that most offensive element of so-called fine writing which disfigures more than one otherwise good biography. To give a more vivid notion of the mentality of Prentiss, Mr. Shields gives copious extracts from a number of his most able orations. From these we gather that Mr. Prentiss possessed a certain sledge-hammer logic which was covered, as it were, with flowers in a flow of brilliant rhetoric and imagery. Playful humor and the most biting sarcasm were equally at his control and seemed to come from him spontaneously. It is evident in reading these speeches that the orator trusted entirely to extemporaneous effort, after having digested the substance of what he wished to say. They lack that compact fibre and closeness of tissue which preparation gives, but on the other hand they possess a fire and force of statement which, when given by the orator's own lips, must have been wonderfully effective.

Mr. Prentiss died while yet in the early prime of his greatness. It is impossible to tell what he might have become had he lived to take part in the discussion of those great prob-

lems which arose after his death. Perhaps indeed the gods were kind when they closed his life just as he had reached the full flower of his genius. To the younger generation the name of Mr. Prentiss is almost unknown. Mr. Shields has performed an important work, and done it with excellent judgment, in thus perpetuating the name of a very remarkable and able man, whose career was both picturesque and instructive.

GEORGE WASHINGTON, 1732-1799. By John Habberton. Author of "Helen's Babies." New York: *Henry Holt & Co.*

This is the fourth volume in the "American Worthies" series, and like its predecessors, is written on a peculiar plan. While it does not seem to be the design to make the plan a comedy, or to fail to set forth all the essential facts of each life in their due relation to the times in which they lived, the authors seem to have had the thought ever before them to prick every bubble of pretence, and to strip off all the mummy-cloths of pomp and convention from the subjects treated. Mr. Habberton very happily states the prevalent notion of Washington in the following language: "George Washington is now a cold statue enshrouded in Fourth of July smoke; he is a tea-shop chromo and a character that seldom is dragged from unused histories except to be belittled by comparison with some smaller man of later days." It is to reinstate him as "a warm-blooded, clear-headed, clean-hearted man, a hard-working farmer, a conscientious employer, a loyal husband, a hearty friend, an unselfish soldier, an honest neighbor, a stout-hearted patriot, a jolly good fellow, and a consistent Christian," that Mr. Habberton uses his opportunity as biographer. It is not that people doubt in the least that he was all these, but the familiar notion derived from Jared Sparks, even from Washington Irving and other historians, is that with all his great qualities he was a magnificent Turveydrop, and the Turveydropism generally overbalances the rest of the conception.

The present biographer has told his story in a plain, unconventional way, which does not hesitate to call a spade, a spade. If the salt of his style, which is pungent and sharp enough, is not always Attic, but is flavored with the slang of Newspaper Row, and an occasional straining to say some preternaturally funny thing, we can pardon it all in view of the generally strong, quaint, homespun way he has of putting things. One gets a vivid notion of a really flesh-and-blood man in reading this serio-comic life of our *pater patriæ*, of a man who could swear and pray with equal earnestness and knew when to do each; who, with a

profusion of great qualities well balanced, had yet plenty of weaknesses to make him human and lovable. The book is thoroughly readable, and has that sense of life-likeness, which you sometimes remark in a fine painting. You say, "That is a good portrait of the man" without ever having seen him. The biographer seems to have made a very thorough study of all the authorities, and his pictures of Washington's contemporaries and associates, though of course less elaborate, seem to have the same homely truth and directness. No better executed volume in the series has yet been printed. It is worthy of all commendation both for its humor and its general accuracy.

A LATTER-DAY SAINT. BEING THE STORY OF THE CONVERSION OF ETHEL JONES, RELATED BY HERSELF. New York: *Henry Holt & Co.*

This is not a story of Mormon life, as the title would at first suggest to the reader. Indeed we think that Brigham Young or any of the Apostles of Salt Lake City would have been disgusted had they been brought into contact with the very remarkable heroine of this novel of American life. If she and her congeners are to be accepted as typical women of fashionable American society, it is not wonderful that foreigners, reading American novels and supplementing the notions thus received by the performances of fast young American girls abroad, get the loosest and most contemptuous ideas of American women. There are only two or three redeeming characters in the story. The general atmosphere is one of shoddyism, of brazen impudence, and of vulgar extravagance and ostentation. The ideals presented are debased; the men are worthless for the most part, and the women fast. It may be answered that the novel is a realistic one. If this be so it can only be justified on the ground that it presents correct pictures of society. We do not believe this. Of course there are plenty of such people as Ethel Jones and the characters who revolve around her, but we deny that they truthfully symbolize even the herd of our rich parvenus.

Ethel Jones is a pretty, brazen-faced, shameless young social politician, who by dint of flattery, fawning, and impudence works herself up into a set higher than her own. Here she manoeuvres herself into a marriage with a howling swell, richer in money than brains, and thenceforth leads her stupid Cræsus entirely by the nose. She spends money with the most reckless profusion when she becomes Ethel Charter, flirts to the verge of sin, measures everything by glitter and sensuous enjoyment, commits the maddest freaks, and if her life is not fly-blown through and through with rottenness, it is only because her Creator hesi-

tates about perfecting the ideal of his picture, which is evidently modelled after fashionable types in Imperial Paris under Napoleon III. *Ex uno disce omnes.* Yet this is not entirely true, for there are a few respectable personages painted in the group, to serve as foils for the fast men and women. After Ethel has run her course with headlong daring, she is suddenly betrayed into a shameless escapade, which she fears is too much even for her good-natured, easy-going spouse, who, by the way, is taking his fling at the same time. She reforms, settles down into a prudent fashionable woman of society, in other words becomes a "Latter-Day Saint." The moral of all, if there be any moral, is that young women may go on doing all sorts of desperate skating over very thin ice (being rich and married) as long as they don't break through, and finally become staid matrons.

The novel is clearly and brightly written. There is a deft literary touch in the work, though the whole tone is hard, cynical, and cold. But we cannot accept the work in the artistic sense. From the standpoint of realism, we object that by implication it makes exceptional and accidental characters typical, and conveys an impression of American life totally false. Had there been one Ethel Jones in the book, set against a background of richly varied characters, it would have been unobjectionable. But vice and frivolity are monotonously prevalent throughout. This seems to be the artistic fault of a novel, which, however strong in parts, leaves a nasty taste in the mouth, as if one had been swallowing a nauseating thing.

DREAM LIFE. By the Author of *Reveries of a Bachelor*. New York: *Charles Scribner's Sons*.

Twenty-five years ago or more Donald G. Mitchell stood in the van of our fictionists. Several gentle sentimental poetic stories, notably "Dream Life" and "Reveries of a Bachelor," had appeared with peculiar charm to the younger generation, and not to have read these books was to confess one's self unsympathetic with the best literature of the day. Mr. Mitchell afterward essayed a more robust and powerful style in "Dr. Johns," originally issued in the *Atlantic Monthly* in its palmiest days, but this seems to have failed to make a decided impression. "Dream Life" is one of a complete set of Mr. Mitchell's novels, now being published *serialim*. The age has probably outgrown the style and mould of the work for which the author's genius seems to have been peculiarly fitted; we doubt whether they can be rehabilitated as classics. But young readers may be pleased to know what pleased their fathers a generation since, and many an oldster will find pleasure in reviving the mem-

ories of the day when he enjoyed such charming old-fashioned sentiment as was found in the works of this author.

FOREIGN LITERARY NOTES.

GORDON PASHA, who recently went to the Soudan on such a dangerous mission, it is said, is about to appear in, for him, a novel character. The manuscript of a work of a theological nature has been placed in the hands of his old friend Prebendary Barnes, and may be expected to see the light of day shortly.

It is said that for every novel printed and published in England ten are written and rejected. This makes an average of three thousand novels which are written in that country every year.

MR. ROBERT BUCHANAN, the poet and novelist, is suffering from an attack of gastric fever. His illness has retarded the publication of his new volume of poems, which will contain the ripest and most recent work of his pen. It will be entitled "The Great Problem; or, Six Days and a Sabbath." It is now some years since Mr. Buchanan published a new volume, his last poetical work—"Ballads of Life, Love, and Humor"—consisting almost entirely of reprinted matter.

FOURTEEN English publishers desired to secure the English translation of "John Bull et Son Ile," but the third house to which it was offered immediately accepted Mr. Max O'Rell's terms, offering him a check in advance for the whole sum. During the first three weeks following its appearance the work sold at the rate of nearly a thousand copies a day. It is said that the first and second houses to which the book was offered tried to beat the author down, and that he abruptly closed negotiations with them in consequence.

"CHARACTERIZED by high unbroken mediocrity" is the description which the *Pall Mall Gazette* gives of the literature of the past year. Works of genius, it says, have been less common in England of late years "than at any time for the last century." And yet the records show that 754 more volumes of new issues appeared in 1883 than in 1882, and that the largest actual increase was in belles-lettres and essays, which rose from 92 to 256, while with novels the increase was only 43 volumes. Only one branch showed a falling off. This was poetry and the drama, which stood at 158 in 1882 and fell to 145 in 1883.

A CLASSIFIED series of articles of real value from the venerable *Gentleman's Magazine* will

be brought out in England as rapidly as they can be edited. The first volume, which has just appeared, is a very attractive one, reproducing as it does the best and most suggestive articles on manners and customs printed in the magazine between 1731 and 1868. Mr. George Lawrence Gomme, the editor, has added many instructive notes, and the series promises to be one especially interesting to the student and writer. Just ninety years ago there appeared in the *Gentleman's Magazine* a paragraph from the pen of Gibbon, in which he pointed out that if a proper choice and classification were made of the innumerable articles of real value which lay buried in what is now called "padding," but which the historian styled a "heap of temporary rubbish," the result would be beneficial in more ways than one. The idea has never been properly carried out until now.

AN accomplished Italian scholar, and the author of a valuable "History of Italian Literature," is dead at Naples in Francesco de Sanctis, at the age of sixty-five. Sanctis's career had been eventful. When a young man he founded at Naples a school the memory of which is still famous there. During the Garibaldi dictatorship in Naples he governed the Abruzzo Ulteriore, and he had been several times a member of the Italian Cabinet.

IN London will soon be performed Samuel Taylor Coleridge's tragedy of *Remorse*, and the manager has communicated this fact to Lord Coleridge, who is a grand-nephew of the poet. Lord Coleridge's reply is as follows: "I cannot but be deeply interested in what you tell me of your kind intention to perform *Remorse* once more. It is full of noble poetry—whether it will act well is a question which I imagine very few men are skilful enough to answer without actual experiment. I am sure I wish every success to your scheme, and if it is given at a time or on a day when I can possibly attend it I most certainly will do so. But I hope you will not ask me to sanction the use of my name in the way you propose."

"THE history of a line of poetry," says the *Pall Mall Gazette* "is sometimes curious. Apropos of the recent parody of a poem by Tennyson which appeared in this paper, a correspondent informs us that in American editions 'The grand old gardener and his wife' figure as 'the gardener Adam and his wife,' and he seems to imagine that some American publisher or pirate took upon himself the responsibility of making the change in order to assist the comprehension of the American reader. The facts of the case are, we believe, as follows: The line appeared in the first edition as 'The gardener Adam:' subsequently, in deference, it is said, to the judgment of the

late Mr. John Forster, 'The grand old gardener' was substituted, and ran through some editions; later on the poet reverted to 'The gardener Adam,' who now reigns supreme, and doubtless will reappear in the forthcoming edition of Messrs. Macmillan & Co."

WITHIN the last five years various old documents and manuscripts have been discovered in Egypt, and fragments of them have found their way to Berlin, Paris, Vienna, etc. Among them are fragments of a parchment code of the fourth or fifth century, comprising the "Responsa" of Papinianus, the most renowned of the classical Roman lawyers, with notes of his disciples Ulpianus and Paullus. The fragments at Berlin have been edited by Krüger, those at Paris by Darek. It is quite within the range of probability that similar fragments have been purchased as curiosities by tourists in Egypt.

THE Spanish Cortes have just voted the sum of £36,000 for the purchase of the Duke of Osuna's library. The manuscripts number 2770 volumes, and the printed books 32,567 volumes, besides 660 separate sheets and a number of prints arranged in series. The commission appointed to consider the purchase valued the books at nearly £12,000, while it declared the manuscripts to be of inestimable worth. The sum of £46,000 originally asked by the Dowager Duchess was reduced by negotiations to the amount above mentioned, and the price actually paid covers the purchase of the bookcases, which will be taken over with their contents. The main body of the collection is to be added to the Biblioteca Nacional, but works not needed there will be distributed among provincial libraries.

"NOT in poverty merely, but in the most abject misery and squalor," says the London *Athenaeum*, "died on January 7th, at St. Petersburg, a Russian poet whom his countrymen, now that he is forever mute, deem it no exaggeration to rank with the most esteemed of contemporary writers. Inokenty Vassilevich Fedorof, better known by his pseudonym Omoulevsky, was distinguished by depth of feeling and intensity of expression, vigor of metaphor and elegance of form. His literary career began with the publication of some short poems, which first appeared in 1861 in the Russian *Contemporary*, after which he contributed for several years to the *Russkoe Slovo*. Many of his poems, too, were published in the *Eastern Review* and the *Observer*. His novel 'Step by Step,' which appeared in the *Dyelo*, was the most successful of his productions. Latterly, however, he gave himself up entirely to writing poetry. His collected poems, both

original and translations, under the title 'Songs of a Life,' were published only three months ago, but brought no profits to relieve the wants of the poor author, who died, as he had lived, uncomplainingly, in a back room on the fifth floor, without even enough linen to cover him, and leaving a wife and family in utter destitution."

MISCELLANY.

THE LEADING NIHILIST.—Lavroff lives by his literary work; it is his principal occupation, his principal joy, and his principal source of income. Poor, he contents himself with the modest repasts served in the little restaurants that abound in the Latin quarter; but he is rarely so poor as to be unable to help a friend in distress. His sight being feeble, he does not care to go out alone at night, and he has consequently been compelled to deprive himself of the pleasure of frequenting the theatres or opera, though he has not yet missed the yearly Salon. He has also regularly paid his tribute of admiration to the exhibitions organized in Paris by Russian artists; but as on one occasion Turgenieff got into difficulties with the Russian Government for giving him tickets, he has ceased to visit these collections of paintings. Finally, when in 1882 he helped to create the Russian Red Cross Society, the Government of the Czar procured his banishment from France. Lavroff is still under this decree of exile, and might now be imprisoned for having returned to Paris, but he was privately given to understand that his presence would be tolerated if he did not resume his courses of lectures to the Russians residing in France. Now Lavroff's principal occupation is the editing of the European edition of the "Will of the People," recently issued in magazine form at Geneva. His opinions on Russian affairs may be summarized in a few words, and were expressed in short pithy sentences that were easy to remember. The revolutionary movements of Russia, Lavroff remarked, have to a great extent followed and reproduced the movements of Western Europe. That of 1825, for instance, was purely liberal and political; on the other hand, it was entirely lacking in organization. It was only when the wave of Socialism flowed over Russia that something more like organization obtained a hold. At first Russian revolutionists were essentially Anarchist or Nihilist; but, the necessity of organization becoming more and more evident, powers were centralized in the hands of the executive committee, and now the movement may be described as a Socialist political effort having for its immediate purpose the overthrow of Absolutism. Little or nothing

ing is said as to the establishment of a Republic. The example of France and of America suffice to show that the mere form of government is of but little importance. The present arbitrary Government of the Czar must be so altered as to facilitate such legislation as will at least partly solve the social problem. Revolution might have been checked had the Emperor made concessions that would have satisfied the Liberals; but all who have access to the throne give the worst advice. The Czar must give land to the peasant; the moujik absolutely relies on this, but unless the Liberals are called in to manage the transaction it will be a mere vulgar swindle. In the meanwhile peasants and landlord are on the verge of ruin, and a new financial class of usurers is rising upon their ashes. Nevertheless, though there are individual bourgeois in Russia, they as yet scarcely exist as a class and have no traditions or history. The middle classes, such as they are, can therefore be easily swept away; they will not impede the solution of the social question. What is more serious is the probable war that will arise between aristocratic Liberals and advanced Socialists after the fall of the Czar.—*Fall Mall Gazette*.

THE DEFINITION OF A SNOB.—Snob-detection must for a long time, if not always, be a branch rather of æsthetics than of mathematics; the snob must be felt rather than demonstrated. But certain marks of him may at least be pointed out and may help the explorer far more advantageously than an imperfect definition in his quest after the beast. One such mark has been already indicated. The snob almost always attempts to be in the fashion. In an aristocratic era he is a blind devotee of rank; in an age of wealth-getting and devil-take-the-hindmost, of riches; in a democratic age, of numbers and popularity. And it is a further and an almost crucial test of him that his admiration is never a really genuine admiration. When he grovelled before lords it was not because he knew the history of the peerage, its great deeds for England, its connection with the noblest social conceptions ever reached by the human race—the conceptions of chivalry, and of a graduated society, in which each higher rank fought for and protected the lower. It had nothing to do with the past—the snob never thinks if he knows it of the past, except to derive petty grudges from the thought. He admired it because it was glittering and apparently powerful in the present. Now that he contemns the peerage (while for the most part chattering about peers in preference to anything else) it is not because he has any reasoned idea of equality (which indeed is a contradiction in terms), but partly because he has an ignoble jealousy of a privilege

which he does not possess, and partly because it is the cant of the day to sneer at peerages. When he bowed the knee, and when he still bows the knee, before wealth, it was, and is, not because of the immense potentialities of wealth, for good or for evil; not even in most cases because he had or has a genuine thirst for the baser pleasures that wealth can give. Wealth makes a man conspicuous and talked about—the snob's heaven in itself. In short, the snob's is less a peculiar idiosyncrasy than a mixture of many bad idiosyncrasies in a mean and moderate degree. When he transcends this degree he ceases, at any rate in that particular instance, to be a snob, though he may still be one in other matters.—*Saturday Review*.

THE LANGUAGE OF CATS.—M. Champfleury quotes a Russian legend on the subject which is ingenious and which offers one curious point. According to this, "when the dog was created he was kept waiting for his *pelisse*; his patience grew exhausted, and he followed the first passer-by who called him. Now it happened that this was the Devil, who made the animal an emissary of his, and who sometimes assumes his form. The fur coat intended for the dog was given to the cat, and this perhaps explains the antipathy between the two quadrupeds, the first of which thinks that the second had stolen his proper possession." Here we have one of many instances of the dog sharing with the cat the suspicion of diabolical protection, and it may be that in both cases vain and stupid bipeds, puzzled and hurt at the exhibition of admirable sagacity in quadrupeds, cast the blame of it in a quarter where they were pretty sure not to be contradicted. Great as are the sagacity and beauty of the well-born and well-trained dog—and he who cannot love and admire both cat and dog is to be pitied—no amount of fur coats given to him instead of to the cat would have brought with them the variety and grace of movement and posture that belong to the cat. Some observers, among them Chateaubriand, have asserted that in the same way the cat's vocabulary is richer than the dog's; and Chateaubriand himself set it down that the cat's language has the same vowels as the dog's, with the addition of six consonants, *m*, *n*, *g*, *h*, *v*, and *f*. This, I am disposed to think, is a considerable error. I believe from observation that *g*, *r*, *w*, and a guttural *h*, are habitually used by dogs, and I very much doubt whether *h* or *v* is ever used by cats. This of course refers in both cases to highly domesticated animals; and this brings me to a suggestion made to M. Champfleury by an anonymous friend of his, to the effect that it is only a want of artificial selection and hereditary training which prevents cats from

being taught to do as much for us as dogs do, or more than dogs do, in the way of such services as fetching our gloves, and so on, when they are told to do so. This in itself is a sort of *lèse-majesté* against the fine independence of the cat-nature, and the suggestion as quoted at length by M. Champfleury is carried to a fantastic point; but the fact that cats have never been taken in hand generation after generation by the human race as dogs have been remains. —*Magazine of Art*.

VOICE-TRAINING BY CHEMICAL MEANS.—How to enrich the tone and extend the range of the human voice by calling in the aid of chemical science, was the subject of an interesting lecture recently given in Glasgow by Dr. Carter Moffat, who was formerly Professor of Chemistry in the Glasgow Veterinary College, and who is an Italian Gold Medallist for many successful industrial investigations and discoveries. Dr. Moffat claims for the peroxide of hydrogen the power of greatly improving the quality and *timbre* of the human voice; and he was led to advocate its employment by public singers and others, on the ground that it is a marked constituent in the air and dew of Italy, and that from its presence arises the beauty of Italian vocal tone. After a full and clear statement of his views upon the subject, a series of illustrations were given, several of the audience being brought forward and given to inhale a chemical compound made to represent Italian air. The results obtained were held to be very satisfactory by those present, a full, clear, rich, mellow tone being produced with a single application. Dr. Moffat's illustrations on his own voice were especially remarkable, he being able by these chemical means to change it from a voice of power and resonance, but destitute of intonation, to a tenor of considerable range. The lecture, which dwelt on quite a new subject, was very well received by a large audience, chiefly composed of professional men and musical critics, and we understand that arrangements have been made for its redelivery. —*British Medical Journal*.

THE REMINISCENCES OF A WAR CORRESPONDENT.—I have seen Napoleon III. at the pinnacle of his hollow splendor. From the German piquet line on August 2d, 1870, I heard the distant cheering on the Spichenberg that greeted him and the lad whom he had brought from Metz to receive that day his "baptism of fire." Again I saw him on the morning after Sedan, as the broken man—broken in power, in prestige, in health, in spirits—sat with Bismarck on the grass plot in front of the weaver's cottage on the Donchery road. Next morning I witnessed his departure into his Wilhelmshöhe captivity. I have seen him doddering about

Brighton and strolling under the beech trees that encircle Chislehurst Common. And for the last time of all I saw that stolid careworn face, as it lay on the raised pillow of the bier in the broad corridor of Camden Place; and when the face was no more visible I witnessed the coffin laid down in the little chapel among the Chislehurst elm trees. I knew the boy of the Empire when the shackles of the Empire had fallen from his limbs, and he was no longer a buckram creature, but a lively, natural lad. My acquaintance endured into his manhood. When the twilight was falling on the rolling veldt of Zululand, and his day's work in the staff tent was done, he liked, as it seemed to me, to gossip with one who knew the other side of the picture, about the early days of the Franco-German war—a war that had wrought at once his ruin and his emancipation. And finally, poor gallant lad! I saw dimly through tears the very last of him, as he lay there dead on the blood-stained sward by the Ityotvosi River, with a calm proud smile on his face, and his body pierced by countless assegai stabs. Men have called his death ignoble. Petty as was the quarrel, wretched as was the desertion that wrought his fate, I call him, rather, happy in the opportunity of his death. Had he lived, what of artificiality, what of hollow unreality might there not have been in store for him! As it was, he had moved in the world a live ghost. Better than this, surely, to be a dead hero—to end the Napoleonic serio-comedy with his young face gallantly to his assailants, and his life-blood drawn by the cold steel! —*Archibald Forbes, in the English Illustrated Magazine*.

THE SNAIL'S TONGUE.—Everybody who has seen a cabbage leaf off which a snail has been making his simple and inexpensive breakfast must have noticed that its edges are quite cleanly and neatly cut, as if by a knife or pair of scissors. That suggests to one at once the idea that the snail must be possessed of a sharp and effective cutting instrument. And so indeed he is, for he has a keen, horny upper jaw, which closes upon a very remarkable saw-like organ below, commonly called the tongue or dental ribbon. This tongue is a long, muscular, and cartilaginous strip, like a piece of narrow tape, armed all over with an immense number of little teeth or curved hooks, for tearing and masticating the food. It is coiled up inside the mouth, and only a small portion of it is brought into use at any given time: as fast as the hooks on one part are worn out, another part is unrolled from behind and made to take its place in front for purposes of feeding. The little teeth, of which there are several thousands—the great slug.

for example, has one hundred and sixty rows, with one hundred and eighty teeth in each row—are formed entirely of silica or flint, and cannot be dissolved, even in acid. They are colored like amber under the microscope, and form most beautiful glossy translucent objects when properly prepared and mounted on a slide. This lingual ribbon acts in practical use exactly like a very hard and sharp file; it is with this rasping instrument that the limpet slowly bores its way into the solid limestone or granite rock, and that the whelk eats a hole through the nacreous material of the hardest periwinkle's or oyster's shell. The back of the tongue has its edges rolled together into a tube, and is the growing part of the organ, where the new teeth are from time to time developed; and as fast as the front rows get blunted or broken by use, the tube opens gradually forward, and brings the fresh sharp teeth from behind into play to replace them. The shape and arrangement of the lingual hooks is very characteristic of the different groups of snails; one generic form prevails among the members of the genus *helix*, another among the pupas, a third in the clausilias, and a fourth in the true slugs. Doubtless each variation in this respect has been definitely developed with reference to the peculiar food and habits of the different genera.—*Gentleman's Magazine*.

FEUDALISM IN CHINA.—In the first place it is very remarkable that the Chinese originally lived under a feudal system. The country consisted of several states (seven in number), over each of which there was a local lord, under whom there were lesser chiefs holding lands by laws of sub-infeudation. The states were federated under one lord as emperor, who had some territory in his own direct administration. Several dynasties of emperors really represented the headship of a feudal confederation. Under this feudalism there arose many of the ancient heroes, statesmen and sages of China, while many of its characteristic marks were stamped upon the civilization, the institutions, and the habits of the Chinese. The system was destroyed two hundred years before the Christian era by a sovereign who has been very properly styled the Chinese Cæsar, and who established a real empire to last for centuries. At times this empire became disunited, to be again united; but the principle of absolute and centralized power remained in force. Feudalism was superseded by the appointment of provincial governors and district magistrates. From time to time censors were deputed by the central authority for peripatetic supervision. For the central authority itself something like a constitution was established, in which the leading features were a council of

state, and several departmental boards. The civil legislation was voluminous; the penal code was comprehensive in scope, and lucid in arrangement; the moral precepts were definite, and the religious ritual minute. There were codes for all branches of human conduct and relationship. The official deference paid to literature has hardly been equalled in any other age or country; the lettered classes in their capacity as literati formed a power which could make revolutions, and which emperors on their accession were obliged to conciliate. The patronage of letters, and the preparation of chronicles ranked high among public duties. A kind of rude printing with wooden types was invented at an early time; public libraries on an immense scale were maintained; a tribunal of history, and an official gazette were instituted. Extraordinary attention was paid to popular education; the central colleges were among the most influential institutions of the land.—*Transactions of the Royal Historical Society*.

A PLEA FOR CREMATION.—Some people—very worthy people, no doubt—have been shocked by the recent accounts of the cremation of the body of the late Captain Hanham. For charity's sake, we will respect their feelings, but we are utterly unable to understand their arguments against such a method of disposing of our dead. From a sanitary point of view their objections are absurd, and must be relegated to an age of darkness which we have happily passed. We will do our best to direct their attention to an important extract, which bears directly upon the question, and which is taken from the reports from Her Majesty's diplomatic and consular officers abroad on subjects of general interest, presented to both Houses of Parliament this year. The report is by Mr. Corbett, of Rio de Janeiro, and embodies the investigations of Dr. Freire on the subject of yellow fever. Dr. Freire states: "I think it a duty to divulge as soon as possible a circumstance of much importance to the public health. Having gone to visit the Turnjuba cemetery, where those dying in the maritime hospital of Santa Isabel are interred, I gathered from a foot below the surface some of the earth gathered from the grave of a person who died about a year ago of yellow fever. On examining a small quantity with the microscope, I found myriads of microbii exactly identical with those found in the excreta of persons sick with yellow fever. These observations, which were verified in all their details by my auxiliaries, show that the germs of yellow fever perpetuate themselves in the cemeteries, which are like so many nurseries for the propagation of new generations destined to devastate our city. A guinea pig,

whose blood examination showed that it was in a pure state, was shut up in a confined space in which was placed the earth taken from that grave. In five days the animal was dead, and its blood proved to be literally crammed with cryptococcus in various stages of evolution." Could science speak more plainly, and is sentiment to get the better of its teachings? We have too great a faith in healthy public opinion ever to doubt its verdict in this matter.—*Iron.*

PAPER-MAKING IN EGYPT.—In the suburb of Boulak, the river-port of Cairo, is situated the Daira paper manufactory, which, before the late war broke out, used to employ regularly more than two hundred hands, almost all natives. Most of the paper turned out is used for packing purposes in the Khedivial sugar factories; but there are also manufactured in the course of the year some seventy thousand reams of very fair writing and printing paper, which more than supply the demand of the government offices of Cairo and Alexandria and the requirements of the national press. The writing paper is manufactured specially for Arabic writing, and to suit the peculiar style of Oriental penmanship; and therefore what is produced of this sort in excess of the requirements of the country is exported eastward rather than westward, a good deal of it going to Arabia, and a few bales even to India for the use of our Moslem fellow-subjects. Linen and cotton rags are used to a certain extent in the Boulak factory; but the interior of the stalk of the sugar-cane supplies the Cairene paper-maker with an inexhaustible supply of very workable material; while, in the production of what is called "straw" paper in Europe, the *hilfa* grass plays a very important part. The Daira factory at Boulak enjoys a monopoly of this industry in Egypt; and in connection with it is the National Printing Office, also under the control of the same administration. The extraordinary turn for paper-making displayed by the Boulak Arabs is, it need hardly be said, an hereditary accomplishment. They can point to a long line of ancestors who educated the East and the West in successive stages of this useful art. There is an Arabic version of the "Aphorisms of Hippocrates" in the magnificent library of the Escorial, written on paper said to be made of linen rags, which dates from the very commencement of the thirteenth century. This was an improvement on the *Carta bombycina*—or *Carta Damascena*, as it was vulgarly called, from its having been first imported into Spain from Syria—which was fabricated from silken as well as cotton material, and is known to have been in use as early as the year 1100 A.D. It superseded, in its turn, the parchment made

of the skins of sheep and calves, which if not also an invention of the Arabs, was one that was quickly profited by and improved in Arabia, Syria, and Egypt. The Egyptians appear to have been acquainted with the use of the papyrus in the most remote Pharaonic periods; and its manufacture was a government monopoly, as paper-making is to this day at Boulak. The *Cyperus Papyrus* grew almost entirely in Lower Egypt, and rather in marshy places or ponds formed by the inundations of the Nile than on the banks of the great river itself. Isaiah gives us also to understand that it was found in shallow brooks (presumably in connection with the Lower Nile), when, in the course of his denunciations of Egypt, he prophesies the withering and decay of the papyrus plant—"the paper reeds by the brooks, by the mouths of the brooks." The mode of its preparation was in this way: The outer rind having been first removed, the inner bark was divided by a needle or some other sharp instrument into very thin and broad layers. These were placed side by side longitudinally and glued together at the ends, another strip of the plant being glued across the back to give strength. The papyrus, having been pressed and properly dried, was then ready for inscription. Pliny was mistaken in imagining that the ancient Egyptians employed portions of the same papyrus in making sails, mats, bedding, and even boats. It was another species of the same family that was so treated, which Strabo was careful to distinguish from the "hieratic byblus." The monopoly of the papyrus in Egypt, which was only permitted to be grown in certain localities, brought its value up to a price which was practically prohibitive of its use by any but the very opulent. Official documents—especially wills and agreements for the purchase and sale of lands and tenements—were required to be written on this expensive material; but for ordinary purposes the Egyptian of the later empire and the Roman *régime* committed his hieroglyphs to the custody of a meaner medium, and to this day we often find in the dust heaps of Upper Egypt domestic memoranda, and especially the accounts of the Egyptian housewife, scrawled on the glazed fragments of some castaway earthenware vase. On the conquest of Egypt its papyrus was introduced into Rome, and there its manufacture was conducted under improved conditions. Pliny says the Romans made all sorts of paper out of it. Still Alexandria continued, as of old, the chief centre of the industry; and in the third century the tyrant Firmus could write that "there was so much paper there, and so large a quantity of glue used in its preparation, that he could maintain an army with it."—*London Globe.*



Eclectic Magazine

OF

FOREIGN LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

New Series.
Vol. XXXIX., No. 4.

APRIL, 1884.

{ Old Series com-
plete in 63 vols.

ON THE INSPIRATION OF SCRIPTURE.

BY HIS EMINENCE CARDINAL NEWMAN.

1. It has lately been asked what answer do we Catholics give to the allegation urged against us by men of the day, to the effect that we demand of our converts an assent to views and interpretations of Scripture which modern science and historical research have utterly discredited.

As this alleged obligation is confidently maintained against us, and with an array of instances in support of it, I think it should be either denied or defended; and the best mode perhaps of doing whether the one or the other, will be, instead of merely dealing with the particular instances adduced in proof, to state what we really do hold as regards Holy Scripture, and what a Catholic is bound to believe. This I propose now to do, and in doing it, I beg it to be understood that my statements are simply my own, and involve no responsibility of any one besides myself.

NEW SERIES.—VOL. XXXIX., No. 4

2. A recent work of M. Renan's is one of those publications which have suggested or occasioned this adverse criticism upon our intellectual position. That author's abandonment of Catholicism seems, according to a late article in a journal of high reputation, in no small measure to have come about by his study of the biblical text, especially that of the Old Testament. "He explains," says the article, "that the Roman Catholic Church admits no compromise on questions of biblical criticism and history" . . . though "the Book of Judith is an historical impossibility. Hence the undoubted fact that the Roman Catholic Church . . . insists on its members believing . . . a great deal more in pure criticism and pure history than the strictest Protestant exacts from their pupils or flocks." Should, then, a doubting Anglican contemplate becoming Catholic by way of attaining intellectual

peace, "if his doubts turn on history and criticism, he will find the little finger of the Catholic Church thicker than the loins of Protestantism.

3. The serious question, then, which this article calls on us to consider, is whether it is "an undoubted fact," as therein stated, that the Catholic Church does "insist" on her children's acceptance of certain Scripture informations on matters of fact in defiance of criticism and history. And my first duty on setting out is to determine the meaning of that vague word "insists," which I shall use in the only sense in which a Catholic can consent to use it.

I allow, then, that the Church, certainly, does "insist," when she speaks dogmatically, nay or rather she more than insists, she obliges; she obliges us to an internal assent to that which she proposes to us. So far I admit, or rather maintain. And I admit that she obliges us in a most forcible and effective manner, that is, by the penalty of forfeiting communion with her, if we refuse our internal assent to her word. We cannot be real Catholics, if we do not from our heart accept the matters which she puts forward as divine and true. This is plain.

4. Next, to what does the Church oblige us? and what is her warrant for doing so? I answer, The matters which she can oblige us to accept with an internal assent are the matters contained in that Revelation of Truth, written or unwritten, which came to the world from our Lord and His Apostles; and this claim on our faith in her decisions as to the matter of that Revelation rests on her being the divinely appointed representative of the Apostles and the expounder of their words; so that whatever she categorically delivers about their formal acts or their writing or their teaching, is an Apostolic deliverance. I repeat, the only sense in which the Church "insists" on any statement, biblical or other, the only reason of her so insisting, is that that statement is part of the original Revelation, and therefore must be unconditionally accepted—else, that Revelation is not, as a revelation, accepted at all.

The question then which I have to answer is, *What*, in matter of fact, has the Church (or the Pope), as the repre-

sentative of God said about Scripture, which, as being Apostolic, unerring Truth, is obligatory on our faith that is, is *de fide*?

5. Many truths may be predicated about Scripture and its contents which are not obligatory on our faith, viz., such as are private conclusions from premisses, or are the *dicta* of theologians. Such as about the author of the Book of Job, or the dates of St. Paul's Epistles. These are not obligatory upon us, because they are not the subjects of *ex cathedra* utterances of the Church. Opinions of this sort may be true or not true, and lie open for acceptance or rejection, since no divine utterance has ever been granted to us about them, or is likely to be granted. We are not bound to believe what St. Jerome said or inferred about Scripture; nor what St. Augustine, or St. Thomas, or Cardinal Caietan or Fr. Perrone has said; but what the Church has enunciated, what the Councils, what the Pope, has determined. We are not bound to accept with an absolute faith what is not a dogma, or the equivalent of dogma (*vide infra*, section 17), what is not *de fide*; such judgments, however high their authority, we may without loss of communion doubt, we may refuse to accept. This is what we must especially bear in mind, when we handle such objections as M. Renan's. We must not confuse what is indisputable as well as true, with what may indeed be true, yet is disputable.

6. I must make one concession to him. In certain cases there may be a duty of silence, when there is no obligation of belief. Here no question of faith comes in. We will suppose that a novel opinion about Scripture or its contents is well grounded, and a received opinion open to doubt, in a case in which the Church has hitherto decided nothing, so that a new question needs a new answer: here, to profess the new opinion may be abstractedly permissible, but is not always permissible in practice. The novelty may be so startling as to require a full certainty that it is true; it may be so strange as to raise the question whether it will not unsettle ill-educated minds, that is, though the statement is not an offence against faith, still it may be an offence against charity. It need not be heretical, yet at a particular time

or place it may be so contrary to the prevalent opinion in the Catholic body, as in Galileo's case, that zeal for the supremacy of the Divine Word, deference to existing authorities, charity toward the weak and ignorant, and distrust of self, should keep a man from being impetuous or careless in circulating what nevertheless he holds to be true, and what if indeed asked about, he cannot deny. The household of God has claims upon our tenderness in such matters, which criticism and history have not.

7. For myself, I have no call or wish at all to write in behalf of such persons as think it a love of truth to have no "love of the brethren." I am indeed desirous of investigating for its own sake the limit of free thought consistently with the claims upon us of Holy Scripture; still my especial interest in the inquiry is from my desire to assist those religious sons of the Church who are engaged in biblical criticism and its attendant studies, and have a conscientious fear of transgressing the rule of faith; men who wish to ascertain how far their religion puts them under obligations and restrictions in their reasonings and inferences on such subjects, what conclusions may and what may not be held without interfering with that internal assent which they are bound to give, if they would be Catholics, to the written word of God. I do but contemplate the inward peace of religious Catholics in their own persons. Of course those who begin without belief in the religious aspects of the universe, are not likely to be brought to such belief by studying it merely on its secular side.

8. Now then, the main question before us being what it is that a Catholic is free to hold about Scripture in general, or about its separate portions or its statements, without compromising his firm inward assent to the dogmas of the Church, that is, to the *de fide* enunciations of Pope and Councils, we have first of all to inquire how many and what those dogmas are.

I answer that there are two such dogmas; one relates to the authority of Scripture, the other to its interpretation. As to the authority of Scripture, we hold it to be, in all matters of faith and morals, divinely inspired throughout; as to its interpretation, we hold that the

Church is, in faith and morals, the one infallible expounder of that inspired text.

I begin with the question of its inspiration.

9. The books which constitute the canon of Scripture, or the Canonical books, are enumerated by the Tridentine Council, as we find them in the first page of our Catholic Bibles, and are in that Ecumenical Council's decree spoken of by implication as the work of inspired men. The Vatican Council speaks more distinctly, saying that the entire books with all their parts, are divinely inspired, and adding an anathema upon impugnors of this its definition.

There is another dogmatic phrase used by the Councils of Florence and Trent to denote the inspiration of Scripture, viz., "*Deus unus et idem* utriusque Testamenti Auctor." Since this left room for holding that by the word "*Testamentum*" was meant "*Dispensation*," as it seems to have meant in former Councils from the date of Irenæus, and as St. Paul uses the word, in his Epistle to the Hebrews, the Vatican Council has expressly defined that the concrete *libri* themselves of the Old and New Testament "*Deum habent Auctorem*."

10. There is a further question, which is still left in some ambiguity, the meaning of the word "*Auctor*." "*Auctor*" is not identical with the English word "*Author*." Allowing that there are instances to be found in classical Latin in which "*auctores*" may be translated "*authors*," instances in which it even seems to mean "*writers*," it more naturally means "*authorities*." Its proper sense is "*originator*" "*inventor*," "*founder*," primary cause; (thus St. Paul speaks of our Lord as "*Auctor salutis*," "*Auctor fidei*;") on the other hand, that it was the inspired penmen who were the "*writers*" of their works seems asserted by St. John and St. Luke and, I may say, in every paragraph of St. Paul's Epistles. In St. John we read "*This is the disciple who testifies of these things, and has written these things*," and St. Luke says "*I have thought it good to write to thee*" etc. However, if any one prefers to construe "*auctor*," as "*author*," or writer, let it be so—only, then there will be two writers of the Scriptures, the divine and the human.

11. And now comes the important question, in what respects are the Canonical books inspired? It cannot be in every respect, unless we are bound *de fide* to believe that "terra in æternum stat," and that heaven is above us, and that there are no antipodes. And it seems unworthy of Divine Greatness, that the Almighty should in His revelation of Himself to us undertake mere secular duties, and assume the office of a narrator, as such, or an historian, or geographer, except so far as the secular matters bear directly upon the revealed truth. The Councils of Trent and the Vatican fulfil this anticipation; they tell us distinctly the object and the promise of Scripture inspiration. They specify "faith and moral conduct" as the drift of that teaching which has the guarantee of inspiration. What we need and what is given us is not how to educate ourselves for this life; we have abundant natural gifts for human society, and for the advantages which it secures; but our great want is how to demean ourselves in thought and deed toward our Maker, and how to gain reliable information on this urgent necessity.

12. Accordingly four times does the Tridentine Council insist upon "faith and morality" as the scope of inspired teaching. It declares that the "Gospel" is "the Fount of all *saving truth* and all *instruction in morals*," that in the written books and in the unwritten traditions, the Holy Spirit dictating, this *truth* and *instruction* are contained. Then it speaks of the books and traditions, "relating whether to *faith* or to *morals*," and afterward of, "the confirmation of *dogmas* and establishment of *morals*." Lastly, it warns the Christian people, "in matters of *faith* and *morals*," against distorting Scripture into a sense of their own. In like manner the Vatican Council pronounces that Supernatural Revelation consists "*in rebus divinis*," and is *contained* in *libris scriptis et sine scripto traditionibus*;" and it also speaks of "*petulantia ingenia*" advancing wrong interpretations of Scripture "*in rebus fidei et morum ad ædificationem doctrinæ Christianæ pertinentium*."

13. But while the Councils, as has been shown, lay down so emphatically the inspiration of Scripture in respect to

"faith and morals," it is remarkable that they do not say a word directly as to its inspiration in matters of fact. Yet are we therefore to conclude that the record of facts in Scripture does not come under the guarantee of its inspiration? we are not so to conclude, and for this plain reason: the sacred narrative, carried on through so many ages, what is it but the very matter for our faith and rule of our obedience? what but that narrative itself is the supernatural teaching, in order to which inspiration is given? What is the whole history, traced out in Scripture from Genesis to Esdras and thence on to the end of the Acts of the Apostles, but a manifestation of Divine Providence, on the one hand interpretative, on a large scale and with analogical applications, of universal history, and on the other preparatory, typical and predictive, of the Evangelical Dispensation? Its pages breathe of providence and grace, of our Lord, and of His work and teaching, from beginning to end. It views facts in those relations in which neither ancients, such as the Greek and Latin classical historians nor moderns, such as Niebuhr, Grote, Ewald, or Michelet, can view them. In this point of view it has God for its author, even though the finger of God traced no words but the Decalogue. Such is the claim of Bible history in its substantial fulness to be accepted *de fide* as true. In this point of view, Scripture is inspired, not only in faith and morals, but in all its parts which bear on faith, including matters of fact.

14. But what has been said leads to another serious question. It is easy to imagine a Code of Laws inspired, or a formal prophecy, or a Hymn, or a Creed, or a collection of Proverbs. Such works may be short, precise, and homogeneous; but inspiration on the one hand, and on the other a document, multiform and copious in its contents, as the Bible is, are at first sight incompatible ideas, and destructive of each other. How are we practically to combine the indubitable fact of a divine superintendence with the indubitable fact of a collection of such various writings?

15. Surely then if the revelations and lessons in Scripture are addressed to us personally and practically, the presence among us of a formal judge and standing

expositor of its words, is imperative. It is antecedently unreasonable to suppose that a book so complex so unsystematic, in parts so obscure, the outcome of so many minds, times, and places, should be given us from above without the safeguard of some authority; as if it could possibly, from the nature of the case, interpret itself. Its inspiration does but guarantee its truth, not its interpretation. How are private readers satisfactorily to distinguish what is didactic and what is historical, what is fact and what is vision, what is allegorical and what is literal, what is idiomatic and what is grammatical, what is enunciated formally and what occurs *obiter*, what is only of temporary and what is of lasting obligation? Such is our natural anticipation, and it is only too exactly justified in the events of the last three centuries, in them any countries where private judgment on the text of Scripture has prevailed. The gift of inspiration requires as its complement the gift of infallibility.

Where then is this gift lodged, which is so necessary for the due use of the written word of God? Thus we are introduced to the second dogma in respect to Holy Scripture taught by the Catholic religion. The first is that Scripture is inspired, the second that the Church is the infallible interpreter of that inspiration.

16. That the Church, and therefore the Pope, is that Interpreter is defined in the following words:

First by the Council of Trent: "Nemo suâ prudentiâ innixus, in rebus fidei et morum ad ædificationem doctrinæ Christianæ pertinentium, Sacram Scripturam ad suos sensus contorquens, contra eum sensum quem tenuit et tenet Sancta Mater Ecclesia, cujus est judicare de vero sensu et interpretatione Scripturarum Sanctarum, aut etiam contra unanimum consensum Patrum, ipsam Scripturam Sacram interpretari audeat."

Secondly by the Council of the Vatican: "Nos, idem Decretum [Tridentinum] renovantes, hanc illius mentem esse declaramus, ut in rebus fidei et morum ad ædificationem doctrinæ Christianæ pertinentium, is pro vero sensu Sacræ Scripturæ habendus sit, quem tenuit et tenet Sancta Mater Ecclesia, cujus est judicare de vero sensu et in-

terpretatione Scripturarum Sanctarum," etc.

17. Since then there is in the Church an authority, divinely appointed and plenary, for judgment and for appeal in questions of Scripture interpretation, in matters of faith and morals, therefore, by the very force of the words, there is one such authority, and only one.

Again, it follows hence, that, when the legitimate authority has spoken, to resist its interpretation is a sin against the faith and an act of heresy.

And from this again it follows, that, till the Infallible Authority formally interprets a passage of Scripture, there is nothing heretical in advocating a contrary interpretation, provided of course there is nothing in the act intrinsically inconsistent with the faith, or the *pietas fidei*, nothing of contempt or rebellion, nothing temerarious, nothing offensive or scandalous, in the manner of acting or the circumstances of the case. I repeat, I am all along inquiring what Scripture, by reason of its literal text, obliges us to believe. An original view about Scripture or its parts may be as little contrary to the mind of the Church about it, as it need be an offence against its inspiration.

The proviso, however, or condition, which I have just made, must carefully be kept in mind. Doubtless, a certain interpretation of a doctrinal text may be so strongly supported by the Fathers, so continuous and universal, and so cognate and connatural with the Church's teaching, that it is virtually or practically as dogmatic as if it were a formal judgment delivered on appeal by the Holy See, and cannot be disputed except as the Church or Holy See opens its wording or its conditions. Hence the Vatican Council says, "Fide divinâ et Catholicâ ea omnia credenda sunt, quæ in verbo Dei scripto vel tradito continentur, vel ab Ecclesiâ sive solemnî judicio, sive *ordinario et universali magisterio*, tanquam divinitus revelata, credenda proponuntur." And I repeat, that, though the Fathers were not inspired, yet their united testimony is of supreme authority; at the same time, since no Canon or List has been determined of the Fathers, the practical rule of duty is obedience to the voice of the Church.

18. Such then is the answer which I

make to the main question which has led to my writing. I asked what obligation of duty lay upon the Catholic scholar or man of science as regards his critical treatment of the text and the matter of Holy Scripture. And now I say that it is his duty, first, never to forget that what he is handling is the Word of God, which, by reason of the difficulty of always drawing the line between what is human and what is divine, cannot be put on the level of other books, as it is now the fashion to do, but has the nature of a Sacrament, which is outward and inward, and a channel of supernatural grace; and secondly, that, in what he writes upon it or its separate books, he is bound to submit himself, internally, and to profess to submit himself, in all that relates to faith and morals, to the definite teaching of Holy Church.

This being laid down, let me go on to consider some of the critical distinctions and conclusions which are consistent with a faithful observance of these obligations.

19. Are the books or are the writers inspired? I answer, Both. The Council of Trent says the writers ("ab ipsis Apostolis, Spiritu Sancto dictante"); the Vatican says the books ("si quis libros integros etc. divinitus inspiratos esse negaverit, anathema sit"). Of course the Vatican decision is *de fide*, but it cannot annul the Tridentine. Both decrees are dogmatic truths. The Tridentine teaches us that the Divine Inspirer, inasmuch as He acted on the writer, acted, not immediately on the books themselves, but through the men who wrote them. The books are inspired, because the writers were inspired to write them. They are not inspired books, unless they came from inspired men.

There is one instance in Scripture of Divine Inspiration without a human medium; the Decalogue was written by the very finger of God. He wrote the law upon the stone tables Himself. It has been thought that the Urim and Thummim was another instance of the immediate inspiration of a material substance; but anyhow such instances are exceptional; certainly, as regards Scripture, which alone concerns us here, there always have been two minds in the process of inspiration, a Divine Auctor, and a human Scriptor; and various im-

portant consequences follow from this appointment.

20. If there be at once a divine and a human mind co-operating in the formation of the sacred text, it is not surprising if there often be a double sense in that text, and, with obvious exceptions, never certain that there is not.

Thus Sara had her human and literal meaning in her words, "Cast out the bondwoman and her son," etc.; but we know from St. Paul that those words were inspired by the Holy Ghost to convey a spiritual meaning. Abraham, too, on the Mount, when his son asked him whence was to come the victim for the sacrifice which his father was about to offer, answered "God will provide;" and he showed his own sense of his words afterward, when he took the ram which was caught in the briers, and offered it as a holocaust. Yet those words were a solemn prophecy.

And is it extravagant to say, that, even in the case of men who have no pretension to be prophets or servants of God, He may by their means give us great maxims and lessons, which the speakers little thought they were delivering? as in the case of the Architrachus in the marriage feast, who spoke of the bridegroom as having "kept the good wine until now;" words which it is all needless for St. John to record, unless they had a mystical meaning.

Such instances raise the question whether the Scripture saints and prophets always understood the higher and divine sense of their words. As to Abraham, this will be answered in the affirmative; but I do not see reason for thinking that Sara was equally favored. Nor is her case solitary; Caiphas, as high priest, spoke a divine truth by virtue of his office, little thinking of it, when he said that "one man must die for the people;" and St. Peter at Joppa at first did not see beyond a literal sense in his vision, though he knew that there was a higher sense, which in God's good time would be revealed to him.

And hence there is no difficulty in supposing that the Prophet Osee, though inspired, only knew his own literal sense of the words which he transmitted to posterity, "I have called my Son out of Egypt," the further prophetic meaning of them being declared by St. Matthew

in his Gospel. And such a divine sense would be both concurrent with and confirmed by that antecedent belief which prevailed among the Jews in St. Matthew's time, that their sacred books were in great measure typical, with an evangelical bearing, though as yet they might not know what those books contained in prospect.

21. Nqr is it *de fide* (for that alone with a view to Catholic biblicists I am considering) that inspired men, at the time when they speak from inspiration, should always know that the Divine Spirit is visiting them.

The Psalms are inspired ; but, when David, in the outpouring of his deep contrition, disburdened himself before his God in the words of the *Miserere*, could he, possibly, while uttering them, have been directly conscious that every word he uttered was not simply his, but another's? Did he not think that he was personally asking forgiveness and spiritual help?

Doubt again seems incompatible with a consciousness of being inspired. But Father Patrizi, while reconciling two Evangelists in a passage of their narratives, says, if I understand him rightly (ii. p. 405), that though we admit that there were some things about which inspired writers doubted, this does not imply that inspiration allowed them to state what is doubtful as certain, but only it did not hinder them from stating things with a doubt on their minds about them; but how can the All-knowing Spirit doubt? or how can an inspired man doubt, if he is conscious of his inspiration?

And again, how can a man whose hand is guided by the Holy Spirit, and who knows it, make apologies for his style of writing, as if deficient in literary exactness and finish? If then the writer of Ecclesiasticus, at the very time that he wrote his Prologue, was not only inspired but conscious of his inspiration, how could he have entreated his readers to "come with benevolence," and to make excuse for his "coming short in the composition of words"? Surely, if at the very time he wrote he had known it, he would, like other inspired men, have said, "Thus saith the Lord," or what was equivalent to it.

The same remark applies to the writer

of the second Book of Machabees, who ends his narrative by saying, "If I have done well, it is what I desired, but if not so perfectly, it must be pardoned me." What a contrast to St. Paul, who, speaking of his inspiration (1 Cor. 7 : 40) and of his "weakness and fear" (*ibid.* ii. 4), does so in order to *boast* that his "speech was, not in the persuasive words of human wisdom, but in the showing of the Spirit and the power." The historian of the Machabees would have surely adopted a like tone of "glorying," had he had at the time a like consciousness of his divine gift.

22. Again, it follows from there being two agencies, divine grace and human intelligence, co-operating in the production of the Scriptures, that, whereas, if they were written, as in the Decalogue by the immediate finger of God, every word of them must be His and His only, on the contrary, if they are man's writing, informed and quickened by the presence of the Holy Ghost, they admit, should it so happen, of being composed of outlying materials, which have passed through the minds and from the fingers of inspired penmen, and are known to be inspired on the ground that those who were the immediate editors, as they may be called, were inspired.

For an example of this we are supplied by the writer of the second book of Machabees, to which reference has already been made. "All such things," says the writer, "as have been comprised in five books by Jason of Cyrene, we have attempted to abridge in one book." Here we have the human aspect of an inspired work. Jason need not, the writer of the second book of Machabees must, have been inspired.

Again, St. Luke's Gospel is inspired, as having gone through and come forth from an inspired mind; but the extrinsic sources of his narrative were not necessarily all inspired any more than was Jason of Cyrene; yet such sources there were, for, in contrast with the testimony of the actual eye-witnesses of the events which he records, he says of himself that he wrote after a careful inquiry, "according as *they* delivered them to us, who from the beginning were eye-witnesses and ministers of the word;" as to himself, he had but "diligently attained to all things from the beginning." Here

it was not the original statements, but his edition of them, which needed to be inspired.

23. Hence we have no reason to be surprised, nor is it against the faith to hold, that a canonical book may be composed, not only from, but even of, pre-existing documents, it being always borne in mind, as a necessary condition, that an inspired mind has exercised a supreme and an ultimate judgment on the work, determining what was to be selected and embodied in it, in order to its truth in all "matters of faith and morals pertaining to the edification of Christian doctrine," and its unadulterated truth.

Thus Moses may have incorporated in his manuscript as much from foreign documents as is commonly maintained by the critical school; yet the existing Pentateuch, with the miracles which it contains, may still (from that personal inspiration which belongs to a prophet) have flowed from his mind and hand on to his composition. He new-made and authenticated what till then was no matter of faith.

This being considered, it follows that a book may be, and may be accepted as, inspired, though not a word of it is an original document. Such is almost the case with the first Book of Esdras. A learned writer in a publication of the day * says: "It consists of the contemporary historical journals, kept from time to time by the prophets or other authorized persons, who were eye-witnesses for the most part of what they record, and whose several narratives were afterward strung together, and either abridged or added to, as the case required, by a later hand, of course an inspired hand."

And in like manner the Chaldee and Greek portions of the Book of Daniel, even though not written by Daniel, may be, and we believe are, written by penmen inspired in matters of faith and morals; and so much, and nothing beyond, does the Church "oblige" us to believe.

24. I have said that the Chaldee, as well as the Hebrew portion of Daniel, requires, in order to its inspiration, not that it should be Daniel's writing, but that its writer, whoever he was, should

be inspired. This leads me to the question whether inspiration requires and implies that the book inspired should in its form and matter be homogeneous, and all its parts belong to each other. Certainly not. The Book of Psalms is the obvious instance destructive of any such idea. What it really requires is an inspired Editor: * that is, an inspired mind, authoritative in faith and morals, from whose fingers the sacred text passed. I believe it is allowed generally, that at the date of the captivity and under the persecution of Antiochus, the books of Scripture and the sacred text suffered much loss and injury. Originally the Psalms seem to have consisted of five books; of which, only a portion, perhaps the first and second, were David's. That arrangement is now broken up, and the Council of Trent was so impressed with the difficulty of their authorship, that, in its formal decree respecting the Canon, instead of calling the collection "David's Psalms," as was usual, they called it the "Psalterium Davidicum," thereby meaning to imply, that, although canonical and inspired and in spiritual fellowship and relationship with those of "the choice Psalmist of Israel," the whole collection is not therefore necessarily the writing of David.

And as the name of David, though not really applicable to every Psalm, nevertheless protected and sanctioned them all, so the appendices which conclude the Book of Daniel, Susanna and Bel, though not belonging to the main history, come under the shadow of that Divine Presence, which primarily rests on what goes before.

And so again, whether or not the last verses of St. Mark's, and two portions of St. John's Gospel, belong to those

* This representation must not be confused with either of the two views of canonicity which are pronounced insufficient by the Vatican Council—viz., 1, that in order to be sacred and canonical, it is enough for a book to be a work of mere human industry, provided it be afterward approved by the authority of the Church; and 2, that it is enough if it contains revealed teaching without error. Neither of these views supposes the presence of inspiration, whether in the writer or the writing; what is contemplated above is an inspired writer in the exercise of his inspiration, and a work inspired from first to last under the action of that inspiration.

* Smith's *Dictionary*.

Evangelists respectively, matters not as regards their inspiration ; for the Church has recognized them as portions of that sacred narrative which precedes or embraces them.

Nor does it matter, whether one or two Isaiahs wrote the book which bears that Prophet's name ; the Church, without settling this point, pronounces it inspired in respect of faith and morals, both Isaiahs being inspired ; and, if this be assured to us, all other questions are irrelevant and unnecessary.

Nor do the Councils forbid our holding that there are interpolations or additions in the sacred text, say, the last chapter of the Pentateuch, provided they are held to come from an inspired penman, such as Esdras, and are thereby authoritative in faith and morals.

25. From what has been last said it follows, that the titles of the Canonical books, and their ascription to definite authors, either do not come under their inspiration, or need not be accepted literally.

For instance : the Epistle to the Hebrews is said in our Bibles to be the writing of St. Paul, and so virtually it is, and to deny that it is so in any sense might be temerarious ; but its authorship is not a matter of faith as its inspiration is, but an acceptance of received opinion, and because to no other writer can it be so well assigned.

Again, the 89th Psalm has for its title "A Prayer of Moses" yet that has not hindered a succession of Catholic writers, from Athanasius to Bellarmine, from denying it to be his.

Again, the Book of Wisdom professes (*e.g.*, chs. vii. and ix.) to be written by Solomon ; yet our Bibles say, "It is written in the *person* of Solomon," and "it is uncertain who was the writer;" and St. Augustine, whose authority had so much influence in the settlement of the Canon, speaking of Wisdom and Ecclesiasticus, says : "The two books by reason of a certain similarity of style are usually called Solomon's, though the more learned have no doubt they do not belong to him." (*Martin. Pref. to Wisdom and Eccl.*; *Aug. Opp.* t. iii. p. 733.)

If these instances hold, they are precedents for saying that it is no sin against the faith (for of such I have all along

been speaking), nor indeed, if done conscientiously and on reasonable grounds, any sin, to hold that Ecclesiastes is not the writing of Solomon, in spite of its opening with a profession of being his ; and that first, because that profession is a heading, not a portion of the book ; secondly, because, even though it be part of the book, a like profession is made in the Book of Wisdom, without its being a proof that "Wisdom" is Solomon's ; and thirdly, because such a profession may well be considered a *prosopeia* not so difficult to understand as that of the Angel Raphael, when he called himself "the Son of the great Ananias.

On this subject Melchior Canus says: "It does not much matter to the Catholic Faith, that a book was written by this or that writer, so long as the Spirit of God is believed to be the author of it ; which Gregory delivers and explains, in his Preface to Job, 'It matters not with what pen the King has written his letter, if it be true that He has written it.'" (*Loc. Th.* p. 44.)

I say then of the Book of Ecclesiastes, its authorship is one of those questions which still lie in the hands of the Church. If the Church formally declared that it was written by Solomon, I consider that, in accordance with its heading (and, as implied in what follows, as in "Wisdom,") we should be bound, recollecting that she has the gift of judging "*de vero sensu et interpretatione Scripturarum Sanctarum*," to accept such a decree as a matter of faith ; and in like manner, in spite of its heading, we should be bound to accept a contrary decree, if made to the effect that the book was not Solomon's. At present as the Church (or Pope) has not pronounced on one side or on the other, I conceive that, till a decision comes from Rome, either opinion is open to the Catholic without any impeachment of his faith.

26. And here I am led on to inquire whether *obiter dicta* are conceivable in an inspired document. We know that they are held to exist and even required in treating of the dogmatic utterances of Popes, but are they compatible with inspiration ? The common opinion is that they are not. Professor Lamy thus writes about them, in the form of an ob-

jection: "Many minute matters occur in the sacred writers which have regard only to human feebleness and the natural necessities of life, and by no means require inspiration, since they can otherwise be perfectly well known, and seem scarcely worthy of the Holy Spirit, as for instance what is said of the dog of Tobias, St. Paul's *penula* and the salutations at the end of the Epistles." Neither he nor Fr. Patrizi allow of these exceptions; but Fr. Patrizi, as Lamy quotes him, "*damnare non audet eos qui hæc tenerent*," viz., exceptions, and he himself, by keeping silence, seems unable to condemn them either.

By *obiter dicta* in Scripture I also mean such statements as we find in the Book of Judith that Nabuchodonosor was King of Nineve. Now it is in favor of there being such unauthoritative *obiter dicta*, that unlike those which occur in dogmatic utterances of Popes and Councils, they are, in Scripture, not doctrinal, but mere unimportant statements of fact; whereas those of Popes and Councils may relate to faith and morals, and are said to be uttered *obiter*, because they are not contained within the scope of the formal definition, and imply no intention of binding the consciences of the faithful. There does not then seem any serious difficulty in admitting their existence in Scripture. Let it be observed, its miracles are doctrinal facts, and in no sense of the phrase can be considered *obiter dicta*.

27. It may be questioned, too, whether the absence of chronological sequence might not be represented as an infringement of plenary inspiration, more serious than the *obiter dicta* of which I have been speaking. Yet St. Matthew is admitted by approved commentators to be unsolicitous as to order of time. So says Fr. Patrizi (*De Evang.* lib. ii. p. 1), viz., "*Matthæum de observando temporis ordine minime sollicitum esse*." He gives instances, and then repeats "Matthew did not observe order of time." If such absence of order is compatible with inspiration in St. Matthew, as it is, it might be consistent with inspiration in parts of the Old Testament, supposing they are open to re-arrangement in chronology. Does this not teach us to fall back upon the decision of the Councils that "faith and

morals pertaining to the edification of Christian doctrine" are the scope, the true scope, of inspiration? And is not the Holy See the judge given us for determining what is for edification and what is not?

There is another practical exception to the ideal continuity of Scripture inspiration in mere matters of fact, and that is the multitude of various manuscript readings which surround the sacred text. Unless we have the text as inspired men wrote it, we have not the divine gift in its fulness, and as far we have no certainty which out of many is the true reading, so far, wherever the sense is affected, we are in the same difficulty as may be the consequence of an *obiter dictum*. Yet, in spite of this danger, even cautious theologians do not hesitate to apply the gratuitous hypothesis of errors in transcription as a means of accounting for such statements of fact as they feel to need an explanation. Thus Fr. Patrizi, not favoring the order of our Lord's three temptations in the desert, as given by St. Luke, attributes it to the mistake of the transcribers. "I have no doubt at all," he says, "that it is to be attributed, not to Luke himself, but to his transcribers" (*ibid.* p. 5); and again, he says that it is owing "*vitio librorum*" (p. 394). If I recollect rightly, Melchior Canus has recourse to the "fault of transcribers" also. Indeed it is commonly urged in controversy (*vide* Lamy, i. p. 31).

28. I do not here go on to treat of the special instance urged against us by M. Renan, drawn from the Book of Judith, because I have wished to lay down principles, and next because his charge can neither be proved nor refuted just now, while the strange discoveries are in progress about Assyrian and Persian history by means of the cuneiform inscriptions. When the need comes, the Church, or the Holy See, will interpret the sacred book for us.

I conclude by reminding the reader that in these remarks I have been concerned only with the question—what have Catholics to hold and profess *de fide* about Scripture? that is, what it is the Church "insists" on their holding; and next, by unreservedly submitting what I have written to the judgment of

the Holy See, being more desirous that the question should be satisfactorily answered, than that my own answer

should prove to be in every respect the right one.—*Nineteenth Century*.

AN INVITATION TO DINNER.

BY ANDREW WILSON, F.R.S.E.

AN invitation to dinner from Mr. and Mrs. Smith has just been handed in by the postman, and the sight of the missive recalls visions of pleasant company and an enjoyable *menu*. Smith is, in the best sense of the term, a *bon vivant*. He takes care that "the feast of reason and the flow of soul" are respectively represented by the science and work of a *chef* who understands his business, and by the presence at his table of sensible people who can talk of something more elevating in tone than the pictures at the Grosvenor Gallery, and less bewildering than the "correlation of forces" or the "influence of heredity on developing organisms." When I last dined at Smith's, even that eminent scientist Professor Caudal (whose theories respecting the disappearance of the tail in man and his poor relations are well known and appreciated at Burlington House) forgot his scientific joys and his mundane sorrows in the practical investigation of a lovely *pain de volaille aux truffes* which Smith's *chef* had elaborated to perfection. It is currently reported that it was the Professor whose appreciation of Smith's *filets de maquereau grillés* being disturbed by the clatter of a fair damsel whom he had escorted to table, gave rise to the well-known witticism of the comic papers. The lady in question had commenced an argument on evolution with the soup (which was *bonne femme*, an especial joy of Caudal's), and had contrived a criticism of Spencer by the time the Professor's beloved *filets* appeared on the scene. Darwin and Huxley with the soup might be borne; but Spencer with the *filets* was too much for the Professor's prandial tastes. "Madam," said he, "your knowledge of facts is commendable"—this was Caudal's playful but porpoise-like fashion of allowing the young lady to fall partly from her position of scientific critic; "but," contin-

ued the Professor, "there is one fact of which you have failed to take due cognizance." "Ah, Professor," replied the lady, "I shall be so delighted if you will supply me with any information which will aid my comprehension of evolution." Caudal's sonorous reply came during one of those mysterious lulls in the conversation which, as often as not, give the *coup de grâce* to some unfortunate and his opinions. "Madam," said the Professor, "you seem to have overlooked the fact that our host has the finest French cook in London!" I hear that the Professor's name is never mentioned now by the fair evolutionist. And I also learn that Caudal, with a wondrous chuckle, in which possibly a megatherium might have indulged in the days of its youth, is accustomed to relate the effectual method whereby he was able at once to silence a talkative neighbor and to ingest his dinner in peace.

Smith's dinner invitation, and the remembrance of the Caudal episode, have together set one's thoughts flying off at a tangent. Possibly it is the recollection of the professorial frame (which is large and bulky), in relation to the enjoyment of the process of nutrition at Smith's, which has caused one to think of dinners and dining in the abstract rather than in the concrete view of things. Be that as it may, I begin seriously to propound to myself the question, "Why do we eat our dinner?" and I find the reply to the question rather more difficult of solution than at first sight might be supposed. For one thing, it cannot be denied that, if the constitution of things human had been somewhat differently ordered, the race might have been spared a considerable deal of trouble, not merely in the work of dining, but primarily in the getting of dinners. To persons like Smith and Caudal, the latter task is of course a comparatively trivial matter. For them, the chief

labor is the variation of their *menus*, and the satisfactory digestive disposal of the nutriment they imbibe. But what is an easy matter to many of us, namely, the finding of food, is a tremendous task to millions of our fellows. We are not yet beyond the possibilities of starvation; and the Oliver Twist maxim of asking "for more" is an actuality that animates very forcibly indeed the nutritive actions of tens of thousands of our race. There is no touch of cynicism in the idea that were the work of food-getting superseded by some easier process of sustenance, mankind at large would be saved a vast amount of trouble, and a very considerable portion of misery besides. But human bodies cannot grow like snowballs or stalactites. We cannot add new matter to our outside surfaces, and thus end the process and work of nourishment. Life everywhere is subject to the same rule which regulates humanity's unceasing work of food-getting; and Smith's dinner-invitation is only an additional and precise piece of evidence that, after all, Smith and his guests share the peculiarities of the animalcules and the special features of the plants. In other words, my dinner-party is only a physiological necessity elaborated into a social display. Smith knows I must have my dinner, like the rest of the animate creation, including himself; and he is kind enough to ask me to give him my company in the performance of a work which he appropriately enough styles "the great event of the day."

The question "Why do we eat our dinners?" is one worth propounding, if only from the consideration that a little physiological discussion is necessary before we can completely or satisfactorily find its reply. Smith's dinner will be doubly enjoyable if I can satisfy myself why "dinner," or, to put it more generally, "food," is a necessity of existence. Among the obvious uses of science, I can conceive no more practical purpose than that which physiology can subserve, in showing me not only that dinner is a sheer necessity, but that the full enjoyment of that meal is a piece of highest wisdom. One wants an answer to the ascetics who regard the enjoyment of a good dinner as a "Philistine" proceeding, and who profess to main-

tain, on reasonable grounds, that dining out and dining well are equally barbaric and unnecessary customs. Let us see whether or not we may find in the pages of physiology, and in the daily experience of living and being, a full justification for both of these practices. If I may justify the necessity for eating dinner, and for enjoyment of the meal, as parts of the great order of natural law, Smith's invitation and its inspiration will together not have animated me in vain.

A glance at the flower-stand in the window supplies me with a fair starting-point for the argument and voyage of discovery. An hour ago my housemaid watered the flowers, plucked away the dead leaves, and set the vegetable kingdom in order for the day. My plants grow and thrive lustily. A few weeks ago that young fern plant, whose frond you see dropping gracefully over the edge of the pot, appeared above the earth as a curious little rolled-up bud, which, as it grew, appeared to mimic the head of the bishop's staff in shape. I could go back in the history of that fern frond if you wished, and could even show you that it sprang from a microscopic living "spore," which dropped one day last autumn from the back of a parent-frond. That spore grew into a green leaf, and from the under surface of this leaf the young fern was in turn produced. Now it has grown into a broad green frond, and there are others appearing beside it, which will grow to form, in time, a mass of fern foliage. Evidently, growth and enlargement are marked features of plant life, as they are plain facts of animal existence. As clearly one can see that growth in plants cannot take place without the presence and supply of matter to grow upon. So that, at the outset of our inquiry, we seem to arrive at the plain conclusion that plants demand food, for growth, equally with ourselves.

Suppose, however, Smith could have invited my fern to dinner instead of the fern's owner, the host would have discovered that the tastes, desires, and necessities of fern-existence were somewhat simpler, but not a whit less wonderful than his own. My plant would not have been at home at Smith's hospitable board. It would have been

much more uncomfortable there than, say, a railway navvy, whom Smith, in a moment of mistaken philanthropy, might have invited to form one of his dinner-party. The navvy would at least have swallowed, by faith, the delicacies which Smith had provided, and might have made sad havoc with every course that was set before him. But my fern would have been unable to find anything on Smith's dinner-table which it could ingest at all; and, unlike the navvy, it would have proved itself a total abstainer, and have contented itself with *aqua pura* throughout the evening. In a word the fern demands food of an utterly different order from that on which Smith and his friends subsist. Its wants are modest, like those of the immortal Mrs. Gamp; but, unobtrusive as they are, they must, like Mrs. Gamp's demands, be supplied, if plant life is to jog along on its accustomed course.

The fern, as type of the plant world at large, demands simply lifeless or inorganic matter for its support. For instance, it requires water, and my housemaid daily anticipates its wants in this respect. Its *menu*, if Smith had invited it to dinner, and if he had consulted Caudal (who is believed to know all about the proclivities of animals and plants, and especially the wants of the human animal in the way of food), would have been limited to four courses. Firstly, the fern would have taken water as its *potage*. All plants require a constant supply of water, which circulates through their tissues, and provides them with the means for dissolving and elaborating the solid parts of their food. These solid parts, it may be added, are always taken in solution—that is, are dissolved in the watery parts or constituents of the plant food. A plant has no mouth, hence its food must consist of liquids and gases. In this respect, it is the opposite of that eminent scientist Caudal, whose bodily presence is indicative of a reliance upon food constituents of solid kind; a peculiarity, it should be remembered, which of course is shared by our race at large. It is true that certain poor relations of the fern, like the corresponding connections of humanity itself, are given to grope and grovel for food in anything but æsthetic pastures; and it is also

true that these same poor plant relations may, like animals, absorb solid nutriment. For example, what are we to think of a host of lower plants which have not a particle of green about them, and which, like *Ethalum*, or the "flow-ers of tan," growing in tan-pits, not merely absorb solid food, but creep about their habitations as if they mimicked the lower forms of animals? In truth, such plants do resemble the lowest animals in many aspects of their existence; but my fern might retort that as mere masses of living jelly, these lower neighbors of tan-pit society are not to be regarded at typical developments of plant life—any more, indeed, than a street Arab or a gutter child can be held to represent the genteel part of human existence. So the fern's first course would be water. But dissolved in this *potage* it would obtain a second article of diet, namely, the *mineral* constituents of its food. Lime, potash, sodium, flint, and even zinc are found in the plant bill of fare which the botanist compiles. One member of the violet family has so far developed its special tastes in the way of food and feeding, that it will only flourish where zinc is contained in the soil. This *Viola* reminds one of Professor Caudal, and other eminent diners-out, who never enjoy their entertainment, unless their special brand of champagne is to the fore. Again, there are certain plants which, having no green color, live on dead and decaying animal or plant matters. Such are the *fungi*, of which tribe the mushrooms are good examples. Then we also find plants of higher rank than the fern, which capture insects for their food. A "Venus's fly-trap" closes its leaves on the flies that alight upon them, and eats and digests the fresh insects. A pitcher-plant drowns insects in its hollow leaves, and, allowing them to putrefy, absorbs and grows upon their decaying bodies. It is remarkable, to say the least, that in plants we should find habits to vary in so marked a fashion; and it is also peculiar to discover that while, like some human beings, certain plants eat their food fresh, other plants, like many people we know, seem to prefer their food or game in a "high" condition. The taste for "high" dainties, so far from being an exclusive trait

of culture in man, is an actual feature of many higher and lower plants. Even Professor Caudal, in his taste for grouse *passé*, finds his nearest analogy in the pitcher-plant and the mushroom.

But we are wandering from the diet of the fern. Its first course was the water, and its second the minerals that fluid contains. Without iron, we know the green color or *chlorophyll* of the botanist cannot be developed; and the analogy between iron in the plant, and that metal as a blood-constituent and as a blood-tonic in ourselves, is too clear to escape notice. The staple article of my fern's food, however, next to water, proves to be a gas called *carbonic acid*. Curiously enough, this gas is that which with every breath we give out from our lungs, and which, naturally or artificially prepared as the case may be, I shall ingest at Smith's dinner-party in the sparkling wines with which our host favors us, and in the milder potash water we may unite in the smoking-room to the stronger "fire-water" of the civilized unit. For us, the carbonic acid in these forms is a luxury, and not a necessity, however; by the fern and by every other green plant it is imperatively demanded. The green leaves are greedily drinking in this gas, which, if inhaled into our lungs and blood, would quickly asphyxiate us, and which, as a matter of fact, converts an ill-ventilated room into a Black Hole of Calcutta in miniature. But the green plant absorbs the carbonic acid, which, by the way, consists of so much carbon and so much oxygen. The former element is that which the fern covets. It drinks in the gas; then, through a chemical act, splits the gas into its component carbon and oxygen; and finally, keeping the carbon to form the starch and other compounds proper to plant life, liberates and returns the oxygen to the atmosphere. Our green plant also absorbs a little of the oxygen gas of the atmosphere by way of assisting it in the chemical operations of its existence. But it is the carbonic acid which the plant especially demands, and without which ordinary plant life cannot flourish. It is only in the presence of light, however, that the green plant can treat and decompose the carbonic acid. When darkness reigns, the fern and all its green allies literally

convert themselves into animals in so far as their gaseous transactions are concerned. Then they absorb oxygen and give out carbonic acid; resuming their more purely plant life and reversing this action when the light dawns and darkness disappears. To plants which, like the mushrooms and their neighbors, are not green, the presence or absence of light makes no difference. These plants habitually and at all times resemble animals, in that they constantly absorb oxygen gas, and emit carbonic acid. Last of all, our fern seems to require a little *ammonia*—by way of desert, so to speak. Summing up the modest requirements of the plant, we may therefore say that it demands four items in its bill of fare. These items are water, minerals, carbonic acid gas, and ammonia. They are further dead or "inorganic" matters, and the fern becomes a somewhat interesting and curious being in our eyes when we reflect that it forms a type of the wondrous in plant life. From the lifeless materials that form its "food" it is able to build up the living structures which form its frame. The beauty of the leaf, the fuller glory of the flower, and the warmer radiance of the fruit, severally represent to the botanical eye merely the result of the conversion, by the forces of the plant, of the lifeless materials found in the food, into the living substance and beauty which irradiate and brighten the world.

The fern thus flourishes on the food it absorbs from the soil and the air around it. It therefore converts matter unlike itself into its own tissues and organs. If deprived of this matter (or food) it dies, and the plant presents in this respect the closest possible parallel to the life of the animal, and to that of man himself. So far as the struggle of food-getting is concerned, the lot of the fern may certainly be regarded as of an easier kind than that of the animal. For the fern finds its food at hand, so to speak, while the animal, as a rule, requires to search and to struggle for its pabulum. But the analogies of animal and plant life are seen to run in parallel lines when we regard the results of food-getting and of food-deprivation respectively. With food at hand, animal and plant alike flourish and grow; and

through want of food both perish. It remains for us now to endeavor to discover wherein the feeding of the animal differs from that of the plant.

Smith's invitation may aid us in our search after the essential features of the food of the animal hosts; for it can be shown readily enough that there exists a close parallel between the dietary on which Professor Caudal and his fellow-guests contrive to exist, and that which ministers to the well-being of all other animal forms. The invitation given to an animal to partake of the bill of fare which we have seen to be capable of satisfying the modest demands of the plant, would be equivalent, as Professor Huxley has remarked, to asking the former to attend a Barmecide's feast. The water, minerals, carbonic acid gas, and ammonia, on which the ordinary green plant thrives, present no attraction to the animal. Imagine that deliberate *gourmet*, Caudal, being asked to dine off such fare! We can understand the doubly effective objections—social and scientific—which would issue from the professional mind if such a prospect were set before it. But the great scientific luminary who will enjoy Smith's dinner a fortnight or so hence is not a whit removed from the animalcule in the superiority of his tastes and demands above those of the green plant; while he finds that both animalcule and man are not so very different, after all, in the essential nature of their feeding from the fungus, or from the insect-eating vegetables.

If we sum up the materials which our dinner at Smith's will present to view, we may very readily resolve them into a variety of tolerably simple substances. Furthermore, these substances will prove to be not over-numerous. Smith's dinner may begin with *potage aux choux*, a form of liquid nutriment in favor at this season in the Smith's cuisine. For *poisson* we may, let us suppose, be presented with *sole bouillie* or *turbot*; the relevés may be Caudal's special tit-bit before mentioned, *filets de bœuf*, or even the *haricot de venaison* for which Smith's *chef* is famous. As for *entrée*, the *faisan bouilli*, or a *salmi de perdreaux*, is a likely guess, and the *rôt* and *entremets* we may set down provisionally as *bécasses ou bécassines*, and as *foie gras* and

petites coquilles, respectively. Now, the above list appears to represent a vast number of very different substances. Chemically, it can be shown to be resolvable into relatively few and simple elements. Smith and his *chef* together might feel surprised to discover that their elaborate *menu* was capable of being chemically shown to consist probably of three fourths water in combination with the solids. The analysis of the *menu* might be roughly but approximately indicated if I said that at Smith's dinner we will feed upon water; minerals; certain "flesh-forming" substances containing *nitrogen* as their characteristic element; fats and oils; and starches and sugars of various kinds and qualities. The water is a necessity for animal life, as for the existence of the plant. In one form or other, as adults, we demand several pints of this fluid per day. It enters into the composition of every fluid and tissue of our bodies, and constitutes about 87 per cent of the bulk of the human frame. Without water we could not dissolve and digest the solids in our foods, nor could the intricate and constant chemical operations—including the production of heat—of which our bodies are the seat, be carried on without a due supply of this fluid. When one learns that the brain itself—including even the ponderous organs of Caudal and his fellow-scientists, which may be presumed to be of the "hardest" description—consists at least of between 70 and 80 per cent of water, and that this fluid requires constant replacement, as we shall hereafter see, the importance of water as an article of diet cannot be over-estimated. Lastly, when one recollects that on water alone, and in the absence of any solid food whatever, human subjects and lower animals have lived on for 50 or 60 days, the necessity of water for animal existence at large is readily seen.

But our dinner includes, secondly, mineral matter in addition to water; and we might remark that, in so far as these two items are concerned, mankind presents no superiority of necessities or tastes over the plants. For man, as for the plant, water and minerals appear to be essential for the continuance of existence. For the perfection of our blood, we require to find iron in our food.

Lime must be found in the food, that the bones and other tissues may be duly nourished. Phosphoric acid must exist in our nutriment, otherwise the nerve-substance of brain and body will be imperfectly sustained. Soda, magnesia, potash, and a host of other minerals are detected in the fluids and structures of the body; and so intimate and complex are their relations to the composition of our frame, that it appears certain that of any two minerals, one cannot replace another, both being necessary for the continuance of health and life.

I must not neglect to bear in mind, also, that, like the fungi and other non-green plants, I demand the oxygen of the air as a "respiratory food." This gas, which in Smith's well-ventilated dining-room will be supplied to me in perfection, will be inhaled into the lungs, will thence pass into the blood, and there, uniting with carbons derived from fats, starches, and like foods, will produce the heat without which life is an impossibility. Like the plant, then, it is clear we require food of a gaseous kind; the carbonic acid of my fern is replaced in humanity by oxygen. Our food, however, contains certain matters called *nitrogenous principles*, which, in the truest sense of the term, may be named "flesh-forming" substances. A very considerable part of our bodies consists of "nitrogenous" matters—that is, matters which the chemist declares are composed of the four elements, carbon, hydrogen, oxygen, and nitrogen, with traces of sulphur and phosphorus in addition. The importance of the element "nitrogen" in the processes of animal bodies cannot be over-estimated. A high authority in foods makes the remark that "wherever living changes are carried on, nitrogenized matter is present." We further discover that the most vital substance of animal frames—the famous "protoplasm" itself—is a nitrogenous compound. A speck of this nitrogenous matter, having much the same composition as the "albumen," or white of egg itself, may constitute of itself a perfect living being. The animalcules of the stagnant pool are such jelly specks; and the living protoplasm whereof the vital parts of our own frames are composed, exhibits a close identity of composition with the

matter which constitutes the whole structure of lower life, the actual and visible entity of the higher animals, and the vital substance of the plant world at large. It can therefore be understood that with this living matter and compounds of allied nature entering into the structure of our frames, we should demand a continual supply of like substances in our food. At Smith's repast we shall obtain substances rich in "nitrogenous" foods for the renewal of our protoplasm or living tissues, from well-nigh every substance set before us. The juice of meat found, for example, in soups, the fibres of meat themselves, the gravies and sauces which decorate the viands, the milk which forms an element in the repast, the eggs and vegetables that in one form or another figure in the *menu*, and the fruits and cheese of the feast, each and all contribute a proportion of the varied "nitrogenous" substances that go to form the flesh and tissues of our bodies.

Next in order come the fats and oils. At dinner, it is hardly necessary to say, we obtain a due proportion of these substances in very varied forms. It is true we do not emulate the nutritive existence of the Esquimaux, whose dietary of blubber and fats constitutes the *summum bonum* of a life spent amid perpetual snow. But the quantity of fatty matters we daily contrive to ingest in one form or another is very considerable. From animal foods, the fats are readily obtainable, and from vegetables, oils of various kinds are also elaborated. The necessity for fat as an article of diet is seen when we learn from physiology that it not merely conserves heat—a function seen in whales and fat persons generally—but supplies material when it passes into the blood which affords our bodily fuel. Fats and oils are "heat-producers," and it is when the fat of the blood and the oxygen inhaled into that fluid from the air come into chemical combination, that heat is produced. It is needless to add that this process is being continually carried on in the human body, and to a greater or less degree in that of all other animals. The "starches and sugars" form the final materials into which we may resolve our dinner. A large variety of

substances figure in the lists of chemists under the above designation. Common observation demonstrates that we daily consume large quantities of the starches and sugars in our food. A potato, for instance, may legitimately enough be described as a mass of starch and water; rice and allied substances are three fourths starch; from bread we obtain a large quantity of starchy matter: all vegetables, in fact, contain starch in considerable proportions. Of the various "sugars," chemically so called, the latter remark practically holds good. Even milk—nature's typical food—contains a proportion of sugar in the form of sugar of milk, or lactine; and in the muscles of animals another peculiar "sugar" is found. There can be little doubt that from sugars and starches we obtain matters which, in the economy of the body, are readily converted into fat. If Professor Caudal should ever elect to "try Banting," he will require to cut short his supply of starches and sugars as well as his daily quota of fats and oil; but the contingency of such an exercise of professorial self-denial is too humiliating to contemplate, even in the light of a theoretical possibility. That which happens to the geese of Alsace may be regarded as being illustrated in the human economy likewise. Morning and night, maize is crammed down the throat of the unfortunate bird, which starts on the experiment in a lean and meagre condition. Cramped up within a narrow space, no exercise is permitted the goose, which in about a month is killed, as the process of breathing becomes well-nigh impossible. The liver alone then weighs between one and two pounds, and the amount of fat which escapes from the tissues of the animal when it is roasted is almost incredible. Persoz of Strasburg, utilizing the *foie gras* production as a physiological experiment, showed that the fattening of the goose is really due to the formation of fat from the starches and sugars of the maize on which it is fed. Thus the formation of fat, and probably also the production of heat, are the function served within our bodies by the digestion of the starches and sugars we find in our food.

The differences between the food of

the plant and that of the animal—between the nutriment of my fern and of myself—may now be appreciated. We see that while the plant is able, as already remarked, to build up its tissues from lifeless materials, the animal requires in addition a supply of organized or living matter. At Smith's table, besides the water and minerals we require, and in addition to the oxygen gas we respire in the air obtained from the atmosphere, we shall ingest "nitrogenous" matters derived from the animal and plant worlds. In the meats offered to us, we find "ready-made" foods, so to speak, which correspond more or less exactly in composition to our own flesh. The vegetable matters will supply us with similar materials, and in addition the starches, sugars, and fats will be purveyed us by both animal and plant worlds. Although there are plants which, as we have seen, imitate animals in feeding upon living matter, and which thus break down the distinctions between animals and plants founded on food, yet, the general course of animal and plant life remains in each case tolerably distinct. It is needless to add that, as represented at Smith's board, the human race will be shown to demand a very considerable amount of living matter, and to differ materially in this respect from the plant world at large.

The information we have thus obtained regarding the nature of the material benefits we may expect to obtain from our dinner, prefaces in a thoroughly natural fashion the question already propounded, and which asks why we eat dinner at all. Smith's dinner, and feasts of allied kind, serve to impress one with the idea that probably human nature is given to eating too much, and that repasts of less resplendent and varied character would equally well serve—as, in fact, they do actually serve in the experience of the majority—to sustain life in a perfect, or in other words a healthy, condition. But, after all, variety is both necessary and pleasant in food as in other details of life; and it is the numerical strength of Smith's dinner, so to speak, and not the quantitative aspects of the *menu*, which constitutes an attractive aspect to the cultured mind. The question, "Why

do we eat our dinner?" involves in its reply the whole philosophy of food-taking, and a large part of the philosophy of life. To arrive in the speediest possible manner at the conditions which render that reply possible, we must take a brief review of certain general processes which may be said to constitute the essence of the physical, and indeed of the mental part also of our existence. The dictum that life is at all times inseparably connected with the changes of various kinds and degrees, forms an appropriate basis whereon to lay the foundations of the argument. The changes in question are most clearly shown in such a series of actions as those which constitute "growth." That increase of the body which takes place from the first day of its existence until maturity is reached, illustrates at least one phase of bodily alteration which we can appreciate in its connection with food and feeding. For it is obvious that from our food we must derive the material for the increase of tissues and parts. "Food," in this light, is the matter derived from the external world, which, being incorporated with and transformed into our bodily substance, contributes to that gradual physical enlargement which characterizes early life wherever existent.

That this, however, is not the only use of food becomes clear if one reflects that around Smith's dinner-table there will be assembled no one guest whose growth is still a matter of vital activity. The majority of us will present ourselves before the physiological eye as adults whose physical belongings have long ago arrived at years of maturity. A few of us may be verging on the "sere and yellow" stage of vitality. Scientists tell us that in old age the tissues tend to lessen and to decrease in size and extent. After the age of forty years, the brain itself begins to decrease in weight, at the rate of about one ounce in ten years. Even the Professor, with his wonderful memory for facts and data, must, on this showing, have lost at least a couple of ounces of his cerebral matter, and goodness knows how much science as well—an idea which may possibly account for the fact that he grows more and more prosy and forgetful, as successive years and a multitude

of dinner-parties mark the course of his career. Around Smith's table, then, it seems clear our dinner will not contribute to "growth;" and it is plain that the missing brains of the scientists, and of the plain people who are in their fifties and sixties, cannot receive from Smith's choicest viands any material wherewith to recuperate their lost belongings. "Why we eat our dinner" is an inquiry that must be answered on a broader basis than is afforded by any considerations of mere growth and increase of body. We must, therefore, turn to a wider view of the vital processes, in order satisfactorily to discuss the question of the why and wherefore of food-getting and food-taking.

Such a view we may obtain when we reflect that the pursuit of life involves, at all times, and under all circumstances, a serious expenditure of vital energy, and an appreciable loss of bodily and material substance. It is a grave but interesting fact of science, that no act of life, however trifling it may appear, can be performed without being attended and accompanied by a corresponding loss of energy and waste of substance. The machine that works, wears. The waste of a machine bears a strict proportion to the work it performs; and the human body, as typical of the bodies of all animals is found to undergo wear and tear proportionate to the work discharged by its organs and parts. There is no cessation from this competition with vital waste and wear. The slightest act of life, equally with the gravest action, is attended by its relative amount of waste and loss of power and matter. The merest thought that disturbs, as by a mental ripple, the surface of the mind's organ, involves a certain amount of brain waste. The winking of an eyelid, effected by means of muscular acts, is in the same way performed only through a certain loss of substance. In each pulsation of the heart, in each rise and fall of the chest in breathing, there can be no escape from the perpetually enforced dictum of nature, that work and waste are in constant and stable fellowship throughout the entire range of living action.

We might go still further than this not unreasonable stage of life's conditions. Smith's dinner, for example, will no

doubt be an enjoyable repast. I may flatter myself that the "flesh-forming" and "heat-producing" compounds, which physiology declares are necessary for the support of my bodily belongings, will be represented to the full in Smith's *menu*. The work of nutrition should be effected in the most agreeable manner around Smith's hospitable board, where the conversation of Caudal, for instance, may lend an additional and mental zest to the physical delights implied in the repast proper. But the physiologist steps in to inform me that even in the work of food-taking there will be expended a very considerable degree of energy. I shall be in the position of an engine which exhausts its steam, even in the act of laying in water and fuel for future work. My digestion, I am informed—a work that proceeds for hours together—will necessitate a large expenditure of nerve-force, and of other forces as well. The act of converting food into a medium (the blood) adapted to nourish every tissue, is thus in itself a piece of tolerably hard work; to say nothing of the labor performed by the central engine of the circulation, the heart itself; or by the lungs and chest in the act of breathing. Life would thus seem to be a kind of process resembling that familiarly described as "burning the candle at both ends." We "rob Peter to pay Paul," in our endeavor to live wisely and well. One is reminded forcibly of that grim quotation of Huxley from Balzac's "Peau de Chagrin," by the consideration of the perpetual taking in and giving out which life seems to involve. As the magic skin shrank with every wish of its possessor, and ultimately vanished away together with the life it represented, so, to quote Huxley, "all work implies waste, and the work of life results, directly or indirectly, in the waste of protoplasm. And again: "Physiology writes over the portals of life—

Debemur morti nos nostraque,

with a profounder meaning than the Roman poet attached to the melancholy line. Under whatever guise it takes refuge, whether fungus or oak, worm or man, the living protoplasm not only ultimately dies, and is resolved into its mineral and lifeless constituents, but is

always dying, and, strange as the paradox may sound, could not live unless it died."

One now begins to gain a glimpse of the fashion in which life science answers the question, Why do we eat our dinner? When we begin to conceive that the human body is, in one sense, a mere machine, which performs elaborate and complex chemical and physical work, and which, moreover, is always in action, more or less completely, we are able to understand the basis on which physiology rests its final reply concerning the philosophy involved in Smith's invitation to dinner. But to render the position of the scientist still more evident, we may inquire a little more exactly into some of the details of bodily work—including under this latter term the mental side of matters equally with the physical aspects of life. And firstly, What, one may ask, are the proofs that this wear and tear of body represent an actual fact of existence? The candle, which disappears as it burns, only changes the form of the materials of which it consists. Chemically treated, weight for weight of waste products (gas, water, etc.), into which the candle has been resolved, could be produced, as evidence that the matter of the taper has merely undergone a change of form after all. An analogous experiment could be performed on the human subject. If Professor Caudal could, for instance, be conceived as placed in one scale of a balance—calculated to contain safely the ponderous fame of that celebrated scientist—and a counterpoise in the shape of a series of accurately adjusted weights placed in the other scale, we might be able to determine with exactitude, first, that the Caudal frame grew lighter as the eminent student of physiology worked; and, secondly, that, as the Professor refreshed and renewed his inner man, the scientist in his scale would once again fall to the balanced condition. If Caudal took to lifting loads, heaving wood, or drawing water in his scale, we should find that the loss of weight which he had previously exhibited would be increased proportionately to the exertion his physical labors had entailed. To bring himself and his scale back to equilibrium, he would require simply to eat the requisite

amount of food. Possibly if Caudal, sitting in his scale, occupied his brain with the solution of some of those knotty problems which a select audience at Burlington House occasionally meets to discuss in his company, we might not see the Caudal scale rise with loss of weight so distinctly and rapidly as if the Professor indulged in mechanical pursuits. But that the mental work would entail waste, an expenditure of force, and a loss and lightening of the Professor's frame, there can be no question. The mental work simply differs from the bodily labor in that its waste is, if anything, of a more subtle character than that which results from physical toil; and, one might also add, in that the mental waste is not quite so readily made good and repaired as the bodily wear and tear. If Caudal's income in the shape of food were given him in excess of the expenditure of his substance in work, we should find that his scale would alter daily or hourly, but that it would constantly preponderate over the other scale, and never tend to approach the beam. If the Professor were placed on diminished allowance, we should, on the contrary, find that, like a weighty "spirit medium," he would remain constantly in the air, whilst the weighted scale would drop by comparison. But work and repair being equal, we should note that Caudal simply rose and fell as his substance was used up in the work he performed, and as he received his pabulum, respectively.

The consideration, however, crops up before us, that if the foregoing conclusions be correct, we should find our subject in the scales to remain stationary so long as he performed no work at all. The contention is a natural one; but unfortunately, it has no physical standing. There is no period of day or night during which cessation from work is possible to the body. If we suppose that the Professor in the scales consented to trouble himself neither about to-day nor concerning to-morrow, and to allow his muscles as well as his cerebral organ to remain as thoroughly passive as might be, he would still remind us of breakfast, lunch, and dinner; and, apart from habit altogether, would feel perfectly ready and willing to join us at

table when the "joyful sound" of gong or bell reached his ears. Nor would he be at any loss to reply to the obvious remark that, as he had done no work, he could have no reasonable expectation of participation in the delights of the table. He would require us to note, firstly, that he had been working, even while resting; secondly, that this work was unavoidable; and thirdly, that from its serious nature it necessitated speedy repair. The Professor's heart—for, contrary to the opinion of the female portion of his acquaintance, the eminent scientist possesses such an organ—can be shown to perform in each twenty-four hours of his existence an amount of work which can be legitimately termed of prodigious extent. Calculations of very exact nature have been made regarding the work done by the central organ of the circulation. The heart is a hollow muscle; hollow, to allow blood to pass through its chambers, and a muscle, that it may contract to expel the blood forth into the vessels. The heart's work is therefore as purely muscular work as is the lifting of weights or the movements of walking. Now, the "unit of work," as the basis of calculating the amount of labor expended in any given action, is an expression which, plainly stated, may be taken to mean that amount of energy (or "power of doing work") required to raise a unit of weight (1 lb.) through a unit of height (1 foot).

The heart is composed of four compartments or chambers. Two are "auricles," which receive blood from body and lungs respectively, and which propel the blood each into the larger chamber (or "ventricle") with which the auricle of each side is in free communication. If the weight of the blood which is expelled by the sharp contraction of each ventricle is multiplied by the height to which the blood rises in a tube placed in communication with the outlet of the ventricle, we obtain in the result the work done by each of these larger chambers of the heart. It has been found that the height to which the blood is sent in the tube is about nine feet. The weight of the blood expelled at each contraction of the left ventricle of the heart is about four ounces. The multiplication of these numbers, therefore,

gives us $2\frac{1}{2}$ foot-pounds—that is, a force capable of raising that number of pounds one foot high—as the work performed at each contraction of the left ventricle. The right ventricle's work measures only one third that of the left; the right side of the heart being less powerful than the left, and being occupied with driving blood simply to the lungs, while the left side propels blood through the entire system. The addition of the work of right and left sides, therefore, gives us three “foot-pounds” as the total work of the heart at each beat or contraction. But in an adult person of Caudal's *physique* there are performed at least some seventy-five or seventy-six such contractions per minute. At this rate, in twenty-four hours the heart must perform a startling amount of work. If we could gather all the force expended by the human heart in twenty-four hours into one huge lift, it would suffice to raise at least 120 tons weight one foot high.

After such a revelation, it would be easy for us to accept Caudal's hunger and thirst as the perfectly rational symptoms of a lazy man. With the fact at hand of a bodily pumping engine constantly at work within his frame, he would require no further proof of his right to replenish the wear and tear of his body by regular attendance at meals. The idle man must needs eat and drink—for common idleness has at least a physiological justification at its back in the shape of the aphorism that whatever the hands find to do, the bodily organization knows no rest or cessation from its labor and its toil.

It can be shown that the work of the heart is not the only labor which the ordinary processes of life entail. The function of breathing is practically as incessant in its operation as that of the heart. The rise and fall of the chest include, and are effected through, the work of a multiplicity of structures, such as ribs, chest-muscles, midriff, and lungs. When we read that there pass in twenty-four hours through the lungs of an adult at rest some 686,000 cubic inches of air—a quantity increased in the same period to 1,568,390 cubic inches in the hard-working subject—we may judge that the work and labor of breathing may fitly enough be

ranked with that of the heart in respect of its magnitude. There exists a large amount of natural resistance offered by the elastic nature of the lungs and chest, and which has to be overcome by the muscles employed in breathing. It has been shown that the force which has to be overcome by these muscles in the act of breathing in 200 cubic inches of air exceeds 450 pounds. In ordinary breathing, the elastic force we require to overcome equals at least 170 pounds. With these details at hand, there is little need to further emphasize the fact that the stillest of lives is in reality a long spell of continuous work. In twenty-four hours the muscles of breathing alone perform an amount of work equal to the raising of twenty-one tons one foot high. Adding this amount to the force exerted by the heart, we may understand that even the quiet moments of our lives are attended by and carried on through work of a very severe character; and this even when the almost endless work of the brain in thought, and of the nerve-centres in controlling the bodily actions, is entirely set aside and overlooked in our calculation.

Returning for a moment to Caudal, whom we left in the scales, we may be required to specify the exact form in which the bodily substance of the subject experimented upon has disappeared in the acts and processes of life. Briefly stated, so much of our material substance is given off from skin and lungs, for example, in the form of water; part is excreted in the shape of carbonic acid gas, which thus becomes available as food for green plants; and part of the wear and tear is likewise given off in the form of heat, a curious substance called “ureæ ammonia,” and mineral matters. In other words, our bodies, as the result of the work they perform, are perpetually being dissipated into so much heat, water, carbonic acid gas, and other substances. The animal frame is constantly breaking down into these inorganic matters, and is thus at once finding a lower level of existence and supplying the plant world with the matters from which the life of the vegetable kingdom will evolve new growths and fresh generations. Well might Erasmus Darwin write—

Hence, when a monarch or a mushroom dies,
 Awhile extinct the organic matter lies,
 But as a few short hours or years revolve,
 Alchemic power the changing forms dissolve ;
 Emerging matter from the grave returns,
 Fills new desires, with new sensation burns.

If it is true that "in the midst of life we are in death," it is no less true that from the physiological charnel-house into which living beings are perpetually doomed to pass, new forms take their origin. These are fed by the matter which, having done duty in living bodies, is, after a period of so-called decay, woven anew into the textures of succeeding generations of animals and plants.

The answer to the question with which we began our scientific journeyings should now loom plainly enough ahead. We eat our dinner because, in the food of which that meal consists, we expect to find materials capable of replacing those we have lost in the acts and processes of life. "Food," in this view, from dry bread to Smith's choicest dainties, is only matter which the body demands for its sustenance and support ; and the perfect diet is simply that which affords us the most complete epitome of our bodily belongings in most condensed form, and in a shape susceptible of ready conversion, by digestion, into ourselves. We eat, then, because we waste, and we waste because we work. There is no escape from the continual wear and tear which besets us. We receive so much food as income, and we exert so much force and give off waste matters as expenditure ; our profit in this transaction consisting of the "energy" or

power of doing work we obtain from our food. It is true that we eat to live ; it would be a truer statement if we said that we eat to work. We begin our physiological career with work, and our dinners are the consequence of our exertion. There is, after all, a considerable savor of an admirable social philosophy in this view of matters. The knowledge that these frames of ours periodically make reasonable and natural demands, through hunger and thirst, for the wherewithal of life and work, seems to lead to the plain conclusion that they deserve good and wise treatment. There can be no hesitation in indorsing the statement that living well means, other things being equal, living long. Smith's dinner looming in the distance becomes thus invested with a fresh charm in one's eyes, and the charm is all the more æsthetic and satisfying because it is scientific. I shall feel equal to the task of looking benignantly even at Caudal while I listen to the platitudes wherewith he entertains us at the festive board. The Professor represents a science which has administered many grains of comfort to the *bon vivant*, and which does not add any exceptional *granum salis*—except to assure us that chloride of sodium (otherwise common salt) is a necessary component of the gastric juice, and one without which—But we are becoming too scientific, and one has already found the true justification of a good dinner. This is all. No ; I had almost forgotten Smith's invitation. Now for its reply : "Yes, with the greatest of pleasure ;" and may good digestion wait on appetite.—*Belgravia*.



THE WISDOM OF GOETHE.

HALF a century ago Carlyle had to write of Goethe, who had just then died, that he had won but little recognition in England.

"Indeed," he says, "it was only of late that his existence as a man, and not as a mere sound, became authentically known to us ; and some shadow of his high endowments and endeavors, and of the high meaning that might lie therein, arose in the general mind of England, even of intelligent England. Five years ago to rank him with Napoleon, like him as

rising unattainable beyond his class, like him and more than he of quite peculiar moment to all Europe, would have seemed a wonderful procedure ; candor even, and enlightened liberality, to grant him place beside this and the other home-born ready-writer, blessed with that special privilege of 'English cultivation,' and able thereby to write novels, heart-captivating, heart-rending, or of enchaining interest."*

* "Miscellaneous Essays," vol. iv. People's Editions. "Goethe's Works," reprinted from the *Foreign Quarterly Review*, No. 19.

That sneer at Scott, who had himself then fallen on evil days, poor fellow! was unjust and unnecessary. Scott was the last of men to set himself up beside such a giant as Goethe, for whom, indeed, he himself had a great and hearty admiration, and had moreover done what in him lay to lead others into the same way of thinking. It is pleasant to know that the feeling was mutual, and that even in England there was no warmer admirer of the immortal novels than Goethe. But in other respects Carlyle was right. Up to a very few years before his death the mass even of intelligent Englishmen knew Goethe very little and very ill. They knew him chiefly, indeed, from a worthless translation of "Werther," a work which in its original form has been, perhaps, a little overrated, but in its English form went certainly far to justify the illiberal sneers of Jeffrey, and of other "old-established British critics," as Carlyle called them. Carlyle himself, by his translation of "Wilhelm Meister" and by various articles in *Fraser* and the *Foreign Quarterly Review*, had labored hard to bring about a better state of things. But the fierce and bullying tone he too often adopted, as well, no doubt, as the strange jargon in which he loved to conceal his meaning, probably closed many ears against his preaching; and besides, Carlyle himself had in those days, as we all know, some difficulty in getting a hearing. However, even as he wrote the words we have quoted, the tide was beginning to turn. The progress of clearer apprehension, he was even then able to own, was becoming quicker and more satisfactory. In his own extravagant language he exults that

"Innumerable unmusical voices have already fallen silent on this matter; for in fowls of every feather, even in the pertest crouches and thievish magpies, there dwells a singular reverence of the eagle; no Dulness is so courageous, but if you once show it any gleam of a heavenly Resplendence it will, at lowest, shut its eyes and say nothing."

Mrs. Austin did a good deal to silence these unmusical voices, no doubt, with her charming volumes on Goethe and his contemporaries!* Mr. Hayward,

* "Goethe and his Contemporaries," from the German of Falk, von Müller, etc., with

too, helped by that translation of *Faust* which has received Mr. Matthew Arnold's stamp as "the best that has been made in our language, because the most straightforward." And the turn having once come, the tide has risen steadily, nor, despite some Partingtonian opposition here and there, has it ever shown any visible sign of ebb. In France, indeed, for all the vigorous protests of Goethe's against the excesses of the romantic school, the chorus of praise, of which Napoleon struck the keynote with his "There is a man!" in the famous interview at Erfurt, has never faltered, and the two great critics of Modern France, M. Sainte-Beuve and M. Scherer, each after his own manner, have both held the great German up to admiration in their best style, not only as a great poet, but as a great critic, of life as well as of literature. It is on this side, too, of his many-sided fame, that English criticism has preferred in recent years mainly to dwell. Both in prose and verse the graceful Muse of Mr. Matthew Arnold has lavished some of the richest treasures of her vocabulary on the "wisest and most helpful thinker of modern times."* Mr. Hutton has gone still further, and pronounced him to be, with some reservations which we shall return to elsewhere, "perhaps the wisest man whom the world has ever seen." Enormous as is the mass of literature that has been raised round the figure of Goethe in his own country, the English language alone could certainly now furnish no contemptible addition to the pile.

Carlyle, as we have said, led the way, and a countryman of Carlyle's has now followed in his footsteps. Whatever may be their relative value as "dynamic forces," Professor Blackie has at least proved himself as sincere in his admiration for Goethe as his illustrious compatriot, if less tumultuous. He has, moreover, this advantage—and a great advantage, indeed, it is in these days when, as the Manager in *Faust* says,

biographical notices and original anecdotes illustrative of German literature. By Sarah Austin: in 3 vols. 2d edit. London, 1836.

* See especially "Memorial Verses," vol. 2 of his "Poems," ed. 1877; and "A French Critic on Goethe"—"Mixed Essays," 1879.

the people read a terrible deal, if not always of the best—he is so much easier to read! In the little volume* whose title we have borrowed for our article, he has packed within most convenient compass a veritable treasure-house of wisdom. The first book printed in the English language was, we believe, "The Dictes and Sayings of Philosophers," sent out by Caxton from his press at Westminster more than four hundred years ago; and this little book might well have been ushered into the world under the same style. Full of wise thoughts and sayings in truth it is, ranging over the whole expanse of human life and conduct; whatsoever men concern themselves with, in thought or action, fact or fancy, work or play, nothing was too high for Goethe, nothing too low. As he himself says, in a verse thus Englished by Professor Blackie: †

"Nothing may perish
Beneath the sky;
All things have their issues,
That mortals try.
We are here for a day,
To stamp on the clay
A part of ourselves.
That never may die."

"Wisdom is the principle thing; therefore get wisdom: and with all thy getting get understanding." Professor Blackie has chosen this verse from Proverbs for the motto to his volume, and he has chosen happily. But had he wished to take one also from profane writ, how aptly would have served the well-known lines from Juvenal ‡ which Lord Beaconsfield took for one of his books—a *farrago*, surely, if nothing else!

The age, our good Professor thinks, as so many thoughtful men have said of their age before him, lacks seriousness. These are his words:

"There is nothing fills me with more sorrow occasionally than to see how foolishly some people throw away their lives. It is a noble thing to live; at least a splendid chance of playing a significant game—a game which we may never have the chance to play again, and which it is surely worth the while to try to play skilfully; to bestow at least as much pains upon as many a one does on billiards or lawn-tennis. But

these pains are certainly not always given; and so the game of life is lost, and the grand chance of forming a manly character is gone; for no man can play a game well who leaves his motives to chance; and so, instead of fruitful victories, brilliant blunders are all the upshot of what many a record of distinguished lives has to present."*

This necessity of seriousness Goethe himself was never tired of inculcating. "Without earnestness," he says, in a passage quoted in this book—†

"Without earnestness there is nothing to be done in life; yet even among the people whom we call men of culture, but little earnestness is often to be found: in labors and employments, in arts, nay, even in recreations, they plant themselves, if I may say so, in an attitude of self-defence; they live, as they read a heap of newspapers, only to be done with them. They remind one of that young Englishman at Rome, who told, with a contented air, one evening in some company, that 'to-day he had despatched six churches and two galleries.' They wished to know and learn a multitude of things, and not seldom exactly those things with which they have the least concern; and they never see that hunger is not appeased by snapping at the air. When I become acquainted with a man my first inquiry is: with what does he occupy himself, and how, and with what degree of perseverance? The answer regulates the interest I take in that man for life."

And again:

"I reverence the individual who understands distinctly what he wishes; who unweariedly advances, who knows the means conducive to his object, and can seize and use them. How far his object may be great or little, may merit praise or censure, is a secondary consideration with me. A great part of all the misery and mischief that we find in the world arises from the fact that men are too remiss to get a proper knowledge of their object in life, and when they do know it, to work intensely in attaining it. They seem to me like people who have taken up a notion that they must and will erect a tower, and who yet expend on the foundation no more material and labor than would be sufficient for a hut."‡

How Goethe would have rejoiced in Walter Raleigh, to whom, broken in health, fame, and fortune, and standing at the very gate of death, even his bitterest enemy could not refuse this praise, that *he could labor terribly!*

For this prevailing defect, then, of lightness and flippancy, the only remedy the Professor knows is "to impress on young men with all seriousness, that life, though a pleasant thing, is no joke, and that if they will go to sea without

* "The Wisdom of Goethe." By John Stuart Blackie, Emeritus Professor of Greek in the University of Edinburgh. Blackwood: 1883.

† Ibid. p. 43.

‡ Sat. i. 85-6.

* "The Wisdom of Goethe," p. ix.

† Ibid. p. 5.

‡ Ibid. p. 4.

chart, compass, or pilot, they have a fair chance to be wrecked."*

But for this impression to be deep and lasting, to be itself *serious*, it is above all things necessary that it be conveyed by one having a recognized authority. For the individual, "like the great world, is governed, as Goethe well says, by wisdom, by authority, and by show; and though wisdom is wisely put first in this trial of directing powers, it is an authority that the great masses of men have to rely on, when they look out, as they must do, in nine cases out of ten, for a guidance outside of their own experience; for authority in the force that wisdom must always take, before it can become generally recognized, and become permanently influential."†

"Every age," he goes on, "has its own authority, as in other regions, so specially in the domain of the conduct of life; and in the present age I have found no name whose utterances have a better chance to be generally accepted than the great German poet-thinker, Johann Wolfgang von Goethe. His wisdom is generally acknowledged, even by those who entertain the most unfavorable views of his character: and having in my own personal experience had reason to thank God that at an early period of my life I became acquainted with the writings of this great man, it occurred to me that I could do no better service to the intelligent youth of this generation, for whose benefit it has been my duty and my pleasure to work through a long life, than to lay before them in a systematic form his most significant dicta on the important problems of sound thinking and noble living."‡

How the good work thus eloquently and earnestly announced has been performed, the book exists to tell. For ourselves we cannot hope to give any idea of it other than such as we have already vaguely foreshadowed. Did we once begin to quote we should know not where or when to stop. As the child in the fable who strayed into fairy-ground, and lured on by flower after flower, each brighter and lovelier than the last, found himself at last cut off from all hope of return, so would it be with us. Page after page should we turn, finding here some grave moral truth too weighty almost for words to hold, and there some light thrust at the "Fears of the great, and follies of the wise,"

which, like the laughing wisdom of Horace,

"Plays lightly round and round the peccant part,

And wins unfelt an entrance to the heart:"

anon some large utterance of good will and charity to all men, and then again some sharp reproof of ignorance or presumption, or idleness: of whatsoever things, indeed, are not, as the apostle says, convenient. And so should we go on from quotation to quotation, till we had transcribed the best part of the whole book, thereby depriving this good Professor of his lawful dues, and for ourselves incurring, perhaps, some fearful penalty in the mysterious Court of Copyright!

Perhaps the most attractive part of the book to young minds, especially to those already touched, as so many young minds now are touched, with a taste for letters, and yearning to venture out themselves into that alluring but so sadly crowded field, will be that which treats of art, of literature, and of poetry. On such subjects Goethe was indeed supreme; the greatest critic of all ages Mr. Matthew Arnold has called him, and it would be hard indeed to name a greater. Here the temptation to quote is almost irresistible. It is indeed to be resisted only, as an Irishman might say, by quoting; but this time for a quotation we shall go, not to the pages of this excellent little book, but straight to their great source itself. In the very best selection ever made or to be made from the works of any considerable writer, each reader will find something to add, if not something to take away. In the present instance there is really nothing that we should wish to take away; but, though we should never dream of claiming an equal knowledge of Goethe's works with this wise Scotch Professor, there are one or two additions we could make, and especially in this particular department. Goethe is rarely more felicitous than when counselling, from the height of his years and experience, those young writers who, like the little bears, have all their troubles yet to come. Nor, in truth, young writers only: there are many notable figures in contemporary literature no longer owing to that epithet (which seems, indeed, in the world of literature to carry with

* "The Wisdom of Goethe," p. x.

† Ibid.

‡ Ibid.

it some mysterious note of discourtesy,) who might do worse than lay to heart some of the sage's wisdom. Two samples of these, unrecorded by Professor Blackie, we shall venture to quote. The first is from *Faust*, from that strange scene in the witches' kitchen, which has so sadly puzzled many learned heads, and to which perhaps Goethe himself supplied the best commentary when he said, "Really people should learn when they are young to make and take a joke, and throw away scraps as scraps." What with the vision of Margaret in the glass, the uncouth antics of the apes and their Babylonish jargon, Faust declares that he feels his senses leaving him, and even Mephistopheles owns that his well-seasoned brain is growing giddy. Then the apes break into the following chant, which runs thus in Mr. Anster's version :

"We have words, and we can link
Syllables that chime and chink ;
Sense unsought—thus is caught ;—
Every jingle is a thought—
Every word with meaning fraught—
*Language glib and random, thus
Does the work of thought for us ;*
Let but your own fancy mingle
With the jargon and the jingle,
As you listen to the lays ;
Bring the meaning you are gleaning,
Give the poet all the praise."

The other dates, indeed, from the wild and restless period of Goethe's youth, but yet very strikingly foreshadows the depth and sanity of his manhood. In 1771, when Goethe, then two-and-twenty years old, was nominally studying law at Strasburg, the name of Shakespeare was the battle-cry for all those young heroes of revolt against "the established fact" in art, literature, religion, morals, and everything else, who, taking their name from some forgotten masterpiece of one of their chiefs, were known to their startled elders as the *Sturm und Drang*, or Storm and Stress, School. Before this time the so-called classical school of France, of which Voltaire was then the great apostle, had been the source from which Germany drew such culture as she then possessed. Lessing was the first to break from this ignoble bondage. In his "Dramaturgie," a series of essays originally designed to chronicle the performances of the new Hamburg thea-

tre, but soon spreading far beyond that narrow and uncongenial field, he dared to wrest the dramatic crown from the author of *Semiramis*, and place it on the head of the "drunken savage" who had created *Hamlet*. Shakespeare then was hardly known in Germany. Wieland's translations, or rather paraphrases, had, indeed, been written, but the critics, Lessing tells us, spoke ill of them, and the general public, as usual, followed the critics. Eager to break at every possible and impossible point from the old-established routine of criticism, as of everything else, these ardent young spirits welcomed Wieland as the Baptist of a new Messiah. A Shakespeare Society was formed, and the young neophytes took it in turns to deliver orations in honor of their new god. It is from one of these we shall take our next quotation, borrowing the English version of George Henry Lewes : *

"Up, gentlemen! sound the alarm to all noble souls who are in the elysium of so-called good taste, where drowsy in tedious twilight they are half alive, half not alive, with passions in their hearts and no marrow in their bones ; and because they are not tired enough to sleep, and yet are too idle to be active, loiter and yawn away their shadowy life between myrtle and laurel bushes."

It is possible that not only those intelligent youths for whom this book has been primarily composed, but some of their intelligent elders might suck from these words no small advantage.

There is, indeed, but one part of this excellent little volume that we could wish away, or, let us rather say, that we could wish had been written differently ; and that is, the estimate of Goethe's character. It is couched in so charming a strain of admiration and sympathy that we could be willing to go along with every word of it ; but, in truth, on this point, the Professor claims a little too much for the sage. To assert that Goethe was pre-eminently great on his moral as well as his intellectual side is surely to go a little too far. We said just now that Mr. Hutton's high estimate of Goethe was accompanied with certain reservations ; his summing-up is as follows : "He was perhaps the wisest man, *totally without moral humility and personal faith*, whom the world has ever

* "Life of Goethe," 3d ed. pp. 92-5.

seen !” * Professor Blackie, on the other hand, holds that he well deserves “to be studied by our generation, and handed down to long generations, as the model of a perfectly wise and virtuous man.” If there be any meaning in the English language these two estimates cannot be made to agree, and any one who has really studied Goethe’s life and character will hardly, we think, be inclined to dispute the justice of the former. Among the many ill-considered sayings that Carlyle permitted himself on this and other subjects, was one to the effect that Goethe, like Shakespeare, has left little trace of himself in his works. Nothing could well have been farther from the mark. By those who have eyes to see he may be traced in almost every line of those works, and that there may be no doubt about the matter he himself has clearly indicated the path for us in his conversations with Eckermann, in his correspondence with Schiller and others, even in his “Autobiography,” though there of course much allowance must be made for the sunset haze through which the old man looked back on the glorious morning of his long life. If the young generation for whom this example is held up are to accept him as the model of a *perfectly virtuous man*, it is possible that they may go a little astray. It is not likely that many of them at least will have their model’s perfect wisdom, and without that, to counteract the falling away from perfect virtue which he certainly at times exhibited, it is extremely likely that they will be found falling away still further and more frequently. So much, indeed, Professor Blackie himself allows when he says, “The quick and ready susceptibility of which we have just spoken, might naturally have led—and has, in fact, not seldom led—poetic natures into a sort of emotional dissipation and abandonment, which, if it does not end in vice and moral ruin, is certainly fatal to all true manhood ;” † and allowing so much, it is surprising to find him, while laying his finger with such sureness on the weakness of the young generation, still venturing the risk of so

perilous an example. A vicious man, or an irreligious man, in the popular sense of the words, Goethe certainly was not ; from such excesses as Byron’s for example, from such extravagances as Shelley’s, his good sense and good taste alike saved him. He had, as Mr. Hutton happily says, a *taste* for religion, and he had a taste for virtue, too, just as he had a taste for everything that was good and fair. But he liked to see and prove everything for himself. He would take nothing upon trust. This active spirit of inquiry led him to those wonderful heights of wisdom whereon no man, at least among the moderns, has ever planted his foot so firmly. But it also led him at times into certain byways and strange places wherein perfect virtue is hardly to be found. And in these places he was not averse to linger as the fancy seized him.

But to put virtue and religion out of the question—and has not Cardinal Newman lately reminded us how difficult it is to attach any precise definition to the sense of religion?—there was another side of Goethe’s character to which he indisputably owed much of his greatness, but which would no less certainly form a perilous model to the young generation. Goethe was, perhaps, the most extraordinary selfish man of whom the world has kept record. Selfish, in the common sense of the word, indeed, he was not. “Goethe’s heart,” said one who knew him well, and owed him much, “which few knew, was as great as his intellect, which all knew.” His was a splendid selfishness. It was not, like poor Byron’s, again, a vulgar, an ignoble selfishness ; it was an intellectual selfishness, not a sensual one.* The ways in which the love of

* His conduct to Friederike might, perhaps, take a harder name. Yet his latest biographer seems to view it not only with lenient, but even with admiring eyes. “In this strait to which his heedlessness had brought him, he gave up the happiness of his heart to save his intellectual development—infinately painful as it was to sacrifice with his own happiness that of the tender sick girl who loved him, and who, he felt, could never belong to any other. It was a hard struggle. From the first there was no doubt of the issue ; but still it was hard.” And again : “Wolfgang with bleeding heart gave up Friederike that he might not lose himself. It was his first great renunciation—in truth a tragic one ; for one of the nobles-

* “Essays Theological and Literary”—“Goethe and his Influence,” 2d ed. 1877.

† “The Wisdom of Goethe,” p. xxxiv.

self manifested itself in these two men might perhaps be paralleled by the different cruelty of Marius and Sylla. Both from head to foot were dyed in human blood; but Marius slaughtered from innate savagery and lust of rule; Sylla because he had formed a certain political ideal, an impossible but not ignoble ideal, to which all else must give place. Man, woman, and child, whoever came, or might at some time come, between him and this ideal, must go. It was so with Goethe. He had formed an intellectual ideal on which his eyes were ever fixed, to which his steps were ever bent. To the right and to the left he had a hand and a heart for all humanity, but between him and his ideal no man nor woman must intervene. As far as it is possible for human endeavor to succeed Goethe succeeded.

"And he was happy, if to know
Causes of things, and far below
His feet to see the lurid flow
Of terror, and insane distress,
And headlong fate, be happiness." *

He put miles out of sight behind him the tumultuous, extravagant, sentimental Goethe of the old Strasburg days—the days of "Werther" and of "Gotz von Berlichingen," days of riot and revolt, from which, indeed, he drew some good, as he did from everything, but of which he cared but little in the after-time to talk; and, like the prince in the fairy tale, pressed steadily upward and onward to those stern and lofty mountain peaks whence spring the magic waters of knowledge. A wonderful life! a wonderful course! a course which, indeed,

"... few sons of men
May think to emulate." †

A life magnificent, incomparable in its results, but one which surely it were hardly wise to hold up to the young of this generation, at least, as a model of perfect virtue. They have their own

women—one worthy of the highest happiness—was almost heart-broken by it. See Düntzer's "Life of Goethe," Translated by Thomas W. Lyster, vol. i. pp. 146-7. Macmillan: 1883.

* "Memorial Verses:" Mr. Matthew Arnold's "Poems," vol. ii. p. 223. Ed. 1879.

† "Stanzas in Memory of the Author of 'Obermann'"—Mr. Matthew Arnold's "Poems," p. 280.

Strasburg day; how few seem likely ever to get beyond them!

"I have not been anxious to cloak his human failings," says Professor Blackie.* Human his failings were, most human; happy the man who has no other and no worse than he. Nevertheless they existed, and for us are what they are. With all young copyists it is the bad, and not the good, points of their model on which their eyes will most quickly fasten, which their hands will most easily produce. How many are there might copy the failings of Goethe, and claim excuse, if indeed, in their pride, they thought excuse were needed, because they were the failings of such a man!

We cannot then but think that in claiming so much for Goethe, Professor Blackie has a little overshot his mark.† For the model of perfect wisdom where, indeed, may a better be found! but when we are asked to accept the perfect virtue, we are inclined to "smiling, put the question by." And can we not put it by? When a great man is in the grave, and has left great works behind him, may we not admire and profit by what is good in those works without disinterring the man himself, to prove over his poor dry bones that he too was mortal like the rest of us? What does it help us, this laborious palimpsest of Byron's life that has been recently given us? What does it help us, to turn again, as by such disproportionate praise we are inevitably forced to turn, to the old story of those early Weimar days, to the Frau Von Stein and Christiane Vulpius, and to other episodes in that long laborious life, which all who truly read and admire that great character would so willingly pass over? What Goethe himself has left us is surely enough; and if the young generation will walk by the light which this good Scotch Professor has drawn therefrom and trimmed ready for their hands, they can hardly fail to get wisdom at any rate. While for the rest, let us be content to say with Shakespeare

* "The Wisdom of Goethe," p. lxxxiii.

† The same error, it may here be remarked, pervades Herr Düntzer's industrious volumes. This, in the case of a countryman, is perhaps only natural. But it seems also to have been accepted by his English translator; and this, though in the circumstances perhaps not unnatural, is a pity.

—and how the labors of every fresh biographical resurrectionist irresistibly impel us to thank heaven that he at least is safe !—

" They say best men are moulded out of faults,
And, for the most, become much more the
better
For being a little bad."

—*Temple Bar.*

TONQUIN AND ANAM.

BY SAMUEL MOSSMAN.

WHERE the southern provinces of China terminate at the frontiers of Kwang-see and Yung-nau, a vast peninsula extends for fifteen degrees through northern tropical latitudes toward the equator, stretching in longitude from the shores of the China Sea to the Gulf of Siam. The eastern half of that peninsula comprises the territory of Tonquin and Anam, and has a seaboard along the sinuosities of the coast approximating to fifteen hundred miles, with an average breadth of some two hundred miles. Through its central meridian a mountain range trends in a curved line from north-by-east to south, the heights of the highest peaks attaining an altitude of five thousand or six thousand feet, and abruptly diverging into undulating hills and valleys. The watershed through the ravines is rapid and of large volume, abrading the rocks and carrying the sediment on to the sea, where alluvial plains and deltas of great extent have been formed. The principal stream, however, named the *Song-koi* by the natives, and the Red River by foreigners, takes its rise in the mountains of Yung-nau, and receives numerous affluents in its course to the Gulf of Tonquin, where its mouths form a wide marshy delta, similar to that of the Nile, and subject to annual floods.

The banks of this river, and the surrounding region within the boundary of Tonquin, have been the scene of the chief naval and military operations of the French during the past year in their invasion of the country. About twenty-four years ago, a greater campaign was carried on by an expeditionary force after the successful war with China, resulting in the capture of Saigon and five adjacent provinces. On that occasion, a treaty was concluded between the Emperor Napoleon III. and Tu-Duk, sovereign of the Anamese Empire,

whereby the French should establish a colony at Saigon, and have a ruling protectorate over the five provinces and the people, with power to collect the customs and levy taxes on the inhabitants and foreigners trading with the port. Great expectations were entertained by the French Government that the colony would become a flourishing commercial emporium, and the port a rendezvous for the national fleet frequenting the China Sea, that would rival Hong Kong. These anticipations have not been realized. For several years, instead of increasing, the foreign trade has diminished, and the native traffic dwindled away ; while the cost of governing the colony has augmented, until the expenditure has become a burden to the State, without any equivalent income. Under these circumstances the policy of the French has tended toward the extension of the protectorate over the northern provinces of the Anamese Empire, especially in Tonquin, where the most productive land is situated, the population most numerous, and the traffic with China greatest. With a coast-line of about three hundred and fifty miles, the area of that ancient kingdom approximates to fifty thousand square miles, supporting a population of nearly five millions. From these facts it may be inferred that the object of the French, in seeking to extend their protectorate, is not only the glory of colonial dominion, but the enrichment of the State by lucrative possessions.

The territory of Tonquin, from its proximity to the southern provinces, naturally attracted the attention of the sovereigns of China, with a view to conquest or annexation. According to the Chinese annals, such was the case while the inhabitants were still living in a savage state under their chiefs. An

emperor, who desired to subjugate the people in a pacific manner, encouraged laborers and husbandmen with their families to migrate across the border and introduce agriculture where it was almost unknown. The natives were docile, and though they formed various tribes occupying different localities in the mountains, forests, and plains, yet they appeared to be of one race, speaking one language, though with different dialects. They were physically and mentally inferior to the Chinese, having much darker skins, being shorter in stature, but well formed, with features, both in males and females, devoid of comeliness. They were unskilled in any mechanical design, and without a written language.

In the course of time their barbaric condition gradually improved under the tuition and example of their new masters, who organized a system of government on the principles pursued in the empire. Then the country was annexed, and named *Thunh Kinh*, corrupted by foreigners into Tong King or Tonquin. A Chinese governor and other officials were placed over the different departments, and in every respect the territory was ruled for many generations as a Chinese province. However, in the course of time the people obtained a semi-independence by choosing rulers of their own, but tributary to the Emperor of China. Subsequently Anam was erected into a tributary State. In 1802 Anam and Tonquin were united under one sovereign, entitled Gia-long, who also held his authority from the Chinese Emperor, on his ascending the throne after investiture, as the legitimate ruler of the combined Empire of Anam.

Thus from time immemorial the Chinese monarchs have held the Anamese rulers as vassals, which they have acknowledged by sending tribute to Peking up to the present time. This was shown in a letter from King Tu-Duk before his demise last year, when he solicited aid from the Emperor, to defend his territory from further invasion. Notwithstanding that declaration—which was translated into English and published—the French have hitherto ignored the Chinese suzerainty, until recently, when the astute Ambassador,

the Marquis T'seng, called attention to the fact.

The interest of the French in the country arises, on the other hand, from the zeal of ecclesiastical missionaries to establish themselves in far-off "fields and pastures new" for the propagation of their faith. During the latter part of the seventeenth century, this region attracted the attention of French and Spanish propagandists in China, Japan, and the Philippine Islands, as a desirable field for their operations, on account of the inhabitants showing a desire to accept their teachings in a friendly manner. The pioneer priests found them to be a docile people, and imbued with religious sentiments in an eminent degree. In Cochin China—so named erroneously by the Portuguese—or the south provinces of Anam, they entered first upon their task, and ascertained that the language of the aborigines differed entirely from that of their task-masters, who spoke Chinese, many mandarins having been sent thither to govern them after the model of that empire. Studying with zeal, the missionaries acquired a knowledge of the Anamese language, and in time they were able to converse and deliver discourses in the vernacular tongue. This produced the desired effect; and their fame as the expounders of a new religion, that was specially acceptable to the poorer classes, spread far and wide. They travelled northward into Tonquin, and found the people professing the Buddhist creed, but with great laxity of belief, excepting among the governing class, while many were pagans of a low order.

In this peripatetic progress, these Jesuit fathers made many followers, who assisted them in disseminating their doctrine and making converts by the thousands. At various central situations in the provinces they established chapels, where the converts worshipped in secret, and were duly enrolled as Christians by the officiating priests and vicars-apostolic sent out from *Les Missions des Etrangères* in France. The whole of the Anamese section of the peninsula was divided into ecclesiastical districts, under the supervision of bishops, where schools were built to teach the native neophytes Latin, and the scholars, the foreign religion in their

own language. So successful were these efforts through the course of the eighteenth century and the beginning of the present one, that in 1830 it was estimated the number of registered converts was not less than four hundred thousand.

Meanwhile, the Buddhist priests became alarmed at the spread of the foreign religion, and the apostasy of many of their own followers. They reported the spread of the insidious innovation to the civil authorities, who agreed with them that its further progress might not merely diminish the influence of the hierarchy, but prove dangerous to the welfare of the State. Accordingly measures were matured to check the advancing propaganda. Edicts were issued from the imperial court denouncing the false doctrine; punishments were threatened against all Christian converts, and emissaries were sent out to spy the land and report what they witnessed at the secret churches. Numerous delinquents were seized, examined by stern judges, and made to renounce the foreign belief, which many did from fear of punishment and the sacrifice of their families and homes. Large numbers, however, confessed to the truth of their conversion, who suffered death rather than abandon their faith.

Then followed a cruel persecution of the poorer classes of Anamese, when both male and female converts became victims to the ferocity of their foes. Their chapels were destroyed, their homes broken up, and their household goods confiscated. Under these circumstances the European missionaries had to continue their propaganda in secret, and hold their meetings at night, in obscure places. But that did not prevent their persecutors from finding them out and bringing the bishops and vicars before a cruel court, presided over by judges prejudiced against their teachings. Some were imprisoned, and several suffered torture and death at the hands of executioners. Those who escaped flew to the fastnesses in the mountains and forests for safety, and to await the subsidence of the persecution.

The details of the cruelties that occurred both to foreigners and natives, were duly forwarded to the ecclesiastical authorities in France, who reported the murder of French missionaries to the

Government, asking for aid to punish the Anamese persecutors. This was complied with, and a man-of-war was sent out under a commander commissioned to demand reparation for sacrificing French subjects to religious fury. After much tergiversation and delay on the part of the mandarins in the provinces where the executions took place, they released one of the missionaries in custody, and subsequently the persecution among the native converts ceased.

These events occurred toward the close of the last century, while an internecine war existed between Tonquin and Anam, carried on by contending factions for the supremacy; one at Hanoi, the other at Hué. The revolution was suppressed, and a new emperor ascended the throne in 1802, named Gia-long, who united both kingdoms under one rule. This monarch was more friendly to foreigners than any of his predecessors, as in his struggle for supremacy, he had been materially assisted by the advice of a bishop and several French officers, in subduing the rebellion. In consequence of this he took the latter into his service, and employed them in strengthening the fortresses after European plans; and on making Hué the central capital, they surrounded the city with massive fortifications of masonry, mounting them with heavy guns and disciplining the soldiers in the garrison.

In this manner the French first obtained a footing in Tonquin and Anam. The Government having been posted up from time to time, respecting the capabilities of the country for commerce and colonies, by their representatives, who saw that the land was good to acquire for these purposes, and as there appeared no power to interpose, it was resolved to secure a protectorate over it, which amounts in the long run to annexation. From that period French naval and military officers, together with civilians of adventurous dispositions, have aspired to be the leaders of conquest in the Anamese Empire, as if to emulate Clive and other heroes who conquered British India, and thereby open up a similar empire in the far east, to rival its neighbor under the magnificent title of the "French East Indies."

—*Leisure Hour.*

THE CHRISTIAN REVOLUTION.

BY W. S. LILLY.

I.

It is a significant fact that the Western World still regulates its chronology by "the year of our Lord," thereby offering testimony, not the less emphatic because it is largely unconscious, to the supreme importance of Christianity in the annals of mankind. The birth of Jesus Christ in an obscure hamlet of Judea nearly nineteen centuries ago, is the event with which modern history opens; and this event, as a matter of fact, and apart from all theories about Him, was the source of a movement which must be confessed to be the greatest of Revolutions. It is perfectly true that it has long been the fashion to overrate the extent of that Revolution, both geographically and spiritually. Christianity has been popularly said to have subdued the world; whereas it is only a small part of the human race that has received it in any form. It has been said to have revealed to men the knowledge of God, and to have "brought life and immortality to light";* whereas it is indubitable that the existence of a Power external to man and divine, the sacredness of duty, and the possibility or certainty of life and retribution beyond the grave, were realized and proclaimed by many earlier systems of philosophy and religion. Still, admitting this, and much else which might be justly urged to the same effect, we may yet safely agree with a distinguished writer of our own day, not likely to exaggerate the claims of the religion of Jesus Christ, when he speaks of it as "*ce fait fécond, unique, grandiose qui s'appelle Christianisme.*" Christianity, for more than a thousand years, has fashioned the thoughts, the beliefs, the aspirations, of the foremost races of mankind. It has done more than anything else to shape the current of European history, and of the history of the world. Thus much, no competent authority of any school will deny, whatever may be his own individual

views or feelings about it. In the present paper I propose to inquire how, as a matter of fact, Christianity has done this; to consider what the chief notes of the Christian Revolution are; and so to endeavor to seize and exhibit its inner meaning, as a movement of thought and a determining factor in the career of humanity.

II.

It will, as I apprehend, be admitted by well-nigh all who read these words of mine, that Jesus Christ, whatever may be our private thoughts about Him and His work, and whether or no we find a sufficient explanation of Him in any "aggregate of conditions," is the greatest figure in the world's history: a Teacher quite unique among those who have placed human life and human aspirations upon a higher level. Hence it is, that a well-marked class of minds, confined to no one school, have ever delighted to regard him as the supreme expression of Divine Thought. Thus the author of the fourth Gospel: "And the Word was made flesh and dwelt among us." And so Spinoza: "*Æterna sapientia sese in omnibus rebus, maxime in humana mente, omnium maxime in Christo Jesu manifestavit.*"* Putting aside, then, for the moment all theological theories about the Person and teachings of the Prophet of Nazareth, let us inquire, what was the ideal which He set before the world? He himself spake of the fire which He had come to bring upon earth. What was the divine spark which kindled it? Whatever view we may take as to the date, authorship, or authority of the documents that make up the New Testament, it is incontestable that eighteen hundred years ago a Teacher lived among the green hills and clear streams of Galilee, and gathered around Him a little band of disciples, for the most part humble and unlettered men, who gained their bread by daily toil: that His life of poverty, humility, and detachment from family ties was spent in inculcating religious and ethical

* A mistranslation of the Authorized Version; the rendering of the Vulgate, "*illuminavit autem vitam et incorruptionem per Evangelium,*" is more accurate.

* Cf. xxi. 4. So in the Ethic he speaks of "Spiritus Christi, hoc est Dei idea."

doctrine, and was crowned by an ignominious death; that His influence did not die with Him: nay, that it was vastly enhanced after His departure from the scene of His ministry: so that, according to His own word, His followers did greater works than Himself; works which are not bygone but are with us, fruitfully operant unto this day. Now what was His teaching? About its essential character there can be no question at all.* Thus it is clear that the

* The question being, "What did Christ teach?" there are three sources of evidence, differing in value, according to their acknowledged nearness to the time of his teaching. These are the Church, the Gospels, the Epistles; and all three agree in the points of His teaching upon which I am now insisting. Next, as to their relative worth. The Church represented by Justin Martyr, Irenæus, Tertullian, Hippolytus, and in some degree by Origen and Clement of Alexandria, gives us the view of Christ's doctrine which was accepted by the great body of His followers about the year A.D. 200. The Gospels, even if we take our stand with the most extreme criticism, show what was held between A.D. 150 and A.D. 100. But the Epistles of St. Paul to the Thessalonians, Galatians, Romans, and Corinthians, the first Epistle of St. Peter, the Epistle of St. James, and the Apocalypse—all authentic beyond controversy—enable us to get back within a short generation from our Lord's death; certainly as far back as A.D. 60. As much must be said of the Acts of the Apostles, so far as they are contemporary with St. Paul. Again, it cannot be doubted that not only the *λόγια*, but the main incidents of the Divine Life, were at the earliest date embodied in fixed oral traditions or catecheses with which our present Gospels stand in the closest connection, so that we are not reduced to the study of such fragmentary documents as are left when criticism has done its worst upon the Gospels. We are still in possession of St. Paul's unquestioned writings; we still have the Apocalypse, the First Epistle of St. Peter, and the Epistle of St. James. Out of these, and even out of the two Epistles last mentioned, it is easy to construct a doctrine which the Gospels only enlarge, and do not in any degree modify. St. Paul is not, indeed, a direct witness for Christ, nor must we forget that he remained a Jewish theologian, even when he was commenting on the Sermon on the Mount; nevertheless, we can trace in him the Christian teaching, though dealt with in a subtle spirit, and from an axiomatic mysticism become a theology. Thus we may view the *Gospel* at a distance of twenty years, instead of a hundred or a hundred and fifty, from the events which it relates. This has been completely forgotten by modern critics. It follows, of course, that when we have gained such a near standpoint, we can argue not only for the *Gospel*, but the *Gospels*; since their incomparable freshness and fulness are strong evidence that what they in-

fatherhood of God—not the God merely of the Hebrews, but of all the families of the earth, unto whom all live—was the first and dominant thought that breathed through His discourses. This doctrine, I say, of the filial relationship of man to God, of the affinity of the better side of human nature with the Divine, was the fount from which His moral and religious teaching flowed. Injuries are to be forgiven. Why? Because, "if ye forgive not men their trespasses, neither will your Heavenly Father forgive your trespasses." Enemies are to be loved; those who curse are to be blessed; those who hate, to be benefited; those who persecute, to be prayed for. Why? That ye may be the children of your Father which is in Heaven, for He maketh His sun to shine on the evil and on the good, and sendeth rain on the just and on the unjust. Perfection is to be aimed at. Why? Because your Father which is in Heaven is perfect. Solicitude about the necessities of life is condemned. Why? Because your Heavenly Father knoweth that ye have need of all these things. He feedeth the fowls of the air; are ye not much better than they? He arrayeth the lilies of the field, as Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed; shall He not much more clothe you? Continuance in prayer is enjoined. Why? Because if ye being evil know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall your father, which is in Heaven, give good things unto them that ask Him. Purity of intention is prescribed. Why? Because your father seeth in secret. This is the first great note of the teaching of Jesus Christ. The ethical precepts delivered by Him contain little or nothing that was novel in the world, or to which the unassisted reason of mankind might not attain. It has been said, and I believe truly, that there is not one of them which might not be paralleled from the maxims of earlier Rabbis. But what is new in the Evangelical teaching is the sanction on which it rests those precepts, the supernatural motive which it imparts for right action. I do not, of course,

corporate is not a somewhat worn tradition, but the very speech of Christ upon the lips of His first disciples.

mean that the conception of the Fatherhood of God was new. What I mean is, that it was presented by Jesus Christ in, if I may so speak, a new light, and from a mere abstract doctrine was changed into a living and life-giving principle of conduct:

Such, then, was the first great note of the teaching of Christ: the exhibition of the Divine Paternity as a vital reality and the first of realities. The second, no less clear and unmistakable, is His proclamation of Himself as a Teacher come from God in a very special and unique sense; as the way to God, by virtue of a Divine Sonship and the indwelling in Himself of the Divinity;* as the Deliverer of men from the tyranny of that lower self, whereby they were held back from the Supreme Good: as the Healer of human nature lying wounded and half dead, and unable to take one step forward toward its true country, which is God. The claims which He made for Himself not only transcend in degree those of any other prophet, of any other founder of the religion, but are different in kind. And unquestionably those claims were both the grounds of His condemnation and execution, and the cause of the marvellous triumphs of His faith. Here we are in the region, not of conjecture but of fact. What was it which, so to speak, *made* the Christian Church? It was assuredly no system or theory, most assuredly no exhibition of thaumaturgic power, which attracted men to Jesus Christ, but the irresistible influence of soul upon soul. And to those who forsook all, and took up their cross and followed Him—such renunciation, such self-devotion, He warned them, were the very conditions of His discipleship—He exhibited no set of doctrines, no code of laws, but Himself, as being, in very deed, that Truth

* M. Renan has pointed out, truly enough, that the popular mind in Judæa was prepared for such a declaration, and was not likely to be shocked by it. "*La croyance que certains hommes sont des incarnations de facultés ou de puissances divines était répandue; les Samaritains possédaient vers le même temps un thaumaturge nommé Simon qu'on identifiait avec la grande vertu de Dieu. Depuis près de deux siècles les esprits spéculatifs du judaïsme se laissaient aller au penchant de faire des personnes distinctes avec les attributs divins ou avec certaines expressions qu'on rapportait à la divinité.*"—*Vie de Jésus*, p. 248.

which is the supreme desire of the soul. Daily to converse with the Master, ever to ponder His words and His deeds, gradually to drink into His mind, to wean the heart from all earthly affection, even the tenderest and the purest, until it could be said: "I live, and yet not I, but Christ that liveth in me"—this was the spiritual discipline undergone by His scholars in the desert, or on the mountain, or by the lake. And when the Cross had taught the supreme lesson of sacrifice, of humiliation, of self-consuming charity, and the disciples went everywhere preaching the Word, the lesson which they taught was precisely that which they had learned. "We preach not ourselves, but Christ Jesus the Lord," is the testimony of one of them: and it is applicable to all. The Gospel which, as St. Paul reminds the Corinthians, he delivered to them, which they also received, and wherein they stood, and by which they were saved, was no catalogue of dogmas, but the manifestation of a Person in whom the eternally ideal had become the historically real, and who claimed for Himself the heart of man, to reign there as in His proper throne.* And every record of the Apostolic age bears witness that this was the message which was everywhere proclaimed. Do not let us shut our eyes to a plain fact of history. It was no doctrine of sweetness and light, no enthusiasm of humanity, but the Person of Jesus Christ, at once human and divine, which, as they gazed upon it, uplifted on the cross, smote down in masterful contrition the orthodox Pharisee and the Sadducean materialist of decadent Judæa, the agnostic philosopher of captive Greece, the stately magistrate and the rude soldier of Imperial Rome. He it was, His head crowned with thorns, His eyes full of tears, His visage marred more than any man's, His limbs dislocated and rent, in whom tender virgins discerned the fairest among ten thousand, the altogether lovely, and would have no other spouse for time or for eternity. Women whose whole lives were a pollution did but look on Him, in His ineffable sor-

* "*Dilectus tuus talis est naturæ, ut alienum non velit admittere, sed solus vult cor tuum habere, et tanquam rex in proprio throno sedere.*"—*De Imitatione Christi*, l. ii. c. 7.

row, and the passion of desire was expelled by the stronger passion of compunction. Old men and little children, by the vision of Him, were inspired with a love stronger than death. The aged bishop, journeying to the place where the lions awaited him, "still alive, but longing to die," writes to his flock, "Now do I begin to be Christ's disciple." The sweet Syracusan maiden looks calmly upon her bleeding bosom, mutilated by the persecutor's knife, as she reflects: "I shall not be less beautiful in the eyes of my heavenly bridegroom." Sanctus the deacon, his limbs covered with plates of burning brass, so that his body was one entire wound and deprived of the form of man, would but say to all the questions of his tormentors, "I am a Christian;" and as those who stood by testified, remained upright and unshrinking, "bathed and strengthened in the heavenly well of living water which flowed from the Heart of Christ." They endured, that noble army of martyrs, in the strength of Him whom, not having seen, they loved. The one feeling which dominated them and their brethren who gazed with envy upon their passion, and who reared their humble shrines, was that they were not their own, but were bought with a price: that their life—their true life—was hid with Christ in God. I know of no more conspicuous instance of overmastering, blinding prejudice, than that which is afforded by those who can read the early history of the Christian Church, the Acts of the Martyrs, the Peristephanon of Prudentius—that sublime monument of primitive faith and worship—and not discern this most patent fact. The Person of Christ, in whom, as they believed, dwelt all the fulness of the Godhead bodily, was all-in-all to these early disciples of Him, and was the direct source whence they derived their rule of life, in its highest and lowest details. It was as though men had acquired a new spiritual sense. Why did they cease from sin? Because Christ bore our sins in His own body on the tree, that we being dead from sin should live unto righteousness. Why did they practice self-denial? Because Christ also pleased not himself. Why did they exhibit patience when for conscience' sake toward God they endured grief, suffering

wrongfully? Because Christ suffered for us, leaving us an example. Why did they abstain from fleshly lusts? Because their members were the members of Christ. Why did they count as joy torments most hateful to flesh and blood? Because they thereby became partakers of Christ's sufferings. The whole matter is summed up in the precept of the Epistle to the Philippians: "Let that mind be in you which was in Christ." Christianity changed men's lives by changing their ideal of life. To put before men the ideal, the supernatural ideal of the Lord from Heaven, and to incite them to copy it—that is the whole secret of the Christian Revolution. Whether or no we are to believe the legend which represents the dying Emperor to have said: "Galilean—Thou hast conquered!"* the words express the literal and exact truth. The victory of Christianity was the personal victory of its Founder. It was no body of doctrine, no code of ethics, but the Prophet of Nazareth Himself, whom men slew and hanged upon a tree, that triumphed over the majesty of the Cæsars, and founded upon the ruins of the ancient Roman polity a mightier and more enduring empire.

III.

This, then, was the great idea which underlay the Christian Revolution; the idea of God, the Universal Father, revealed "in the face of Jesus Christ." This was the seed which, to use the Evangelical similitude, the great Sower cast into the religious conscience of mankind, and which in due season was to spring up into such a mighty harvest. As the oak is potentially in the acorn, so in this one idea is the whole doctrine and discipline of the Christian Church, which is but "the expanded Gospel." "He must reign," the Apostle says, "until He hath put all His enemies under His feet." But that regimen implies a code of laws and polity. Accordingly, the work of the Church in the first four centuries was the organization, upon definite

* I suppose the *Νενίκηκας Γαλιλαῖε* of Theodoret—auctor mihi valde suspectus—must be relegated to the domain of the fabulous. But it is one of those fables that are truer than most facts.

bases, of the Christian society. To systematize her teaching about God was the primary task to which she addressed herself. The essence of her doctrine is summed up in the Pauline proposition that "Christ was declared to be the Son of God with power, according to the Spirit of Holiness by the resurrection from the dead." Hence she formulates the most philosophical of her dogmas; and in the word Trinity, first used by Theophilus, toward the end of the second century, sums up this, the greatest of the mysteries of her creed. It was in the same century that Tertullian insisted upon the consubstantiality of the Son with the Almighty Father. In the next Origen maintained His eternal generation. Early in the fourth century Athanasius arises to contend for "the proportion of faith," and the Council of Nicæa embodies it in the well-known symbol, enlarged some fifty years afterward at Constantinople by more precise statements about the Holy Ghost; * and so cast into the form which it has since maintained. Thus, after a succession of triumphs over the fantasies and phantoms of Jewish and Pagan speculation did the Church build herself up in her own field of thought, as the Christian mind worked from dogma to dogma, while at the same time she was slowly but surely winning her victory over the Imperial power which rightly recognized in her an irreconcilable foe. The very fundamental principle upon which the Empire rested was that no organization distinct from its own could exist side by side with it. The Church, upon the other hand, claimed to be a kingdom, spiritual it is true, but visible, with a right to rule, direct, condemn or absolve her subjects, in complete independence of other authority. Internal, organic unity was one of her main notes, marking her off from the other two great religions of Buddhism and Islām, which, like her, claim universality. It was the most striking difference between her and the cults and philosophies which sur-

rounded her in the Roman Empire; the difference, I mean, which would most forcibly strike the Imperial authorities, and which, as a matter of fact, was the very gist of their accusations of her. True was the instinct which prompted the unbelieving Jews of Thessalonica to raise against St. Paul and St. Silas the cry of contravening the decrees of Cæsar by saying, "there is another king, one Jesus." It was a charge of *læsæ majestatis*; the charge that, of all others, would appeal strongly to the rulers of the Roman State, and most strongly to the best among them: to men like Trajan, Antoninus, Marcus Aurelius, and Hadrian, who believe the cause of civilization to be bound up with the Empire, which, as the Greek rhetorician said, with the picturesque exaggeration of his profession, had made of the world one city; for which the great geographer of antiquity claimed that "it had taught humanity to man." Well might those politic princes, as they surveyed from their high place their œcumenical domain, and considered the splendor of the literary and philosophical achievements, the sagacity of the jurisprudence, the magnificence of the organization, guarded by "the immense majesty of the Roman peace"—well might they have determined to put down by the severest measures a revolutionary sect that counted all this greatness as dross in comparison of a visionary life to come, preached by One who was dead, and whom His fanatical followers affirmed to be alive, and shortly to return to judge the world by fire. If ever *Kulturkampf* was set on foot with a clear show of justification it was this; and we know how vigorously it was carried on for well-nigh three centuries—with wide intervals of peace, indeed—from the crucifixion of Jesus Christ, in A.D. 29, to the promulgation of the Edict of Toleration in A.D. 313. It failed. The victory remained with the spiritual order. Paganism may be said to have been conquered with its own weapon. It recognized no law but the right of the strongest; and love is stronger than death. Of what avail to slay men who counted not their lives dear in the service of their invisible King—nay, who judged that, by losing their lives for Him, they, in the truest sense, found them? Such power had

* This term was used very vaguely in the Early Church. Cardinal Newman remarks: "The word Spirit, if the Fathers are to be our expositors, sometimes means Almighty God without distinction of Persons, sometimes the Son, and more commonly the Holy Ghost."—See his "Athanasius," vol. ii. p. 304.

the religion of Jesus Christ, when to use the bold phrase of St. Jerome, "the blood of our Lord was yet warm, and faith in Him was still glowing among believers."

The Council of Nicæa, in A.D. 325, is the outward symbol of the victory of Christianity. The prolonged endeavor of the Empire to suppress it had failed. The sagacious mind of Constantine conceived the idea of using it as the bond to hold the Empire together. He himself attributes his resolve to convoke the assembly to "a kind of Divine inspiration." Unquestionably its meeting was a most momentous event, as well as a deeply significant sign of the times. In response to the Imperial letter, three hundred and sixteen bishops repaired to that little town of Asia Minor from every quarter of the Roman Empire; *ἡ οἰκουμένη*, the inhabited world, as it was wont to be called, in ignorant disdain of the vast regions lying beyond its borders. The geographical limits of the Empire and the Church were indeed practically the same.* Only two prelates who owned no allegiance to Cæsar attended the synod—John, a Persian bishop, and Theophilus, a Scythian. It does not fall within my plan to dwell upon the proceedings of this august assembly, the special function of which was to put before the world the clear image of Christ and His kingdom. I merely point to it as the outward visible sign of the progress made by the Christian Revolution in three centuries. The words of the Thessalonian Jews had been strangely verified by the course of events. The faith preached by St. Paul and St. Silas had indeed turned the world upside down. Cæsar had acknowledged the supremacy of that other king, "one Jesus," whom they had proclaimed.

* There is extremely little evidence regarding the spread of Christianity without the limits of the Empire in the first three centuries, and I very much doubt whether, with the exception, perhaps, of Persia, it was carried much beyond the Roman frontier. The passages usually cited for the contrary view from Justin Martyr ("Dial. cum Tryp." § 117), Tertullian ("Adv. Judæos," c. 7), and Origen ("Contra Celsum," l. 27, ii. 14), are evidently rhetorical exaggerations; and, as evidently, Irenæus ("Adv. Hær." l. x. 5) is speaking of German provinces of the empire.

And now let us go on to consider that Revolution a little more closely, and inquire what was its effect upon the individual men on whom it wrought, and upon the civil society which is man's normal state. We shall see this best and most clearly by surveying one man, in whose writings we have not only the most complete revelation of the workings of an individual mind which human literature, offers, and the most vivid image of the society in which he lived, but also the adumbration, as in high dream and solemn vision, of the age which was to come, and which he, more than any one else, was to mould and shape. I speak of St. Augustine, "l'homme le plus étonnant de l'église Latine," as M. Villemain well terms him, who sums up in himself the results of four centuries of moral and spiritual transition, and who cast Christian thought into the form in which it was to rule the western world for a thousand years; whose mind was as some vast lake, into which flowed the many streams of primitive Christian speculation, theological and metaphysical, and whence issued the two great rivers of mediæval philosophy, the dogmatic and the mystical, which were to make glad the city of God.

The life of St. Augustine extends from A.D. 354 to A.D. 430. Its external incidents are so well known that it will not be necessary here to dwell upon them. What renders him of peculiar importance to us, and especially for my present purpose, is that he has laid bare for us his inner life. There is not one of his writings which does not do for us in its measure, and as it were by the way and unpremeditatedly, what is done more fully, and of set purpose, in the "Confessions;" that wonderful history of a soul, written as if in "starlight and immortal tears," which is, perhaps, the greatest treatise of mystical philosophy which the world possesses: great, not only in the high intellectual power which breathes throughout it, but in its purity, its sanity, its self-repression. Here he shows us how it was that the faith of Christ subdued him, and brought him into that captivity which is true liberty, and what the change was which it wrought in him. Let us listen to the tale which he unfolds.

IV.

But first we will glance at the conditions of his age. It would be as unphilosophical to leave them out as it would be to consider nothing else but them. It was the age, then, when the great fabric of imperial power which had been raised upon the ruins of Roman liberty was hastening to its fall. Seventeen years before St. Augustine was born the first division of the Empire took place between the sons of Constantine. The year before his birth witnessed the soldering together of the fragments under Constantius; the year afterward there is a new partition, and Valens and Valentinian fix their capitals, the one at Constantinople, the other at Milan. In A.D. 392 the great Theodosius again brings East and West into one polity. But in A.D. 395 his reign of sixteen years comes to an end, and with it the united Empire. This is the great event which marks the close of the fourth century.

A great event, indeed; the token of swiftly-advancing political dissolution. But it was an age of intellectual and moral dissolution too. The old popular creeds of the countries which had passed under the civilizing yoke of conquering Rome had long been discredited for higher minds. Their spiritual guides were the philosophers, and the air resounded with the din of systems, in which every variety of opinion known to our own times seems to have been, more or less closely, anticipated. Augustine,* quoting Varro, tells us of no less than two hundred and eighty-eight doctrines which prevailed as to the primary question of the true end of human action. But in one respect all the teachers of decadent Paganism were alike. They were all lacking in any "consciousness of the sanctity of God, and of the need of sanctification in man."† This must be said even of the noblest of them, such as the Stoics, and even the Neo-Platonists. The evil in the world they recognized clearly enough, and as time went on with ever-increasing clearness. But between physical and moral evil they drew only the slightest distinction.

Fatalism is at the bottom of all their metaphysical ideas, and is the last word of their arguments. I by no means underrate the loftiness of thought, the purity of motive and integrity of life which distinguished many of these seekers after truth, of whom Marcus Aurelius is the noblest type. But the philosophy to which, with whatever measure of success, they turned as the guide of conduct, was the prerogative of a few favored souls. The multitudes were left to a gross naturalism at once voluptuous and cruel: and to the outworn cults, which, if they outraged the reason, at all events ministered to the passions, and found their sanction in the lower self—the self of the ape and tiger—when they pressed bloodshed and impurity into the service of religion. Throughout the Roman Coliseum, the temple of the Sun, there ran "the transports of a fierce and monstrous gladness," as eighty thousand spectators looked down upon hecatombs of human victims in their dying agonies. The theatre, reared under the invocation of Venus, was devoted to obscenities as revolting as those wherewith the worship of "Reason" was celebrated in the churches of Paris by the founders of the first French Republic. However highly we may rate the philanthropy, the universal sympathy, the great jurisprudential ideas which we find in the literature of the decadent Empire, it is impossible to doubt that the popular mind was informed by no conception of the dignity and value of human personality; as indeed how should it have been in a society based upon slavery? This is the capital fact which marks off that antique civilization from our own. In it, not only was the place filled among us by what we call "the masses" held by slaves, not inferior in race to their owners, but the physicians, the artists, the singers, the pedagogues were to a large extent persons of servile condition: the mere goods and chattels of their masters: helpless victims of cruelty or avarice or lust.

Such was the age into which Augustine was born. And early in life his keen, restless intellect asked the old question: What is the end of life? It was a book of Cicero's, now lost, a treatise containing an exhortation to philosophy, and called "Hortensius," which inflamed

* "De Civitate," l. xix. c. 1.

† Döllinger's "Heidenthum und Judenthum," p. 633.

him with the love of wisdom: which made all things seem vile to him in comparison of Truth, and kindled in his soul the desire to attain to it. He sought it on all sides: among the Manichees, whose claim that their doctrine was the religion of science was proved vain by his happy scepticism, among the philosophies of Paganism, but none contented him, great and precious as were the verities which they enshrined. In Plato especially, as presented to him in the writings of the Neo-Platonists, he found lofty theistic conceptions, and noble thoughts as to man's true end in the vision of the Absolute and Eternal, and in union with It. This was the last word of Hellenic philosophy, and in some respects the best: and Augustine,* writing in after years, records his great obligations to it. He learned from Plotinus—*magnus ille Platonius*, as he calls him—that the rational soul has above it no nature save that of God, the Creator of the world, and its Creator and Illuminator, in participation of whose Divine light is our beatitude. But this God was a mere soul of Nature—*universitatis anima*—and the Neo-Platonic doctrine as to the way of union with the divine (*τὸ Θεῖον*) was "as vague as all unsweet." Ascending, as he says in a memorable chapter † of his "Confessions," from corporeal forms to the sentient soul *sentientem per corpus animam*, and thence to its inner faculty (*vis*), to which the bodily senses make their reports, and thence again to the reasoning power which passes judgment upon the things thus signified to it, and from thence to the intellectual brightness by which the mind is illumined to discern truly, he attained to That Which Is, *in actu trepidantis aspectus*,

"as when the light of sense
Goes out, but with a flash that has revealed
The invisible world."

The Unchanging, the Self-existing, the Absolute and the Eternal stood revealed to him. But how to get it, how to attain union with it, he found not. "I was drawn irresistibly up to Thee by Thy beauty, and presently I was dragged down, down, by the weight of my bur-

den: and this burden was fleshly habit": *et pondus hoc consuetudo carnalis*." *

What, then, was the *consuetudo carnalis* which thus weighed to the earth this soul of fire, striving to ascend to its true home; even to him who is *igneus fons animarum*? † It was that love of the world and of the things of the world which, according to the Apostolic doctrine, is incompatible with the love of the Father: the fascination exercised upon him by the visible, sensible frame of things, appealing to the concupiscence of the flesh and the concupiscence of the eye and the pride of life. "I longed for honors, for riches, for wedlock," ‡ he says. And this longing held him back. And then he turned to St. Paul's Epistles, and there he read what the books of the Neo-Platonists told him not: of the law of sin reigning in his members and warring against the law of his mind and leaving him captive: and "of the grace of God by Jesus Christ," powerful to deliver him from the body of this death. And these things sank marvellously into his inmost being, and he considered the Divine Works and was afraid. § For him it was a question of entire self-surrender or of none: of the religion of Jesus Christ in its highest form of the life of detachment and asceticism, or not at all. The easier state (*mollior locus*), || conceded to those who could not receive the hard saying counselling perfection, was not for him. "I had found the pearl of great price," he says, "and what I had to do was to sell all that I had and buy it: and I hesitated." What decided him? The example of others. One Pontitianus, a Christian, holding a high place in the Imperial Court, came to see him, on some trivial business, as he was sitting with his friend Alypius, reading St. Paul's Epistles; and finding him deeply interested in matters pertaining to the Christian faith, discoursed with him of such topics, and among other things spoke of the holy and ascetic

* l. iii. c. i.

† I need hardly refer to the opening line of the Burial Hymn of Prudentius:

"Deus, ignee fons animarum."

‡ "Confess." l. vi. c. 6.

§ "Hæc mihi inviscerabantur miris modis et consideraveram opera tua et expaveram."—*Confess.* l. vii. c. 2.

|| "Confess." l. viii. c. i.

* "De Civ." l. x. c. 2.

† "Confess." l. vii. c. 17.

lives of St. Anthony and the solitaires of the Thebaid, and of two friends of his own, who, while in attendance with him upon the Emperor at Trèves, had been smitten with the charm of the religious life, and in order to embrace it had abandoned their secular career and their affianced wives.* This story inflamed Augustine, and made him seem utterly vile in his own eyes.† But fetters, once deemed silken, now strong as iron, held him fast. "Those ancient mistresses of mine," he says, "trifles of trifles, and vanities of vanities, as they were, kept me back, and plucked me by the garment of the flesh, and murmured in my ear, 'Are you then, in very truth, going to send us away? And, from this moment, will you not see us again—forever? And will you never, never, again do this and that? And what a this and that was it which they suggested to me, O my God! What vileness, what disgrace!'" The interior conflict moved him to tears, and he went apart to be alone. Then as he kept saying to himself: "How long, how long? to-morrow and to-morrow; and why not now?" The famous words fell upon his ears: *Tolle et lege, tolle et lege*: "Take it up and read it, take it up and read it." And remembering what he had just heard about St. Anthony—how the Saint from lighting, by chance, as it seemed, upon the verse of the Gospel: "Go, sell all that thou hast and give to the poor and thou shalt have treasure in heaven: and come, follow Me," had been led to embrace the eremite life—he went back to the place where he had left the book of St. Paul's epistles, beside his friend Alypius. "I took it up," he tells us; "I opened it and perused in silence the words upon which my eyes first fell: 'Not in rioting and drunkenness, not in chambering and wantonness, not in strife and envying: but put ye on the Lord Jesus Christ, and make not provisions for the flesh to fulfil the lusts thereof.' I had no wish to read more: nor was there need. No sooner had I finished the sentence than light and peace seemed to be in-

fused into my heart, and doubt and darkness fled away."

"Indumini Dominum Jesum Christum." Here was the ideal which he had at last found. Henceforth his rule of action was not his former perverse will, but "the good and acceptable and perfect Will" to which he sought to be conformed by the renewing of his mind: "nolle quod volebam et velle quod volebas."‡ The objects of concupiscence which had so fascinated him, the love of wealth, of honor, of woman, now seemed to him vain and unsubstantial as phantoms of the night. He was as a blind man whose eyes had been opened. In his own phrase, the sweetness of eternal things had expelled the desire of temporal. What he had most feared to lose it was now a joy to him to put away. He had attained freedom from "the biting cares" of worldly pursuits: the freedom of which the condition is entire detachment—"renonciation douce et totale," in the words of the writer who, of all others, in modern times, seems to have drunk most deeply into his spirit:

"Love took up the harp of life and smote on all the chords with might:

Smote the chord of self, that trembling passed in music out of sight."

I know of nothing in literature that breathes a deeper spirit of solemn jubilation than the pages of the "Confessions,"† in which Augustine recounts these things; pages which are like Beethoven's Funeral March of a Hero done into words. They are indeed the burial psalm of his old self and the prelude to his new life. Then another theme is introduced, and in chapters in which deep human tenderness, and ecstatic aspiration, and sorrow, but not as of those who have no hope, contend for the mastery, he tells, us of his mother, Monica, and of the closing scenes of her earthly pilgrimage. After that he goes on to speak of himself as he had become since he had bowed his head to the yoke

* Compare Fénelon: "Tout passe devant mes yeux, mais rien ne m'importe; rien n'est mon affaire sinon l'affaire unique de faire la volonté de Dieu."

† In the earlier portion of the ninth book of his "Confessions," which all who can should read in the original. No translation can present more than a dim adumbration of its splendor and pathos.

* "Et habebant ambo sponsas: quæ posteaquam hæc audierunt, dicaverunt etiam ipsæ virginitatem Tibi."—*Confess.* l. vii. c. 21.

† "Constituabas me ante faciem, meam ut viderem quam turpis essem, quam distortus et sordidus, maculosus et ulcerosus."—*Ibid.* c. 7.

and laid upon himself the burden of Christ, and had taken up His cross and followed Him. Many, he says, whether they themselves knew me in former days or knew me not, or have heard from me or of me, would fain know what manner of man I am now : what my inner self is. To such will I unfold myself as far as I may : for what man knows himself wholly : knows, as he is known to, Him who made him ? One thing, indeed, he knows and is assured of : that the Divine Word, quick and piercing, and sharper than any two-edged sword has wounded his heart and has inflamed it with the love of God : " non dubia sed certa conscientia, Domine, amo Te : percussisti enim cor meum Verbo Tuo, et amavi Te." But what is it that he loves when he loves God ? and where does he find God ? The whole universe of order and beauty proclaims the Supreme Intelligence that made it ; reveals Him, while it veils Him ; confesses, I am not He, but He made me. Nothing material can be He. The mind must be more excellent than the matter which it vivifies. But God is the life of our life. And so Augustine turns to his own mind, and considers its faculties and powers, and in pages of marvellous subtlety and sweetness explores " the plains and spacious halls of memory." Surely God dwells there : but how ? Not among the images of corporeal things, not among the affections of the mind, not in that very seat of the mind itself which is fixed in the memory. " But why speak of place," he asks, " as though in very truth place existed there ? In my memory dost Thou certainly dwell, for I remember Thee since I learnt Thee : and there do I find Thee when I remember Thee." And then he bursts forth : " Too late have I loved Thee, O Beauty, so old and so new ; too late have I loved Thee ! And behold ! Thou wast within and I without : and there did I seek Thee, greedily rushing in my deformity after those fair forms which Thou hast made. Thou wast with me when I was far from Thee. And those things which exist but because Thou art in them, they held me back from Thee. Thou calledst me, Thou criedst after me, Thou overcamest my deafness : Thou sentest forth Thy lightnings, Thou shinedst in Thy splendor, and didst put

to flight my blindness. Thy sweet fragrance encompassed me, and I drew in my breath and panted after Thee. I have tasted of Thee, and I hunger and thirst still. Thou didst lay Thy hand upon me and I burned for Thy peace." Thus much, as to his inner self, the Saint is sure of. Sure, too, is he of the daily conflict which is waged in him between the higher law and that other law that is in his members. What is the life of man but a warfare upon earth ? Every one of his senses is a possible avenue for sin. Every action of life is a possible occasion of falling. Many and great," he confesses, " are the sicknesses of my soul : but Thy medicine is more than sufficient to heal them. Well might we have thought Thy Word far removed from union with men, but that He was made flesh and dwelt among us." Here is his hope of instruction for his ignorance : of healing for his infirmity. But for this he should despair. And hence his rule of life, according to the Apostolic dictum : " Therefore Christ died for all, that they who live should no longer live unto themselves, but unto Him who died for them." This is that aboriginal law of self-sacrifice which links the Supreme to His creatures : a law of which the practical outcome is duty, founded upon the constraining influence of Divine charity.

Here, then, is a type of the work wrought in the individual by the Christian Revolution : the story of countless millions, " writ large." The highest ideal of ancient Paganism was to live out one's impulses without restraint : to warm " both hands before the fire of life," in the words of a modern writer who drank deeply into its spirit : but with prudence—which Landor, indeed, cannot be said to have exhibited—so as not to burn one's fingers. Or—to change the metaphor, and to use the words of Cicero, and, as I think, of Socrates too—so to go through human existence that when the inevitable hour of departure arrives we may quit it like a guest satisfied with the banquet of which he has partaken. I suppose we are warranted in saying that Aristotle's *μεγαλόθυρος* is the loftiest conception of man known to the ancient philosophy ; and I am far from denying the greatness of the magnanimous or high-minded character, as he has de-

picted it in a well-known chapter of the Nicomachean ethics. High-mindedness, he says, is the crown of all virtue, and the high-minded man occupies himself with honor, and lays claim to it, and takes pleasure in it, but not excessive pleasure, for he has obtained only what he merits : and perhaps less than he merits ; he loves to confer a favor, but feels shame at the reception of one, for that implies in him a certain inferiority : he is generally esteemed arrogant, and no wonder, for he justly despises his neighbor : he is open in his enmities and his loves, and bears himself to ordinary men with moderation, for haughtiness toward the lowly is a sign of bad breeding. Now turn to the Christian ideal, as you find it in the Sermon on the Mount, with its glorification of poverty, mourning, meekness, hunger and thirst after righteousness, mercy, peaceableness and purity—that distinctively Christian virtue which has been accounted by some “ a new disease brought into the world by Christ.” As I have said, Christianity changed the lives of men by changing their ideal of life. The magnitude of the revolution which is wrought upon the individual may be judged of by comparing the Stagirite’s high-minded man with the humble and holy man of heart of the Beatitudes. The one deifies and worships human nature and its passions : the other crucifies the flesh with the affections and lusts. Enlightened selfishness is the highest word of Aristotle. “ If any man will come after Me, let him deny himself : ” “ whoever will save his life shall lose it ”—such is the very substance of the doctrine of Christ. And it was precisely this ideal of self-renunciation, it was precisely this asceticism, this “ *dédain transcendant*,”* as M. Renan happily phrases it—the true doctrine of liberty of souls, as he judges—which is of the essence of Christianity, that appealed to and overcame Augustine. But this self-renunciation was not irrational. Although not the result of calculation, it justified itself by an appeal to the infinitely greater value of one soul over the whole universe of matter. It founded itself upon the vanity and nothingness of what was given up. It was the lower

self that was abolished, mortified, done to death ; or, in St. Paul’s phrase, kept under and brought into subjection. The life which was lost was that phantasmal life of the senses which St. Augustine has described in a memorable passage of his treatise “ On True Religion.”* One of the leading thoughts in Augustine’s writings is the impermanence, the illusoriness of the visible frame of things. He has summed it up in two pregnant words, “ *internum æternum*.” The parallel between his doctrine and Gautama’s in this respect is singularly close. The main difference is that the place which in the Buddhist system is held by Nirvāna, is filled in his by what he calls *Idipsum*, the Self Same, or, as we may perhaps say, the Thing in Itself ; the only true reality, for he does not allow that the phenomenal universe is, in the highest sense, real. The reality beneath it, without which it would crumble into nothingness, is the will of Him who alone can say “ *Ego Sum Qui Sum* : ” I am the Self Existent. He alone is the One Who Is : dwelling in the light which no man can approach unto : and Jesus Christ is the Mediator by whom man is strengthened for the knowledge and fruition of Him—“ the image of the Invisible God ; ” the realization of the last wish of the religious instinct : the Eternal made flesh of our flesh and bone of our bone and blood of our blood ; proving all sorrows in His sacred humanity ; one with us in the great sacrament of suffering, and able to call us in the truest sense His brethren. Christ is a visible, personal, living law, realizing the conception of Pagan antiquity ; virtue incarnate, and drawing all hearts by its beauty. But the life of Christ was a long battle against the world. He is the supreme example of detachment from its pleasant things—the objects of concupiscence.† It is the God exhibited in the

* “ *Quorum vita est spectare, contendere, manducare, bibere, concumbere, dormire, et in cogitatione sua nihil aliud quam phantasmata quæ de tali vita colliguntur amplexari.* ”—*De Vera Religione*, c. 54.

† It may not be superfluous to point out that I use the word in its technical sense ; that habitual inclination to desire finite things inordinately, which, according to the Council of Trent, is not strictly speaking sin, but “ *ex peccato est et ad peccatum inclinat* ” (Sess. v. c. 5), and that for two reasons ; first, because it turns

* “ *Vie de Jésus*,” p. 119.

Crucifix in an unfathomable mystery of love and sorrow who at once raises morality to the height of sanctity: a conception unknown to the ancient world, which never went beyond the "honestum." St. Augustine dwells upon this in a striking passage of his short, but quite invaluable, treatise "On True Religion." "The Nations," he writes, "were thirsting, to their own destruction after riches as the ministers of pleasure: He willed to be poor. They longed for honor and power: He refused to be a king. They esteemed children, after the flesh, a great good: He despised such wedlock and such offspring. In the plenitude of their pride they abhorred insults: He suffered them in every form. They deemed injuries intolerable: what greater injury could there be than the condemnation of the Just, the Innocent? They loathed corporal suffering: He was scourged and tormented. They feared to die: He suffered death. They thought the Cross the most shameful kind of death: He was crucified. Everything for love of which we lived amiss, He did without and stamped as worthless. Everything to avoid which we have shrunk from the Truth, He endured and made easy to us. For it is impossible to commit any sin, save by seeking after the things which he despised, or by flying from the things which He endured. And so His whole life on earth, in the human nature which He deigned to assume, was a system of moral discipline."*

V.

So much as to the effect of the Christian Revolution upon the individual. I am, of course, far from saying that it wrought in this supreme degree upon the mass. It had its perfect work in few. Those few best exhibit its working. What it was to them it was in some degree—in a degree almost infinitely varying—to all who received the faith in Christ, even though their lives were led upon the lower levels of humanity. "To all it proposed Him as the one Type—"our life," in the emphatic words of the sacred writer—the perfect ideal. And the

man away from his true final end, which is God; and, secondly, because it cannot be gratified save at the expense of others.

* "De Vera Religione," c. xvi.

farthest removed from that type, the least like that ideal, knew well that the all-important fact about himself was his citizenship of a spiritual kingdom, of which conformity to the mind of Christ was the first law. There can be no question at all that Christianity presented itself to the decadent and moribund civilization of the Roman Empire as an ascetic doctrine: * a doctrine of abstinence, not only from the things which it branded as positively sinful, but from things in themselves licit. The world, which St. John exhorts his disciples not to love, because the love of it is incompatible with the love of the Father, which he describes as lying in the wicked one, which, over and over again, in the New Testament the disciples of Christ are bidden to forsake and overcome, and which—such is the vitality of phrases—stands, even in our own day, for the complete antithesis of the Church, is the present visible frame of things, doomed, as those early preachers believed, soon to pass away with the lust thereof: the flesh in which St. Paul declared no good thing to dwell, which it was his daily endeavor to keep under and bring into subjection, is the whole of man's lower or animal nature. Whatever is doubtful, this is clear. And to those who do not admit it we may say, without discourtesy, that, whether through ignorance or prejudice, they are so hopelessly in the dark on this matter, as to render any argument with them regarding it mere waste of time.

The principle then, which transformed the individual by the renewing of his mind, was the principle of self-sacrifice. And this was the principle which transformed society. Christianity was primarily a message to the individual soul. It was a calling addressed to each, without distinction of race or rank, or sex or secular condition. But it was a calling into a polity. The words *ἐκκλησία* and *ἐκλεκτοί* speak for themselves. The disciples of Christ were called out of the world

* "Cette abnégation de soi-même et de tout ce qu'il y a de terrestre de sensible ou d'humain en nous et hors de nous, est le caractère propre et éminent de la philosophie chrétienne à laquelle, sous ce rapport, nulle autre ne peut être comparée et qui surpasse tout ce que la philosophie des anciens a de plus élevé."—Maine de Biran. *Pensées*, p. 282.

and into the Church, which was truly a society, with its own king, its own laws, its own magistrates. Most interesting would it be to trace the growth of this society; to note its marvellous, hierarchical development, as it overlaps the secular state* and the ecclesiastical organization grown up on the lines of the civil, the Diocese, the unit, then the Province (the ecclesiastical use inverted the civil dignity of the two terms): and lastly, the Patriarchate, corresponding more or less closely with the Prefecture: while the ruler of the Roman Church imperceptibly takes the place of the Pontiff of Jupiter Capitolinus—the Flamen Dialis, who, as Festus says, was “the Priest of the world rather than of the City.” But I must not linger upon this topic. Nor is it necessary that I should do so, for it has been well dealt with by many writers, the latest among them, and assuredly not the least erudite and accomplished, being M. Renan.† I am rather concerned to indicate how this spiritual empire affected civil society: to point out the main lines of the Revolution which it wrought in the public order.

And here, too, I shall follow St. Augustine. As in his “Confessions” he has revealed to us the operation of the Christian Revolution upon the individual, so in his “City of God” he has traced its operation upon society. His keenly attuned ear caught the sound of “the spirit of the years to come striving to mix itself with life;” his piercing eye discerned the “new majesties of mighty forms” which were slowly evolving themselves in his own time to supplant the old order of the Roman world. Even when he wrote civilization was becoming ecclesiastical. It was his gift to seize, and set down, and creatively, to shape, its main lines.

It had been well observed by Ozanam, that no event of supreme importance to the world has ever occurred without producing an imperishable poem, although it may be a different sort of poem from what we should have expected. Thus, to the battle of Actium, which marks the

rise of the Empire, he refers the inspiration to which we owe the “Æneid:” while the entry of Alaric into Rome, in A.D. 410—the signal of its fall—unquestionably produced the magnificent prose poem of Augustine. A great and exceeding bitter cry went up that this supreme catastrophe was the work of the new religion. And Augustine undertook to “vindicate the ways of God to men.” His “City of God” is the first systematic attempt to exhibit in their close relations and interdependence, philosophy, history and theology.

Two commonwealths (*civitates*), he declares, exist among men: the City of the Earth, built by the love of self, carried to the degree of contempt of God: the Heavenly City, reared by the love of God, carried to the degree of contempt of self. Of the one he sees the type and founder in Cain, of the other in Seth; but for the origin of both he goes back to the separation of “the angels who kept not their first estate,” from their compeers loyal to the Divine Majesty. He traces the history of the two cities throughout the ages, using with great skill the comparatively slender materials available to him: for, of course, the philosophies and theologies and annals of the East were no more known to him than were the revelations whereby physical science in these latter days has so vastly enlarged and so largely transformed our conceptions of the material universe. He goes on to point out—it is the first time that we meet with the thought—how the Roman Empire, by bringing the nations into one polity, and subjecting them to the same jurisprudence—which he elsewhere recognizes as a Divine creation*—prepared the way for the spread of the Christian faith. Then he dwells upon the diverse ends of the two commonwealths; the one resting upon the doctrine of the Greek sophist that man is the measure of all things, making live its one object, and the seen and temporal the bound of human aspirations: the other measuring all things by the ideal of Christ, and reaching forward to an inheritance incorruptible, undefiled, and reserved in heaven. Here the two commonwealths are inter-

* Origen speaks of the Word of God as having founded everywhere a hierarchy parallel to that of the state.—*Contra Celsum*, l. viii. c. 75.

† See his “Conférences d’Angleterre,” pp. 167-9.

* He somewhere says: “*Leges Romanorum divinitus per ora principum emanarunt.*”

mingled, for they exist side by side. But the City of the Earth is doomed to perish. The City of God has her foundations upon "the holy hills:" it is the Jerusalem, the Vision of Peace, which is from above, whose King is Truth, whose Law is Charity, whose mode (*modus*) is Eternity. In it alone is true liberty; the liberty of those whom Christ has made free from sin. The City of Man, governed by the lust of power, is the slave of concupiscence, even when it boasts itself the conqueror of the world.

Such is a bird's-eye view of the main argument of this famous treatise—I am not concerned with the merely apologetic part of it—the great and lasting value of which seems to me to lie in its emphatic proclamation of the spiritual nature of man as a domain over which the civil order has no power—a principle by the assertion of which the Church had been revealed to the world. The ancient jurist had declared, like the modern demagogue, that all is Cæsar's. St. Augustine sketches a spiritual society based upon a higher law even than the jurisprudence of Imperial Rome, and bearing allegiance to a greater potentate than the Emperor. It was a new conception in the world, and was destined most potently to influence the structure of society. It gave rise to what was called Christendom—a word which, by itself, if we rightly understand it, is sufficient to indicate the vastness of the Revolution wrought by the faith of Christ in the public order. The first fact about a man for a thousand years after the "City of God" was written was not his race but his religion. That, I say, was held to be the prime fact of life, and upon it the public order was professedly based. In pre-Christian Europe religions had been viewed in a very different light. They occupied, indeed, a highly important place in the State, as being the bonds of nations and society. They were deemed necessary to corporate existence; and thus we find Plato, in the "Republic," describing "the erection of temples and the appointment of sacrifices and other ceremonies in honor of the gods," and "all the observances we must adopt in order to propitiate the inhabitants of the unseen world," as "the most momentous, the most august, and the highest acts of

legislation."* And they were regarded strictly as matters of public concern; they were the religions of nations, not of individuals; they were tribal, not personal; for the nation was originally a tribe. But the tribe, again, was merely an enlarged family. It was the family, natural or artificial,† not the individual, that was the unit of archaic society; and this comes out very distinctly in the sphere of religion. Thus Cato says, in his instructions to his Bailiff: "It is the paterfamilias who offers worship for the whole family:"‡ in a religious, as in a civil point of view, the personality of its members was merged in him. But Christianity did in the religious sphere what Roman jurisprudence was doing in the civil: it substituted the individual for the family as the unit of which it took account, ranking him higher than the State, and the law of conscience before the law of public interest. Thus, by proclaiming the ineffable worth of human personality, did it re-create the individual. And similar was the transformation which it wrought upon the family. In the ancient world, as one of the first of living historians has pithily expressed it, woman "was degraded in her social position, because she was deemed unworthy of moral consideration; and her moral consideration again fell lower and lower precisely because her social position was so degraded."§ This—Horace bears emphatic testimony to the fact—was the very fount of the corruption which overflowed human life in the decadent Roman society. By proclaiming

* Book iv. c. 5. Τί οὖν ἐφη ἐτι ἂν ἡμῖν λοιπὸν τῆς νομοθεσίας εἴη; καὶ ἐγὼ εἶπον ὅτι Ἡμῖν μὲν οὐδὲν, τῷ μέντοι Ἀπόλλωνι τῷ ἐν Δελφοῖς τὰ τε μέγιστα καὶ κάλλιστα καὶ πρῶτα τῶν νομοθετημάτων. Τὰ ποῖα; ἢ δ' ὅς. Ἱερῶν τε ἰδρύσεις καὶ θυσίαι καὶ ἄλλαι θεῶν τε καὶ δαιμόνων καὶ ἡρώων θεραπείαι τελευτησάντων τε αὐθῆκαι καὶ ὅσα τοῖς ἐκεῖ δεῖ ὑπηρετοῦντας ἰλεως αὐτοὺς ἔχειν. τὰ γὰρ ὅθι τοιαῦτα οὐτ' ἐπιστάμεθα ἡμεῖς οἰκίζοντές τε πάλιν οὐδενὶ ἄλλῳ πεισόμεθα, εὖν νόον ἔχωμεν, οὐδέ χρῆσόμεθα ἐξηγητῇ ἄλλῃ ἢ τῷ πατρίῳ. οὗτος γὰρ ὁπῶν ὁ θεὸς περὶ τὰ τοιαῦτα πᾶσιν ἀνθρώποις πάτριος ἐξηγητὴς ἐν μέσῳ τῆς γῆς ἐπὶ τοῦ ὀφθαλμοῦ καθημένος ἐξηγείται. Καὶ καλῶς γ' ἐφη λέγεις καὶ ποιητὸν οὕτω.

† "Groups of men united by the reality or the fiction of blood relationship," as Sir Henry Maine puts it.—*Ancient Law*, p. 126.

‡ "Scito dominum pro tota familia rem divinam facere."—*De Re Rust.*, c. 143.

§ Merivale's "Conversion of the Northern Nations," p. 144.

the spiritual equality of woman with man, Christianity raised her to her true position, while by setting upon monogamy the seals of sanctity and indissolubility, it made her preservation of that place an essential part of its system, gradually sublimating into an ideal sentiment what in the ancient world had been little more than an animal appetite. Its effect upon the public order was, for long, indirect, but was not, upon that account, the less potent. Starting with the assertion of man's moral liberty and responsibility, the very postulates of her doctrine, the Church poured into the nations crushed and degraded by imperialism, a new virility, freeing and invigorating the human faculties; while by her self-made constitution, her elected rulers, her deliberative councils, she kept alive the free democratic traditions, which Cæsarism had almost strangled, and trained the barbarian tribes who entered her fold in the principles and exercise of true liberty. As the subjects of the City of the Earth became the subjects of the City of God, the civil polity was informed by new principles. In the quaint language of Jeremy Taylor: the "Christians, growing up from conventicles to assemblies, from assemblies to societies, introduced no change into the government, but by little and little turned the commonwealth into a Church."* It was felt that a society of Christians ought to be a Christian society, and gradually the civil order was guided and governed by the principles of religion. An eminent English judge once laid it down—the dictum is now somewhat musty—that Christianity is part of the law of England. Of Christendom, while Christendom was, it might truly be said that the law was part of the religion. Everywhere the cross of Christ was confessed to be the interpretation of life and the measure of the world, and a supernatural end was kept in view. Thus, St. Thomas Aquinas declares that the chief object which the civil ruler ought to have before him is the eternal beatitude of himself and his subjects,† and what may

seem almost incredible in these days, even in guilds of the most distinctively industrial character the making of money was not the first thing sought after. "They set up something higher than personal gain or mere materialism;" Mr. Toulmin Smith well observes: "their main characteristic was to make the teaching of love to one's neighbor be not coldly accepted as a hollow dogma of morality, but known and felt as a habit of life."* "In the accounts of the Company of Grocers," writes Dr. Brentano, "it is mentioned that at their very first meeting they fixed the stipend of the priest who had to conduct their religious services and to pray for their dead. In this respect," he adds, "the craft guilds of all countries are alike, and in reading their statutes we might fancy sometimes that these old craftsmen cared only for the well-being of their souls."† I take these instances almost at random. Every department of life, in the Ages of Faith tells the same tale. The dominant idea everywhere is the Fatherhood of God revealed in Him who pleased not Himself, but humbled Himself unto death, making the great law of sacrifice the first law of His religion. And it is precisely this idea which marks off those ages from the times preceding them, and which is the source of their true greatness. Let no one suppose that I have the least sympathy with that religious romanticism which paints for us a mediæval period full of seraphic sweetness. I know well the dark side of the history of the Middle Ages, recorded in terrible distinctness alike by saints and sinners, by doctors and heresiarchs:

"Face loved of little children long ago!
Head hated of the priests and rulers then!
Say, was not this thy passion—to foreknow
In Thy death's hour, the works of Christian
men!"

True it is that mediæval iniquities were upon the same scale with mediæval virtues. But on the other hand, it seems to me unquestionable that, as M. Littré says, the mediæval period "est plus d'un côté supérieur aux temps qui l'ont précédé," and that as he goes on to add, "il est particulièrement dans

* "Life of Christ." Preface.

† "Finis ad quem principaliter rex intendere debet in seipso et in subditis est æterna beatitudo."—*De Regim. Princ.*, l. 2 c. 3. Observe the force of the word "principaliter."

* "Traditions of the Old Crown House," p. 28.

† "The Original Ordinances of more than One Hundred Guilds," *Intro.*, p. 13.

l'état social."* For myself I would claim for it, that resting, as it did, upon the morality of self-renunciation, it is superior to the times that precede it in all that makes up civilization in the higher sense of the word: that it is "further advanced in the road to perfection; happier, wiser, nobler."† Christianity, preaching pitifulness and courtesy, deifying sorrow, simplicity, weakness and humility, poverty and purity, had opened an ever-flowing fount of tenderness, of compassion, of pure love, which caused the very desert places of humanity to rejoice and blossom as the rose. Main tests of the social position of any community are the places held in it by women and children, by the indigent and the aged: and judged by these tests Christianity stands far above any previous organization of society. But its superiority appears to me to be hardly less clearly marked in its public polity, its literature, and its art, which were all informed by the same spirit. The notion of unlimited dominion, of Cæsarism, autocratic or democratic—perhaps the most baneful manifestation of human selfishness—had no place among its political conceptions, which regarded authority as limited and fiduciary: nor did it allow of absolutism in property; the canon law expressly lays down that extreme necessity makes all things common, excusing theft and palliating robbery with violence; that both clergy and laity are at all times bound to provide alms, as a duty of strict justice, even if need be by their own manual labor: for alms, in the words of St. Ambrose, are the right of the poor: and the giving them is rather to be regarded as a discharge of a debt than the extension of a voluntary bounty. In its literature Dante sounds a deeper note than had gone forth from his master, Virgil;

and the very source of his inspiration is the austere spiritualism of the Catholic creed. In its philosophy St. Thomas Aquinas surveys the field of human thought from a loftier standpoint than any sage of Greece or Rome, and maps it out with a fulness and precision unattained even by him whom he recently calls "the Philosopher:" and it was from the Crucifix that the Angelic Doctor derived his intellectual light, and there that he discerned—according to the beautiful legend—his only and exceeding great reward. Mediæval art, even in its rudest stage, is informed by a higher ideal than ever dawned upon the mind of Hellenic painter or sculptor or architect: by the sentiment of the Infinite, revealed in the divinely human Person of the Man of Sorrows, the Son of the Mater Dolorosa. All that was great in that vanished public order which we call Christendom, flowed from the self-abnegation which is the central idea of Christianity. Singular paradox that this new civilization, so rich, and fertile, and varied—the direct source of all that is highest and noblest in our own age, and in each of us—should have been the work of men whose first principle it was to despise the world: that the greatest democratic movement, the most potent instrument of human enfranchisement, should have been a doctrine which made so light of personal freedom as to bid the slave care not for its loss: that the most effectual vindication of the most sacred rights of humanity should be referable to teachers who spoke only of its duties. Sublime commentary upon the saying of the Author of Christianity: "He that loseth his life for My sake shall find it." Strong assurance that "He knew what was in man," and that "His word shall not pass away."—*Contemporary Review*.

SOME POLISH PORTRAITS.

To Germans the Polish Jew is chiefly a figure-head for ridiculous anecdotes. English people cannot even boast of this

kind of familiarity with him as an excuse for contempt. They do not know that he is in Germany the commonest compar-

* "Études sur les Barbares et le Moyen Age," p. 239.

† "The word civilization is a word of double meaning. We are accustomed to call a country civilized if we think it more improved, more eminent in the best characteristics of man and

society, further advanced on the road to perfection, happier, nobler, wiser. But, in another sense, it stands for that kind of improvement which distinguishes a wealthy and powerful nation from savages or barbarians."—J. S. MILL, *Discussions and Dissertations*, vol. i, p. 160.

ison for rascality and meanness, and a standing example of the unwashed. "Every land has the Jews it deserves," says the Gallician novelist, Karl Emil Franzos, and he mentions an English one whose goodness and charity are as immeasurable as his wealth and power. That a vestige of humanity is left in the Jews of Poland and Gallicia can only be accounted for by the proverbial toughness of the "peculiar people." In "Moschko von Parma" the hero establishes his reputation for bravery by reminding a Polish captain that Jews are human beings. He pays dearly for his pluck, and finds out that he was mistaken after all. In that part of the world they are not considered human.

The region that separates civilized Europe from the steppes is the country of which Franzos writes. Not only in language and geographical position, but politically and socially, it is half Asiatic. Eastern barbarism and Western culture exist there side by side. There are neighborhoods where men still live a "natural" life, not of pastoral innocence but of animal degradation; and two leagues off a German university town is doing its good work. Luminaries of fast society in Paris and Baden fly from their debts and return to their ancestral states to practise cruelties which a day's journey westward would procure for them a halter or penal servitude for life. The people of the soil are Ruthenes, a race so strong and vigorous that even Polish cruelty has not destroyed their elasticity. At every opportunity they are ready to rise and take revenge: as in 1848, when instead of aiding their masters to rebel against Austria, they remained loyal to the emperor, who had given them certain valuable rights, and when the nobles who fell into their hands had their heads mown off with scythes.

Many illusions about the gentle and romantic Pole are dispelled by Franzos's sketches and stories. We gather from them that in Gallicia at least the Pole is a contemptible creature—a sluggard with the reins of authority given into his incapable hands, a brute with the opportunities of a despot. Franzos says it is incomprehensible that all the official power of Gallicia should be given to Poles. Besides the Ruthenes, there is

a large population of intelligent and wealthy Jews, and a colony of Germans. The Poles have earned the undying hatred of the peasants and the Jews by their barbarity and incompetence, and yet a shocking abuse of power is still permitted to them. The two volumes of sketches and stories, entitled "From Semi-Asia" and "From Don to Danube," are a revelation of lawlessness and wickedness that would compare with a mediæval chronicle.

Of course writers for the Polish press have with one consent taken up the cudgels against Franzos. He replies that he has no prejudices against Poland as a nation; he reminds them that when they are oppressed his eloquence is at their service, and that his object is not to blacken a people, but to bring into light deeds done in darkness. It is true that one of his most ghastly stories is a description of the treatment of Polish political prisoners by Russians. It is called "Under Compulsion." The writer travels from South Russia through Podolia to Bessarabia, and alights on his way at one of those inns managed by Jews with which his readers soon become familiar. A man dressed, excepting for a white shirt, like a peasant, comes in to sell wood-carving. The horror with which he is regarded, and the fierce despair in his face, rouse the stranger's interest. He looks at the man's wares, and notices the carving of a house which, he discovers, is done from memory. It is a model of the worker's ancestral home in Lithuania, confiscated long since by the Russians, and now burned down by them. A young Polish noble, leading a dreamy life among his books and near relations, he was arrested in 1848 and exiled to Siberia—that he might not become a revolutionist. After his health had been quite shattered by ten years' work in the mines, he and the other prisoners were told that they were to be pardoned; and a dwelling-place, a trade, and a wife allotted to each of them. The mines were full, and the steppes in need of colonization. Eight months' march landed them in Mohilen. There a drunken and blasphemous priest christened them: for their conversion to the orthodox Greek Church was a condition of pardon. Then the young scoundrel, whose

official duty it was to consult the prisoners' wishes with regard to their choice of a trade, appeared on the scene. He considered it a good joke to abuse their confidence to the utmost, and force them into such conditions of life as they specially desired to avoid. A gentle old lady, who asked to be a governess, was made washerwoman to the barracks. A consumptive schoolmaster, who begged to be allowed to die in country air, he sent as attendant to a criminal infirmary. The narrator asked for a place as bailiff on remote crown lands; he was made landlord of an inn on a bustling high road. But the most abominable scene of all was that in which the two gangs of men and women are confronted with each other and told that in an hour each husband must have chosen a wife. Among the men were criminals of the lowest type shoulder to shoulder with gentlemen and scholars. Women of the most brutal sort were jostling girls whose only crime had been their birth in a penal settlement, and ladies who, in rashly dreaming of liberty for others, had lost their own. Some of these women, in fact, had proved too degraded even for a Russian prison to keep, and so were to be drafted off to the thinly populated steppes. The young Pole was paralyzed by the infamous scene, yet almost overmastered by his longing to throttle the fellow in authority, who was mocking the motley company, and encouraging the more shameless ones to make their choice. When the hour was nearly up, he rescued a fainting girl from the embraces of a forger by knocking the ruffian down. The official forced her back again with jeers, and coupled our hero with a most undesirable consort. Just at the end he managed an exchange, and, though he paid dearly for it, he actually married an unfortunate Jewess, whose story was as tragic as his own. They live side by side without children, without friends, without hope, regarded with superstitious horror by their neighbors, and hedged in by a shameful past, in which they had only suffered wrong.

"From Semi-Asia" and "From Don to Danube" deal with the various phases of this half-barbaric life. There are tales of the eternal feud between the Ruthenes and the Poles. "The Insur-

rection in Wolowce" is an account of the revenge the villagers take on a wicked count, beside whose doings those of an operatic Don Juan are insipid. The rustic hero does not triumph, but he becomes a Hajdamak, a Robin Hood of the mountains, who steals from the rich to give to the needy. Gallician authors are naturally compelled to make large use of the doings of these brigands. Their poems and stories deal chiefly with the cruelties done by Polish nobles to their dependents, and the only chance of revenge the peasant has—the only escape from unjust punishment—is in carrying on a life of guerilla warfare from the untrodden depths of a Carpathian forest. The brigand figures prominently in "The Judge of Biala," one of the most beautiful stories in "From Semi-Asia," and in Franzos's last novel, "A Fight for Right."

Franzos's purpose is to lay bare the great wrongs suffered in these lands by the several downtrodden nations; and to make no mention of his pleadings for the Slav races would be to give an incomplete account of his works. Nevertheless, he is at his best in the Ghetto—the muddy street shut in by low-built, dirty houses, and swarming with sharp-featured faces that express every degree of avarice or asceticism. No Christian lives in the Ghetto; no Jew builds his house outside of it. The relation of the Jews to the world is solely a business one. In clothes, customs, and religion they are a separate people, despised, insulted, and oppressed; more prudent in revenge than the Ruthenes, but not more pitiful. The passion of their lives concentrates on money and religion, not on love. The very beggars marry at an early age, that God's people may not diminish, but the parents choose husbands and wives for their children through the intervention of a regular agent, and it is not necessary that the bridegroom should see the bride before the wedding-day. Both in "From Semi-Asia" and "From Don to Danube" there are several stories of Polish Jews. Here, too, the aristocratic Pole is a fiend in human form, and it seems no one's business to interfere with him. He gets a position by jobbery, and a disgraceful past does not endanger his tenure of it, provided he has an influential cousin.

In "Uncle Bernard" an official, in spite of having been dismissed with shame from the army, is placed in authority at a town in Podolia, and persecutes a wealthy and respectable Jew there with the malignity that in these regions seems common to his race and office. Already on the verge of ruin through his compliance with the Pole's demands, Uncle Bernard refuses to part with a sum the loss of which would accomplish his bankruptcy. Instead of hushing up the whole affair in the fear of disclosure and disgrace, the official proceeds with the help of his subordinates to punish the recalcitrant Jew. Such is the prevailing corruption, that he finds no difficulty in introducing a missing bag of wheat into the house of the Jew, and of having him imprisoned on this trumped-up charge of theft. A higher court, however, sets him free, and he goes to a neighboring town to complain to a Russian grand-duke, who is passing through on his way to Kiew. The prince is willing to examine into the matter, and sends for him from Kiew. By some mistake in the transmission of the prince's telegram, the Pole is able to place Uncle Bernard under arrest, and send him on his journey guarded by Cossacks and manacled like a felon. The Jew succeeds eventually in bringing his persecutor to justice, but when sentence of exile has been passed the prisoner begs leave to speak, and, turning to Uncle Bernard, tells him how he took care of his little boy and girl during their father's journey to Kiew. The boy he has had christened, and given over to monks of the Greek Church; the little girl has been placed as Shakespeare's Marina was, without Marina's chance of escape. Another story describes the inner life of the Ghetto, and the strange custom of judging Jewish malefactors and passing sentence without appealing to the official tribunals. A butcher who has killed his apprentice in a fit of rage is condemned by the patriarchs of the Ghetto to a pilgrimage that is equivalent to a sentence of death, while no one outside ever hears of his crime.

In "The Jews of Barnow" Franzos is a storyteller simply. He stays in the Ghetto and lifts a veil from the sordid existence there. Beneath the dirt and misery the same passions as those that

move fashionable society are at work, and people with as terrible a capacity for joy and sorrow as the rest of us are living in tears or in laughter or in despair. Of laughter, indeed, there is little found throughout these stories. There is little ring of it throughout these people's lives. It seems to be matter for contentment if they are left to follow a trade in peace and remain faithful to the laws of their austere religion. Each home has occasion for special gratitude if injustice and injury spend themselves outside the Ghetto and do not enter the sanctuary to profane it; if no daughter is insulted and no son impressed. For a soldier is no longer a Jew: he has eaten strange food, and worked on the Day of Atonement.

The wealth accumulated by a Jew cannot affect his social position; even when he buys the estates of a bankrupt noble and lives on them, the deepest insult he can offer his Polish debtors is to ask them to dinner. The education within the reach of Jews is superficial and insufficient. Their great natural intelligence is concentrated on money-getting, for centuries the only pleasure left to them. In most cases the women are as industrious and sober as the men; they are faithful wives and loving mothers. Of course there are exceptions. Esther Frendenthal flies from her home with a Christian lover to escape the bridegroom her father has chosen. The millionaire of Barnow refuses his daughter the education she desires and sends her to weigh sugar and serve groceries in his shop. Paul de Kock is her only intellectual food—provided by a Polish lady who does not think the morality of a Jewess worth preservation or capable of it. When old Moses Frendenthal celebrates Esther's engagement her will is enervated, her mind besmirched. Even the frivolous woman who lent her the objectionable books pities the girl's miserable face at the engagement feast, and she remonstrates with the old man. "Excuse me, you do not understand," he says; "we manage these affairs differently. With us the egg is not wiser than the hen. And then, thank God, we know none of that nonsense about love and such like. We only consider two things necessary to a marriage—health and money. In this case there

is no lack of either." Before the wedding-day arrives the house is one of sorrow and desolation. Esther is mourned as if she were dead, and a tombstone is set on her empty grave. Her name is never spoken until she is found dead of starvation outside Freudenthal's house. Deserted by her lover she wanders back to die on the threshold of her old home in the sound of her father's curse.

"A Child of Atonement" turns on a cruel and barbarous superstition. When the cholera was at its height in Barnow the Rabbi of Sadagora recommended the celebration of expiatory marriages amid the newly-dug graves of the Jewish churchyard. This great medicine-man comes forward frequently. He performs miracles, accepts the bequests of fathers who have cursed their children, and generally wages war on the side of fraud and darkness. His son and worthy successor declares that these marriages are sacrifices to the Lord, and that the husbands and wives, as well as their offspring, shall be accursed in His sight. A poor widow, who has lost her husband and two out of three children, sees her little girl fall very ill. The doctor is away, and the Rabbi refuses to bless it; the men and woman who stream in and out of the room seem to watch for the child's death. The cholera is coming again, and if God will accept this sacrifice man had better not interfere. At last a good and charitable old woman persuades the agonized mother to travel to Sadagora and plead with the Rabbi himself for the life of her child. With a breaking heart she bids her Leah goodbye, and begins the weary journey. When, during the journey, she closes her eyes, she sees the sick-bed of her child, and the little thing stretching out its arms to her—in vain. She hears herself imploring the Rabbi to be pitiful—but he is hard and cold, and she goes back again to find a grave; or the vision changes, and he is kind and merciful—yet when she gets home Leah is dead. And the autumn wind over the heath sounds like a dying voice; and her child is left to strangers in its bitterest hour. Halfway the coach reaches a halting-place, and Miriam's misery becomes unbearable. Instead of proceeding to Sadagora she begs some charitable strangers to take her back with them to Bar-

now. She arrives just in time to save her child's life by natural means, and as the Jews consider that God has worked a miracle instead of the Rabbi they do not resent the love that has outwitted death.

Whenever he sees an opportunity Franzos holds up to reprobation the custom among the Polish Jews of marrying their children in early youth without the slightest reference to their wishes. It is the recognition of this as a crime that determines the conduct of the husband in "According to a Higher Law"—perhaps the most beautiful story that Franzos has written. In all his work the setting is so new, the treatment so original, that the temptation is to dwell on these obvious merits. Here he handles a situation as old as humanity with the utmost skill, and shirks no difficulties, because he can master them. Barely stated, the plot seems the essence of mere melodrama. A wealthy young Jew marries a poor and beautiful girl. They are happy in a humdrum way, until the wife falls in love with a Polish nobleman. The husband gives her up peaceably, on condition of her marriage with the Christian—an act of sacrifice that at first sight savors of weak irresponsibility. Yet this is not so: Nathan Goldenstein is a hero whose determination is unfailing and whose sense only serves to direct his self-denial. He sees that a great sorrow must come on one of them, and as a matter of course he quietly takes it upon himself. After the first blaze of passion his attitude to his wife is still one of tender and thoughtful protection. Through a long night he struggles with his conscience and with his love for the beautiful woman who by a lower law is his, and then he decides what to do. He goes to the Pole and makes sure of his acting honorably.

"I do not doubt your intentions," he said. "You are a good man. But you are an official, a Christian, a noble. She is only a Jewess. You are educated, Chane is not. There are certain things you have to consider. Perhaps you will let these considerations determine you, and then the woman will be plunged in shame and misery. I must guard against that, because Chane was my wife, and directly this affair with you is made public her father and the whole

congregation will turn their backs on her, and she will be quite forsaken. And then I must look after Chane, because I— But that is nothing to you. So one thing I tell you, short and clear, if you do not marry Chane I will kill you, so help me God! You are a circuit judge: I am only a Jew. You have a hundred ways of disarming me, but I will keep my word for all that."

The judge turned pale, and raised his hand as if in protest; but Nathan got up and interrupted him sharply. "Take no oath. Keep your word, so that I need not keep mine. In a few days we shall be divorced. If you wish Chane to remain any longer in my house I have no objection for a few weeks. But once more: if within two months Chane is not your wife you are a dead man. Farewell."

Nathan Goldenstein became the richest man in the neighborhood; but his busy life was overshadowed by his sorrow and his atonement. His great wealth went to Chane's boys.

"Baron Schmule" is a story of Jewish steadfastness and endurance. It follows the fortunes of a boy who begins life as a peddler of sweetmeats in the Ghetto, and ends it as baron, Christian, landowner, millionaire. Through the years of bitter privation and incessant work, the motive that spurs his flagging courage and keeps alive his resolve is the hope of revenge. Though his apostasy brings with it divorce from a beloved wife he even becomes a Christian; because in those days no Jew could be a landowner in Galicia, and his determination is to buy the estates of the drunken and bankrupt vagabond who once cruelly injured him.

In "The Picture of Christ" the character of the Bocher (bachelor) David is interesting and drawn with care. The writer's memory dwells with affectionate reverence on the admirable qualities of his old teacher, on his mysterious and melancholy personality, and on the beauty of his face. The silent scholarly man who has renounced a great career to do a doctor's work amid the dirt and disease of the Ghetto, is the only man the Christian boys do not hurl mud at and abuse. The ghost of an old love-story arises to ruffle his calm, but the unexpected *rencontre* only deepens his de-

votion to the needy, and clenches his determination to give them all his time and strength.

In the Jewish cemetery the "gute Ort," the rich man's gravestone only differs from the poor man's in size, and perhaps in the comparison of the adjectives that describe the virtues of the deceased. The belief is that at the sounding of the last trumpet the angel of life will arise and go from stone to stone calling the wicked to punishment and the just to everlasting bliss; but when there is no name the angel may pass by. So a stone "without inscription" is of deep significance. It bears witness to a sinner who has incurred the most awful of Jewish curses—"His name shall not be remembered"—and whose best hope is annihilation.

The objection that the Jews had to bringing their criminals before a Christian court, and their fashion of judging within the Ghetto and inflicting punishment, has been alluded to. Not only did they hate to cast additional disgrace on the national name, but some offences would have found no precedent in any Christian penal code. How would any government have punished the old soldier who was discovered eating sausages on the Day of Atonement? or the poor shoemaker who prayed to a picture of Christ and answered the Rabbi in a spirit of agnosticism that went near to cost him his life? And the beautiful mother buried between her boy babies, who dragged father and husband down to damnation with her—what had she done to bring the dreadful curse on her head?—Leah, with the long hair, the most beautiful Jewess in Barnow. Unlike the rest of her race she was a blonde, with rosy cheeks and deep blue eyes and splendid golden hair that fell around her shoulders and below her knees like a mantle of gold. She was the spoiled darling of her home as well as the beauty of the town—so spoiled and wilful that one lover after the other was dismissed, and yet her parents did not interfere. The old marriage agent used to say, "I hope to live until two things come to pass—Leah's marriage and the coming of the Messiah. Certainly the last is more likely than the first." In the end she fixed her choice on Ruben Rosemann, a handsome, well-

educated man, suspected of liberal ideas. Before the marriage the young people had a long and mysterious interview, and the parents heard Ruben make his bride a solemn promise, but what it was remained a secret. Leah looked more beautiful than ever under the marriage canopy, though her most brilliant ornament had disappeared. It is the Jewish law that a woman must cut off her hair (just before her marriage) and cover her head with the "scheitel," a silken or woollen cap. The union was a happy one, but two children died directly after they were born. The Rabbi asked Leah if she was conscious of any secret sin. She turned pale, but firmly answered No. Just before the birth of her child she insisted, though her husband and her physician both forbade it, on spending the Day of Atonement in the school where the Jews go to pray.

That was to be her ruin.

The air of the old school is never exactly impregnated with the spices of Arab, but on this occasion there prevails a suffocating and poisonous stench arising from the innumerable wax candles and from the breath of so many people who pray there for hours, weep, and, unfortunately, perspire. It was an atmosphere in which the healthiest person might faint away; all the more a delicate person in Leah's state of health. She lost consciousness, and with a low cry sank from the stool on which she had been kneeling. The women pressed forward and attended to her. They loosened her clothes, and held twenty smelling bottles to her nose at once. But suddenly they flew back like lightning—a resounding shriek from a hundred voices, and then silence, the silence of deepest horror.

Leah's "scheitel" had got pushed aside, and from under it streamed unchecked the closely packed-away hair, and lay like a cloud of light about her face that looked beautiful and pale as death.

That had been Leah's secret.

Ruben was able to rescue her from the furious crowd that was ready to lynch her on the spot; but the vengeance of the congregation pursued them both, and the ultimate fate of the poor young wife was a tragic one.

As long as Franzos keeps to short sketches and stories he is eminently

successful. The author's strong point is his intimate knowledge of these half-barbaric lands and people, and he is at his best among the Polish Jews. Their social and political position and marked national character afford a setting that stands above the need of high seasoning.

If any corrupt official, or unjust steward, finds Western Europe too hot for him, let him seek office under Austrian rule in Gallicia. He may trample on the whole Decalogue, and no one will find fault with him unless some particularly virtuous peasant turns Hajdamak and takes the law into his own hands; in which case the brigand captain may pay him a midnight visit, from which he will not recover. In the beginning of "A Fight for Right," Taras Barabola is the god of village idolatry. He is as mild as a lamb, as just as a judge, of angelic goodness, and superhuman strength. The unjust steward and the corrupt official of the story manage, by perjury and bribery, to win a suit that Taras brings against them for the public good. So the Ruthene peasant goes to Vienna to lay his cause before the Emperor. Here is a situation that the giants of fiction have made their own, and in using it an author must suggest comparison with mighty shades. Franzos avails himself of the impressions made by a great city on the rural mind, but he hardly throws new light on an experience that has been often described. He brings into prominence the hero's gradual conviction that the question of such overwhelming importance to himself means just nothing to this bustling world, and he succeeds in interesting us in the dogged patience of the man, and the dumb misery with which he waits weeks and months before an audience is granted. There is no suspense as to his success, for Taras comes home with despair in his face, and is his own historian. He is not even civilized enough to feel grateful for the imperial admiration of his costume and the imperial curiosity about his furs and boots. It is after this that he enters on his duties as Avenger, and we have scenes of bloodshed that would make the fortune of a melodrama.

It is, however, as a guide in an unfamiliar world that English readers will fol-

low Franzos. Like the magician of fairy stories, who could summon any scene into his magic mirror, he offers a sight of lives and interests that few of us could peep at without him. Such superficial phases as the mirror would reveal or the ordinary tourist observe, he sketches with effect. He lays stress on the physical conditions under which the people he writes of live, and we are made familiar with their country. The endless heaths stretch far away to the foot of the Carpathians that form the horizon like a bank of never-changing storm clouds. The Pruth winds capri-

ciously through the plains past cornfields and woods and common lands ; in the town of Barnow the unclean air of the Ghetto oppresses us ; the close and dirty streets defile us. Local color is necessary to his purpose as a background, but intricate architectural details, or studies of atmospheric effects that read like a carefully kept diary of the weather, would be out of relation to what he has to say. All his thought and care and power he concentrates on giving a true picture of this barbarous life to Western Europe.—*Cornhill Magazine*.

THE BRIGAND'S BRIDE : AN ADVENTURE IN SOUTHERN ITALY.

THE Italian peninsula during the years 1859-60-61, offered a particularly tempting field for adventure to ardent spirits in search of excitement ; and, attracted partly by my sympathy with the popular movement, and partly by that simple desire, which gives so much zest to the life of youth, of risking it on all possible occasions, I had taken an active part, chiefly as an officious spectator, in all the principal events of those stirring years. It was in the spring of 1862 that I found matters beginning to settle down to a degree that threatened monotony ; and with the termination of the winter gayeties at Naples and the close of the San Carlo, I seriously bethought me of accepting the offer of a naval friend, who was about to engage in blockade-running, and offered to land me in the Confederate States, when a recrudescence of activity on the part of the brigand bands in Calabria induced me to turn my attention in that direction. The first question I had to consider was, whether I should enjoy myself most by joining the brigands, or the troops which were engaged in suppressing them. As the former aspired to a political character, and called themselves patriotic bands fighting for their Church, their country, and their king—the refugee monarch of Naples—one could espouse their cause without exactly laying one's self open to the charge of being a bandit ; but it was notorious in point of fact that the bands cared for neither the Pope nor the exiled King nor their an-

nexed country, but committed the most abominable atrocities in the names of all the three, for the simple purpose of filling their pockets. I foresaw not only extreme difficulty in being accepted as a member of the fraternity, more especially as I had hitherto been identified with the Garibaldians ; but also the probability of finding myself compromised by acts from which my conscience would revolt, and for which my life would in all likelihood pay the forfeit. On the other hand, I could think of no friend among the officers of the Bersaglieri and cavalry regiments, then engaged in brigand-hunting in the Capitanata and Basilicata, to whom I could apply for an invitation to join them.

Under these circumstances, I determined to trust to the chapter of accidents ; and armed with a knapsack, a sketch-book, and an air-gun, took my seat one morning in the Foggia diligence with the vague idea of getting as near the scene of operations as possible, and seeing what would turn up. The air-gun was not so much a weapon of offence or defence as a means of introduction to the inhabitants. It had the innocent appearance of rather a thick walking-cane, with a little brass trigger projecting ; and in the afternoon I would join the group sitting in front of the chemist's, which, for some reason or other, is generally a sort of open-air club in a small Neapolitan town, or stroll into the single modest *café* of which it might possibly boast, and to ab-

stractedly with the trigger. This, together with my personal appearance—for do what I would, I could never make myself look like a Neapolitan—would be certain to attract attention, and some one bolder than the rest would make himself the spokesman, and politely ask me whether the cane in my hand was an umbrella or a fishing-rod; on which I would amiably reply that it was a gun, and that I should have much pleasure in exhibiting my skill and the method of its operation to the assembled company. Then the whole party would follow me to an open space, and I would call for a pack of cards, and possibly—for I was a good shot in those days—pink the ace of hearts at fifteen paces. At any rate my performances usually called forth plaudits, and this involved a further interchange of compliments and explanations, and the production of my sketch-book, which soon procured me the acquaintance of some ladies and an invitation as an English artist to the house of some respectable citizen.

So it happened that, getting out of the diligence before it reached Foggia, I struck south, and wandered for some days from one little town to another, being always hospitably entertained, whether there happened to be an *albergo* or not, at private houses, seeing in this way more of the manners and customs of the inhabitants than would have been otherwise possible, gaining much information as to the haunts of the brigands, the whereabouts of the troops, and hearing much local gossip generally. The ignorance of the most respectable classes at this period was astounding; it has doubtless all changed since. I have been at a town of 2000 inhabitants, not one of whom took in a newspaper; the whole population, therefore, was in as profound ignorance of what was transpiring in the rest of the world as if they had been in Nova Zembla. I have stayed with a mayor who did not know that England was an island; I have been the guest of a citizen who had never heard of Scotland, and to whom, therefore, my nationality was an enigma; but I never met any one—I mean of this same class—who had not heard of Palmerston. He was supposed by some to be an exporter of firearms on a very large scale, as many guns with the stamp

“Palmer & Son” had found their way into Italy—and by all, to be the arbiter upon whose word hung the fate of the nation. He was a mysterious personage, execrated by the “blacks” and adored by the “reds.” And I shone with a reflected lustre as the citizen of a country of which he was the Prime Minister. As a consequence, we had political discussions, which were protracted far into the night, for the principal meal of the twenty-four hours was a 10 o'clock P.M. supper, at which, after the inevitable macaroni, were many unwholesome dishes, such as salads made of thistles, cows' udders, and other delicacies, which deprived one of all desire for sleep. Notwithstanding which, we rose early, my hostess and the ladies of the establishment appearing in the early part of the day in the most extreme dishabille. Indeed, on one occasion when I was first introduced into the family of a respectable citizen, and shown into my bedroom, I mistook one of two females who were making the bed for the servant, and was surprised to see her hand a little *douceur* I gave her as an earnest of attention on her part to the other with a smile. She soon afterward went to bed; we all did, from 11 A.M. till about 3 P.M., at which hour I was horrified to meet her arrayed in silks and satins, when she kindly took me a drive with her in a carriage and pair, and with a coachman in livery.

It was by this simple means, and by thus imposing myself upon the hospitality of these unsophisticated people, that I worked my way by slow degrees, chiefly on foot, into the part of the country I desired to visit; and I trust that I in a measure repaid them for it by the stores of information which I imparted to them, and of which they stood much in need, and by little sketches of their homes and the surrounding scenery, with which I presented them. I was, indeed, dependent in some measure for hospitality of this description, as I had taken no money with me, partly because, to tell the truth, I had scarcely got any, and partly because I was afraid of being robbed by brigands of the little I had. I therefore eschewed the character of a *milordo Inglese*; but I never succeeded in dispelling all suspicion that I might not be a nephew of the Queen, or at

least a very near relative of "Palmerston" in disguise. It was so natural, seeing what a deep interest both her Majesty and the Prime Minister took in Italy, that they should send some one *incognito* whom they could trust to tell them all about it.

Meantime, I was not surprised, when I came to know the disposition of the inhabitants, at the success of brigandage. It has never been my fortune before or since to live among such a timid population. One day at a large town a leading landed proprietor received notice that if he did not pay a certain sum in black-mail—I forget at this distance of time the exact amount—his farm or *masseria* would be robbed. This farm, which was in fact a handsome country-house, was distant about ten miles from the town. He therefore made an appeal to the citizens that they should arm themselves, and help him to defend his property, as he had determined not to pay, and had taken steps to be informed as to the exact date when the attack was to be made in default of payment. More than 300 citizens enrolled themselves as willing to turn out in arms. On the day preceding the attack by the brigands, a rendezvous was given to these 300 on the great square for five in the morning, and thither I accordingly repaired, unable, however, to induce my host to accompany me, although he had signed as a volunteer. On reaching the rendezvous, I found the landed proprietor and a friend who was living with him, and about ten minutes afterward two other volunteers strolled up. Five was all we could muster out of 300. It was manifestly useless to attempt anything with so small a force, and no arguments could induce any of the others to turn out; so the unhappy gentleman had the satisfaction of knowing that the brigands had punctually pillaged his place, carrying off all his live stock on the very day and at the very hour they said they would. As for the inhabitants venturing any distance from town, except under military escort, such a thing was unknown, and all communication with Naples was for some time virtually intercepted. I was regarded as a sort of monomaniac of recklessness, because I ventured on a solitary walk of a mile or two in search of a sketch—an act of

no great audacity on my part, for I had walked through various parts of the country without seeing a brigand, and found it difficult to realize that there was any actual danger in strolling a mile from a moderately large town.

Emboldened by impunity, I was tempted one day to follow up a most romantic glen in search of a sketch, when I came upon a remarkably handsome peasant girl, driving a donkey before her loaded with wood. My sudden appearance on the narrow path made the animal shy against a projecting piece of rock, off which he rebounded to the edge of the path, which, giving way, precipitated him and his load down the ravine. He was brought up unhurt against a bush some twenty feet below, the fagots of wood being scattered in his descent in all directions. For a moment the girl's large fierce eyes flashed upon me with anger; but the impetuosity with which I went headlong after the donkey, with a view of repairing my error, and the absurd attempts I made to reverse the position of his feet, which were in the air, converted her indignation into a hearty fit of laughter, as, seeing that the animal was apparently uninjured, she scrambled down to my assistance. By our united efforts we at last succeeded in hoisting the donkey up to the path, and then I collected the wood and helped her to load it again—an operation which involved a frequent meeting of hands, and of the eyes, which had now lost the ferocity that had startled me at first, and seemed getting more soft and beaming every time I glanced at them, till at last, producing my sketch-book, I ventured to remark, "Ah, signorina, what a picture you would make! Now that the ass is loaded, let me draw you before we part, that I may carry away the recollection of the loveliest woman I have seen."

"First draw the donkey," she replied, "that I may carry away a recollection of the *galantuomo* who first upset him over the bank, and then helped me to load him."

Smiling at this ambiguous compliment, I gave her the sketch she desired, and was about to claim my reward, when she abruptly remarked:

"There is not time now; it is getting late, and I must not linger, as I have

still an hour to go before reaching home. How is it that you are not afraid to be wandering in this solitary glen by yourself? Do you not know the risks?"

"I have heard of them, but I do not believe in them," I said; "besides, I should be poor plunder for robbers."

"But you have friends, who would pay to ransom you, I suppose, if you were captured?"

"My life is not worth a hundred *scudi* to any of them," I replied, laughing; "but I am willing to forego the pleasure of drawing you now, *bellissima*, if you will tell me where you live, and let me come and paint you there at my leisure."

"You're a brave one," she said, with a little laugh; "there is not another man in all Ascoli who would dare to pay me a visit without an escort of twenty soldiers. But I am too grateful for your amiability to let you run such a risk. *Addio*, Signor Inglese. There are many reasons why I can't let you draw my picture, but I am not ungrateful, see!"—and she offered me her cheek, on which I instantly imprinted a chaste and fraternal salute.

"Don't you think that you've seen the last of me, *carissima*," I called out, as she turned away. "I shall live on the memory of that kiss till I have an opportunity of repeating it."

And as I watched her retreating figure with an artist's eye, I was struck with its grace and suppleness, combined, as I had observed while she was helping me to load the donkey, with an unusual degree of muscular strength for a woman.

The spot at which this episode had taken place was so romantic, that I determined to make a sketch of it, and the shades of evening were closing in so fast that they warned me to hurry if I would reach the town before dark. I had just finished it, and was stooping to pick up my air-gun, when I heard a sudden rush, and, before I had time to look up, I was thrown violently forward on my face, and found myself struggling in the embrace of a powerful grasp, from which I had nearly succeeded in freeing myself, when the arms which were clasping me were reinforced by several more pair, and I felt a rope being passed round my body.

"All right, signors!" I exclaimed; "I yield to superior numbers. You

need not pull so hard; let me get up, and I promise to go with you quietly."

And by this time I had turned sufficiently on my back to see that four men were engaged in tying me up.

"Tie his elbows together, and let him get up," said one; "he is not armed. Here, Giuseppe, carry his stick and paint-box, while I feel his pockets. *Corpo di Baccho!* twelve *bajocchi*," he exclaimed, producing those copper coins with an air of profound disgust. "It is to be hoped he is worth more to his friends. Now, young man, trudge, and remember that the first sign you make of attempting to run away, means four bullets through you."

As I did not anticipate any real danger, and as a prolonged detention was a matter of no consequence to a man without an occupation, I stepped forward with a light heart, rather pleased than otherwise with anticipations of the brigand's cave, and turning over in my mind whether or not I should propose to join the band.

We had walked an hour, and it had become dark, when we turned off the road, up a narrow path that led between rocky sides to a glade, at the extremity of which, under an overhanging ledge, was a small cottage, with what seemed to be a patch of garden in front.

"Ho! Anita!" called out the man who appeared to be the leader of the band, "open! We have brought a friend to supper, who will require a night's lodgings."

An old woman with a light appeared, and over her shoulder, to my delight, I saw the face I had asked to be allowed to paint so shortly before. I was about to recognize her with an exclamation, when I saw a hurried motion of her finger to her lip, which looked a natural gesture to the casual observer, but which I construed into a sign of prudence.

"Where did you pick him up, Croppo?" she asked carelessly. "He ought to be worth something."

"Just twelve *bajocchi*," he answered, with a sneering laugh. "Come, *amico mio*, you will have to give us the names of some of your friends."

"I am tolerably intimate with his Holiness the Pope, and I have a bowing acquaintance with the King of Naples, whom may God speedily restore to his

own," I replied, in a light and airy fashion, which seemed exceedingly to exasperate the man called Croppo.

"Oh, yes, we know all about that; we never catch a man who does not profess to be a *Nero* of the deepest dye in order to conciliate our sympathies. It is just as well that you should understand, my friend, that all are fish who come into our net. The money of the Pope's friends is quite as good as the money of Garibaldi's. You need not hope to put us off with your Italian friends of any color; what we want is English gold—good solid English gold, and plenty of it."

"Ah," said I, with a laugh, "if you did but know, my friend, how long I have wanted it too. If you could only suggest an Englishman who would pay you for my life, I would write to him immediately, and we would go halves in the ransom. Hold," I said, a bright idea suddenly striking me, "suppose I were to write to my Government—how would that do?"

Croppo was evidently puzzled; my cheerful and unembarrassed manner apparently perplexed him. He had a suspicion that I was even capable of the audacity of making a fool of him, and yet that proposition about the Government rather staggered him. There might be something in it.

"Don't you think," he remarked grimly, "it would add to the effect of your communication if you were to inclose your own ears in your letter? I can easily supply them; and if you are not a little more guarded in your speech, you may possibly have to add your tongue."

"It would not have the slightest effect," I replied, paying no heed to this threat; "you don't know Palmerston as I do. If you wish to get anything out of him you must be excessively civil. What does he care about my ears?" And I laughed with such scornful contempt that Croppo this time felt that he had made a fool of himself; and I observed the lovely girl behind, while the corners of her mouth twitched with suppressed laughter, make a sign of caution.

"*Per Dio!*" he exclaimed, jumping up with fury, "understand, Signor Inglese, that Croppo is not to be trifled

with. I have a summary way of treating disrespect," and he drew a long and exceedingly sharp-looking two-edged knife.

"So you would kill the goose"—and I certainly am a goose, I reflected—"that may lay a golden egg." But my allusion was lost upon him, and I saw my charmer touch her forehead significantly, as though to imply to Croppo that I was weak in the upper story.

"An imbecile without friends and twelve *bajocchi* in his pocket," he muttered savagely. "Perhaps the night without food will restore his senses. Come, fool!" and he roughly pushed me into a dark little chamber adjoining. "Here, Valeria, hold the light."

So Valeria was the name of the heroine of the donkey episode. As she held a small oil-lamp aloft, I perceived that the room in which I was to spend the night had more the appearance of a cellar than a chamber; it had been excavated on two sides from the bank, on the third there was a small hole, about six inches square, apparently communicating with another room, and on the fourth was the door by which I had entered, and which opened into the kitchen and general living room of the inhabitants. There was a heap of onions running to seed, the fagots of fire-wood which Valeria had brought that afternoon, and an old cask or two.

"Won't you give him some kind of a bed?" she asked Croppo.

"Bah! he can sleep on the onions," responded that worthy. "If he had been more civil and intelligent he should have had something to eat. You three," he went on, turning to the other men, "sleep in the kitchen, and watch that the prisoner does not escape. The door has a strong bolt besides. Come, Valeria."

And the pair disappeared, leaving me in a dense gloom, strongly pervaded by an odor of fungus and decaying onion. Groping into one of the casks, I found some straw, and spreading it on a piece of plank, I prepared to pass the night sitting with my back to the driest piece of wall I could find, which happened to be immediately under the air-hole, a fortunate circumstance, as the closeness was often stifling. I had probably been dozing for some time in a sitting posi-

tion, when I felt something tickle the top of my head. The idea that it might be a large spider caused me to start, when stretching up my hand, it came in contact with what seemed to be a rag, which I had not observed. Getting carefully up, I perceived a faint light gleaming through the aperture, and then saw that a hand was protruded through it, apparently waving the rag. As I felt instinctively that the hand was Valeria's, I seized the finger-tips, which was all I could get hold of, and pressed them to my lips. They were quickly drawn away, and then the whisper reached my ears:

"Are you hungry?"

"Yes."

"Then eat this," and she passed me a tin pannikin full of cold macaroni, which would just go through the opening.

"Dear Valeria," I said, with my mouth full, "how good and thoughtful you are!"

"Hush! he'll hear."

"Who?"

"Croppo."

"Where is he?"

"Asleep in the bed just behind me."

"How do you come to be in his bedroom?"

"Because I'm his wife."

"Oh!" A long pause during which I collapsed upon my straw seat, and swallowed macaroni thoughtfully. As the result of my meditations—"Valeria *carissima*."

"Hush! Yes."

"Can't you get me out of this infernal den?"

"Perhaps, if they all three sleep in the kitchen; at present one is awake. Watch for my signal, and if they all three sleep, I will manage to slip the bolt. Then you must give me time to get back into bed, and when you hear me snore you may make the attempt. They are all three sleeping on the floor, so be very careful where you tread; I will also leave the front door a little open, so that you can slip through without noise."

"Dearest Valeria!"

"Hush! Yes."

"Hand me that cane—it is my fishing-rod, you know—through this hole; you can leave the sketch-book and paint-

box under the tree that the donkey fell against—I will call for them some day soon. And, Valeria, don't you think we could make our lips meet through this beastly hole?"

"Impossible. There's my hand; heavens! Croppo would murder me if he knew. Now keep quiet till I give the signal. Oh, do let go my hand!"

"Remember, Valeria, *bellissima, carissima*, whatever happens, that I love you."

But I don't think she heard this, and I went and sat on the onions because I could see the hole better, and the smell of them kept me awake.

It was at least two hours after this that the faint light appeared at the hole in the wall, and a hand was pushed through. I rushed at the finger-tips.

"Here's your fishing-rod," she said when I had released them, and she had passed me my air-gun. "Now be very careful how you tread. There is one asleep across the door, but you can open it about two feet. Then step over him; then make for a gleam of moonlight that comes through the crack of the front door, open it very gently and slip out. *Addio, caro Inglese*; mind you wait till you hear me snoring."

Then she lingered, and I heard a sigh.

"What is it, sweet Valeria?" and I covered her hand with kisses.

"I wished Croppo had blue eyes like you."

This was murmured so softly that I may have been mistaken, but I'm nearly sure that was what she said; then she drew softly away, and two minutes afterward I heard her snoring. As the first sound issued from her lovely nostrils, I stealthily approached the door, gently pushed it open; stealthily stepped over a space which I trusted cleared the recumbent figure that I could not see; cleared him; stole gently on for the streak of moonlight; trod squarely on something that seemed like an outstretched hand, for it gave under my pressure and produced a yell; felt that I must now rush for my life; dashed the door open, and down the path with four yelling ruffians at my heels. I was a pretty good runner, but the moon was behind a cloud, and the way was rocky—moreover, there must have been a short

cut I did not know, for one of my pursuers gained upon me with unaccountable rapidity—he appeared suddenly within ten yards of my heels. The others were at least a hundred yards behind. I had nothing for it but to turn round, let him almost run against the muzzle of my air-gun, pull the trigger, and see him fall in his tracks. It was the work of a second, but it checked my pursuers. They had heard no noise, but they found something that they did not bargain for, and lingered a moment, then they took up the chase with redoubled fury. But I had too good a start; and where the path joined the main road, instead of turning down toward the town, as they expected I would, I dodged round in the opposite direction, the uncertain light this time favoring me, and I heard their footsteps and their curses dying away on the wrong track. Nevertheless I ran on at full speed, and it was not till the day was dawning that I began to feel safe and relax my efforts. The sun had been up an hour when I reached a small town, and the little *locanda* was just opening for the day when I entered it, thankful for a hot cup of coffee, and a dirty little room, with a dirtier bed, where I could sleep off the fatigue and excitement of the night. I was strolling down almost the only street in the afternoon when I met a couple of carabinieri riding into it, and shortly after encountered the whole troop, to my great delight, in command of an intimate friend whom I had left a month before in Naples.

"Ah, *caro mio!*" he exclaimed, when he saw me, "well met. What on earth are you doing here?—looking for those brigands you were so anxious to find when you left Naples? Considering that you are in the heart of their country, you should not have much difficulty in gratifying your curiosity."

"I have had an adventure or two," I replied, carelessly. "Indeed that is partly the reason you find me here. I was just thinking how I could get safely back to Ascoli, when your welcome escort appeared; for I suppose you are going there, and will let me take advantage of it."

"Only too delighted; and you can tell me your adventures. Let us dine

together to-night, and I will find you a horse to ride on with us in the morning."

I am afraid my account of the episode with which I have acquainted the reader was not strictly accurate in all its details, as I did not wish to bring down my military friends on poor Valeria, so I skipped all allusion to her and my detention in her home; merely saying that I had had a scuffle with brigands, and had been fortunate enough to escape under cover of the night. As we passed it next morning I recognized the path which led up to Valeria's cottage, and shortly after observed that young woman herself coming up the glen.

"Holloa," I said, with great presence of mind as she drew near, "my lovely model, I declare. Just you ride on, old fellow, while I stop and ask her when she can come and sit to me again."

"You artists are sad rogues—what chances your profession must give you!" remarked my companion, as he cast an admiring glance on Valeria, and rode discreetly on. "There is nothing to be afraid of, lovely Valeria," I said in a low tone, as I lingered behind! "be sure I will never betray either you or your rascally—hem! I mean your excellent Croppo. By the way, was that man much hurt that I was obliged to trip up?"

"Hurt! Santa Maria, he is dead, with a bullet through his heart. Croppo says it must have been magic; for he had searched you, and he knew you were not armed, and he was within a hundred yards of you when poor Pippo fell, and he heard no sound."

"Croppo is not far wrong," I said, glad of the opportunity thus offered of imposing on the ignorance and credulity of the natives. "He seemed surprised that he could not frighten me the other night. Tell him he was much more in my power than I was in his, dear Valeria," I added, looking tenderly into her eyes, "I didn't want to alarm you, that was the reason I let him off so easily; but I may not be so merciful next time. Now, sweetest, that kiss you owe me, and which the wall prevented your giving me the other night." She held up her face with the innocence of a child, as I stooped from my saddle.

"I shall never see you again, Signor

Inglese," she said, with a sigh; "for Croppo says it is not safe, after what happened the night before last, to stay another hour. Indeed he went off yesterday, leaving me orders to follow to-day; but I went first to put your sketch-book under the bush, where the donkey fell, and where you will find it."

It took us another minute or two to part after this; and when I had ridden away I turned to look back, and there was Valeria gazing after me. "Positively," I reflected, "I am over head and ears in love with the girl, and I believe she is with me. I ought to have nipped my feelings in the bud when she told me she was his wife; but then he is a brigand, who threatened both my ears and my tongue, to say nothing of my life. To what extent is the domestic happiness of such a ruffian to be respected?" and I went on splitting the moral straws suggested by this train of thought, until I had recovered my sketch-book and overtaken my escort, with whom I rode triumphantly back into Ascoli, where my absence had been the cause of much anxiety, and my fate was even then being eagerly discussed. My friends with whom I usually sat round the chemist's door, were much exercised by the reserve which I manifested in reply to the fire of cross-examination to which I was subjected for the next few days; and English eccentricity, which was proverbial even in this secluded town, received a fresh illustration in the light and airy manner with which I treated a capture and escape from brigands, which I regarded with such indifference that I could not be induced even to condescend to details. "It was a mere scuffle; there was only four; and, being an Englishman, I polished them all off with the 'box'"—and I closed my fist, and struck a scientific attitude of self-defence, branching off into a learned disquisition on the pugilistic art, which filled my hearers with respect and amazement. From this time forward the sentiment with which I regarded my air-gun underwent a change. When a friend had made me a present of it a year before, I regarded it in the light of a toy, and rather resented the gift as too juvenile. I wonder he did not give me a kite or a hoop, I mentally reflected. Then I had found it useful among Ital-

ians, who are a trifling people, and like playthings: but now that it had saved my life, and sent a bullet through a man's heart, I no longer entertained the same feeling of contempt for it. Not again would I make light of it—so potent an engine of destruction which had procured me the character of being a magician. I would hide it from human gaze, and cherish it as a sort of fetish. So I bought a walking-stick and an umbrella, and strapped it up with them, wrapped in my plaid; and when, shortly after, by a fortunate fluke at billiards, at which I was a proficient, I had won enough from the officers of my friend's regiment, which soon after arrived, to buy a horse from one of them, I accepted their invitation to accompany them on their brigand-hunting expeditions, not one of them knew that I had such a weapon as an air-gun in my possession.

Our *modus operandi* on these occasions was as follows: On receiving information from some proprietor that the brigands were threatening his property—it was impossible to get intelligence from the peasantry, for they were all in league with the brigands; indeed they all took a holiday from regular work, and joined a band for a few weeks from time to time—we proceeded, with a force sufficiently strong to cope with the supposed strength of the band, to the farm in question. The bands were all mounted, and averaged from 200 to 400 men each. It was calculated that upward of 2000 men were thus engaged in harrying the country and this enabled the *Neri* to talk of the king's forces engaged in legitimate warfare against those of Victor Emanuel. Riding over the vast plains of the Capitanata, we would discern against the sky-outline the figure of a solitary horseman. This we knew to be a picket. Then there was no time to be lost, and away we would go for him helter-skelter across the plain; he would instantly gallop in on the main body, probably occupying a *masseria*. If they thought they were strong enough, they would show fight. If not, they would take to their heels in the direction of the mountains, with us in full cry after them. If they were hardly pressed they would scatter, and we were obliged to do the same, and the result would be that the swiftest horsemen might possibly effect

a few captures. It was an exciting species of warfare, partaking a good deal more of the character of a hunting-field than of cavalry skirmishing. Sometimes where the ground was hilly, we had Bersaglieri with us ; and as the brigands took to the mountains, the warfare assumed a different character. Sometimes, in default of these active little troops, we took local volunteers, whom we found a very poor substitute. On more than one occasion when we came upon the brigands in a farm, they thought themselves sufficiently strong to hold it against us, and on one of these the cowardice of the volunteers was amusingly illustrated. The band was estimated at about 200, and we had 100 volunteers and a detachment of 50 cavalry. On coming under the fire of the brigands, the cavalry captain, who was in command, ordered the volunteers to charge, intending when they had dislodged the enemy to ride him down on the open ; but the volunteer officer did not repeat the word, and stood stock-still, his men all imitating his example.

"Charge ! I say," shouted the cavalry captain ; "why don't you charge ? I believe you're afraid !"

"*E vero*," said the captain of volunteers, shrugging his shoulders.

"Here, take my horse—you're only fit to be a groom ; and you, men, dismount and let these cowards hold your horses, while you follow me"—and jumping from his horse, the gallant fellow, followed by his men, charged the building, from which a hot fire was playing upon them, sword in hand. In less than a quarter of an hour the brigands were scampering, some on foot and some on horseback, out of the farm-buildings, followed by a few stray and harmless shots from such of the volunteers as had their hands free. We lost three men killed and five wounded in this little skirmish, and killed six of the brigands, besides making a dozen prisoners. When I say we, I mean my companions ; for having no weapon, I had discreetly remained with the volunteers. The scene of this gallant exploit was on the classic battle-field of Cannæ. This captain, who was not the friend I had joined the day after my brigand adventure, was a most plucky and dashing cavalry officer, and was well seconded by his men, who were all Piedmontese, and

of very different temperament from the Neapolitans. On one occasion a band of 250 brigands waited for us on the top of a small hill, never dreaming that we should charge up it with the odds five to one against us—but we did ; and after firing a volley at us, which emptied a couple of saddles, they broke and fled when we were about twenty yards from them. Then began one of the most exciting scurries across country it was ever my fortune to be engaged in. The brigands scattered—so did we ; and I found myself with two troopers in chase of a pair of bandits, one of whom seemed to be the chief of the band. A small stream wound through the plain, which we dashed across. Just beyond was a tributary ditch, which would have been considered a fair jump in the hunting-field ; both brigands took it in splendid style. The hindmost was not ten yards ahead of the leading trooper, who came a cropper on which the brigand reined up, fired a pistol-shot into the prostrate horse and man, and was off ; but the delay cost him dear. The other trooper, who was a little ahead of me, got safely over. I followed suit. In another moment he had fired his carbine into the brigand's horse, and down they both came by the run. We instantly reined up, for I saw there was no chance of overtaking the remaining brigand, and the trooper was in the act of cutting down the man as he struggled to his feet, when to my horror I recognized the lovely features of—Valeria.

"Stay, man !" I shouted, throwing myself from my horse, "it's a woman ! touch her if you dare !" and then seeing the man's eye gleam with indignation, I added, "brave soldiers, such as you have proved yourself to be, do not kill women ; though your traducers say you do, do not give them cause to speak truth. I will be responsible for this woman's safety. Here, to make it sure, you had better strap us together." I piqued myself exceedingly on this happy inspiration, whereby I secured an arm-and-arm walk, of a peculiar kind it is true, with Valeria, and indeed my readiness to sacrifice myself seemed rather to astonish the soldier, who hesitated. However, his comrade, whose horse had been shot in the ditch, now came up, and seconded my proposal, as I offered him a mount on mine.

"How on earth am I to let you escape, dear Valeria?" I whispered, giving her a sort of affectionate nudge: the position of our arms prevented my squeezing hers, as I could have wished, and the two troopers kept behind us, watching us, I thought, suspiciously.

"It is quite impossible now—don't attempt it," she answered; "perhaps there may be an opportunity later."

"Was that Croppo who got away?" I asked.

"Yes. He could not get his cowardly men to stand on that hill."

"What a bother those men are behind, dearest! Let me pretend to scratch my nose with this hand that is tied to yours, which I can thus bring to my lips."

I accomplished this manœuvre rather neatly, but parties now came straggling in from other directions, and I was obliged to give up whispering and become circumspect. They all seemed rather astonished at our group, and the captain laughed heartily as he rode up and called out. "Who have you got tied to you there, *caro mio*?"

"Croppo's wife. I had her tied to me for fear she should escape; besides, she is not bad-looking."

"What a prize!" he exclaimed. "We have made a tolerable haul this time—twenty prisoners in all—among them the priest of the band. Our colonel has just arrived, so I am in luck—he will be delighted. See, the prisoners are being brought up to him now: but you had better remount and present yours in a less singular fashion."

When we reached the colonel we found him examining the priest. His breviary contained various interesting notes, written on some of the fly-leaves.

For instance:

"Administered extreme unction to A—, shot by Croppo's order: my share ten *scudi*.

"Ditto, ditto, to R—, hung by Croppo's order: my share two *scudi*.

"Ditto, ditto, to S—, roasted by Croppo's order, to make him name an agent to bring his ransom: overdone by mistake, and died—so got nothing.

"Ditto, ditto, to P—, executed by the knife by Croppo's order, for disobedience.

"M—, and F—, and D—,

three new members, joined to-day; confessed them, and received the usual fees."

He was a dark, beetle-browed-looking ruffian, this holy man; and the colonel, when he had finished examining his book of prayer and crime, tossed it to me, saying—"There! that will show your friends in England the kind of politicians we make war against. Ha! what have we here? This is more serious." And he unfolded a piece of paper which had been concealed in the breast of the priest. "This contains a little valuable information," he added, with a grim smile. "Nobody like priests and women for carrying about political secrets, so you may have made a valuable capture," and he turned to where I stood with Valeria; "let her be carefully searched."

Now the colonel was a very pompous man, and the document he had just discovered on the priest added to his sense of self-importance. When, therefore, a large, carefully folded paper was produced from the neighborhood of Valeria's lovely bosom, his eyes sparkled with anticipation. "Ho, ho!" he exclaimed, as he clutched it eagerly, "the plot is thickening!" and he spread out triumphantly, before he had himself seen what it was, the exquisitely drawn portrait of a donkey. There was a suppressed titter, which exploded into a shout when the bystanders looked into the colonel's indignant face. I only was affected differently, as my gaze fell upon this touching evidence of dear Valeria's love for me, and I glanced at her tenderly. "This has a deeper significance than you think for," said the colonel, looking round angrily. "Croppo's wife does not carefully secrete a drawing like that on her person for nothing. See, it is done by no common artist. It means something and must be preserved."

"It may have a biblical reference to the state of Italy. You remember Issachar was likened to an ass between two burdens. In that case it probably emanated from Rome," I remarked; but nobody seemed to see the point of the allusion, and the observation fell flat.

That night I dined with the colonel, and after dinner I persuaded him to let me visit Valeria in prison, as I wished

to take the portrait of the wife of the celebrated brigand chief. I thanked my stars that my friend who had seen her, when we met in the glen, was away on duty with his detachment, and could not testify to our former acquaintance.

My meeting with Valeria on this occasion was too touching and full of tender passages to be of any general interest. Valeria told me that she was still a bride; that she had only been married a few months, and that she had been compelled to become Croppo's wife against her choice, as the brigand's will was too powerful to be resisted; but that, though he was jealous and attached to her, he was stern and cruel, and so far from winning her love since her marriage, he had rather estranged it by his fits of passion and ferocity. As may be imagined, the portrait, which was really very successful, took some time in execution, the more especially as we had to discuss the possibilities of Valeria's escape.

"We are going to be transferred tomorrow to the prison at Foggia," she said. "If, while we were passing through the market-place, a disturbance of some sort could be created, as it is market-day, and all the country people know me, and are my friends, a rescue might be attempted. I know how to arrange for that, only they must see some chance of success."

A bright thought suddenly struck me; it was suggested by a trick I had played shortly after my arrival in Italy.

"You know I am something of a magician, Valeria; you have had proof of that. If I create a disturbance by magic tomorrow, when you are passing through the market-place, you won't stay to wonder what is the cause of the confusion, but instantly take advantage of it to escape."

"Trust me for that, *caro mio*."

"And if you escape, when shall we meet again?"

"I am known too well now to risk another meeting. I shall be in hiding with Croppo, where it will be impossible for you to find me, nor while he lives could I ever dare to think of leaving him; but I shall never forget you"—and she pressed my hands to her lips—"though I shall no longer have the pict-

ure of the donkey to remember you by."

"See, here's my photograph; that will be better," said I, feeling a little annoyed—foolishly, I admit. Then we strained each other to our respective hearts, and parted. Now it so happened that my room in the *locanda* in which I was lodging overlooked the market-place. Here at ten o'clock in the morning I posted myself—for that was the hour, as I had been careful to ascertain, when the prisoners were to start for Foggia. I opened the window about three inches, and fixed it there: I took out my gun, put eight balls in it, and looked down upon the square. It was crowded with the country people in their bright-colored costumes, chaffering over their produce. I looked above them to the tall campanile of the church which filled one side of the square. I receded a step and adjusted my gun on the ledge of the window to my entire satisfaction. I then looked down the street in which the prison was situated, and which debouched on the square, and awaited events. At ten minutes past ten I saw the soldiers at the door of the prison form up, and then I knew that the twenty prisoners of whom they formed the escort were starting; but the moment they began to move, I fired at the big bell in the campanile, which responded with a loud clang. All the people in the square looked up. As the prisoners entered the square, which they had to cross in its whole breadth, I fired again and again. The bell banged twice, and the people began to buzz about. Now I thought, I must let the old bell have it. By the time five more balls had struck the bell with a resounding din, the whole square was in commotion. A miracle was evidently in progress, or the campanile was bewitched. People began to run hither and thither; all the soldiers forming the escort gaped open-mouthed at the steeple as the clangor continued. As soon as the last shot had been fired, I looked down into the square and saw all this, and I saw that the prisoners were attempting to escape, and in more than one instance had succeeded, for the soldiers began to scatter in pursuit, and the country people to form themselves into impeding crowds, as though by accident,

but nowhere could I see Valeria. When I was quite sure she had escaped, I went down and joined the crowd. I saw three prisoners captured and brought back ; and when I asked the officer in command how many had escaped, he said three—Croppo's wife, the priest, and another.

When I met my cavalry friends at dinner that evening, it was amusing to hear them speculate upon the remarkable occurrence which had, in fact, upset the wits of the whole town. Priests and vergers and sacristans had visited the campanile, and one of them had brought away a flattened piece of lead, which looked as if it might have been a bullet ; but the suggestion that eight bullets could have hit the bell in succession without anybody hearing a sound, was treated with ridicule. I believe the bell was subsequently exorcised with holy water. I was afraid to remain with the regiment with my air-gun after this, lest some one should discover it,

and unravel the mystery ; besides, I felt a sort of traitor to the brave friends who had so generously offered me their hospitality, so I invented urgent private affairs, which demanded my immediate return to Naples, and on the morning of my departure found myself embraced by all the officers of the regiment, from the colonel downward, who, in the fervor of their kisses, thrust sixteen waxed mustache-points against my cheeks.

About eighteen months after this, I heard of the capture and execution of Croppo, and I knew that Valeria was free ; but I had unexpectedly inherited a property, and was engaged to be married. I am now a country gentleman with a large family. My sanctum is stocked with various mementoes of my youthful adventures, but none awakens in me such thrilling memories as are excited by the breviary of the brigand priest and the portrait of the brigand's bride.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

PETROLEUM—THE LIGHT OF THE POOR.

BY THE RIGHT HON. SIR LYON PLAYFAIR, K.C.B., M.P., F.R.S.

PETROLEUM (*petri oleum*, rock oil) has, within the last generation, been the chief source of light to the poorer classes in many countries, and soon it may compete with coal as a source of power in steam-ships and railways. It may, therefore, be interesting to the readers of *Good Words* to know some facts in regard to it from a writer who had some influence in bringing petroleum and its products into economic use in this country.

Petroleum has been known in some parts of the earth, where it occurs native, from the earliest periods of human history. The sacred fires of the sun-worshippers were fed by the gases which issue from it. The asphalté left by its evaporation was the basis of the mortar with which Nineveh and Babylon were built. It seems to be frequently referred to in the Bible, though biblical chemistry is much obscured by bad translation. As an instance of this, carbonate of soda, when referred to, is translated *nitre*, and is made to do things impossible to that substance. Thus Solomon tells us that as vinegar upon nitre, so is he that sing-

eth songs to a heavy heart. This has no meaning, for vinegar does nothing to nitre ; but it causes a lively and unpleasant commotion when poured upon soda (*варов*). So also when Jeremiah speaks of washing with nitre and soap, there is no meaning ; though soda and soap are used constantly in this relation. It is thus that petroleum in the Bible is concealed under the general word "salt." That word is both generic and specific in all countries. In the latter limited sense it is sea or kitchen salt. In the more general sense it includes a vast number of substances, of which Epsom salt and Glauber salt are familiar examples. The connection of salt with petroleum, in biblical language, begins early in Genesis, when the Dead Sea, or Lake of Sodom, is called the Salt Sea. That sea abounds in petroleum springs, and has asphalté on its ancient shores. Accordingly it has also been called the Lake *Asphaltites*. Many things become comprehensible if we take the generic term salt, and apply it to petroleum and its residue, asphalté. Lot's wife, if converted into a pillar of common salt,

would have been washed away by the first shower of rain ; but a pillar of asphalte, even as a memorial of her, would have been an enduring monument, and might have been seen by Josephus and his contemporary, Clement of Rome, both of whom declare that they saw it. So also when we are told by Mark that "every one shall be salted with fire, and every sacrifice shall be salted with salt," I see a meaning only when I recollect that, in regions containing petroleum, sacrificial fires were fed with this fuel to aid the burning. In like manner, when Matthew likens the blessed, first to salt, and immediately afterward to a lighted torch (for candles, as translated, were then unknown), I see the connection in his mind. He had just said that salt which had lost its savor was only fit to be trodden under foot of men. Now salt never does lose its savor, and is never fit to be trodden under foot. But petroleum does lose its essence by exposure, and, out of the residue, the ancients used to make asphalte pavements, as they do at the present day. I only give some reasons for my belief that the salt of the Bible, in its generic sense, was often applied to petroleum ; but I admit at the same time that the readers of *Good Words* ought not to attach much importance to my opinions on any subject of biblical criticism.

Petroleum occurs as a greenish or dark-colored fluid in many countries. In small quantity it occasionally occurs in England. I found a well of it in Derbyshire many years ago, and induced the late Mr. Young to establish a manufactory of burning oil, and ultimately of paraffine candles. This suggestion led gradually, in his energetic hands, to the great petroleum industry which has carried cheap light into the houses of the poor. The small supply of native petroleum of Derbyshire soon became exhausted, but the discovery that it could be distilled out in Boghead coal and bituminous shales gave a great impulse to its manufacture. In 1859, America began to introduce native petroleum from Pennsylvanian wells. During that year eighty thousand barrels were supplied to commerce, and that quantity was thought to be immense, though it was insignificant compared with the present supply, which reached thirty-seven million bar-

rels in 1882. Other copious supplies of native petroleum have been found in India, Burmah, and the Caucasian lands about the Caspian Sea. The last source of supply is of such extraordinary magnitude that I will refer to it more in detail at a later part of this article. I may mention, however, that at Surakhani, on the western shore of the Caspian, sacred fires have been burning probably longer than recorded history. The priests allege that the fires in their temple, fed by gas issuing from the petroleum below, have burned without cessation since four hundred years before Christ.

Before, however, describing the uses of petroleum, I ought to say something as to its probable origin. This is not thoroughly understood. When we prepare artificial petroleum, we distil, at a low red heat, the remains of organic substances such as highly bituminous coals or shales. We know that coal has been produced by plant life, so, when we extract petroleum from it, we naturally look to organic matters as its ultimate source. Nevertheless, petroleum occurs in many geological formations where organic life has only sparsely existed. If petroleum be a result of a slow distillation of organic matter, where are the residues of distillation? They are never found in the borings for wells. Nor does petroleum when examined by the microscope exhibit the least traces of organized structures.

The range of geological formations in which petroleum is found is considerable. In the Caspian Sea it is found in tertiary sands, having a comparatively modern origin in a geological sense. But, in Canada, it occurs as low down as the Silurian formation and in the lower parts of the Devonian, while in Pennsylvania it is in the upper series of the Devonian, below the coal measures. An elementary knowledge of geology shows that these facts render it difficult to connect petroleum with pre-existing organic *débris*. Ordinary rocks result from the waste of pre-existing systems, or are pushed up by volcanic energy from central depths. Neptunists could not explain the formation of petroleum by aqueous action ; for it is so light that it would float on the top of water, and would not be buried by deposit. Vulcanists of the old school would be equal-

ly perplexed, because petroleum is so volatile that heat would convert it into vapor, and it would be dissipated. Indeed, I recollect an instance of this kind in a quarry near Dysart, in Fifeshire, where every fragment of stone freshly-broken smelled of petroleum.

Is then petroleum cosmic? Perhaps the question is not so absurd as it appears. Recent observations on the tail of the great comet which adorned the heavens not long since showed that it contained hydrocarbons very similar to petroleum. I do not mean to indicate that the comet was a huge petroleum lamp rushing through space; still the detection of hydrocarbons in it is a significant fact. It lends considerable support to the idea that petroleum is being continually formed anew in the deeper parts of the earth. In all petroleum wells water is also found. In the depths of the earth there is probably a large abundance of compounds of the metals with carbon, for we find them in basaltic and other rocks. When the crust of the earth becomes fissured, water would reach these at a high temperature, and be decomposed, its oxygen passing over to the metals, while the carbon and hydrogen would unite to produce hydrocarbons, the most common form of which is petroleum. The gaseous hydrocarbons, formed by the same action, are pent up in these cavities, and, when a boring is made for a well, force up the petroleum frequently as high fountains. Wells of this substance are generally found at the base of mountain ranges, as of the Alleghanies in America, or of the Caucasus in Russia. These elevations indicate cavities, fissures, or crevasses below, and into these, as into a receiver, the hydrocarbons may have been distilled and become condensed. This is only a theory, but it is the one which is the most satisfactory to my mind; and if it be true, it is a comforting one, for while we find forests disappearing from the earth, and coal being exhausted without being formed afresh, petroleum, which as fuel has about twice the value of coal, is being constantly formed and deposited in nature's reservoirs. I have admitted that this is nothing more than a theory, and, as such, the practical mind is accustomed to look upon it with contempt. But theories

are the leaves of the tree of knowledge, nourishing it while they survive, and even when they fall they give new nutriment to the parent stem. We probably may soon have a better theory, and when it comes I will embrace it.

If I am asked to define petroleum, I should have to answer by giving a general chemical formula which, at first sight, might look puzzling. It belongs to the series of hydrocarbons, $C^n H^{2n+2}$, or to a group of bodies containing double the atoms of hydrogen to those of carbon, with two more of hydrogen in addition. It contains rather more hydrogen than olefiant gas, the chief illuminating agent of coal gas, for that and its numerous congeners have the general formula $C^n H^{2n}$. The need of such a general formula as I have given for the complex fluid called petroleum is manifest when I state that it contains members of the same family of hydrocarbons, varying from the solid paraffine, with which all ordinary candles are now made, to the most volatile liquids nearly resembling gases. Here I cannot help interpolating an anecdote as to how paraffine candles were thought of. This solid wax from tar had been discovered by Reichenbach, but was so rare when I first became Professor of Chemistry that I was proud in having a quarter of an ounce in a bottle to show my students. One cold day Mr. Young called upon me with some Derbyshire petroleum, and asked me what I thought the solid crystals floating in it could be. I answered that they must be paraffine, and asked whether he could not prepare sufficient for me to make two candles. With these I lighted the desk on the lecture table of the Royal Institution, and pointed out that though the cost of these candles was more than twenty shillings each, yet before long they would become the common candle of the country. This safe prophecy has long since been realized, for paraffine is now manufactured in thousands of tons annually. There is an island on the eastern side of the Caspian Sea called Tcheliken, where the very cliffs are stated to be composed of crude paraffine, or "ozokerit," while east of Krasnovodsk, on the same shore, "there are immense hills of ozokerit and petroleum," according to the statements of travellers. Digitized by Google

between the solid paraffine and burning oil there is another oil fitted for lubricating machinery. In some kinds of petroleum and paraffine oil distilled from shale this is neither important in quantity nor in quality, though in the heavier kinds of petroleum, such as that of the Caucasian range, it exists in abundance. Besides this lubricating oil, there is also in the tars, at present barbarously rejected as useless, volatile benzole and certain solids known as naphthaline and anthracene. From the benzole can be made those beautiful aniline colors known as mauve and magenta; while out of the solid naphthaline and anthracene can be prepared alizarin, the red color of madder, and also indigo, the staple blue dye. In the future development of the native petroleum industry these higher products are likely to be a very important branch of production. As competition becomes keen, these waste products may become the largest source of profit.

Thus, it will be seen how largely petroleum has become an article of industrial necessity, and how much more it will enter into manufactures when the present waste products of the heavier kinds are applied, as they are sure to be, to the preparation of staple colors, such as alizarin and indigo. Already the madder agriculture of Holland and Turkey has been seriously influenced by artificial alizarin, and, before many years, our Indian fields of indigo will suffer by that famous blue dye being made out of the products of the heavier kinds of petroleum. For the present, however, the great consumption of petroleum, whether it is found naturally, or made artificially, as in Scotland, by the distillation of bituminous shales, is for the production of light. I have explained already that though it contains a little more hydrogen than olefiant gas, it may, for all practical purposes, be viewed as essentially belonging to the group of "olifenes." Now, as olefiant gas is the chief illuminating ingredient of rich coal gas, refined petroleum, as well as solid paraffine, made into candles, may be looked upon as representative of all that is illuminating in coal gas, without being diluted or contaminated by unnecessary ingredients. A paraffine candle is in reality a port-

able gas machine. The charred fibres of the wick are the retorts in which the gas is manufactured for use, just in proportion as it is wanted. A petroleum lamp is the same little gas factory, in which the oil is sucked up by the capillary attraction of the wick, and there is converted into gas just in proportion to its requirements. Unluckily ordinary refined petroleum has an offensive smell, though this is gradually disappearing as the manufacture improves. In the better varieties, now burned in good houses under the name of crystal or water oil, there is little to be desired in this respect.

In America, where the abundance of petroleum leads to considerable inventiveness in its use, I have seen applications of it which have not apparently been adopted in this country. I happened this autumn to visit various large houses in country districts of New England, which were lighted with beautiful white gas. On inquiring into the sources of supply, I found there was no gas in the ordinary sense, but that common air saturated with a light petroleum naphtha was being burned. A tank containing the latter was buried in the garden, while a small machine in the basement of the house, worked by falling weights, drove common air through this tank. The air saturated with naphtha returned from the garden to the house and burned in every room exactly like gas. Again, I stayed some weeks in a seaside watering-place called Nahant. The town, to all appearances, was well lighted with gas. And so it was, but the gas was manufactured at each lamp. A small holder of light petroleum dropped its contents on a heated disk which converted it into gas, and this was burned, and had all the appearance of ordinary gas illumination. In fact, it was only a few days before I left that I found out the absence of ordinary gas from the town, though I constantly passed the street lamps. This adaptability of petroleum to give a pure white light is the cause of its singularly rapid diffusion in different countries. The prejudices of the people in India are rapidly giving way, so that the consumption of petroleum in our Indian possessions has been increasing about 200 per cent annually. In China its con-

sumption is also rapidly increasing. Of American petroleum alone, India last year consumed 94,000 tons, Japan 56,000, and China 82,000 tons. As American oil is thus penetrating so extensively and rapidly into the great Eastern, as well as into the European markets, it would appear to be beyond competition. Nevertheless, a formidable competition is arising in Russia. On the shores of the Caspian Sea there are vast deposits of petroleum, and these, though they have scarcely yet been opened, already amount to one sixth of the American production. The old proverb says, "It is a far cry to Loch Awe," and it is a much farther cry to the shores of the Caspian Sea. But if the reader will look at the map he will see that a railway, just opened between Baku, on the Caspian, and Batoum, on the Black Sea, alters the geographical position exceedingly. Baku is the centre of the Russian petroleum industry. The oil-bearing strata stretch from Baku, past the Island of Tcheliken, 300 miles across the Caspian, through the great steppes of Turkestan, until it is lost close to the Himalayas. The bottom of the Caspian must contain much oil, for naphtha springs occur in that sea, and may be lighted by throwing a match upon the water, where oil is seen floating. Baku is situated on the Apsheron peninsula, with an area of 1200 square miles, throughout which there are oil-bearing strata; but as yet only three square miles have been worked. The accounts of this district given by O'Donovan in his wonderful ride to Merv, by Mr. Marvin, Colonel Stewart, Mr. Arthur Arnold, and others, have made the district familiar to us. Without putting too much stress on their singular descriptions of fountains of petroleum 300 feet high, wasting themselves into petroleum lakes, it is sufficient to know that there are 400 wells of oil in the small explored area. Around it the hamlet of Baku has become a city of 30,000 inhabitants. The price of petroleum at these wells is less than that of water. The crude oil has been selling at 4d. per barrel of 40 gallons. Still all this resource of petroleum is worth little if it cannot be purified cheaply and be transported economically. This difficulty has been solved by the ability and energy of Mr. Ludwig Nobel,

a practical engineer. He is of Swedish extraction, and has become the Russian oil king. Mr. Nobel has built steam fleets entirely for the quick transport of the finished oil, and these steamers are propelled by the refuse of the distillation. The refined oils pass by pipes to the end of a jetty, and are pumped directly into the holds. These ships, when they reach harbor, pump the petroleum into specially constructed railway vans or reservoirs, twenty-five of which form a train. When this arrives at its destination, the petroleum is again pumped out into distributing tanks, of which there are many of varying capacity throughout Russia. In this way American petroleum has been driven out of Russia, while Caucasian petroleum has taken its place. This would not affect the rest of Europe greatly, were it not that the Russian oil king is already pouring petroleum through the Baltic into Germany; and he is preparing to flood the Mediterranean and India through the Black Sea, by the railway connecting Baku with Batoum, or, to speak more generally, the Caspian with the Black Sea. If these ventures have a commercial success, there is, undoubtedly, petroleum in the Caucasian lands sufficient to supply the world with that commodity for a prolonged period of its history. Already, in different parts of Russia, both steamboats and railway locomotives are driven by burning the waste of petroleum under the boilers. It will certainly be a marvel, but one which may be before long realized, to see a petroleum fleet laden at Batoum with Caucasian oil, pass through the Suez Canal without the aid of coal. This would be an immense gain to the stokers, who have a bad time in the Red Sea, one of the hottest parts of the world; for petroleum ships require no stoking to their fires. For myself, I should like to see such a Russian invasion of India through the Suez Canal in a peaceful, industrial competition. If a trade of this kind could be established with a good profit, a warlike invasion by the Himalayas would be an absurdity, for peaceful commerce with Russia would tend more to the security of our Indian empire than all our diplomatic watchfulness in Central Asia.—*Good Words*.

PESSIMISM.

BY J. S. B.

Is life worth living?—Well, to tell you true,
It scarcely is, if all men were like you.

BRIGHT-FACED maiden, bright-souled maiden,
What is this that I must hear?
Is thy heart with sorrow laden,
Is thine eye dimmed with a tear?
Can it be that lips so sweetly
Rounded to be kindly kissed,
Could be twisted indiscreetly
To that vile word *Pessimist*?
Not for thine own ills thou weapest;
Softly feathered is thy nest;
When thou wakest, when thou sleepest,
Thou art fortunèd with the best.
But thy sisters and thy brothers
Pierced with many a woful smart,
Dying children, wailing mothers,
Fret thy nerve, and stab thy heart.
In the country, in the city,
Godless deeds, a loveless list
Stir thy blood and move thy pity,
And thou art a PESSIMIST.
Storms and wars and tribulations,
Fevered passions' reinless tide,
With insane hallucinations
Mingled travel far and wide.
Can there be an Eye inspecting
Things so tumbling in pell-mell,
With a cool control directing
Such a hotbed, such a hell?
Nay, sweet maid, but think more slowly;
Though this thing and that be sad,
'Tis a logic most unholy
That the gross of things is bad;
'Tis a trick of melancholy,
Tainting life with death's alloy;
Or in wisdom, or in folly,
Nature still delights in joy.
Dost thou hear of starving sinners?
Nine and ten or ninety-nine,
Many thousands eat good dinners,
Many hundreds quaff good wine.
Hast thou seen a score of cripples?
Equal legs are not uncommon;
If you know one fool that tipples,
Thousands drink not—man and woman;
'Tell me, if you know, how many
Murders happen in the town?
One a-year, perhaps, if any;
Should that weigh your heart quite down?
No doubt, if you read the papers,
You will find a strange hotch-potch,—
Doting dreams, delirious capers,
Many a blunder, blot and blotch;

Bags of windy speculation,
Babblement of small and great,
Cheating, swindling, speculation,
Squabblement of Church and State ;
Miners blown up, humbugs shown up,
Beaten wives, insulted brides,
Raving preachers, witless teachers,
Lunatics and suicides.
Drains and cesspools, faintings, fevers,
Poisoned cats and stolen collies,
Simple women, gay deceivers,
Every sort and size of follies,
Wandering M.P.'s brainless babble,
Deputations, meetings, dinners,
Riots of the lawless rabble,
Purple sins of West-End sinners ;
Driving, dicing, drinking, dancing,
Spirit-rapping, ghostly stuff,
Bubble schemes, and deft financing,
When the shares are blown enough.
All this is true ; when men cut capers
That make the people talk or stare,
To-morrow, when you ope the papers,
You're sure to find your antics there.
But you and I and all our neighbors,
Meanwhile in pure and peaceful ways,
With link on link of fruitful labors,
Draw out our chain of happy days..
See things as they are ; be sober ;
Balance well life's loss and gain :
If to-day be chill October,
Summer suns will come again.
Are bleak winds forever sighing ?
Do dark clouds forever lower ?
Are your friends all dead and dying ?
All your sweetness turned to sour ?
Great men no doubt have sometimes small ways,
But a horse is not an ass,
And a black snake is not always
Lurking in the soft green grass.
Don't be hasty, gentle lady ;
In this whirl of diverse things
Keep your footing, and with steady
Poise control your equal wings.
All things can't to all be pleasant,
I love bitter, you love sweet ;
Some faint when a cat is present,
Rats find babies' cheeks a treat.
If all tiny things were tall things,
If all petty things were grand,
Where would greatness be, when all things
On one common level stand ?
Do you think the wingèd breezes
Fraught with healthy ventilation,
When a tender infant sneezes
Should retreat with trepidation ?
When dry Earth to Heaven is calling
For soft rain and freshening dew,

Shall the rain refrain from falling
 Lest my lady wet her shoe?
 Fools still rush to rash conclusions,
 And the mole-eyed minion man
 Talks of troubles and confusions,
 When he sees not half the plan.
 Spare to blame and fear to cavil,
 With short leave dismiss your pain,
 Let no fretful fancies revel
 In the sanctum of your brain.
 Use no magnifying glasses
 To change molehills into mountains,
 Nor on every ill that passes
 Pour hot tears from bitter fountains.
 Trust in God and know your duty,
 Some good things are in your power;
 Every day will bring its booty
 From the labor of the hour.
 Never reck what fools are prating,
 Work and wait, let sorrow lie;
 Live and love; have done with hating,
 Goethe says—and so say I.

—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

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 E. T. W. HOFFMANN.

"LES CONTES D'HOFFMANN," a collection of short tales translated from the German, was better known to the last than to the present generation of general readers. Indeed, we may almost say, as far as England is concerned, that it was hardly known to either generation, for although the French can boast of a respectable translation of the more famous stories, we have had to content ourselves with a version of some half-dozen of them which, with the exception of one that engaged the attention of Mr. Carlyle's indefatigable genius, are all more or less feeble efforts at translation. Thus this singular fact presents itself, that while Hoffmann had achieved a considerable popularity upon the Continent, in England his works were well-nigh unread, and certainly unappreciated. The cause of this, we are inclined to think, was the early publication of his perhaps most ambitious, but certainly weakest and most disagreeable work, "Elixiere des Teufels." The success which had attended the production of Matthew Gregory Lewis's "Monk" at an earlier date may have misled some over-enthusiastic admirer of Hoffmann to present the insane ravings of Brother Medardus to the

English public, with this result, however, that lasting damage has been done to the fame of an author of almost unique imaginative power. It was in his short, vigorous, fantastic pieces, of which he wrote an extraordinary number, and which he collected together under the title of "Fantasiestücke in Callot's Manier," "Serapionsbrüder," and "Nachtstücke," that Hoffmann was at his best; and we have evidence that he himself set no value on those works which called for more sustained effort, for he never liked the "Elixiere des Teufels," and never completed "Lebensansichten des Katers Murr" ("Tom Cat Murr's Philosophy of Life"), which, though a masterpiece as far as it goes, we cannot doubt the author felt himself unable to finish. These short pieces, originally written for no other purpose than to replenish a chronically empty purse, are full of most exquisite humor, brilliant wit, and trenchant satire. At times, it is true, he deals in horrors which are rather apt to disgust than attract the reader; but in the tales with which we are at present concerned this fault is scarcely to be detected. There are many persons, doubtless, who will fail to

see the beauties and eagerly point out the blemishes of these extraordinary tales; but that is only natural where so many are incapable of appreciating genuine humor and prone to resent anything but commonplace situations in fiction as the greatest of crimes. Our advice to all such is to abstain from an attempt to understand Hoffmann, for certainly he did not write these tales for such readers.

To the due appreciation of Hoffmann's works some account of his life and character would seem necessary, although his life exhibits no particularly romantic situations and is chiefly marked as one of a somewhat Bohemian type, while a strong feature in his character is the not uncommon one of a rooted aversion to bores. It was this, in fact, that drove him from the tediousness of the Berlin literary tea-table to the more lively company at the tavern, and finally to his ruin and death. He was born at Königsberg, in Prussia, on the 24th of January, 1776, and was reared under the roof of his maternal grandmother, since, owing to some unfortunate matrimonial misunderstandings, his father deserted his family when our author was only three years old. His early education was undertaken by his uncle Otto, a man little calculated to attract a quick child like the young Hoffmann, for he was a rigid, methodical, and pedantic man. The pupil, however, seems to have suffered but little from such ungenial tutorage; for we find that when he proceeded in due course to the Reformed School he gained the approval of his masters as a boy well grounded in elementary knowledge. As a schoolboy Hoffmann gave decided proof of his love of music and drawing, and, with his uncle for a subject, he made great progress in the art of caricature, an art which he developed to such perfection that it cost him dearly in after life. To the University of Königsberg was his next step in life, for the purpose of studying law, a profession which was considered as hereditary in his family. While there the young man fell desperately in love with a girl to whom he was giving music-lessons. Her parents, however, objected to the alliance, and he had to solace himself with the thought that his heart was broken. This did

not apparently interfere with his studies; for, whatever may be said to his discredit, idleness was not one of his faults, as he passed the necessary examinations with success, and at the age of nineteen entered the profession as Auscultator, a sort of articled clerk. Königsberg, after the love episode, being a somewhat uninteresting place for him, he obtained an appointment under another uncle, who was a lawyer of some standing at Glogau in Silesia. Here he remained for two years, and in the summer of his last year he went to Dresden for a holiday. At Dresden he was induced to gamble, and his success was so great that he was quite horrorstruck, and determined thereafter never to touch a card during his life—a vow which, be it said to his honor, he steadfastly kept. His experience on this occasion and the feelings of horror which seized him are undoubtedly the groundwork of one of his most dramatic pieces, called *Spielerglück* which he afterward placed in the Serapionsbrüder Collection. When he came back to Berlin in 1798, he passed the "examen rigorosum" with such honors that his examiners recommended him for immediate employment under Government, and finally in 1800 he was appointed Assessor in Posen in Poland. At Posen Hoffmann found himself somewhat lonely at first, as he was to a great extent cut off from the society of the artists who were his friends at Berlin and Glogau, but he set to work assiduously at painting and music, in the latter of which arts it was his particular ambition to shine. The tedium of the humdrum life at Posen, however, began to pall upon him, and, finding his companions and society in general excessively dull, he took to criticising them in a manner most likely to give offence. No one likes to be satirized, be the satire ever so witty, but to be caricatured under the most ludicrous yet unmistakable aspects, was an offence hardly to be pardoned. Yet Hoffmann, from sheer devilry, and from a desire for anything which would rouse the society at Posen from its dead level of respectable inanity, persuaded a friend to aid him in perpetrating an outrageous practical joke. His coadjutor appeared disguised as an Italian hawker at a masquerade attended by the *élite* of

Posen, and distributed Hoffmann's too evident caricatures to the company assembled, taking care to place them in the hands of those who would be most willing to make use of them. The joke was only too successful, and the consequence was that news of it was sent to Berlin, and, instead of receiving a patent as Rath at Posen, as had been intended, Hoffmann had to content himself with the same position at Plozsk, which to him meant exile. At Plozsk, however, he found a wife, and in a short time he was transferred to Warsaw. At the Polish capital Hoffmann was in his element. His talents, especially in music, soon gained him many acquaintances, and he here met Hitzig, who became his most intimate friend; in his leisure hours he undertook the superintendence of a musical institution, which he named a *Ressource*, busying himself with arranging the rooms of an old palace which was hired by some of his admirers, and painting designs for the walls and ceilings thereof. The *Ressource* was a complete success. Concerts, in which Hoffmann took the leading part, were given, and it seemed to him as if he had reached the zenith of his ambition—a public recognition that he was a master of his best beloved art. The battle of Jena, however, put an end to all this, and by way of a crowning misfortune he was prostrated by a severe attack of fever. When he recovered he found himself in very straitened circumstances, with a wife and children to support, and in despair he hastened to Berlin. His intention was to live by art, but art at that time was at a discount, and he eagerly embraced an offer to become the musical director at the Bamberg Theatre. Here, too, mischance befell him, and he left his post in disgust. Almost, destitute, he determined to write to the editor of the *Musicalische Zeitung*, at Leipsic, inclosing a specimen of those stories which he afterward collected as "Fantasiestücke in Callot's Manier," and which so delighted Jean Paul Richter that he wrote a preface for the collection. These pieces deal chiefly with music, his special art as he thought, and he little fancied at the time when he wrote them that they would give him a place in literature as a brilliant and singular writer.

From this time, however, he was unremitting in his labors, and produced his fascinating stories with incredible swiftness. In 1813 he again attempted to conduct theatrical music at Dresden and Leipsic, and again failed owing to the state of the country and Napoleon's canons. He never despaired, however, and, though sadly light of purse, he was always light of heart. Having found the pursuit of a livelihood by means of theatrical enterprise a blank, he returned to Berlin, and by the interest of his friends was reinstated in the legal profession as Rath in Berlin. He now devoted himself to writing with that industry which was so characteristic of him, and for seven or eight years produced with comparative ease those marvellous tales which made him in Berlin the wonder of his day. We have already hinted at his partiality for the tavern, and his dislike of the *dilettanti* tea-table. In this, as in everything else, Hoffmann showed a sublime contempt for all conventionality and semblance of respectability. His friends endeavored without success to allure him from the baleful influence of the wine-house; but the most they could get him to do was to consent to a convivial meeting once a week at his own house, when he read them one of his stories which appeared under the title of "Serapionsbrüder." For some months before his death he was attacked by creeping paralysis, but he would not, even when it reached his hands, forego the pleasure of exercising his marvellous imagination, and on the 24th of June, 1882, he died while endeavoring to dictate to his wife the conclusion of his last tale, "Der Feind."

Hitzig's description of Hoffmann is very much such as might be expected. He was a man of diminutive stature, with a sallow complexion and dark, almost black hair, which grew far down his forehead. His eyes were gray, with nothing strange in them while he was quiet, but when excited they would assume an extraordinary cunning expression and twinkle with mischief. His nose was finely cut and aquiline, his mouth somewhat set. His physique, in spite of his nimbleness, appeared strong, as he had for his size a deep chest and broad shoulders. In fact, he was a mischievous, though not an ill-natured, elf.

Vain past belief and of an uncertain temper, he was capable of strong affections and true friendship, and, though naturally shy, was the best of companions when he was not bored. Such was the man whose contemporaries thought it not exaggeration to describe on his gravestone as "ausgezeichnet im Amte als Dichter, als Tonkünstler, als Maler."

Of the individual tales comprised in his three collections, it is difficult to point to any one as excelling the other; but we are inclined to give the first place to "Meister Martin der Küfner und seine Gesellen," a quaint story of Nuremberg life in the middle ages, which for graphic description of old-time manners is equalled by few and surpassed by none. "Der Gold'ne Topf" is already familiar to English readers in Mr. Carlyle's excellent translation, as well as "Das Fräulein von Scuderi," and others which have also been translated, but which are not now easily to be procured. "Der Sandmann," "Rath Krespel," and "Das Majorat" are among the most weird; while the exquisite humor of "Signor Formica," an imaginary episode in the life of Salvator Rosa, is of the rarest order. Those in which music takes a large share are such as "Don Juan," "Ritter Glück," "Die Fermate," etc., and we have already mentioned the powerful tale entitled "Spielerglück." A mere catalogue of these tales would take up too much space, so that it is not possible to do more than indicate the names of those which recur to us as most remarkable. It is much to be regretted that "Tom Cat Murr's Philosophy of Life" was never completed. Hoffmann's names were Ernst Theodor Wilhelm; but the last is suppressed, and Amadeus substituted, in all editions of his works. Some have

thought that this arose from his love of Mozart, whose name was Amadeus; but one of his biographers assures us that it happened simply from misprinting A. for W., and that, when it was pointed out to Hoffmann, he refused to alter it, and immediately took the name of Amadeus as a good omen. It may be interesting to note that, when the tales are taken in chronological order, it is found that the wildest and most extravagant are by no means the result of a brain suffering from the effects of excess, but that they were written at a time when he was little given to debauch. The more natural, and, we are bound to say, some of his best, were written, on the contrary, during those sad years when he was accustomed to preside as king of the toppers in the Berlin tavern. Perhaps the best proof of the subtle fascination of his stories is the fact that three such men as Richter in Germany, Gautier in France, and Carlyle in England have all testified their enthusiastic approval of them.

It was not as a literary man, however, that Hoffmann desired to be known, but as a musician; and his performances in this branch of art are by no means contemptible. He wrote no less than eleven operas, one of which, *Undine*, was enthusiastically reviewed by Karl Maria von Weber; incidental music for three plays; a ballet; a requiem; two symphonies, and other orchestral and choral pieces. Of his musical views we hope on another occasion to have something to say; but it is sufficient to point out that two of the greatest musicians of the age entertained a high opinion of his musical genius—namely Karl Maria von Weber, and Ludwig van Beethoven.—*Saturday Review*.

A FLORENTINE TRADESMAN'S DIARY.

III.

THE toils of Savonarola's enemies closed gradually around him. Hostility toward him was pushed to irreverence, which made his position as a preacher untenable. On Ascension Day 1497, says Landucci, certain men his enemies wrought a great wickedness. By night through despite, they made

a violent entry into the church, bursting open the door on the side of the campanile, and defiled the pulpit most disgracefully with filth. In the middle of the sermon a noise was made by striking with a club on a chest. At once there arose a cry "Jesus," since the people were disturbed, expecting some scandal from the wrongdoers. There was quiet for a while, but the cry "Jesus" again was raised because as the Frate left the pulpit some who had arms for his defence under their cloaks

drew them, when they saw some of whom they were suspicious draw near. There was a great scandal.

Next day the magistrates, who were unfavorable to Savonarola, issued a general order that no friar should preach without their permission. The benches were taken away from the cathedral, and the reaction against Savonarola set in. His puritanism provoked a revolt; "every one gave himself again to sports and to enlarge his life for every evil. Frascati and the taverns were opened again." In the procession on Corpus Christi Day the "boys of Fra Girolamo" were hustled in the streets; one of the red crosses which they carried was broken and thrown into the Arno. To check the strong current of party feeling all preaching was forbidden by the magistrates. "We were deprived of the Word of God," says Landucci, using the phraseology of the later Puritans. The horse races, which Savonarola had suspended, were revived by the magistrates, who said, "Let us amuse this people a little; are we all to become friars?" Then followed the Papal excommunication, and a period of doubt and silence in Florence. In February 1498 Savonarola again came forward and preached, "and the benches were put up again in Santa Maria del Fiore, and much people went there; and there was much talk of the excommunication, and many through fear of it did not go, saying, 'Whether just or unjust, it is to be feared.'" I was among those who did not go.

The enforced silence had broken the spell of Savonarola's eloquence. His claims to prophetic power had been ridiculed; the Papal excommunication was a serious matter; and many of his stanch adherents began to adopt an attitude of suspended judgment. Savonarola was driven to take steps to regain his fading influence. In the Carnival he organized the burning of vanities, and was still strong as a moral reformer. He said mass in San Marco and communicated with his own hand several thousands of men and women. Then he advanced into the outside pulpit, bearing the Host in his hand and blessed the assembled crowd. Many had come expecting to see signs and the lukewarm laughed and mocked saying, "He is excommunicated and communicates others." And

he seemed to me to be mistaken in this, though I believed in him; but I did not wish to incur risk by going to hear him, since he was excommunicated." Landucci expressed in this caution the views of many of the sober Florentines, and Savonarola strove to reassure them. On March 1st he said in a sermon "that he had written to the Pope to amend his ways, otherwise he would come to a bad end and must expect a great scourge, and that quickly." It is scarcely surprising that the Pope wrote angrily to the magistrates bidding them close the mouth of an excommunicated man. But Landucci had a sense of the different spheres of the temporal and spiritual power. "It seemed a wondrous thing that the Pope could not make him remain quiet and hold his tongue; much more wondrous that he stood firm and did not cease to preach."

The strongest weapon of Savonarola's enemies was ridicule, which was always powerful among the Florentines. Men wandered about with bits of lighted candles, and said in explanation, "I am looking for the key which the Frate has lost." Others seized the known adherents of Savonarola and forced them on to their knees before a lantern saying, "Adore the true light."

In this excited state of popular feeling came the challenge to the proof of fire. According to Landucci's account, the first who uttered it was a Dominican, a friend of Savonarola. Once started this unlucky challenge seized the popular mind. Savonarola seemed to shrink from it and the populace were easily turned against him. He was dragged as a felon to prison and every tongue was turned against him. "Hell seemed to be open" was Landucci's impression. When he heard that Savonarola was put to torture, the good apothecary wept and prayed for him. But we gather from his pages how well Savonarola's enemies had laid their plans for ruining his reputation:

On April 19th was read in the Council the process of Frate Girolamo, which he had written with his own hand. We held him for a prophet; and he confessed that he was no prophet and did not have from God the things which he preached; . . . he confessed that many things which had occurred in the course of his sermons were the contrary of what he gave us to understand. And I was present to hear

the reading of the process, at which I marvelled and stood transfixed in wonder. And my soul was grieved to see such a splendid edifice fall to the ground because it was built on the sorry foundation of one only falsehood. I looked that Florence should have become a new Jerusalem whence should issue the laws and the magnificence and the example of the good life; I looked to see the renewal of the Church, the conversion of the unbelievers, and the consolation of the good; and I felt the opposite and from the fact I took its medicine. "In thy will, O Lord, all things are placed."

We feel how keen the blow was to Landucci's mind, how bitter the disappointment of his expectations. To the last he hoped for some sign or wonder, but none was given. "Many fell from the faith," he says, in his account of Savonarola's death. But the prophet's memory was dear to a faithful few, and the day after his execution some women were found in the Piazza devoutly kneeling on the spot where he was burned. A few days afterward there was a plague of caterpillars, which was interpreted by reference to Savonarola's death. The animals had a face like a man with a crown which shone like gold, on the head, while their tail was black, and armed with fangs which destroyed the thorn bushes. Men said this signified that Savonarola's life was golden, and after him the evil weeds must be destroyed.

The outburst of profligacy which followed Savonarola's death shocked Luca Landucci greatly, and a shade of melancholy and hopelessness comes over his pages after his hero was gone. He had looked for one who was to restore Israel, and he went all his days sadder when his hopes were dashed. He could not explain to himself the causes of Savonarola's failure; he was not sufficient for these things. But he faithfully represents the feelings which Savonarola awakened among many minds in Florence and the moral impulse which he gave never entirely departed from the majority of those who had once owned his power.

The pontificate of Leo X., glorious as it was to Florence, awakened some enthusiasm in the mind of Landucci. His account of the decoration of the city for the Pope's visit in 1515 gives a vivid picture of the magnificence of the Italians, and their use of art for the ordinary purposes of life. He describes the

trophies which were erected in the streets, "and they were not the work of common uncultivated men, but were all perfect figures, and well placed for their purpose by skilful men." This lavish display amazed, but did not move him. More than two thousand men, he tells us, labored for a month, and the cost was reckoned at 70,000 florins, "all for these perishable things that passed away like a shadow, whereas they might have been spent in a beautiful temple to the honor of God and the glory of the city. Still the poor artisans were helped by this expenditure, and a little money was circulated." The stock argument for luxury and display was current in the sixteenth century, and covered a multitude of follies.

Landucci has much to tell of the artistic progress of Florence during his days. In early times he records Donatello, "who made the tomb of Messer Leonardo, of Arezzo, in Santa Croce," and Rossellino, "a very small man, but great in sculpture." He tells of Maestro Antonio, an organist who surpassed all in his day, Andrea del Castagno, Domenico of Venice, and the brothers Pollaiuolo. He lived in a time of architectural splendor, which was not altogether enjoyable in its immediate effects. "On all sides they pulled down houses, and all the streets were filled with mountains of stones, rubbish, and mules and asses laden with gravel, so that it was difficult to pass. And even shopkeepers lived in constant dread, and were annoyed by the crowds which gathered at the sight or could not pass with laden beasts." Landucci also saw the sale of Piero de' Medici's pictures; but he gives no account of the treasures which were then scattered. In 1504 he saw Michael Angelo's "David" set up in its place. He calls it "the marble giant," and tells how the wall had to be broken to admit of its passage from the studio. It is some small consolation to know that there were in Florence mischievous and destructive vagabonds, as there are in London at the present day. Stones were thrown during the night at the statue, and a guard had to be set to prevent damage. It was moved so slowly and carefully through the streets that it took four days to set it in the Piazza. In smaller points Landucci bears witness

to the artistic instincts of the Florentine people. They used a fall of snow as a means of adorning their city with snow-lions and nude statues, "the work of good masters; and in Borgo S. Lorenzo was made a city, with fortresses and many galleys; and this was done throughout Florence." Moreover, Luca had an artistic scheme of his own, which was to build a church in honor of St. John the Evangelist. For this purpose he proposed to clear away the houses by the Piazza of San Lorenzo, and build a church with a stately dome. This scheme Luca imparted to Simone del Pollaiuolo, who greatly approved of it, and promised to lay it before those in authority. But Simone died without taking any further steps, whereupon Luca chose as his spokesman Giovanni Cellini, father of the more famous Benvenuto. But in spite of the memoir which Luca drew up on the subject, his project never advanced to serious consideration. It is characteristic of Florentine life that an apothecary should be an architect in his way, and should devise a scheme for the adornment of his city.

Luca Landucci illustrates the popular belief in prodigies, which he plentifully recounts, though he does not always believe them. In 1495 he relates a "matter for laughter." The ghost of the late Duke of Milan appeared in the road, and gave a man a letter to carry to Ludovico il Moro. The man took it; and Ludovico, on reading it, bowed his head, and stood amazed. When asked for an answer, he said, "It has been given." Men regarded this as a prophecy of war and famine. In 1504 happened a thing "which ought not to be written," but as so many men affirmed it, Luca records it all the same. A phantom army appeared in a meadow near Bologna; presently another army issued from a wood and a savage battle took place; then shadowy waggons bore off the corpses of the slain and no trace was left. Many men saw this from a distance; as they came nearer they saw nothing. He tells of horses and men-of-arms seen in clouds of smoke, of rain of blood, of monstrous births, of wondrous apparitions, of bowing statues, and the like. Such like things he neither entirely believes nor disbelieves but tells them as he heard them, sometimes with expres-

sions of distrust. Still he saw wondrous things with his own eyes. A Spaniard, who was selling charms, proved their potency by entering a hot oven, putting a burning torch in his mouth, and washing his hands in boiling oil. Stranger still, he saw another Spaniard who had a boy of thirteen, out of whose mouth used to issue a figure with head and legs like a human being, and capable of performing human actions.

Luca's pages abound in illustrations of the daily life of old Florence. He records its police news, its disturbances, and its coarseness, as well as its more serious moods. On Easter Eve, 1498, rough joking was carried to irreverence. A horse was turned into the cathedral during the early mass, and was beaten by sticks till it rushed wildly through the church and fell upon the steps. Ink was put sometimes into the holy water, and assafoetida was mixed with the incense. A ruined gamester revenged himself for his ill luck by pelting with horsedung an image of the Virgin, to the great scandal of the Florentines. Crimes and mishaps in those days greatly resemble those of our own time. A clumsy executioner who made three unsuccessful strokes at the head of a condemned criminal, was promptly seized by the angry mob and stoned to death on the spot.

These are but samples of the information which Landucci's pages give of contemporary life and opinion. Few diaries present a more complete and vivid picture of the individual character of their writer. Just and upright, kindly and moderate, he had gone through life contented and submissive. He was proud of his city, and was convinced that its cause was just. To him, in some shape or other, Florence was destined to be the pioneer of human progress. In this faith he lived and died. He is a worthy example of the men who made Florence what she was; he is a representative of the class on whom a commercial civilization must ultimately rest.

As we read his pages we see the dangers that beset a commercial state. Engaged in his daily business, striving to fulfil his daily duties, Luca Landucci was content that others should manage politics for him. He was a staunch Republican, but when the Republic was

swept away, he did not see that much was to be done. The thing that grieved him most was that the Medici restoration set to work to pull down the Sala Grande which had been built for the Republican Consiglio. Forms of government might come or go, but the architectural grandeur of the city ought not to be diminished. Landucci, and men like him, felt that they had too great a stake in the country to meddle much with politics. An adventurer by profession, an avowed partisan, staked all on the hazard of the success of his party. The peaceful citizen who wished to pursue an even tenor of life felt that he had better keep away from party strife. He saw its evils, and hoped for their remedy. His instincts were on the side of liberty; but he was powerless in action. Landucci and such as he formed the stuff of which Florence was made, but it was stuff that was easily moulded to any political form, provided that the safety and glory of Florence was maintained.

It is the fashion to represent Italian society in the sixteenth century as hopelessly corrupt. Morality and religion, we are constantly told, had alike ceased to operate as motives with men. This is not the impression which Landucci's Diary leaves on the reader's mind, and we have no reason for thinking that he was an entirely exceptional character. The politics of Italy had grown so artificial that they were estranged from the morality of ordinary life; but morality existed not the less. There was a sound

remnant of honest citizens who garnered all that was good in the quickened activity of Italy, yet knew themselves and the limits of their powers. The vices of the Italian Renaissance have passed into commonplace; its virtues are habitually overlooked. It produced a type of character of which Luca Landucci may be taken as a specimen, which has a charm peculiarly its own. Beneath the splendid princes, beneath the humanists and courtly poets, was a body of simple straightforward folk, who were at the same time eminently civilized and cultivated. They received the impulse of the new learning without abandoning the old virtues of commerce. It was their misfortune that their lot was cast on evil times—times in which it was not given to them long to bring down beauty into the quiet of their domestic life.

The artificial politics of Italy had passed beyond the point where the united wisdom of citizens could guide the State. The defect of Luca and his fellows was a want of strength and definiteness of purpose. Their pursuit of beauty and knowledge had led them to effeminacy, though they knew it not. Yet with their merits and defects alike such were the men who formed the foundation of the artistic life in Italy. They are the types whose grave faces and decorous mien are seen in the frescoes of Ghirlandaio, and whose ideal worth the pencil of Leonardo delighted to explore.—*Saturday Review*.

THE GERM-THEORY OF ZYMOTIC DISEASES.

CONSIDERED FROM THE NATURAL HISTORY POINT OF VIEW.

BY PROF. W. B. CARPENTER, M.D., LL.D., F.R.S.

In a former article (November 1881) I set forth the "germ-theory" of zymotic diseases, as recently built up by micro-pathological study, on the basis of the admirable researches of Pasteur on fermentation and putrefaction. I now propose to show that the evidence in its favor afforded by the natural history of those diseases is scarcely less cogent. And I shall further inquire what light is thrown on a question hitherto regarded as insoluble—that of

the origination of the specific types of those diseases—by the application of that method of inquiry which, in Mr. Darwin's hands, has revolutionized the views of naturalists in regard to the "origin of species."

The idea that such diseases as smallpox, which spread by human communication, and of which the virus multiplies itself in the human body, are generated by a *contagium vivum* of some kind, is by no means a new one; having been sug-

gested by the resemblance of the definite course followed by these diseases to the development, maturation, and decline of living organisms, and by the analogy between the regeneration of the *contagium* within the body in greatly increased amount, and the production of seeds or eggs. These general relations were brought out with great force more than forty years ago, by one of our most philosophic physicians, the late Sir Henry Holland, in a thoughtful chapter of his "Medical Notes and Reflections;" but it is only now that their true meaning is becoming apparent in the clear light of the doctrine of disease-germs. On the other hand, the idea of a process analogous to "fermentation" in the blood, produced by the chemical action of some *materies morbi* introduced into it by the breath, seemed most applicable to the case of those "specific" fevers which originate in malarious or miasmatic emanations; and this was the doctrine embodied in the term "zymotic," which, first introduced by the late Dr. W. Farr, has since come into general acceptance.

Now that we can certainly trace every form of fermentation and putrefaction to the development of "saprophytes," or minute plants vegetating on decomposable organic matter, all the facts which supported the doctrine of "zymosis" go to strengthen the doctrine of "organic germs," and *vice versa*; so that here, as in many other cases, ideas which formed the basis of rival systems are themselves found to be but different forms of expression of one and the same fundamental truth.

The importance of these "saprophytes," alike in the economy of Nature and in service to Man, can scarcely be over-estimated. As Dr. William Roberts well expressed it*—

Without saprophytes there could be no putrefaction; and without putrefaction the waste materials thrown off by the animal and vegetable kingdoms could not be consumed. Instead of being broken up, as they now are and restored to the earth and air in a fit state to nourish new generations of plants, they would remain as an intolerable incubus on the inorganic world. Plants would languish for want of nutriment, and animals would be

hampered by their own excreta and by the dead bodies of their mates and predecessors—in short, the circle of life would be wanting in an essential link.

Again, he points out—

A large proportion of our food is prepared by the agency of saprophytes. We are indebted to certain bacteria for our butter, cheese, and vinegar. Our daily bread is made with yeast. To the yeast plant we owe all our wines, beer, and spirituous liquors. As the generator of alcohol, this tiny cell plays a larger part in the life of civilized man than any other tree or plant.

Thus, while among the most minute in size, and the simplest in form, of all living beings, these saprophytes derive from their peculiar endowments an unequal potency for good. Unfortunately for us, however, they have a terrible potency for evil also; and it is the noble aim of Science to be able, by the thorough study of the conditions under which that potency is acquired and exerted, to keep it under efficient control. That study is as yet only in its infancy; but the progress it has already made affords ground for the confident expectation that the Science of Preventive Medicine will ere long furnish us with the means (should we be wise and firm enough to use them) of exterminating all the grievous "pests" to which flesh is heir.

I commence my survey with a class of diseases of which we have fortunately little experience in this country, but which over large areas of the land-surface of the globe are more widespread and destructive than any others—those, namely, which are traceable to emanations from the soil designated as *malarious*. There are many localities, especially between the tropics, in which malarious fevers are not only the principal forms of disease, but where they give rise to two thirds of the total mortality. In fact, as Dr. Parkes concisely put it, when a warm climate is called "unhealthy," it is simply meant that it is "malarious." There are even some into which, at certain seasons of the year, it is almost certain death for an unacclimatized person to remain for only a few hours; many more in which a longer stay is almost certain to induce a more or less severe form of periodic fever; and large tracts whose inhabitants are the subject of that slow

* Address in Medicine to the Annual Meeting of the British Medical Association at Manchester, 1877.

general blight of the constitutional powers, chiefly manifested in the diminution of the red corpuscles of the blood with increase of the colorless, which is recognized as the "malarial cachexia." Of the fearful potency of the malarious poison in its worst forms we have had conspicuous examples in the Walcheren Expedition of 1809, in which 10,000 men were struck down by it; more recently, in the terrible visitation by which Mauritius was ravaged a few years ago; and (on a smaller scale) in the two ill-fated Niger Expeditions, the first conducted by Macgregor Laird in 1832, and the second fitted out by the British Government in 1851. But those only who are specially conversant with India are aware that, in its less malignant form, the malarious poison is every year causing a far greater destruction of life among the inhabitants of that vast peninsula than it has done in the worst of the occasional outbreaks of cholera, small-pox, etc.; the average annual mortality from malarial fevers being twice as great as from all other forms of zymotic diseases put together.

The less violent but often more persistent forms of malarious disease are familiar to us through the evil reputation of the Roman Campagna, the poisonous atmosphere of which affects its inhabitants with periodic fevers, and often permanently debilitates them by disordering the blood-making process.

It is in the milder "intermittent" fevers that we recognize the most characteristic action of malaria; their regular *periodicity* being an indication of alternating conditions of dormancy and activity in the operation of the poison, which strongly suggest successional phases in the history of a living organism. The malarial fever of tropical regions is generally of the "remittent" type; there being a periodical abatement of the symptoms, without any distinct intermission of them. And while an intermittent fever has no definite termination—so that the person who has been once the subject of it seldom gets entirely rid of the tendency to its recurrence—remittent fevers usually run a definite course, terminating after a few weeks in either death or recovery. There can be no reasonable doubt that the poison is of essentially the same

character in both cases; and it is a fact of no small significance, that intermittent and remittent fevers (save the worst forms of the latter) are alike controlled by the judicious administration of quinine.

Now the prevalent idea is, that malaria is essentially a product of marshes; and it is popularly believed to be generated by the action of heat on decomposing vegetable matter in the presence of air and moisture. This idea, however, is by no means consistent with facts; for (as we are assured by one of our best authorities, Dr. Maclean,* of Netley Hospital), "although malaria indisputably infests low, moist, and warm localities, yet marshes are not as a rule dangerous when abundantly covered with water; it is when the water's level is lowered, and the saturated soil is exposed to the drying influence of a high temperature and the direct rays of the sun, that the poison is evolved in abundance."

When the British army under Wellington, during the Peninsula War, was operating in Estremadura, it was assailed by a remittent fever of such destructive malignity, that the enemy and all Europe believed the force to be annihilated; yet the country was so arid and dry for want of rain, that the rivers and small streams were reduced to mere lines of widely detached pools. The same army was scourged by a fever of like malignity in the bare open country by which Ciudad Rodrigo is approached from the side of Portugal, at a time when the vegetation was so burned up that the whole country resembled a brick-ground. Both these districts are flooded with rain water during the rainy season, and are then healthy; only becoming malarious when the drying process begins under the action of a powerful sun.

So, again, it is not during the rainy months of winter and spring that the Roman farmer dreads the low-lying parts of the Campagna, which are then occupied by vast herds of sheep, cattle, and horses, while the arable lands are cultivated by large gangs of laborers. But with the approach of summer, the

* Article "Malaria," in Dr. Quain's "Dictionary of Medicine."

sheep and oxen are driven away to the Apennines ; all the laborers that can be spared go off to the hills ; and when recalled at harvest-time, they reap all day under a scorching sun, and sleep at night on the ground shrouded with heavy pestilent vapor, which prostrates even the hardiest of them, filling the hospitals of Rome in autumn with fever-stricken patients. This malarious condition has been persistent from very ancient times ; and as it prevails over large tracts on which no stagnant water lies, it is obvious that the popular notion of its origin is incorrect. Professor Léon Colin (of the Val-de-Grace Military Medical School), who some time ago carefully investigated the condition of the Campagna, came to the conclusion that a "telluric poison" is generated in it by the energy of the soil, when that energy is not utilized by its natural consumers—cultivated plants ; and if we substitute for Dr. Colin's "unknown quantity" the definite term "saprophytic vegetation," we shall find that all the facts of the case are brought into harmony.

In the first place, the microscopic researches of Professor Tommasi Crudeli of Rome, and Klebs of Prague, based on Pasteur's doctrine of disease-germs, have shown that the lower strata of the atmosphere of the Agro Romano, its surface-soil, and its stagnant waters, contain micro-organisms of the *Bacillus* type, which they have "cultivated" in various kinds of soil, and then introduced by inoculation into the blood of healthy dogs. All the animals thus experimented on became the subjects of malarial fever, which ran its regular course, producing the same enlargement of the spleen as is seen in the human subject naturally affected by the disease ; and the spleens of these animals were found to contain a great quantity of the *bacilli*. Not only Professor Crudeli, but two other physicians in Rome, have detected this *Bacillus malarie* in the blood of human patients during the period of the invasion of the disease ; the rod-shaped cells disappearing, and being replaced by micro-spores, as the fever reaches its acme. It would be premature to assert that the case is fully made out ; since it can only be by researches carried on in other malarious

districts, that it can be determined whether the presence of *Bacillus malarie* is the essential factor in the production of malarial diseases. But when all the circumstances of the case are considered, there is found to be a convergence of independent probabilities which gives great cogency to this conclusion.

The propagation of the *Bacillus malarie* in a productive vegetable soil whose energies are not turned to good account, will, of course, saturate that soil with its germs ; and the surface-waters which percolate through it, becoming charged with these, will convey them into the bodies of those who drink them. It is now coming to be generally recognized that the use of such waters is fraught with danger, and that a large proportion of the attacks of fever and dysentery which occur in malarious countries is traceable to it. When, on the other hand, the poisoned soils have been desiccated by solar heat, the dried micro-spores will be raised as "floating matter" in the air, and may be wafted by atmospheric currents to considerable distances, sometimes rising (where circumstances favor such ascent) to considerable elevations ; and these sporules, received into the human body by the lungs, will exert the same morbid agency as when they are taken into the alimentary canal. All sanitarians know that while malaria will drift along plains under the influence of winds sufficiently strong to propel but not to dispel it, the interposition of a belt of forest, or even a screen of trees, affords a considerable protective power ; and this is just what might be expected in regard to the movement of a "*bacillus* cloud." It has been lately affirmed that the *Eucalyptus globulus*, or Blue Gum tree of Australia, has a special power of antagonizing the spread of malaria ; and on this account it is being very extensively planted in the malarious parts of Italy and Algeria, already (it is stated) with good result in rendering large areas healthy which were previously uninhabitable. It may be doubted, however, whether its efficacy depends upon anything else than its peculiarly rapid growth, whereby the energies of the soil are turned to account, and at the same time a mechanical obstacle is raised to the diffusion of the malaria.

Again, it is well known that where, as in many parts of our own islands, districts previously malarious have been rendered healthy by cultivation, the discontinuance of culture restores their old unhealthfulness. This happened on a large scale in the reign of Queen Mary ; large tracts of country, owing to the political disquiet, falling out of cereal cultivation ; and its abandonment being followed by an epidemic prevalence of malarial fevers, which added greatly to the mortality. *Bacillus* germs, like the seeds of higher plants, remain dormant in the soil so long as a superior vegetation has hold of it, but are ready to crop up, like rank weeds, so soon as it is left to itself.

And this affords the *rationale* of another class of occurrences which have from time to time excited considerable surprise ; namely, the revival of malarious disease, not only in hot but also in temperate climates, where an old soil has been extensively disturbed. Of this examples were afforded by the prevalence of intermittent fever in Paris during the construction of the Canal St. Martin, as well as subsequently during the excavations made for the fortifications erected by Louis Philippe ; and by similar outbreaks in various parts of France during the construction of the great railway-trunks. So, when the island of Hong Kong came into our possession, and excavations were being carried on for the foundations of the town of Victoria, a fatal form of remittent fever appeared, which caused a great mortality among both the civil and the military population. In these cases, it may be presumed, old deep-buried malarial germs had remained dormant until again brought to the surface ; and then finding their way, either by the water drunk or the air inhaled, into human bodies, exerted upon them their baleful influence.

Thus, then, while the characteristic forms taken by malarious diseases indicate to the sagacious physician the dependence of these diseases upon the development of organic germs within the bodies of those who have imbibed or inhaled them, the natural history study of the conditions of their propagation and diffusion affords very striking corroborative evidence to the same effect.

But, it may be properly asked, if malarial fevers are caused by the introduction of saprophytic germs into the human body and their development within it, why are not these fevers communicable by the passage of disease-germs from one individual to another ? No one thinks of an ague being " caught " like measles or scarlatina ; and even the most " pernicious " forms of remittent fever are believed, by those who have had large opportunities for observation, to be absolutely non-infectious. The reason seems to me to lie in this, that the *home* of the saprophyte which gives rise to malarious disease is the earth, in which it breeds and multiplies while in the human body it is a *parasite*, which does not ordinarily find in it the conditions of its full development, and produces no crop, though it may keep up a feeble vegetative action for an unlimited time. Moreover, while the poisons of small-pox, measles, scarlatina, etc., have (so far as we know) no other home than the human body, and there mature full crops of infective disease-germs which are given off through the skin, an ague patient has no such vent, so that his system has no means of ridding itself of its parasitic intruders. And though such ripening would seem more likely to take place in the case of remittent fevers, yet it may well be that, under ordinary circumstances, there is something wanting either to complete the maturation of the germs, or to effect their elimination from the body in an infective form. This " something " appears, however, to be supplied by overcrowding of the patients thus affected ; for I hold it to be a well-established fact that fevers of malarious origin may change their type under such circumstances, and thus become personally communicable.* And this does not seem difficult to explain. For over-

* The evidence to this effect, that was furnished nearly a century and a half ago by Sir John Pringle's experience in regard to the conversion of the mild autumnal remittent of the Netherlands into malignant typhus, was fully confirmed by the investigations of Dr. McWilliam in regard to the case of the *Eclair* : on board of which vessel the severe bilious remittent of the African coast changed into an infective continued fever, that spread from its sick among the inhabitants of Boa Vista, on which island they were landed.

crowding means deficient air-supply, and deficient air-supply means deficient oxygenation of the blood, producing an accumulation in the circulating current of those "waste" products, which are normally eliminated as fast as they are poured into it. And I shall presently show what an important factor this accumulation is, in furnishing the *pabulum* for the development of cholera-germs.

There is no zymotic disease as to the causation and spread of which there has been a greater antagonism of opinion than in respect to Asiatic cholera; and there is none whose natural history study is more instructive—facts which at first sight appeared directly antagonistic, and opposing doctrines based upon them, being all brought into harmony when looked at from this point of view. The first invasion of Europe by this disease, which had been endemic in India from a very remote period, occurred within my own time; and I well remember the excited discussions which took place in medical societies and in the public prints, as to the question of its contagiousness. The prevalent opinion among Indian practitioners had been, that it was a form of malarious disease infesting particular localities; that it was liable to spread beyond these under certain unknown conditions of temperature, moisture, etc.; but that it did not diffuse itself by contact or personal emanation from one individual to another. Still, the manner in which the first epidemic of cholera made its way from India to Europe in 1830, and thence to America, always in the lines of human intercourse, would have seemed conclusive as to its communicability by one human being to another if it had not been that against this doctrine could be adduced a large body of experience which seemed to show that the closest relations might exist between the sick and the healthy without any special risk to the latter. And the hypothesis that then seemed least free from difficulty, was that moving bodies of men might carry with them a cholera-atmosphere, which had the power of augmenting itself by a process akin to fermentation, wherever it encountered the material on which it could thus act: for in every locality ravaged by the epidemic, it was among the dwellers in filth and squalor that it first

showed itself and was chiefly fatal; and it seemed obvious that its searching-out of the "plague-spots" of our great cities was more certainly attributable to their insanitary condition, than to any such propagation of a *contagium* from individual to individual, as can be always traced (if our inquiries be pushed far enough) in the case of small-pox or scarlatina. Hence this epidemic left upon the profession and the public (as I can personally testify) the conviction that, whatever might be the share of contagion in the propagation of the disease, no conditions were so efficacious in determining its prevalence in particular localities, as bad or deficient sewerage, overcrowding, and accumulations of filth.

This was the doctrine of the able sanitary authorities who constituted our Board of Health, when the second epidemic of 1847-8 made its appearance in this country. And the experience of that epidemic, while it furnished many cases that strengthened the belief of the occasional and exceptional propagation of the disease from the sick to the healthy, was most decidedly in favor of the influence of local unsanitary conditions as determining its prevalence and fatality. Notwithstanding the urgent recommendations of the Board of Health, the old "plague-spots" of many of our great towns had been little ameliorated, while in many cases the increase of population had increased overcrowding with all its attendant mischiefs. And the terrible fatality of the disease in many of these localities only too completely justified the warnings which had been neglected, and seemed to furnish a sufficient account of its epidemic spread.

But even at that period, the discoveries which had been made in regard to the nature of yeast, and the dependence of alcoholic fermentation on microphytal growth, had suggested to Dr. William Budd and to Dr. Brittain, both of them physicians in Bristol, the idea that the cholera-poison might have the like character; and the former was led by his previous experiences of the spread of typhoid fever, to suspect that the cholera-germs contained in the matter voided from the bowels of the patients might be spread by diffusion through the sources of the water-supply. They

failed, however, to discover by microscopic examination anything that could be fixed on as a *contagium vivum*; the extreme minuteness of the *bacilli*, which are now recognized as the most potent of such evil agencies, not being then known to microscopists. And while there were local peculiarities in the distribution of this epidemic, alike in the Metropolis and elsewhere, which suggested an impure water-supply as the determining condition, our sanitary authorities seem to have regarded such supply rather as rendering the bodies of the recipients of it specially liable to be invaded by the cholera poison, than as itself the vehicle of that poison; placing water tainted with putrescent matter in the same category with foul air or unwholesome food.

The attention then drawn to this subject finally led, as will be recollected, to a great Metropolitan improvement, alike in the sewerage and in the water-supply; an effective drainage being provided even for the lowest levels, and the water-companies being required to draw their supplies from a part of the Thames above that which receives the sewage of London. These measures were in progress when the next visitation of cholera took place—that of 1854. This epidemic, although extremely severe in particular spots, did not produce by any means so widespread a mortality as either of the two preceding; and while there was generally no difficulty in accounting for some of its worst outbreaks (as that at Luton) by the general unsanitary conditions of the localities, there were several cases which pointed more or less distinctly to water-contamination as the determining condition of the mischief; the one which attracted the most attention being known as that of the Broad Street (Golden Square) pump, investigated by Dr. Snow.

Although the results of Dr. Snow's inquiries are now continually cited as having there proved the origin of more than two hundred cholera cases in the transmission of the cholera-poison furnished by the intestinal canal of the child first attacked, into the bodies of those who had drunk the poisoned pump-water, this was not the view taken of it by the principal sanitary authorities of the time; for, finding the water to be

considerably charged with organic impurity, they interpreted the facts as simply confirming their previous conclusion, that if there be some epidemic agent "operating in the air, which converts putrefiable impurities into a specific poison, the water of the locality, in proportion as it contains such impurities, would probably be liable to similar poisonous conversion."

A case occurred in Bristol, however, about the same date, which scarcely admitted of this explanation. An outbreak of cholera there took place, not in the old plague-spots which it had twice previously infested, but in a locality which seemed as likely as any, save the higher parts of the town, to be attacked by the disease. It ran, so to speak, along one side of College Street into College Green, where it limited itself to the houses of one side, finishing off at the Grammar School, the head master of which died of it. Struck by the peculiarity of its distribution, Dr. William Budd inquired into the water-supply, and found that there was an exact correspondence between the two; the line of cholera being precisely that of the pipe distribution of the water of a spring called "Jacob's Well," which issues at the foot of Brandon Hill. Having gained access to the reservoir, which was hollowed in the side of a rock, he noticed a trickling of sewage-matter into it from above; and further search disclosed the fact that this proceeded from the privy of a house overhead, and that in that house there had been a cholera-case just before the general outbreak. Now, as the water thus distributed was not, like that of the Broad Street pump, derived from surface-drainage, but was—except from its contamination by choleraic *dejecta*—the pure outflow of a rock-spring, it is a scarcely disputable inference that its poisonous character was entirely derived from those *dejecta*, and that to their passage into the alimentary canals of the unfortunate partakers of the Jacob's Well water, was to be attributed this severe and (at first sight) anomalous outbreak. And this view is confirmed by the following case related by Mr. Macnamara, as having occurred to him when serving in India in 1861.

A small quantity of the 'rice-water' *dejecta*

of a cholera patient was accidentally washed into a vessel containing four or five gallons of water, and the mixture exposed to the rays of a tropical sun for twelve hours. Early in the following morning, nineteen persons each swallowed about an ounce of this contaminated water (they only partook of it once), and within thirty-six hours five out of the nineteen were seized with cholera.

Looking to the large dilution of the material, and the small quantity of the poisoned water swallowed by each individual, there can be no doubt that it was the introduction of a *contagium vivum*, proceeding from the intestine of the original patient into the stomachs of the five persons attacked with cholera, that gave them the disease. But why only five out of the nineteen took it, is a point which raises another most important consideration. In the case of an ordinary poison, we should expect that the violence of the effect would be proportioned to the dose; and the complete escape of fourteen, while five suffered severely, all having taken about the same amount, would be difficult to explain. But in regard to most kinds of "infections," it has long been clear to Pathologists, that their potency in regard to individuals is greatly dependent on the "predisposition" of each—that is, on some condition of his own body, which may, on the one hand, render him proof against its effects, or, on the other, make him specially susceptible to its agency. Just thirty years ago,* I showed that all the known "predisposing causes" of epidemic diseases might be generalized under one expression—namely, *the accumulation of decomposing nitrogenous matter in the blood* either through its introduction from without (in foul air, impure water, or putrescent food), or through its excessive generation within the body (as by unusual "waste" of tissue), or by an obstructed elimination of the normal waste (such as results from bad ventilation, or the misuse of alcoholic liquors). And I showed that zymotic poisons which have no action upon pure blood, will, by seizing upon this appropriate *pabulum*, increase and multiply in it; thus setting up a "zymosis" in pure blood, just as the growth and multiplication of yeast-cells at the expense of

the nitrogenous matter of a wort effects the transformation of the sugar into alcohol. How perfectly this doctrine fits-in with the natural history conception of cholera-germs, needs no elucidation; and I shall content myself with illustrating it by two examples.

The cholera-epidemic which ravaged this country in 1847-8, had been previously very severe in India; and it showed itself most fearfully in a body of troops stationed at Kurrachee near the mouth of the Indus, carrying off no fewer than 464 out of a total of 3746. But the attacks of the disease had a most remarkable distribution. While the officers and their ladies enjoyed an almost entire immunity from it, there were three regiments among the rank and file of which it was especially fatal. One of these (*a*) had recently come off a long and fatiguing march, but was well accommodated in airy barracks, and its loss was at the rate of 96.6 per thousand. In another regiment (*b*), which had not been on the march, but which was overcrowded in small ill-ventilated tents, the death-rate was 108.6 per thousand. And in a third (*c*) which had made the same march as *a*, and was overcrowded like *b*, the mortality was at the rate of 218 per thousand, absolutely exceeding the sum of their high death-rates. Thus the accumulation of "waste" matter in the blood, produced by the exertion of a long march, prepared in *a* a *pabulum* for the cholera-germs, which the normal exercise of the respiratory process would have progressively eliminated; in *b*, the like *pabulum* was prepared by the non-elimination of the ordinary waste; while in *c* it had accumulated in double quantity, under the combined agency of augmented production and deficient elimination.

The experience of cholera-epidemics has presented numerous examples which testify to the evil results of Intemperance; but I know of no case in which the benefits of extreme temperance, in keeping at bay the operation of a zymotic poison, were more remarkable, than in the contrast between the march of the 84th Regiment (of which Dr. E. Parkes was at that time assistant-surgeon) from Madras to Secunderabad, in 1847, and the concurrent march of the 63d Regiment from Secunderabad

* *British and Foreign Medico-Chirurgical Review*, vol. xi. (1853), p. 159.

to Madras. The former had been previously quartered for several months in healthy barracks; a large number of men were total abstainers, while the rest were very temperate; and their death-rate had been no more than 12·1 in 1000 per annum. The latter had been overcrowded in the barracks at Secunderabad; though not specially intemperate, they habitually indulged in alcoholics and their death-rate had been 78·8. The two marches were made at the same time, in opposite directions, in a very wet and unhealthy season, through a country infested with cholera and fever; and while the 84th was almost entirely free from these diseases, the 63d had so many sick when the two regiments crossed on the road, as to be obliged to borrow the 84th's sick-palanquins.

Now since, in both these cases, the infecting cause must have operated alike on all, it is clear that in whatever way the cholera-germs are received into the human body, it is on the previous condition of each individual that their potency depends, and that this condition is induced by any causes which engender in this circulating fluid a suitable *pabulum* for their growth and multiplication. True it is that some authorities have held cholera to be an essentially local disease, having its seat in the alimentary canal; and have supposed that being there set up in the first instance as a consequence of the reception of the poison into the stomach, its effect upon the system generally is only secondary to the affection of the lining membrane of the intestine. And assuming further that the breeding of the cholera-germs takes place nowhere but in the human intestine, they have asserted that in the disinfection of the intestinal discharges, and in a rigid supervision of the purity of the water-supply, will be found all that is essential to keep the disease in check. Against this doctrine I feel called upon to enter my earnest protest, as based on an unscientific pathology, and as inconsistent with much that may now be regarded as best established in regard to the natural history of the class of saprophytes; and I shall endeavor to set forth the *whole* truth of the matter, as deduced from the study of the entire case—not of one set of facts alone.

Putting aside for the present the ques-

tion of the primal source of cholera-germs, we may take it as a fact that they have for many centuries inhabited surface-waters in some part or other of India; that by their passage into the bodies of those who have imbibed those waters, they have kept up the disease "endemically;" while from time to time, when circumstances have occasioned their more extensive dissemination, the disease has become "epidemic." That we do not hear more of the fatality of the disease in India, is simply (it would seem) because it is reckoned a thing "of course." In the most favorable years, the number of deaths from cholera seldom falls lower than *a hundred thousand*; while in bad years it rises to considerably above *half a million*. That it should specially infest native towns and villages cannot surprise any one who is conversant with their unsanitary condition, their water-supply being habitually fouled by their intestinal *dejecta*. The wonder seems to be, not that cholera should spread among the inhabitants of such villages when the infection has been conveyed to them, but that any of them should escape its attacks. Such conveyance has been frequently the result of the dispersion of great congregations of people at fairs or pilgrim-shrines, among whom cholera has broken out, as it did in January 1882 at Allahabad, at the junction of the Ganges and Jumna.

That the disease has established itself endemically in Egypt, its germs having been probably left behind by the epidemic last imported from India, is the conviction of Dr. Hunter and his coadjutors who have officially investigated its recent outbreak in that country. And there can be no difficulty in accounting for this exceptional persistence; the important concomitance of high temperature, and contamination of the water-supply by putrescent matters, concurring with the essential condition of the diffusion of the cholera-germs through that supply in consequence of the unsanitary habits of the people. And Dr. Hunter's valuable report strengthens the conviction previously entertained by many practitioners of large experience, that there is a form of endemic diarrhœa which is traceable to the milder operation of the same poison.

The conveyance of cholera-germs by bodies of men moving along the lines of human communication, without necessarily affecting the individuals who transport them, is now easy to understand; for it is well established that clothes or linen soiled by cholera *dejecta* may not only impart the germs with which they are contaminated to those who handle them when fresh, but that, after having been dried and packed, they may infect persons at any distance who incautiously unfold them. Thus, while the nurses of cholera-patients may, with proper precautions, enjoy an absolute immunity from attack, the disease-germs may be introduced into new localities without any ostensible indication of their presence. It is obvious that the only security against such introduction consists in the destruction or thorough disinfection of every scrap of clothing or linen which has been about the person of a cholera-patient.

But the natural history study of cholera-germs obviously teaches that they may enter the body in an æriform as well as in a solid or liquid vehicle, and through another channel than the mouth. To deny that they can be taken up and carried by the air, and that they can be drawn into the body with the breath, is to run counter to all analogy.

No one who has studied the phenomena of small-pox propagation doubts that a susceptible subject may be infected without personal contact, by being in the same room or in the same carriage with a small-pox patient; and there is strong ground to believe that when the infection is concentrated by congregation, small-pox germs may be atmospherically conveyed to a greater distance. Those who have had largest experience of cholera hold the same view. "In badly ventilated rooms," says Mr. Macnamara, "the atmosphere may become so fully charged with the exhalations (emanations?) from patients suffering from cholera, as to poison persons engaged in nursing the sick." And the International Sanitary Conference which discussed this subject at Vienna in 1874, while recording its unanimous conviction that the spread of the disease from country to country mainly depends on human communication, distinctly admitted the transportation of the infec-

tion by the atmosphere within a limited range from its focus of emission.

If, as Pasteur and Tyndall have shown us, the microphytes which cause the putrefaction of organic infusions, are wafted about as bacterial clouds, and if the same be true (as there seems no reason to doubt) of malarial disease-germs, there is not only no *a priori* reason to deny that the atmosphere may become a vehicle for the diffusion of cholera-germs, but there is every probability that it can be—the *onus probandi*, in fact, lying with those who deny its possibility. When a sudden attack of a large number of individuals in the same locality distinctly points to a community of infection, we have now no hesitation in accusing the water-supply, where it can be shown that they have all partaken of water from a common source, and that this source had been (or might have been) contaminated by the *dejecta* of a cholera-patient, while the remaining population of the same area, supplied with water from purer sources, has remained unaffected. But several such simultaneous outbreaks have occurred under circumstances that forbid the notion of their dependence on the water-supply, while the evidence is no less cogent of their origin in the atmospheric conveyance of the disease-germs. The epidemic which prevailed in the United States in 1849 afforded a particularly well-marked example of this kind, which seems to me to have put the matter beyond dispute. It occurred in the city poorhouse of Baltimore, which was situated out of town on a level platform on the slope of a hill; the site having been originally selected by a merchant as a peculiarly salubrious one for building himself a country house. This house, having been afterward purchased by the city authorities, was made the centre of the frontage of the poorhouse, which was extended into a long wing on either side, one for males and the other for females. Other wings ran backward from these; and the area thus bounded, containing the offices of the establishment, was inclosed at the back by a wall. The entire building contained about 800 inmates; it was not at all overcrowded; the wards had been carefully cleansed and whitewashed; and the drainage was believed to be quite effective. Yet without any pre-

vious warning, a most appalling outbreak suddenly occurred in this poorhouse, the deaths being at the rate of thirty a day. The Board was hastily summoned, and was considering the question of evacuating the building and placing its inmates under canvas, when one of the medical officers, determining to ascertain what became of the drainage, found that instead of being carried into a ravine not far from the back of the premises, down which a stream ran, it terminated just beyond the inclosing wall, in an intervening piece of marshy ground covered with rank grass. It was then first noted that all the first attacks had taken place in the apartments at the back of the house, whose windows looked toward the marsh; and that the outbreak had followed immediately upon a change of wind, which made it set directly from the marsh toward those windows. Again, the male wing suffered much more severely than the female wing, and this corresponded with the fact that the latter was partly protected by a screen of trees. Further, on the male side, a wing containing lunatics ran back nearly as far as the inclosing wall, and had an end window which looked over that wall directly on to the marsh; all the nineteen inmates of that ward were attacked, and all but one died. Satisfied that in that marshy plot lay the source of the whole mischief, the authorities took immediate steps to disinfect it. Trenches were cut to drain it into the ravine, a fire-engine was made to play upon it, and quicklime was copiously strewn over its surface. *Immediately the plague was stayed*, and in a few days the establishment was free from the disease.

Now while everything points to the marsh as the focus of the infection, and to the atmosphere as the bearer of the disease-germs, the hypothesis of water-conveyance is clearly inadmissible. For it is inconceivable that water so poisoned should have been drunk only by the occupants of the back rooms among whom all the first attacks occurred; and the immediate efficacy of the remedial measures is utterly inexplicable on the hypothesis that the disease-germs were brought from any other source than the marsh. That having found their way into it, they had grown and fructified in

its congenial soil so as to produce an abundant crop, by which, rising in germ-clouds and wafted by air-currents, the inmates of the poorhouse who first received it were destructively infected, seems, in the light of our present knowledge, the obvious *rationale* of this most instructive case. And if accepted in one case, this *rationale* is applicable to many others in which the same phenomena presented itself, of a sudden outbreak immediately following a change of wind, which caused an air-current to set from a focus of infection toward the seat of the malady.

The only difficulty in the Baltimore case is to account for the introduction of the cholera-germs into the marsh. The municipal authorities of the city had taken very active and (as the event proved) very efficient means for warding off the pestilence; and although it was very severe at New York, Philadelphia, and Washington, only a few imported cases occurred in Baltimore itself. It is, of course, quite possible that clothing or bedding soiled by the *dejecta* of these patients might have been sent away to the poorhouse to be washed; and on the whole I think it more probable that some human communication of this kind took place, than that the cholera-germs were brought from a remote distance by the atmosphere. But that a marsh sodden with the *excreta* of a large population was as prolific a breeding-ground as they could meet with, accords with the experience of all who have had the largest opportunities of studying the disease in India, or during the recent outbreak of it in Egypt.

The conditions of the spread of typhoid or enteric fever are closely analogous to those of the diffusion of cholera; and the doctrine of disease-germs proves as satisfactorily applicable to the one case as to the other.

But because typhoid germs, when introduced into the human system, breed and multiply within it, and, when voided from the intestine, may be conveyed by the water into which they have found their way into the bodies of other persons, who then become the subjects of the disease, it by no means follows that the human body is their *only* breeding-ground, or that water is their *only* vehicle. On the contrary, those who

have most carefully studied the subject are now generally agreed, that when typhoid germs have been discharged into sewers, they not only infect their contents, but so develop themselves under favoring conditions (especially warmth, stagnation, and seclusion from the air) as to give rise to an enormous increase of the *contagium*. And in the case of the wide diffusion of typhoid poison by milk (of which the recent epidemic in Camden Town has afforded an illustrative example), it seems far more probable that the germs introduced by the contaminated water used in washing the milk-vessels have multiplied by self-development in the milk put into them, than that they should have originally been abundant enough to communicate the disease to so large a number of individuals as are in some instances attacked by it.

Further, that sewer-gas may be the vehicle of typhoid germs, and that they may be drawn into the body by its inhalation, is not only what all analogy would suggest as probable, but accords alike with the judgment of our ablest pathologists in regard to the essential nature of the disease, and with the experience of our best sanitary authorities as to the mode of its propagation. That the primal seat of enteric fever is in the blood, and that the various local affections which occur in the course of it are the results of changes set up in the circulating current, is just as clear as it is in small-pox or scarlatina, the worst forms of which may terminate fatally before any cutaneous eruption appears. And when disease-germs are inhaled into the air-cells of the lungs, they have a far more ready access to the blood spread out in the closest capillary network on their walls, than when introduced with food or drink into the alimentary canal.

I have recently had the opportunity of learning, on the spot, the full particulars of a case in which four members of one household were last year attacked with typhoid fever—one of them narrowly escaping with her life—under circumstances which left no doubt in the mind of the very accomplished physician who had charge of the patients, that the malady originated in the opening of an old cesspool belonging to a neighboring

house, then in course of demolition. The house in which the outbreak took place is large and airy, and stands by itself in a most salubrious situation. The most careful examination failed to disclose any defect either in its drainage or its water-supply; there was no typhoid in the neighborhood; and the milk-supply was unexceptional. But the neighboring house being old, and having been occupied by a school, its removal had been determined on to make way for a house of higher class; and as the offensive odor emanating from the uncovered cesspool was at once perceived in the next garden, and the outbreak of typhoid followed at the usual interval, the case seems one which admits of no reasonable question.

On the whole, then, the conclusion seems clear, that while the breeding-ground of ordinary malarious germs is the earth alone, and the breeding-ground of the germs of the ordinary exanthemata is the human body alone, there is an intermediate class of pestilential diseases—including cholera, typhoid, and probably yellow fever—in which (as Mr. Simon* tersely expressed it) "certain microphytes are capable of thriving equally, though perhaps in different forms, either within or without the animal body; now fructifying in soil or waters of appropriate quality, and now the self-multiplying *contagium* of a bodily disease."

The doctrine that the disease-germs of cholera and typhus breed in the human intestine *only*, and that they are introduced into it by water *alone*, obviously sets at naught a large proportion of those precautionary measures on which those who are most practically conversant with the subject lay great stress. Everything ought unquestionably to be done to preserve our domestic water-supply from contamination, as well as to secure the purity of its sources; and to disinfect, not only the intestinal *dejecta* of patients affected with cholera or typhoid, but everything contaminated by them. But we ought not, in doing these things, to leave others undone; and all experience justifies the emphatic warning

* Article "Contagion" in Quain's "Dictionary of Medicine."

of the Local Government Board, as to "the danger of breathing AIR which is foul with effluvia from the same sorts of impurity"—a danger whose source obviously lies in the *atmospheric* transportation of disease-germs.

I have left myself but little space for the discussion of the second part of my subject—the bearing of the natural history view of zymotic diseases upon the question of their origin and mutual relations. It is, doubtless, needful for the purposes of pathological study, that these diseases should be defined as "specific types," just as the naturalist defines "species" of plants or animals; and as, in our pre-evolution days, it was held that every true species was separated from every other by constant characters genetically transmitted from parent to offspring, so it has been generally believed that the poisons, not only of small-pox, scarlatina, and measles, but of a large number of different forms of fever, as well as of other maladies propagated by *contagia*, are to be ranked as specifically different.

The species-making naturalist of the past generation laid greater stress on points of minute difference than on those of general agreement, disregarded the modifying influence of "environments," and selected the strongly-characterized examples for description, neglecting the intermediate forms by which these are often gradationally connected.

But in the light of the modern doctrine of evolution, the scientific naturalist makes it his aim to ascertain how the different races of plants and animals *have come to divaricate* from each other; and studies their respective "variations," as affording the best clew to the origin of their larger and more constant "specific" differences. And those who have most carefully studied the tribe of "saprophytes" to which disease-germs belong, have long since come to the conclusion that there are no forms of vegetation whose "range of variation" under differences of "environment" is so wide; it being yet uncertain, indeed, that we know the entire life-history of any one of them.

Now, it has been too much the habit of pathologists, in scientifically defining specific types of disease, to follow exact-

ly the same course as the species-makers among naturalists—insisting on minute differences rather than on points of agreement, and assuming that these differences are constant. Every practitioner of medicine, on the other hand, who has had opportunities of observing the same diseases in different localities, at different seasons, and in different epidemics, well knows how greatly their characters vary; "hybrid forms" and "sub-varieties" presenting themselves from time to time, which receive passing notice and then die out. Thus, although no eruptive fevers are more clearly differentiated, when occurring in their characteristic forms, than measles and scarlatina, yet cases every now and then occur, in which their symptoms are so mingled as to puzzle the most experienced doctors. I even remember such a hybrid disease to have been epidemic some thirty years ago in the East of London; and as Sydenham, one of the most sagacious medical observers that ever lived, did not separate the two, I cannot but think it probable that this "hybrid" was the disease prevalent in his time. Again the small-pox epidemic of 1871 and subsequent years has been characterized by the re-appearance of the "malignant" type of that disease, which had not previously shown itself in Europe, except in a few isolated cases, during the present century. The whole course of that "hæmorrhagic" type, when presented in its most characteristic form (in which death occurs before the appearance of the eruption), is so entirely different from that of ordinary small-pox, whether "confluent" or "discrete," that the two diseases might be well accounted specifically different, if it were not certain that they originate in the same *contagium*. So, again, some of those who have had largest experience of the severest forms of malarious disease, are satisfied of the unity of causation that underlies variety of manifestation. Thus, says Dr. Haspel, the author of a very able work on the "Diseases of Algeria" (Paris, 1850), "fevers, dysentery, and diseases of the liver constitute an indivisible whole under the dominion of a single cause; and those who deny this truth are either misled by theoretical prejudices, or will

not make use of their eyes." It is a significant fact, rightly insisted on by Dr. Maclean, that exactly in proportion as we have banished malaria from the soil of the British Islands, so have we got rid not only of ague, but of dysentery and of suppurative inflammation of the liver, as endemic diseases. I have already adverted to changes in the type of fever from "non-infective" to "infective" of which there seems to me adequate evidence; and I might adduce a number of other instances—such as the difficulty that often occurs in India in discriminating between cholera and enteric fever—in support of my position, that even the best-marked types of zymotic disease are not distinguishable by constant and invariable characters, but that, just as higher plants are modified by cultivation, so may the germs of these diseases develop themselves in a great variety of modes, giving rise to very different maladies, according to the conditions, whether local or individual, under which their development takes place.*

But the same analogy carries us further, and suggests that the peculiar morbid activity possessed by each specific type of disease-germ may be derived from the operation of particular "environments" on ordinary saprophytes through a long succession of generations, just as among plants of higher types. And this view is borne out by the remarkable influence of artificial "culture" upon some of those which have been most carefully studied in this matter. It is a fact of great significance, that the malignant *Bacillus anthracis* of "charbon" does not differ morphologically in any important character from the innocent *Bacillus subtilis* of hay infusions; and although it has not yet been certainly shown that any method of treatment can give to the latter the potency of the former, yet it seems not improbable that such will prove to be the case. With Dr. William Roberts, "I see no more difficulty in believing that the *Bacillus anthracis* is a 'sport' from the *Bacillus*

subtilis, than in believing, as all botanists tell us, that the bitter almond is a 'sport' from the sweet almond—the one a bland, innocuous fruit, and the other containing the elements of a deadly poison."

So, as it seems to me, there is nothing inconsistent with our recognition of cholera and typhoid as specific types of disease, in the admission that under some possible conditions they may originate *de novo* from saprophytic germs not ordinarily capable of engendering such maladies in the human system.

Among my earliest professional recollections, going back to the year 1829, is that of the occurrence of a very remarkable outbreak of a severe malady in a school at Clapham, of a type then quite unknown to practitioners in this country, but which an old Indian doctor, who was asked to see the patients, declared to have the characters of the cholera of India, which was then (as it subsequently appeared) on its way toward us, but whose advent no one at that time regarded as probable. Having lately referred to the *Medical Gazette* of August 22d in that year, I have found this recollection fully confirmed by the record of the "Fatal Cholera at Clapham" published at the time; and cannot hesitate in the belief that if the outbreak (affecting twenty out of twenty-two boys at the school, and the two children of the master, of whom one died after only eleven hours' illness) had occurred during a cholera epidemic, the patients would have been regarded as suffering under that disease. A few days previously, a cesspool had been opened to let off from the playground stagnant water accumulated by the recent heavy rains, and its contents had been distributed over the garden adjoining the boys' playground. Whether true Asiatic cholera or not, this sudden simultaneous outbreak can scarcely be regarded as a mere result of putrescent emanations; it had every character of a specific disease implanted by germs; and the probability seems strong that these germs were those either of some other type of zymotic disease, or of ordinary saprophytes, to which some special conditions had imparted a choleraic potency.

Although from the time when Sir William Jenner pointed out the marked distinctions between typhus and typhoid

* A very curious example of this kind, which came under the observation of Professor Huxley, when serving as assistant-surgeon in H.M.S. "Rattlesnake," was related by Sir James Paget in his lecture on "Specific Diseases," at the end of the first volume of his "Surgical Pathology."

(or enteric) fevers, their distinctness has been generally recognized, and any difficulty in diagnosing a case has been commonly set down to ignorance or imperfect observation, yet I have the high authority of the late Sir Robert Christison for stating that these diseases are not at all times, or in all places, so definitely distinguishable. Not long before his death, the Nestor of the medical profession in Scotland emphatically assured me, that "looking at this class of diseases from the natural history point of view, he had been led by an experience of half a century to regard them, not as uniformly marked out, one *from* another, by well-defined boundaries, but as shading off gradationally one *into* another."

Being specially anxious that those who are laboring to build up the noble Science of Preventive Medicine, should work no unsound material into the fabric they are constructing, I will earnestly press upon them to avoid all exclusive theories, and to take nature alone as their guide. The broader and deeper the foundation they lay, the more solid and durable will be the edifice that rests upon it.

[SINCE the above was in type, the French Commission which was sent to Egypt to investigate the recent epidemic of cholera has reported, as the result of its inquiries, that this epidemic was not imported, but was born as well as bred in the country itself; especial stress being laid on the recent prevalence of a cattle-plague, and on the practice of throwing into the rivers and canals the bodies of animals that had died of it. It was, moreover, the opinion of the Commission that the disease was not pure Indian cholera; but that in some of its symptoms it rather resembled plague. These conclusions are entirely in harmony with the views advocated in the latter part of this paper.

A small treatise has been recently published on the "Evolution of Morbid Germs," by Mr. Kenneth M. Millican, which contains a body of additional evidence, derived from clinical experience, of the variability in the types of zymotic diseases propagated by the same *contagia*; that of the intercommunicability of scarlatina and diphtheria (under certain conditions) being peculiarly cogent. —W. B. C.]—*Nineteenth Century*.

EFFECT OF MARRIAGE ON LIFE.*

IN the year 1867 a statement was made by Dr. Stark, Registrar-General for Scotland, which attracted a good deal of notice. He announced, as the result of his investigations into the relative death-rates of married and unmarried men, that the mortality is very much greater among the latter than among the former. Since then several years' statistics have been published by Drs. Stark, Drysdale, and others, in this and other countries, and they appear to corroborate the doctrine that marriage may be regarded as a sort of life-insurance. It is not with any desire to invalidate the truth of this doctrine that we propose here to point out the great

uncertainty of such statistics as these. There are enough arguments in favor of matrimony without introducing false ones. An old proverb tells us of the advisability that no cask should rest on an alien basis, and this is especially the case where the basis of our figurative cask is already wide enough to secure stability. The advocates of marriage will therefore, we trust, look upon us rather as an ally than as a foe if we exhibit, as we think we shall be able to do, the unsubstantial nature of the argument based on such statistics as we have referred to above.

Let us in the first place see what the evidence is on which the argument is founded. A single case will suffice. Take the earliest by combining the results of two years' observations. Dr. Stark thus compares the mortality per thousand of married and unmarried men :

* This article, excepting a few words relating to its more extended application, and bringing it down to date, was written in the summer of 1867—our readers may probably guess by whom.—SUB-ED.

Ages.	Husbands and Widowers.	Unmarried.
20 to 25.....	6·26.....	12·31
25 " 30.....	8·23.....	14·94
30 " 35.....	8·65.....	15·94
35 " 40.....	11·67.....	16·02
40 " 45.....	14·07.....	18·35
45 " 50.....	17·04.....	21·18
50 " 55.....	19·54.....	26·34
55 " 60.....	26·14.....	28·54
60 " 65.....	35·63.....	44·54
65 " 70.....	52·93.....	60·21
70 " 75.....	81·56.....	102·17
75 " 80.....	117·85.....	143·94
80 " 85.....	173·88.....	195·40

At first sight, it might seem that nothing could be clearer or more satisfactory than this evidence. We see that between the ages of 20 and 25, the date-rate of the unmarried men is nearly twice that of the married men. After this the ratio gradually diminishes, so that when we come to the quinquennial period between 45 and 50, the ratio, instead of being 2 to 1, is only 21 to 17, but still it is a ratio of *excess*: and so, up to the last recorded period, we find the same evidence in favor of the married men's prospects.

And again, let us take another view of the matter. It is easy to determine the mean age of the married men and of the bachelors at death. We find that *the former age exceeds the latter by fully 19 years!*

Here, then, we seem to have the most striking evidence in favor of matrimony as an agent in producing longevity. It would seem almost that all we need fear would be the undue extension of the argument. If one wife does so much to prolong a man's life, what effect, it might be argued, should two, three—nay, a dozen wives, for that matter—not produce? Passing over this view, as a manifest invention of that enemy of social happiness, the confirmed old bachelor, let us seriously inquire what force there really is in the evidence adduced; for the evidence is *not* wholly without force, only it has been asked to bear rather more than it is capable of doing.

There are two most important rules in the application of statistics, for want of attending to which many have fallen into serious error. First, we must assure ourselves that there is nothing in the examples collected which savors of *selection*: and secondly, we must have a *sufficient number* of examples.

As respects the second rule, we do not think there is any reason to complain of the evidence. For although the period over which the results extend is not a very long one, yet the wide range of country included in the registering is fully sufficient to make up for the defect in point of time. In fact, the close accordance observed by Dr. Stark between the results of the first two yearly periods dealt with was quite sufficient to prove that a more extended series of observations was not needed. *Results of this sort only repeat themselves when they are severally founded on a sufficiently wide range of statistical inquiry.*

But, as respects the first rule, we think there is very strong reason for suspecting the evidence before us. We must note, in the first place, that it is one of the most difficult things in the world to free results from "selection" in some form or other. Take the simple instance of tossing up a halfpenny: is the chance perfectly equal that head or tail will turn up? It seems so, but it is not necessarily so. As the halfpenny turns over and over in the air, there may be an irregularity—imperceptible to the sense—due to the unequal distribution of the metal on the two faces. And here we see the importance of the second rule mentioned above. Any irregularity in the figure of the coin will show itself *in a sufficient number of trials, as certainly as by the most accurate measurement and the most careful examination.*

We had lately a remarkable instance in our own experience of the difficulty of removing all trace of selection.

We wished, for a particular purpose, to distribute a number of dots or points, *perfectly at random*, over a square surface. This may seem a simple matter—but we did not find it so. It may be suggested—"Take a handful of grains and throw over the surface at random; then mark the place of each." The fact, however, that the grains *did* form a handful, and were *spread out*, will show itself. Another method may be suggested: "Prick a number of holes without directing the motion of the hand by the will." But how are we to do this very thing? If we close our eyes we shall naturally make for the central parts of the surface, for fear of missing

the surface altogether, and here at once is "selection;" and if we open our eyes it is absolutely impossible not to aim each stroke with *some* object, however much we may persuade ourselves that we are striking quite at random.

The method we finally adopted was this. We divided each side of the square into 100 parts, which we numbered in order, and drawing lines through the points of division we divided the square into 10,000 small squares. We then took a book full of figures (in fact that inviting work, a table of logarithms), and opening at random placed the point of a pencil at random on the page. The figure nearest to the point we marked down, and we took out in this way 4000 figures. We now took the first four figures—8, 0, 1, 7 say, and did thus with them—the first two gave the number 80, the next two the number 17, and we accordingly marked a dot on the *eightieth* row of squares, in the *seventeenth* square of the row. Thus we had 1000 points distributed as we thought quite at random. But on a closer inspection we suspected the influence of selection; and where does the reader suppose we detected it? *In the shapes* of the figures used to represent numbers. In taking the number nearest to the pencil point we had omitted to notice (when the point *seemed* half-way between two figures) that the 1's, the 4's, and the 7's, do not cover *quite* as much space as the other figures. And in fact, when we came to count over our list of numbers we found there was a marked deficiency of these, and a marked excess of 8's, 5's, and 2's. *This excess showed itself* in the arrangement of the dots over the square surface.

We seem to have wandered a long way from our bachelors and married men, but if we have succeeded in showing how subtle an influence selection, conscious or unconscious, is capable of exerting, it will be found that our digression is in reality very much to the point.

It may be asked, "If Dr. Stark took the mortality of the whole population, how can there have been any selection?" We answer by another question, "Is there nothing in the state of bachelorhood itself which affords suspicion of selection?" In answering this

question we wish to avoid possible misconception. In dealing with averages, individuals are not to be considered. And therefore, if we say anything of bachelors, as a class, which may seem disparaging, individual bachelors are not to be on that account offended; though, perhaps, many of our readers would not be greatly troubled even if offence were given to a few of the single-minded.

Well, then, it appears to us that if we look on bachelors as a class, we shall see evidence that they are not on a par with married men.

It will not be denied that many men are prevented from marrying by ill-health or a weakly constitution. This may happen in more ways than one. A man may either, through ill-health, suffer by comparison with the hearty and stalwart, or he may feel that he is unfit to struggle with other difficulties than those he has as a single man—that he is unable, perhaps, to provide for wife and children, or that the cares and anxieties which married life necessarily brings with it would be more than he could bear. For instance, the very thought of a crying child disturbing his night's rest would shake the nerves of an invalid. Or again, if a man is consumptive, or suffers under any other ailment which is apt to repeat itself in successive generations, he may well and wisely eschew the thought of marriage, fearing lest he should become the parent of unhealthy children. In these and in many other ways, unhealthy or weakly-constituted men fall into the list of bachelors. No one can fail to recognize the influence of this form of "selection" on the comparative mortality of the two classes we are considering.

Again, it cannot be doubted that very indigent persons and the members of unhealthy trades are, on the whole, kept somewhat from the lists of marrying men. Of course, hundreds of these marry in any given country; but comparing them as classes with other classes, there is, undoubtedly, such a tendency as we have mentioned. The influence of this cause, again, cannot be doubted, since the longevity of the classes we have named is undoubtedly inferior to the average longevity of the population.

Here, then, we see two causes (and

many others might be mentioned) tending to add to the lists of bachelors classes of men of inferior longevity. How great the influence to be assigned to such causes may be it is not easy to determine, but we cannot doubt that the influence is an important one. At any rate, it is impossible to estimate the value of results in which allowance has not been made for influencing causes of this sort. So long as there is any suspicion that the classes from which we make our estimates are not equally balanced, no confidence can be placed in those estimates.

In fact, it is by selection of this sort that "facts and figures" have been made to "prove anything." We might prove that to have a title conduces to longevity, because the average age to which noblemen live is above the average for the whole country. We might prove that to be a lawyer or to be a Quaker is the great "elixir vitæ," for similar reasons. The argument against such assertions as these is, of course, similar to that we have applied to Dr. Stark's reasoning. The death-rate of the nobility is lower because they are as a class richer than the average population of the country, and therefore have more comforts, less occasion for entering on dangerous or unhealthy occupations, and so on. And similarly with the other cases adduced.

We might establish the very reverse of Dr. Stark's conclusion if, instead of taking the whole population of bachelors, we were to compare the death-rate of married men with the death-rate of the Catholic priesthood, or of Fellows of Colleges. And we should be making an error differing only in degree, not in kind, from that which, we submit, Drs. Stark and Drysdale made. We should be taking a set of men from which many unfavorable classes are *eliminated*, just as he has taken a set into which an unduly large number from unfavorable classes have been *introduced*.

But we have said that we do not consider Dr. Stark's evidence to be wholly without weight. We think the preponderance of deaths among bachelors is somewhat greater than was to be expected from the preponderant presence, among bachelors, of persons from the classes we have spoken of. We think,

however, that what is proved by this preponderance is little more than what might have been reasonably anticipated. It would be idle to point out the variety of ways in which the life of a married man, or of a widower has an enhanced value, since every one recognizes the fact. He must be indeed unfamiliar with human nature, who is not aware that the mere love of life is no all-sufficient check upon recklessness. The consideration that others will suffer by our death, that wife or children will be left desolate, is a restraint on many men, who would but for this freely expose their lives to danger. The mere fact that marriage brings with it home duties and domestic habits is of itself an important influence for good. That hundreds of married men neglect those duties and do not fall into those habits is true enough; but the fact that large numbers *are* kept within the home-circle, cannot but have an important influence on the death-rate. In individual instances "bachelor habits" may not affect longevity, but in taking the average of a large number, the truth will appear of the old French proverb, "Où peut-on être mieux qu'au sein de sa famille?"

That the *whole* of the preponderance exhibited by Dr. Stark is not due to the considerations just discussed seems to us to be very strikingly shown by the distribution of that preponderance among the different ages. It appears to us that the influence of the more regular habits which belong to the married state would not be likely to show itself most strongly between the ages of twenty and twenty-five, but would rather appear with a gradually increasing effect in successive quinquennial periods. On the other hand, the influence of the causes which keep within the list of bachelors large classes of short-lived persons, would undoubtedly show itself most at the earlier ages. For of men so weakly as not to be likely to survive the age of twenty-five scarcely any would marry; men whose expectation of life was somewhat greater would be somewhat less likely to remain unmarried; and so on. In other words, the list of bachelors would be more largely recruited from classes tending to increase the death-rates for the *earlier* quinquennial periods than for the *latter*.

In fact, Drs. Stark and Drysdale in their method of treating the statistics afforded by general registration neglected those rules to which M. Quetelet, in his work on probability, called the particular attention of statisticians. The laws of probability applied to statistics afford evidence of the highest value, when suitable care is taken to exclude all influences due to selection and therefore not falling fairly within the province of probabilities. But when attention is not paid to such considerations, it becomes impossible to say what absurdities may not be proved by "facts and figures." In the case we have been considering the results are not absurd,

it is true; but they are certainly exaggerated. We cannot accept Dr. Stark's conclusion that "*bachelorhood is more destructive to life than the most unwholesome trade, or than residence in an unhealthy house or district where there has never been the most distant attempt at sanitary improvements of any kind.*" But we may accept his opinion that "*statistics have proved the truth of one of the first natural laws revealed to man—It is not good that man should live alone.*" Whether the law required any proof is a question into which we need not enter; our readers must form their own conclusion on this point.—*Knowledge.*

THE GUIDE OF ISLAM.

BY CAPTAIN C. R. CONDER, R.E.

WHO and what is the Mahdi? is a question to which no very detailed answer has been given by the English press since the figure of this "Moslem Messiah" became so suddenly prominent in the political arena through his triumph over the ill-fated army of Hicks Pasha; yet, in order justly to estimate the character and extent of the influence which such a personage may exert in the East, it is surely important clearly to understand the origin of the idea which he represents and the nature of its reception by the Moslem world. The accounts which have been given by newspaper correspondents, and which seem to have been gathered somewhat hastily by oral information, have been imperfect and contradictory; but this is not altogether due to the imperfect understanding of the subject by the questioner or to untrustworthy replies from the Moslem informant, for the number of distinct and apparently conflicting traditions which exist, both in Arab literature and in oral tradition, concerning the expected prophet, is sufficiently great to puzzle, at first, even a very diligent student of the subject. It is not until the true meaning and origin of these legends is understood, and their derivation from the ancient Iranian mythology has been traced, that the real harmony of expressions apparently irreconcilable becomes clearly comprehensible.

First, it is remarkable that the Mahdi, or "guide," whose figure has become so important in Moslem lands, and so familiar even in the Christian West, is never mentioned in the Korân at all; and although the references to the last judgment in the Suras are numerous and detailed, the eschatology of Islam, and especially the expectations of a time of trouble and of a future prophet, are much later developments of the faith mentioned by commentators and esoteric students who lived in times when the first force and energy of the great wave of Arab conquest had died out, and the expectation of universal power had been disappointed. It is, on the other hand, a mistake to suppose that the dogmas connected with the coming of the Mahdi are of Shiah origin, and not accepted by the Sunni sects. The coming again of the twelfth Imam, who was an historic personage named El Mohdi, and who died or disappeared in the cave near Baghdad in the ninth century A.D., is indeed an important Shiah belief; but the idea of the Imam, a divine incarnation, is distinct from and opposed to the Sunni conception of a predicted "guide" or Mahdi, who is to be a mortal messenger of God, whose coming was foretold, according to the tradition, by Muhammad himself. This distinction it is most important to keep clearly in view. The Shiahs of Persia represent a population of

some 15,000,000 ; the four great Sunni sects together include a total of 145,000,000 souls ; and it is to the immense majority of the true believers, and not to the small minority of the Persian schismatics, that the Soudâni prophet consequently appeals. Impartial writers are accustomed generally to assume, first, that the Moslem creed is a very pure and elevated monotheistic faith ; secondly, that the Moslem world contrasts with the West in the profoundly religious character of its society, including every class ; thirdly, that a fanaticism resting solely on religious conviction is to be recognized among all Moslems, and forms a very dangerous element of Oriental politics ; fourthly, that a religious sympathy exists between the faithful in all lands which may render the triumph of Islam in Western Asia almost disastrous circumstance for England in India.

As regards these beliefs I would urge that, after residing for six years in Moslem lands, after studying the religious question with special care among the peasantry, among the upper classes, and among the ruling caste, and after reading the most generally accepted authorities, I have gradually become convinced, first, that there is no Moslem nation in existence among whom the faith exists untinged by traces of earlier and lower forms of superstition, and that even in the Korân itself the survival and sanction of such superstition is plainly discernible in spite of much that is noble and spiritual in thought and language. Secondly, that Moslem lands present a spectacle from a religious point of view very closely parallel to that which is usual in the Christian West, and that while there is much real piety and morality among the respectable classes, and much cynical disregard of principle among the ruling and worldly ranks, there is among the Moslem peasantry an indifference to religious dogma and a survival of pagan superstition which exceeds the prejudice and the indifference of the lower classes at home as much as the ignorance and brutality of the Fellah exceeds the condition of our English peasantry. Thirdly, as regards the fanatical spirit, it is important to recognize that massacre and outrage have never arisen in Moslem lands from the mere prompting of religious belief. The

political agitator in all lands has found it possible to stir up and direct for his own purpose the fierce and untutored passions of the ignorant and impatient, but where such incitement has not occurred the Moslem lives at peace with the Christian, and the spirit of fanaticism sleeps or is kept in restraint by the ordinary deterrent considerations which are afforded by law and social order. Fourthly, as regards the unity of Islam, no observer who has dwelt among Moslems, who has been able to witness the behavior of Indian Moslem soldiers to the Egyptian Moslem Fellahin, or who has studied the history of Moslem sects, can long remain in ignorance of the fact that the name of Islam covers differences of belief and of interest as wide and deep as those which separate the Armenian from the Roman Catholic, or the Copt from the Nonconformist.

Such views do not arise from cynical disbelief in religious sincerity, but from careful study of the Korân and from much conversation with Moslems of all grades ; and experience has led more than one observer to appreciate clearly that Englishmen as a rule over-estimate both the purity and sublimity of the Moslem faith on the one hand, and the civilization and intelligence of the Moslem world on the other. We have to deal with a creed which was formulated by men little advanced beyond the condition of the savage, and with a population utterly deficient in education and in power of thought. If, then, we endeavor to treat such beliefs and such races as though they stood equally high in the scale of progress with the educated thought and intelligent social condition of the West, we shall commit a mistake hardly less absurd than that which would be at once recognized if a theorist were to propose the introduction of competitive examinations among the Hottentots or the Todas of India.

The mind of the great genius of Arabia was far too fully occupied with the present to allow of his giving an elaborate system of eschatology to his disciples. The end was near, the great day of judgment was at hand, and on this thought he dwells again and again ; but the conception of a future time of trouble, when Islam should be oppressed and faith should fail from earth is not

one which could have prevailed in the day of victory, when the energy of the race was raised to its highest pitch by the intoxication of continual victory and the enjoyment of unhopèd-for wealth, voluptuous pleasure, and glorious fame. The expectations to which we must now devote our attention are consequently part of a later development of Islam, when the first flush of conquest had faded, and when doubt had arisen and foreign influences invaded the original conceptions of the victorious faith.

The Mahdi, or "guide," as he is called in common Arabic (more correctly the Muhdi or Mohdi), has been wrongly termed the "Messiah of the Moslems;" for the true Messiah, according to Sunni belief, is "our Lord Jesus," whose coming is also among the signs of the last day. He has also been confused by recent writers with the beast and with ed Dejâl, the false Messiah; but his true character is that of a prophet like Muhammad, and bearing the same name, while his father's name should be 'Abd Allah, his family of the Koreish tribe, and the place of his appearance Arabia. The tradition is referred back to the authority of 'Abdallah Ibn Mas'ûd, and of 'Ali, the Lion of God, but it is not founded on any explicit statement in the Korân. The Soudâni prophet fails, it is true, in many respects to fulfil the traditional expectations, but at least one saving clause exists which may be quoted in his favor, in the passage wherein Muhammad declares, "God knoweth best whom he will appoint for his messenger" (Sura vi. 124).

The signs of the last days are divided into two categories, and of these the eight lesser may be said to have been nearly all fulfilled when the year 1300 of the Hejîra opened and the Mahdi first appeared. The decay of faith, the promotion of mean men to dignity, the rule of slave women over the faithful, tumults and seditions, a war between Islam and the Turks, great distress throughout the earth, and revolt in Irak and Syria are recognized by students of the Sunna as being either already evident or on the brink of fulfilment. Whether the tenth lesser sign be yet fulfilled, and whether Medina now reaches to Yahab, is a detail which may perhaps be known to some of our Arabian explorers.

The greater signs, among which the coming of the Mahdi is reckoned, are seventeen in all, and it must be confessed that some at least among these seem unlikely to be for the present literally fulfilled. The sun must rise in the West; the beast must emerge from the earth near Mecca; the walls of Stamboul must fall by miracle before an invading foe; the Messîh ed Dejâl, or "Lying Anointed One," marked KFR on his forehead, one-eyed, and riding from Irak on an ass, must lay waste the earth. The true Messiah (our Lord Jesus) must appear on the minaret at Damascus, must reign in Jerusalem, and defeat Gog and Magog, and slay ed Dejâl at the gate of Lydda. A massacre of the Jews, an invasion of Syria by the great giants (Gog and Magog), who are to drink dry the sea of Galilee, a smoke which shall fill the world, a relapse of Arabia into paganism, the discovery of hid treasures in Euphrates, the destruction of the Kaaba by negroes, beasts and stones speaking with human voices, a fire in Yemen, a man of the sons of Kahan wielding a rod, and an icy wind from Damascus which shall sweep away the souls of all who have faith as a grain of mustard-seed, and blow to heaven the Korân itself; these are the great wonders which, together with the coming of the Mahdi, will prepare the way for the tremendous *Yôm ed Dîn*, or final day of judgment.

That some of this imagery is borrowed from the Bible, some of it from Rabbinical tradition, and some from Christianity, with which, in its heretical forms, Muhammad was well acquainted, it is impossible to doubt. Other details seem to have a Persian derivation, and this is perhaps most evident in the case of "the beast" who is to rise on Mount Safa and seal the living, to distinguish the faithful from the infidels. No doubt in some respects this expectation reminds us of the Apocalypse of St. John, but the huge monster described by the commentators recalls the righteous three-legged ass who stands in the ocean, according to the Bundahish, and which will show its neck and its enormous ears in the last days, when the evil creation is to be destroyed. The beast, according to the Sunna, will for three days show her head above earth, reaching to heaven it

self. The head is that of a bull, with hog's eyes, stag's horns, the ears of the elephant, the neck of the ostrich. The body is striped like that of a tiger, the legs are like a camel's, with the tail of a ram, and the terrible voice of the ass. It will bring with it the rod of Moses and the seal of Solomon, and with the former the pious man will be marked Mûmen on the forehead, and the infidel will be sealed Kâfir with the latter, before the judgment day. The Persian monster is described as "being very righteous," and the beast of Islam will demonstrate the falseness of every other creed, after which it seems that she is once more to sink into the earth, which now rests on her back, after she has assisted the true Messiah in his conflict with the Mesîh ed Dejal.

Such briefly are the orthodox apocalyptic expectations of the Sunni Moslems, and without dwelling further upon them or endeavoring to trace them to their origin, and to explain the apparent absurdities of their symbolism, we may now pass on to inquire how far they are believed by the Moslem world in general.

We must not forget that, as in our own land, so among the Moslems, there are many grades of education and many divergencies of belief. The Vlema who receive collegiate training in the dogmas of their religion hold views very different from those of the ignorant peasant who lives in a village without a mosque, who can neither read nor write, and indeed can probably not often repeat the Fathah or first Sûra of the Korân. I have endeavored in several publications to show how little removed from the paganism of the times of ignorance are the prayerless Arab tribes of the Syrian desert, the stone and tree-worshipping Fellahîn of Syria, and the Egyptian peasants, who yet adore the old gods of Khemi under names but little altered, and with attributes easily recognized as derived from those of the companions of Osiris. Such superstitions are condemned, it is true, by the Imams and Softas, who are better acquainted with the teaching of Muhammad, but the survival of local superstitions is far more general in Arab countries than it is in even the most remote corners of Wales, of Scotland, or of Brittany.

The educated student, that is to say the man who can write, can read the Korân, and recite the principal portions cannot fail to be aware that intolerance and fanatical hate of the unbeliever were never countenanced by Muhammad. He cannot but recall the words of the Korân, which declare that every nation shall be judged by God from its own book. "Who-so believeth in God and in the last day, and doeth that which is right, upon them shall no fear come, neither shall they be put to shame" (Sura v.73.) Such was the Prophet's judgment with regard to Jews, Christians, and Sabians—those, in fact, to whose sacred literature his own beliefs were so deeply indebted.

Yet in spite of the tolerance of the Korân, and the practice of the early Khalifs, it cannot be denied that fanatical feeling is strongest among the educated Moslem classes, although it may perhaps be doubted how far race hatred, and the sense of injury due to foreign oppression, may really account for a sullenness which is generally attributed to religious hate.

As regards apocalyptic expectations, even among the educated in Islam there is a divergence of opinion perhaps equal to that which is found among ourselves; and among the lower classes the knowledge of the Sunna is far too imperfect and vague to allow of their being considered very deeply impressed with such convictions. The peasantry are as a rule indifferent to religious doctrine, and far more impressed with the mysterious power of the local saint, at whose shrine they worship with sacrifices and dances, votive offerings of lamps, and fruit, and blossoms, than concerned with the tremendous imagery of the Suras and the traditional literature of the faith. In Syria I have heard the peasantry say openly that they had no hope of deliverance by any Mahdi, and if they are stirred by the news which comes from the Soûdan, it is rather because they are interested in an Arab revolt from Turkish tyranny than by reason of any very deep religious convictions as to the fulfilment of the prophecies of the Korân. The orthodox belief in a time of trouble which must precede the triumph of the Mahdi also offers a very convenient excuse for apathy even among the

most pious.. The appointed time will arrive, and the predestined fate of every soul will be accomplished, say these spiritless fatalists, without any action being necessary on the part of the faithful ; and thus while they would flock to the standard of a victorious prophet when he approaches sufficiently near, they are content to sit with folded hands so long as the power of the Christian West is evidently in the ascendant.

The danger of the Mahdi's triumph is thus political rather than purely religious, and it is the desperation which arises from the oppression of Arab races by the Turks that we have to fear rather than the fanatical zeal of united Islam. Arabia has long meditated revolt, Syria has long groaned under the rule of fierce Kurdish administrators, and in the army of the Mahdi they perceive a possible nucleus of resistance, by aid of which they may hope to shake off the hated yoke of Turkish authority.

If we may trust the latest news from Syria, it is not merely with the Mahdi that we may have to deal. Secret societies, acting in sympathy with the old party of 'Arâbi, directed, there is only too much reason to fear, by restless spirits who are not Arabs but Europeans (nay, we may even say Englishmen), are plotting in Damascus and elsewhere the ruin of Turkey and the establishment of an Arab khalifate.

It is in the ferment which may thus be created throughout the Levant that the real danger lies, and not in any deep hatred of Englishmen as Christians or of Western civilization as opposed to Islam. It is against an outbreak of the mob on the established system of society, and against the only existing elements of law and order, that the politician has to guard in treating Oriental questions, no less than in guiding the course of Western government. The Mahdi in the Soudah has personally shown himself tolerant toward Christian missionaries and captives, however brutal his wild Berbers may be in the hour of victory. As far as we are able yet to judge we may have to deal not with a blind fanatic, but with an able and calculating leader, whose warlike capabilities may be equalled by his political foresight. At present we know little, but when he has advanced nearer to civilization his suc-

cess will mainly depend on the strength and wisdom of his personal character. That he is the ally, if not the nominee, of the slave-traders there is every reason to believe ; that he is favorably regarded by the Meccan religious leaders (who have a special interest in slave-trading) seems to be indicated by the reported refusal of the Sherif to denounce the Soudâni as an impostor. It is not impossible that he may yet make his way to the holy city, and set Arabia and Syria in flames before trying his strength against the Assouan fortifications. True, he is not an Arab by birth, and he is of a black hue, which might be thought unacceptable by the Semitic Moslems ; but such traditional considerations have very little weight in comparison with the prestige of his victory over an English general ; and not only the favorite heroes of Arab legends (Antar, and Zîr, and Jandabah), but even Moses himself, according to Moslem tradition was as black as the Berber Mahdi.

It should also not be forgotten that the traditions relating to the Mahdi represent him sometimes as arising in some remote country and not in Arabia, but that in this case he is expected to march on Mecca, when the blood of Moslems will be shed like water in the streets of the holy city. There is thus a spiritual as well as a practical reason why the Soudâni prophet should attempt to reach Arabia, and the defence of Suakim becomes consequently of primary importance..

In General Gordon we possess a representative who understands the nature of the movement as here indicated, and who knows the Arab and the negro alike. Gordon's success will be England's success ; Gordon's failure (but General Gordon does not fail) would be a most serious blow to the prestige of England. All political parties are thus in agreement on this point, that, through thick and thin, General Gordon must be supported by England.

There remains, however, a class of Moslems for which no parallel can be found in the West, namely that of the Derwîsh orders, to one of which the Mahdi belongs. While 'Arâbi Pasha was lying intrenched at Tell-el-Kebir, the desert slopes around his camp were thronged with these holy men, and their

prophecies decided on more than one occasion the movements of the Egyptian troops. The English army at Kassassin unwittingly owed its water-supply to the religious scruples of a respected Derwîsh from Upper Egypt, and Korân-readers were found among the prisoners who fell into our hands after the first engagements. The power of the great Derwîsh societies, and the widely spreading ramifications of their organization, render them of the greatest importance on an occasion when, as in the present case, their members are instructed by an energetic and able chief. The agents who have spread the news of the Mahdi's success in Africa, in Arabia, and even as far as Euphrates, appear to be members of the Derwîsh orders, and the victories of the Mahdi seem in part at least to have been due to the blind devotion of his Derwîsh ghâzîs.

The Derwîsh orders are secret societies, with rules of initiation, oaths of obedience, mystic ceremonials and symbols, and all the paraphernalia of organizations which demand unhesitating obedience to the commands of an autocratic chief believed to act by divine inspiration. There are good reasons for supposing (though there is no time now to enter deeply into the question) that the higher grades of initiation gradually lead up to a scepticism such as is known to have distinguished the old Ismâîleh sect in the early days of Islam, but the danger which arises from the action of the Derwîsh orders is all the more serious because the leaders of the societies are influenced by worldly considerations rather than by fanaticism, while they can count with certainty on the devotion of the numerous members of the lower grades whose zeal requires no stimulus beyond a simple order from the sheikh. The Mahdi is said to belong to the Kadrlîyeh order, which is highly venerated in Egypt, and which preserves many curious pagan superstitions, including the worship of the gigantic shoe of their founder. They are distinguished by white banners, and are said to carry fishing-nets in procession; and with the Málawîyeh and Ahmedîyeh they are among the most powerful of the Derwîsh orders in Egypt and in Syria as well.

Such are the forces arrayed in Africa and Arabia against the *de facto* Khalif

and against the Western world. It is not easy to calculate the strength of the movement or the limits of its activity, but in many respects the condition of the East is not unlike that which existed when Muhammad's victories became possible, and not unlike that of Southern Italy when Garibaldi dared to strike the blow which shattered the Neapolitan kingdom. Were England and France to hold their hand, and content themselves with action limited strictly to the extent of their own interests, it is clearly within the range of probability that Turkey might soon find itself engaged in a desperate struggle with its Arab subjects, and the Sultan involved in a rebellion directed against his strongest claim to the Khâlifate, which consists in the *de facto* argument that he has possession of the two sanctuaries of Mecca and Jerusalem.

The Sultan's claims are no doubt in other respects very weak. He is not of Koreish tribe, and not even of Arab race; but the office of the Khalif or "successor" is founded on the old patriarchal system of Arab government, which seeks not a hereditary successor so much as a strong man, and which recognizes the power of the sword, the guardianship of the two Harams, and the possession of the holy relics (the Prophet's cloak and the sword of Omar) as real claims in the pretension of the Sultan to the sacred office of Prince of the Faithful—claims equally strong with the somewhat doubtful nomination of Sultan Selîm by the last of the Abbaside family. It is remarkable that the Mahdi's denunciations seem to be directed against the Sultan and the Turks rather than against the English or the French, and it must not be forgotten that war with the Turks and the invasion of Mecca by a negro army are among the greater signs of the end which have already been enumerated. It is for this reason that it becomes as vitally important to the Sultan as to the Khedive himself that Suakim and other harbors on the western shores of the Red Sea should be most carefully guarded, to prevent the possibility of a sudden transfer of the centre of disturbance from the Soudan to the Hejâz.

The question of the effect which the Mahdi's victories may have on the

minds of Indian Moslems is one which is considered of importance scarcely inferior to that of the line of conduct which it may compel us to pursue in Egypt ; yet it is little more than a year since we were able to trust our Indian Moslem regiments to fight in our behalf against their co-religionists in Egypt in a war which had been publicly proclaimed as a *jehâd* against the infidel. It may perhaps be seen from what has been said above that the supposed religious sympathy of Moslems in different parts of the world, belonging to different races and various sects, and having conflicting interests and very different beliefs, is a sentiment of which the weakness has been proved by the failure of the Sultan's pan-Islamic schemes. The Indian Moslems are of the Shafi or broad school, while the Turks are Hanifeh and the Egyptian peasantry Maleki ; and not only does this sufficiently broad distinction exist, but the best authorities (as quoted by Barth and by Herklotz) agree that the Moslem faith in India is deeply tinged with Brahminical and Buddhist ideas, which render it distinct as a system from the Islam of the Levant. It has, in fact, more in common with the Shiah tradition than with any Sunni form of orthodoxy, and the irremediable schism between Persia and the Sunni sects is too well known to need more than a passing allusion. The Mahdi will not influence the Persian Moslems, and it is extremely doubtful whether his pretensions will excite any dangerous emotion among our Indian Moslems so long as he is known to be powerless against the strength of England in Egypt. The Indian Moslems, in short, like those of the Levant, are more keenly impressed with veneration for local deities (for such strangely composite figures, for instance, as Buddi ed Dîn) than with the apocalyptic expectations of the Korân literature. Their eyes are turned homeward rather than to the cradle of their faith, and although so large a proportion of the Mecca pilgrims are Indian, the Eastern Moslem is debarred by difference of language, of custom, and of race from any very intimate association with the pilgrims who come from Arab-speaking lands. The fellah in Egypt and the Moslem sowar in our Indian army meet as strangers, with sentiments respective-

ly of fear and of contempt, and so do the various races who all profess Islam meet together at Mecca.

It must, however, be confessed that we are confronted by a dilemma due to the victories of the Mahdi in the Soudan which may prove more serious than even that of 1882. It is recognized by many writers that 'Arâbi carried with him the sympathy of the whole native population of Egypt, yet the triumph of 'Arâbi could not be calmly contemplated by any sober statesman. The elements of stability cannot be expected to be found in the government of Arab lands by a race which has so long been subject to foreign rule as to have lost the very tradition of power, and which fails to produce men of sufficient education and ability for the successful conduct of government. Thus, though the sentiment common among Englishmen in favor of native-self-government and against foreign domination may incline us to view with favor the revolt of the Arab race against Turkish corruption and oppression, it must unfortunately be allowed by all who have studied the question on the spot that the elements of stability and order are to be found at present only on the other side, and that the attempt at self-emancipation must entail heavy responsibility on both England and France, if not on other nations.

If we are prepared to substitute for the foreign power of Turkey our own power as protectors, then no doubt we may witness with equanimity the revolt of the Arab and African races from the tyranny of Turkish misrule. We cannot, however, hope that the destruction of the power of the Porte will lead to the establishment of a purer, stronger, and more civilized *régime*, if the material of the governing class is to be sought solely among the barbarous native Moslem classes of Arab birth. Anarchy and bloodshed will be the inevitable fate of the Levantine countries when the present system is overthrown, unless protected states, or governments framed on the principles of that which has made the Lebanon prosperous and free, are substituted by the influence of the European powers immediately interested in the matter.

Prophets have arisen in every country since Islam was first promulgated, and

have failed generally to produce any lasting impression ; but prophets came and failed before Muhammad succeeded, and if the strong man of genius be again come to Islam, it will require something stronger than the forces at the command of General Gordon and Baker Pasha to stop the course of his triumphant advance. In the Derwish organization the Mahdi possesses a power which is of the highest value in spreading a knowledge

of his success, and in the slave-trading interest he has a strength which will win him support along the whole line whereby the African captives are led through Mecca and the Hejâz to the north. It is not then fanaticism and religious pretensions that we have most to fear in the Mahdi, but the very human element of his influence over the wild populations of Africa, Arabia, and Syria.—*Fortnightly Review*.

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"THE LAST DAYS OF HEINRICH HEINE."*

MADAME CAMILLE SELDEN has in her little book, just issued (an expansion with important additions of a trifle published fifteen years ago in the *Revue Nationale*), discharged a most interesting though a most melancholy task. Slight though they are, this dust, as it were, from the wings of the butterfly that cheered the final period of "The Mattress Grave" in the Avenue Matignon, imprint the strange picture on the memory as the emphasis alone of eyewitness can. Here is "La Mouche's" first glimpse of the poet :

I had returned from Vienna charged with a message for him—some music, dedicated to him by one of his admirers. For safety's sake, I went myself to leave it at his home, and was just returning when a bell sounded in the adjoining room. The servant-maid re-entered, and I was astonished by the somewhat imperious tone of a voice which refused to let me go. A door was opened, and I penetrated into a most gloomy room, where I stumbled against a screen papered and painted to imitate lacquer. Behind this screen, extended on a somewhat low couch, lay a man ill and half blind. He seemed still young, though he was far from being so, and he must have once been handsome. Imagine the smile of Mephistopheles passing across the figure of Christ, a Christ who has just drained the cup ; he raised his head and offered me his hand, adding that it gave him pleasure to speak to any one who had returned from "down there." A sigh accompanied his "down there," a touching expression dying away on his lips like the echo of far-off, familiar melody.

The loan of a book and an entreaty to return, at first regarded merely as formal politeness, led to a pathetic and intimate relationship between the man who had been dying for so many years and the

spirituelle votary of his genius. In the little ramshackle room where the "Romanzero" and so much else that will live forever was written—a room which the authoress points out formed such a contrast to our era of picturesque bric-à-brac—she was his frequent and sympathetic companion. It is doubly interesting since the death of Mme. Heine last year to read the description of the worthy "Naturkind" from an unprejudiced source : "She was not all my fancy had painted. I beheld a big, good-natured brunette, tanned and jovial, one of those persons of whom one says that they must take plenty of exercise. What a sad contrast, this robust woman, formed to live in the open air, and this pale victim who was forever groping in the depths of an anticipated grave for the energy needful to secure pretty gowns besides daily bread."

Amid all this ill-assorted Bohemianism well described by the authoress as "savoring of an unwholesome past, and tasting undefinably of an out-at-elbows stageplayerdom," the man who probably never understood the meaning of *homme d'ordre*, and remained "thoroughly German, even naïf, under the Voltairian disguise," was kindness itself to his friends. Every one remembers the love for his mother which dictated light-hearted letters from the heavy-hearted sufferer : Mme. Selden now assures us of kind thought for his servants, and unselfishness for all except those who he suspected came to spy upon him. "Whatever they say," she exclaims, "he was never an egoist." Here is his first letter to "La Mouche" :

Very charming and amiable person, I regret

* "Les Derniers Jours de Henri Heine." (Paris : Calmann Lévy. 1884.)

immensely that I saw so little of you the other day. You have left a very pleasant impression on me, and I long to see you again. Come to-morrow if you can; anyhow as soon as possible: I am always ready to receive. I should prefer, however, if you could start at four o'clock and remain as late as you like. I write to you myself in spite of the weakness of my sight, because my confidential secretary has for the moment deserted me. My ears are battered by many painful noises, and I am always very suffering. I do not know why your affectionate sympathy does me so much good. Like the superstitious creature I am, I imagine a good fairy has visited me in the hour of affliction. No! If the fairy is good, the hour is happy; I *must* know this soon. Your Henri Heine.

He experienced, she continues naïvely enough in her turn, the dominion of one clear-sighted spirit on another, "and, besides, I had arrived at a lucky moment." His secretary falling ill, she replaced him for the nonce, addressed his letters to "the poor old woman" his mother, and superintended the French translation of the "Reisebilder." The nickname "Mouche" was owing to the device on her seal. Sometimes, profiting by her knowledge of German, he would dictate the letters themselves, and in allusion to her handwriting style himself her "school-master" in his own letters to her. With such opportunities, confidences, literary and personal, are to be expected, and it is to be wished that Madame Selden had escaped the fault so common to biographers of dwelling more on themselves or their opinions than their subject. It is interesting, however, to be told that he disliked De Musset's style as much as he did Victor Hugo's; it is "rhymed prose," he said of "Mardoche." Dumas père was his favorite novelist; George Sand he admired but did not like; he discerned the woman, the German woman, in all her works, and disliked at once her faults of judgment and exaggerations of oratory; above all, he blamed her inartistic want of individual separability from her works, and he disliked her habit of "transforming her principles into persons." He called her a "blue stocking," which on protest he corrected to "red stocking." Of Shakespeare alone he seems to have spoken with enthusiasm. "The good God," he said, "has naturally a right to the first place, but the second undoubtedly belongs to Shakespeare." The absence of "La

Mouche" in Wildbad for her health brings before our eyes a poetical scene of leave-taking—when he gazed at the scudding dust as if he beheld there the dark green-black forest, and neither spake a word—that recalls one of his own "Lieder:" his three letters to her while away, with their characteristic refrains of the phrase used by her "Empreinte vivante," and of "Pattes de Mouche," are at once sportive and terrible. "I am still (he writes) very ill, constant contradictions, fits of rage. Frenzy against my condition, which is desperate; a corpse thirsting for all the most glowing enjoyments that life can offer: it is horrible. Farewell! May the waters strengthen and benefit you!" The same wild and weary spirit dominates his letters on her return. "Dear and beloved creature," runs another extract, "I am very ill, but as much morally so as physically . . . I clasp the lotus flower in my hands, and am your devoted H. H." In again another he signs himself "Nebuchadnezzar the Second," and continues in a postscript: "For I am mad as the King of Babylon, and eat chopped food only, a nourishment my cook calls spinach." Others succeed, ironically playful, playfully writhing, mocking at himself, at the dull, at his own endurance: it is as if demons and angels were wrestling for the cup of sorrow. Meanwhile he was busied with those memoirs to vindicate his career, that luckily and unluckily have never seen the light: "The pencil running with a feverish activity over the white pages assumed in the attenuated fingers of the invalid the inflexibility of a murderous weapon and seemed to erase intact reputations. One day the sound of the pencil was replaced by a cruel laugh of satiated revenge. 'I hold them,' he repeated: 'dead or alive they shall not escape me: woe to the reader of these lines if he has dared to attack me: Heine does not die like any chance comer, and the tiger's grip shall survive the tiger.'"

His morbid intensity was checkered by two elements entirely his own—rallery and dreams. Once, while she was reading to him the confessions of St. Augustine, he answered her question, if he did not find them entrancing, by "Charming, undoubtedly—*up to the moment of his conversion.*" And his actual

vision of the passion flower, which is subjoined in the volume, religious at once and "romanesque," possesses the peculiar property of his death-dreams, namely—to make the reader actually feel himself dead. He there recounts how in a sarcophagus surrounded by splendid sculptures of all histories and religions, grotesque and beautiful (including Balaam's ass—the ass a striking likeness"), grouped in wondrous contrast, he beheld himself—a corpse. At the foot of the tomb grew the mysterious passion flower :

Magic of dreams, by strange transformation the passion flower, the sulphur-hued blossom, became a woman, my well-beloved—yea, the flower was thou, my child. I ought to have recognized thy kisses ; the lips of a flower are less tender, the tears of a flower less scorching. My eyelids were closed, but my soul ceased not to contemplate thy face. Thou regardedst me as if in ecstasy, pale under the moonbeam's caresses of fantastic lights. We spake not : ever my soul was listing what passed in thine. The word pronounced aloud is without shame. The chaste flower of love is silence, and how eloquent is silence ! It is expressed all without metaphor. The soul no more believes itself forced to implant the vine's hypocrite leaf. It can be understood without preoccupation by the wealth of rhyme, the harmony of phrase.

This rhapsody is significant. The end was nearing ; his mind lost none of its rare brilliance, his voice nothing of its ringing charm. He even remained fastidious as ever ; the last interview is most affectingly described. It was the 16th of February, 1855. Mme. Selden visited him as usual :

He called me near him, and made me sit at his bedside ; the tears which flowed down my pale cheeks seemed to move him deeply. "Draw back your hat, that I may see you better," he said ; and, with a caressing gesture, he grazed the knotted ribbon which fastened it. With a violent motion I cast it off, and found myself on my knees beside the bed.

He petulantly desired her presence. It was his fancy that he thought she thought, and ever must think, that his mind was in her ; to her he had addressed the lines :

Dich fesselst mein gedanke bang,
Und was ich leide musst du leiden.

On the threshold, "his voice, crisp, vibrating, anguished," was heard calling, "'To-morrow, do you hear, do not fail'—and I failed to answer the last appeal." She was ill on the 17th—a Sunday. She awoke with a strange feeling of being two and not one, with a dreadful and indefinite atmosphere of death around her :

About eight o'clock in the morning I heard a noise in my room, a kind of fluttering like that made by moths of a summer evening beating their wings against the window to find their way out again. My eyes opened, but instantly reclosed : a black form like an enormous insect was twisting itself in the first rays of day and striving somehow to escape. . . . They took me into the silent chamber, where like a statue on a tomb the body reposed in the noble motionlessness of death. Nothing more human in this despoiled clay, nothing to recall him who had loved, hated, suffered. An antique mask over which a supreme reconciliation shed the ice of proud indifference ; a pale, marble countenance whose correct lines recalled the purest masterpieces of Greek art.

—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

BEARS AND WOLVES.

BY PHIL ROBINSON.

It would be difficult in all nature to find two wild animals so diametrically opposed in appearance, habits, and character as the bear and the wolf. Yet it would be difficult in all poetry to find two wild animals more intimately associated. The shambling, fruit-eating, retiring, straightforward, and mild-mannered bear* has nothing in common with the agile, flesh-preferring, aggressive, treacherous, and ferocious wolf. Nevertheless in poetry they are as punctu-

ally and arbitrarily bracketed together as larks and linnets, or apes and asses.

Bruin has had to suffer much, in consequence, first of all, of the ignominious familiarity which its dancing and being baited have induced ; and, secondly, of its unfortunate personal appearance. But when it sets itself going after any one it wishes to catch, the bear displays an agility and address which those who have been hunted by it declare to be amazing. And when it wishes to get beetle grubs out of the ground, ants out of their nest, honey out of a bee-tree, fruit from a slender bough, or birds' eggs out of a nest, it

* The poets never speak of the grizzly bear, nor, therefore, do I.

shows itself to be as ingenious and skilful as any other animal that has to live by its wits. To get, for instance, at the beetle-grubs, it scratches off the upper earth and then sucks them up out of the ground—an application of a scientific process which no animal without a prodigious reserve of air-force could hope to accomplish. When it wishes to empty an ant-hive, it knocks the top off with its paws, and then, applying its mouth to the central gallery of the nest, inhales its breath forcibly, thereby setting up such a current of air that all the ants and their eggs come whirling up into his mouth like packets through a pneumatic tube. When robbing bees it does not get stung, and when after wild apricots or acorns it not only balances itself with all the judgment of a rope-walker, but uses its weight very cleverly so as to bring other boughs within reach of its curved claws. Not, while doing this, does it conceal what it is about. On the contrary, when sucking at an ant-heap or grub-hole it makes such a noise that on a still evening it can be heard a quarter of a mile off, and when up a tree, and not alarmed, it goes smashing about among the boughs as if bears were not only the rightful lords of the manor, but as if there were no such things as enemies in the world.

Now, even these few lines suffice to show the vast gulf between the bear and the wolf, and if the point were worth it I could easily fill pages with description of the secluded, simple-minded animal that would in every line contrast it with equal force with the guilty-minded, stealthy, blood-seeking wolf. The poets, however, with a curious neglect of large natural facts, carefully bring the two beasts into company as if they were associates in life and in crime.

In poetry there are two kinds of bears—the "wild-wood bear" and the dancing bear. The former is divided into the polar animal and the bear general. The latter is also subdivided into the purely saltatory and the baited bear.

None of them are popular with the bards. For the former, "the wild-wood bears," an unjust suspicion that it eats human beings—a suspicion as old as our ballads—

With beares he lives, with beares he feedes,
And drinkes the blood of men—

appears to prejudice the minds of some of our poets. Many others look upon them as animals that resemble tigers in their habits and tastes—

Bears naturally are beasts of prey
That live by rapine.

They are cruelly "fanged," as in Keats; and gloat over victims before devouring them, as in Spenser. "The bloody bear, an independent beast," says Dryden. In this aspect they are "rugged," "shapeless," and "shagged," "felon bears," and (in Heber) "heathen bears." They "howl" and "snort," in concert with wolves. But it is to the maternal triumph of licking her cubs into shape that the poetical attention is chiefly drawn;* the poet's supercilious satisfaction being very often increased by the discovery that after all her labors she produces nothing better than a bear. Thus Shenstone—

What village but has sometimes seen
The clumsy shape, the frightful mien,
Tremendous claws and shagged hair,
Of that grim brute yclep'd a bear.
He from his dam, the learn'd agree,
Receiv'd the curious form you see,
Who with her plastic tongue alone
Produced a visage—like her own.

And Pitt—

Thus when old Bruin teems, her children fail
Of limbs, form, figure, features, head or tail;
Nay, though she licks her cubs, her tender cares
At best can bring the Bruins into bears.

And Pope—

So watchful Bruin forms with plastic care
Each growing lump and brings it to a bear.

Not, for myself, that I see anything derogatory to a she-bear in being the mother of bear-cubs—and nothing more.

It is evident, though, that the poets are conscious of their want of familiarity with the wild animal. For, whether we meet it in a hot country as "the shaggy monster of the wooded wild," or see

Slow o'er the printed snows with silent walk
Huge shaggy forms across the twilight stalk,
the bear is an undefined, mysterious,

* It is too late in years to refute this fiction seriously. But Sir Thomas Browne's argument against its verity (after having otherwise shown its complete fallacy) is worth quoting. "Besides," says he, "(what few take notice of) men hereby do in a high measure vilify the works of God, imputing that unto the tongue of a beast which is the strangest artifice in all the acts of nature."

and, so to speak, still unlicked monster. Not, however, without a weird majesty, as in Jean Ingelow—

The white bears all in a dim blue world,
Mumbling their meals by twilight.

As a performer on the village green, or as a retainer of the household, "creeping close among the hives, to rende an honey-combe," it has a distinct individuality, but as a wild beast none. Perpetually in use as an adjunct of savage scenes, it never seems to be described from the life. It always looms out from a distance, or from gloom, and seldom comes close enough to us to be tangible or seen in detail. It is a convenient beast but a shadowy one, and Butler (in his portrait of Potemkin) seems to me to sum up with tolerable fairness the whole of the poet's bear-lore—

The gallant bruin march'd next him,
With visage formidably grim,
And rugged as a Saracen,
Or Turk of Mohamet's own kin,
Clad in a mantle d'elles guerres
Of rough impenetrable fur;
And in his nose, like Indian king,
He wore, for ornament, a ring;
About his neck a threefold gorget,
As rough as trebled leathern target;
Armed, as heralds cant, and langued,
Or, as the vulgar say, sharp-fanged;
For as the teeth in beasts of prey
Are swords, with which they fight in fray,
So swords, in men of war, are teeth
Which they do eat their vittle with.
He was by birth, some authors write,
A Russian, some a Muscovite,
And 'mong the Cossacks had been bred,
Of whom we in Diurnals read,
That serve to fill up pages here,
As with their bodies ditches there.
Scrimansky was his cousin-german,
With whom he serv'd and fed on vermine,
And when these fail'd he'd suck his claws,
And quarter himself upon his paws.—

Butler, "Hudibras."

Unlike the Puritans, who hated bear-baiting, not because it gave pain to the bear, but because it gave pleasure to the spectators, the poets "condemn" the pastime as cruel to Bruin.

How barbarously man abuses power!
Talk of the baiting, it will be replied
Thy welfare is thy owner's interest,
But wert thou baited it would injure thee,
Therefore thou art not baited. For seven
years—

Hear it, O heaven! and give ear, O earth!—
For seven long years this precious syllogism
Hath baffled justice and humanity.

Their sympathy is always with the bear

that has "off-shakt" the "curses," and when the "cruell dogs" get the better of him the poets punctually note that the bear was chained or muzzled. They use the simile of "ragged roaring bears rearing up against the baiters" for the nobles attacked by those of lower degree, or for men of might beset by numbers. They knew the spectacle—

When through the town, with
Slow and solemn air, led by the nostril,
Walked the muzzled bear.

The Bankside bear-garden and Hockley Hole were familiar names, and the dancing Bruin has given at least three poets the subject for a poem, Leyden drawing the "moral" from the exhibition that men learned to dance from the bear, and might still improve their own saltations by imitating it; and Southey, with excellent humor, using the old slave-trade arguments to persuade the bear that dancing was good for it.

We are told all things were made for man,
And I'll be sworn there's not a fellow here
Who would not swear 'twere hanging blas-
phemy

To doubt that truth. Therefore as thou wert
born,

Bruin, for man, and man makes nothing of thee
In any other way, most logically

It follows, that thou must be born to dance,
That that great snout of thine was formed on
purpose

To hold a ring, and that thy fat was given thee
Only to make pomatum.

To demur

Were heresy. And politicians say
(Wise men who in the scale of reason give
No foolish feelings weight) that thou art here
Far happier than thy brother bears who roam
O'er trackless snows for food; that being born
Inferior to thy leader, unto him
Rightly belongs dominion; that the compact
Was made between ye when the clumsy feet
First fell into the snare, and he gave up
His right to kill, conditioning thy life
Should henceforth be his property. Besides,
'Tis wholesome for thy morals to be brought
From savage climes into a civilized state,
Into the decencies of Christendom.

Probably, too, they were not ignorant of that other elegant Elizabethan pastime of "whipping blind bears."

But of the "awkward," "uncouth," "shuffling" beast which they are so ready to put into their verse—

Rough tenant of the shades, the shapeless bear,
With dangling ice all horrid stalks forlorn—

they had only the most delightful ignorance.

Yet, what a large place the bear has

filled in the past. And how multitudinous and honorable are its associations. As the God of Thunder, the Bear-king of Storms, Bruin is perfectly majestic in cloud-myths. The tempest-demons, black-bearded, are his children, and the thunder-clouds, ragged and gloomy, go rolling and roaring and foaming overboard, bears every one of them, and close on the heels of their prey. Turn it round to the sun-myth, and lo! "the shining ones," the luminous sky, the bear. In the one aspect horrific as the bear-fiends of Dardistan or the shaggy terrors, every hair of iron, that awe the Russian peasant; in the other, benign, "the honey-finder;" or in Lapland, "the dog of God;" or in Russia, "the old man with the fur cloak." On the one hand, the cruel instrument of the prophet at Bethel, a synonym for lurking mischief in the classics and Holy Writ; on the other, the nurse of Paris and Atalanta,* the docile disciple of saints, the gentle animal that played at soldiers with the children, or the other that so prettily befriended Snow-White and Rose-Red.

Poetry, however, so diligent sometimes in availing itself of legend, takes no cognizance of the unusual prominence of the bear in history, heraldry, art, and folk-lore. The story of Valentine and Orson affords the subject of a ballad.

"But who's this hairy youth?" she said,
 "He much resembles thee."
 "The bear devoured my younger son,
 Or sure that son were he."
 "Madam, this youth with bears was bred,
 And reared within their den,

* A white bear, perhaps such a one as Spenser knew of—

I saw two Beares, as white as any milke,
 Lying together in a mightie cave,
 Of milde aspect, and haire as soft as silke.
 That salvage nature seemed not to have,
 Nor after greedie spoyle of bloud to crave;
 Two fairer beasts might not elsewhere be
 found,

Although the compast world were sought
 around.

But what can long abide above this ground
 In state of blis, and stedfast happinesse?
 The cave, in which these Beares lay sleeping
 sound,

Was but of earth, and with her weightinesse
 Upon them fell, and did unawares oppresse,
 That, for great sorrow of their sudden fate,
 Henceforth all worlds felicitie I hate.

—Spenser, "Ruines of Time."

But reced ye any mark
 To know your son again?"

And the Russian and "the Persian beares," the badges of Warwick and Leicester, are referred to. But not a word for the legends of St. Ursus and St. Ursula, St. Maximin, St. Anthony, and St. Medard; not for Oursine nor the Orsinis; not for the Cities of the Bears nor the Bear Hills; nor the virgins of Artemis, the unhappy rival of Juno, mother of constellations, "Calisto's Star," and "the Burning Bear," the terror of the Tyrrhenian mariners, who had unawares given Bacchus a free passage; nor the bears of story, Gundramnus the church-builder, Restaurco the musician, Sackerston and Martin, Rollo and Marco, the ursine monsters of the Ramayana—the bear-kings, friends-in-arms of the Solar Hero—or all the hundred bear-myths of the world. How is it that not a hint of these distinctions in literature, and of as many more that I have omitted, do not find even a passing reference in the poets? Is it possible that, having formulated a bear of their own, "obscene" in nature and ridiculous in captivity, they avoided all appearance of countenancing the past dignities of Bruin?

Once more then, whence arose this strange antipathy to the bear? It could not have come from previous information, for all precedent honored the animal. Nor was it from any knowledge of the bear in nature. For the bear in nature—I am speaking of the species which the poets supposed themselves to be speaking of—is really almost a lovable animal. It is a vegetable- and fruit-feeder, when it can get such food, and, failing its favorite viands, eats by preference insects. Its life is particularly innocent, and its manners, as a rule, are the reverse of ferocious. Having satisfied itself with berries and buds, the bear returns to its cave, and there, putting its paws into its mouth, lies humming to itself like some great baby sucking its thumb and crooning. It takes few precautions against surprise, will stay out eating wild strawberries or acorns till the sun is fairly up, and will then go into its cleft in the rock and murmur contentedly to itself, and so loudly that sportsmen are frequently guided from a distance to the spinning-

wheel sound* which ~~prays~~ the bear sucking his paws at his ease. If my subject permitted it, I should like to sketch the real character of the bear as it is at home, for there are few living things that have so much to complain of as frugivorous, harmless Bruin.

Folk-lore, as a rule, is just, and folk-lore is always kind to the bear. There are no fairy tales or legends in which the bear is a villain. He is a blundering fool in several fables, but he is never unamiable. Sir Bruin is of a common type. He has great physical strength and fidelity of character, but he is so simple that adversaries always outwit him. He is no match for foxes, any more than Sir Bors was, or Jubal or Earl Arthgal of the Table Round, or any of those heavy, slumberous giants upon whose persons small, agile, and invincibly armed heroes performed such prodigies of valor.

The bear is the sleepy summer thunder of Scandinavian myth, and the idea suits it exactly. For it is of a moody, grumbling kind, happy enough in an old country-gentleman sort of way when unmolested, but testy in the matter of strange neighbors and trespassers. It is a stubborn Conservative, a Legitimist, a protest of Routine against Reform. Daniel makes it a symbol of faithlessness; but he evidently knew more about lions than bears, or he would have known that bears are very generous, never returning to harm a fallen adversary. "Women," says Slender, "cannot abide them, they are very ill-favored rough things;" but there is an abundant dignity about them nevertheless. They are among the seniors of the quadrupeds in nature, and in art brought no declension from eminence to such as bore them on their

shields—the greatest of monarchs, of earls, and of painters :

"Well is knowne that," sith the Saxon king,
"Never was wolf seene, many nor some,
Nor in all Kent, nor in Christendom."

But there was a time, as Keats says, "while yet our England was a wolfish den," when our ancestors called February "the month of wolves," and prayed in their litanies for defence against them; and many poets, Dryden, Somerville, Drayton, Addison among them, gratefully allude to the purging of our isles of these destructive pests.

Cambria's proud kings (tho' with reluctance)
paid

Their tributary wolves, head after head,
The full account, till the wood yields no more,
And all the rav'nous race extinct is lost.

To the poets, therefore, with their allowable extensions of horizon and chronology, the wolf was a British animal. Not in the way that the lion has become one, but on the more practical basis of previous existence in the country. So it comes, perhaps, more familiarly off their pens than other animals. Its name, moreover, has become, probably in every language under the sun, for the animal is almost universally known, a synonym for twilight ferocity, so that the poets are abundantly justified in their attitude of detestation. But it is very interesting to remark the poetical method of bringing the wolf within the sweep of poetical opprobrium.

By daylight it is the accomplice of vultures, and by night of owls, so that there is nothing too bad to say of the wolf. The fact is true enough of the animal in nature, for it is the Thug among the beasts. But the synthetical process by which the poets arrive at full compass of the wolf's iniquity is very pleasing. Tyranny and darkness are their special aversions, so the poets construct a wretch that preys by preference on the very weak and innocent and young, and then make it commit its violences by night. By this means the wolf not only alienates all the sympathies of the chivalrous and generous, but is branded as the nocturnal companion of such obscene, night-prowling things as owls and bats, night-ravens and hyenas. A dash of man-eating is then thrown in to exasperate the general sentiment of the sanctity of humanity, and to enlist

* Cuvier's bear "was particularly fond of sucking its paws, during which operation it always sent forth a uniform and constant murmur, something like the sound of a spinning-wheel." "The sucking of the paw, accompanied by a drumming noise when at rest, and especially after meals, is common to all bears, and during the heat of the day they may often be heard puffing and humming far down in caverns and fissures of rocks." The cause of this has often been speculated on, but Tickell imagines that it is merely a habit peculiar to it, and he states "that they are just as fond of sucking their neighbor's paws or the hands of any person as their own paws."

against it human reverence for the dead and the beautiful maternal instinct; the beast is finally touched up with such details as the desecration of graves, corpse-eating, and baby-snatching.

It is the "night-prowling," "savage," "fierce - descending," "insatiate," "surly," "stern," "grim," "gaunt," "wild," "shaggy," "black-jawed," "robber" wolf. Its voice is a "long" and "deep" howl, or "shrill" or "a low whine," "lugubrious dreary yell," and "death-boding."

A dreadful adjunct of all scenes of dismal horror—"Near him the she-wolf stirred in the brake, and the copper-snake breathed in his ear." Whenever a tragedy is on hand, the neighboring thicket holds a wolf, or the rocky pine-glen yonder knows their lurking tread.

There are few circumstances of more than ordinary wretchedness that are not accompanied by one of these animals, or a pack of them, and at night the wolf's "howls" rise almost as punctually as the moon. It may be in wild country—

Shrill, wildly issuing from a neighboring height,
The wolf's deep howlings pierce the ear of night;
From the dark swamp he calls his skulking crew,
Their nightly scenes of slaughter to renew;
Their mingling yells sad savage woes express,
And echo dreary through the dark recess.

Or in civilization—

From time to time a restless watch-dog bayed,
And a cock crew, or from the echoing hill,
The wolf's low whine, prolonged and multiplied,
Possessed the ear of night and over-ruled
All other sounds.

Being thus a thing of night, it becomes in poets' phrase "obscene," as in Leyden—

Beats obscene frequent the lonely halls,
Howling through windows waste the wolf appear'd.

Or in egregious Thomson—

Wolves and bears and monstrous things obscene.

And is punctually associated with that delightful fiction of the poets, the poetical owl. They are as thick as thieves, these two creatures, and always "on the patter" together. If you see Charley Bates coming up the street you may be sure the Dodger is in the immediate neigh-

borhood. "The owlet whoops to the wolf below;" the rascals converse in highwayman's slang. The chances are they are decoys for each other and divide the "swag" of the victims they assassinate in company. Was there ever such an abominably comic partnership in crime—owls and wolves! And just as owls, after taking all the lower degrees of criminality, become in poetry "shrikes" (which are of a very venomous sort), so wolves graduate into "were-wolves" or "war-wolves." Their hairs are then used like owls' feathers by witches to mix with "madd dogges foames and adders ears." They haunt Coleridge's woods with vampyres and other monstrosities, and their voices are alike "death-boding."

That wolves—"assiduus in the shepherds' harms"—prey on flocks is in itself quite sufficient to turn all good poets against them. Does not the vulture suffer miserably in poetry from being accused of "pouncing" doves? And are not doves and lambs equally engaging; and is not therefore, the wolf as detestable as the vulture, with which indeed (when it is seen abroad in daylight) it is nearly always to be found in company? So the poets have little sympathy for "the grim wolf that with privy paw daily devours apace," even when it is most hungry. Hunger, indeed, would hardly seem to be allowable at all in wolves. It is an aggravation of the offence instead of a palliation. If they would consent to eat strawberries they might fare no worse than the bears, but as it is, that they should deliberately go forth and satisfy their detestable cravings with mutton (and now and then with the mutton-herd himself) enrages the ordinary poet. Nor, when this infamous appetite for butchers' meat is indulged by a meal of lamb, are even the better poets able to control their generous indignation—

The gaunt wolf crouches to spring out on the lamb,
And if hunger be on him, he spares not the dam.

Worse than this is Colin's complaint—

They often devoured their owne sheepe,
And often the shepheards that did hem keepe;
This was the first source of shepheard's sorrow.

The last line is a delightful one.

Savage, Akenside, Rogers, and others extend their tenderness from the lamb

to its cousin the kid, but there is always, curiously enough, a reservation of sympathy from the fact that the kid was "straying." The lamb on the other hand, is generally where it should be, "bleating" near its "fleecy dam;" and the unprincipled conduct of the wolf takes therefore a deeper dye from the outrage on the ewe's feelings which accompanies that on the lamb's, while if the victim be carried out of a sheepfold there is the crime of housebreaking super-added.

But sometimes it arrives that the shepherds get the better of the wolf, as in Chatterton's "Battle of Hastings"—

As when the shipster in his shadie bower
Hears doubling echoe wind the wolfin's rore,
That neare hys flocke is watchyng for a prae,
With trustie talbots to the battel flies,
And yell of men and dogs and wolfin tear the
skies.

Or in "The Wanderer"—

When lo! an ambush'd wolf, with hunger bold,
Springs at the prey and fierce invades the fold,
But by the pastor not in vain defy'd,
Like our arch-foe by some celestial guide.

Or in Cowley—

Such rage inflames the wolf's wild heart and
eyes
(Robbed, as he thinks, unjustly of his prize).
Whom unawares the shepherd spies and draws
The bleating lamb from out his ravenous jaws.

In metaphor this salvation of the lamb (and its attendant parents) is a very frequent figure, showing very pleasantly the general tendency of the poets to rejoice with the virtuous and innocent over their escape from consumption, and with the loyal custodian of another's property over his triumph against the wicked-minded vagabond.

But the wolf's name would not have been terrible in legends had it merely plundered the sheepfold. It is its crimes against mankind that have made it so gruesome a beast in folk-lore and so perilous in nature; and the poets do not fail to take note of the solitary pilgrims, mountaineers, goatherds, and travellers that the wolves make their prey, nor of the horrid duties they share with birds of carrion on deserted fields of battle; nor yet of greater crimes than all these—the murder of infants in their mothers' arms, and their violation of graves. In the following truly Thomsonian passage the poet catalogues the animal's iniquities:

Cruel as death, and hungry as the grave!
Burning for blood! bony, and gaunt, and
grim,
Assembling wolves in raging troops descend;
And, pouring o'er the country, bear along,
Keen as the north wind sweeps the glossy
snow.
All is their prize. They fasten on the steed,
Press him to the earth, and pierce his mighty
heart.
Nor can the bull his awful front defend,
Or shake the murdering savages away.
Rapacious at the mother's throat they fly,
And tear the screaming infant from her breast.
The godlike face of man avails him naught.
Even beauty, force divine! at whose bright
glance
The generous lion stands in softened gaze,
Here bleeds, a hapless undistinguish'd prey.
But if, apprized of the severe attack,
The country be shut up, lured by the scent,
On churchyards drear (inhuman to relate!)
The disappointed prowlers fall, and dig
The shrouded body from the grave; o'er which,
Mix'd with foul shades, and frightened ghosts,
they howl

Each enormity in Thomson's catalogue finds abundant individual condemnation in the poets. Thus Leyden—

The prowling wolves that round the hamlet
swarm
Tear the young babe from the frail mother's
arms;
Full gorged, the monster, in the desert bred,
Howls, long and dreary, o'er the unburied
dead.

Chaucer's wolf, "with eyen red and of a man he ete;" Dodd's gaunt wolf that "blood-happy, growling feeds on the quivering heart" of the belated Switzer;* Mackay's score of wolves "rushing lik ghouls on a corse new-dead;" and Webster's

But keep the wolf far hence, that's foe to men,
For with his nails he'll dig them up again.

How this ghoul attribute of the wolf gained currency it is not easy to guess, for no work of natural history charges the wolf with doing that for which it is by nature unfitted to accomplish. A wolf might of course scratch up a corpse that was only lightly covered with soil, but it has not got the claws necessary for rifling any decent grave.

The climax of horror is of course reached when the wolf is a baby-eater—Vexed by the darkness, from the piny gulf,
Ascending nearer, howls the famished wolf,
While through the stillness scatters wild dismay,
Her babe's small cry that leads him to his prey.

* The mountaineer, naturally, is more often the prey of poets' wolves than other classes of solitary-lived men, shepherds alone excepted.

But surely Thomson as unjustly aggravates the wolf's obliquities when he makes it loitering on sea-shores, "there awaiting wrecks;" as Spenser, when he makes the wolves (sacred to Artemis) "seeke to devoure" the nymphs of Dian.

But inasmuch as the poets sometimes need to use the wolf, their symbol of ruthless cruelty, as comparing favorably with men whom they consider worse than wolves, they have to absolve the animal from its supreme crime of cannibalism in order to have the one extra point in infamy to reproach human beings with. So men are wolves and "cannibals" in addition, though it is a fact that of all animals in the world the wolf is itself the most egregious cannibal. Most wild beasts will eat their own species on occasion, but the wolf habitually does so. No other explanation of this, of course, is needed than the hunger of the hour aggravating a natural bloodthirstiness; but if it were, it would doubtless be found in the instinct that tells these brutes that they, of all wild beasts, cannot afford to have lagging comrades, and that it is better therefore for the commonwealth to eat them up as soon as they are crippled. In the same way savages massacre their prisoners (and sometimes eat them), for they cannot afford to drag about with them in time of war a burden of wounded and useless.

While on the one hand, therefore, the wolf escapes a reproach that he is fairly liable to, man, on the other, is libelled by the unjust comparison—

Who ever saw the wolves that he can say,
Like more inhuman us, so bent on prey.
To rob their fellow wolves upon the way.

The fiercest creatures we in nature find
Respect their figure still in the same kind;
To others rough, to these they gentle be,
And live from noise, from feuds, from factions free.

And again—

But man, the wildest beast of prey,
Wears friendship's semblance to betray.

Not that I would be thought to defend our kind from these charges, for they are only too well founded. I only complain of the wolf not being fished with the same net and served with the same sauce.

But the chief feature of the wolf-symbol appears to me neglected—namely,
NEW SERIES.—VOL. XXXIX., No. 4

the altogether disproportionate accession of horror that surrounds wolves when in a pack, as compared with the solitary animal. Alone, the wolf is a highwayman, an individual bandit; in company they are furies. A little dog, a little child, a faggot of wood,* a fluttering rag, will suffice to keep off a single wolf; but a squadron of cavalry will hardly stop the rush of a pack. The hunter hears a solitary howl and looks to his rifle; but the wind brings down to him a chorus of voices, and he thinks only of escape. Men ride down single wolves in the snow and kill them with whips; but the hunters become the hunted when a dozen wolves sweep down from the rocks.

To its craftiness the poets bear ready witness, but not probably since Hobbinole discoursed with Diggon Davie on the Kentish downs has wolfish cunning received such amazing and delicious testimony. Diggon tells his companion how "a wicked wolfe, that with many a lambe had gutted his gulfe," taught itself how to bark ("learned a curre's call"), and then, dressing up in the fleece of one of its victims ("his counterfeit cote"), allowed itself to be penned up with the flock in the fold at night; and how at midnight it would begin to howl, at which Roffin the shepherd would send out his big dog Lowder to scour the country; and how while Lowder was away scouring the country the wolf would "catchen his prey, a lambe, or a kid, or a weanall wast,† and with that to the wood would speede him fast." But this was not the worst—

For it was a perilous beast above all,
And eke had he cond the shepheard's call,
And oft in the night came to the sheep-cote
And called Lowder, with a hollow throte,
As if the olde man selfe had beene;
The dogge his maister's voice did it weene,
Yet half in doubt he opened the dore
And ranne out as he was wont of yore.
No sooner was out, but swifter than thought
Fast by the hyde the wolfe Lowder caught
And, had not Roffy renne to the steven, ‡
Lowder had been slaine thilke same even.

In metaphor the wolf does not fail to meet with his deserts. Rapine, Lust, Cruelty, Treachery are all wolves. Crime (in Mackay) has a "wolfish grin;" Plague (in Shelley) is "a winged wolf;"

* Wolf-scaring faggot. — *Campbell*.

† A weaned youngling. *Digitized by Google* ‡ Noise.

Pride and Avarice (in Cowper) "make man a wolf;" Bigotry (in Watts) is "half a murdering wolf;" and again, in Shelley—

Wolfish Change, like winter, howls to strip
The foliage in which Fame, the eagle, built
Her eerie, while Dominion whelped below.

Dryden calls the Presbyterians, and Milton the Papists, wolves—

Help us to save free conscience from the paw
Of hireling wolves whose gospel is their maw.

Pomfret bewolfs the soldiers of Kirke,
Southey those who fought against Joan of

Arc, Byron the enemies of Greece, and Gay the Irish.

The Assyrian was not more fierce in his attack upon doomed Jerusalem, Orcas not more fearful, "his wolfish mountains rounding," Satan leaping into Eden, "lighting on his feet," not more bold-stealthy, than the wolf that "leaps with ease into the fold." Even Rome's founder, so bitter is the poet's hostility to the "howling nurse of plundering Romulus," is followed into after-life by reflections upon his wet-nurse.—*Belgravia*.

CHRISTIANITY AND POLITICS.

WE have recently been occupied in the attempt to answer the question whether that scheme of society known as Socialism derives any special sanction from Christianity. We would to-day return upon the relation between politics and religion from a wider point of view, and attempt to answer the question which several recent utterances must have suggested to our readers—In what relation does political duty stand to Christian teaching? The noble protest against the notion that religion stands out of relation to political duty, which was elicited from the Warden of Keble College, by Mr. Harrison's account of the Positivist worship in the columns of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, must have met with a welcome from many who felt indignant at having it assumed that this was a specially Christian notion: although they may have been quite ready to allow both that the behavior of many Christians has encouraged it, and also that the behavior of most Positivists is an excellent rebuke to it. And the wish recently expressed in Mr. Seeley's lectures on the "Expansion of England" that history should become more political, must have carried many thoughts in the same direction, if not exactly to the same goal. How far can those who consider that the most important truth is that which concerns the relation of God to man join in the wish that a record of human life should ally itself with the political spirit?

It must be admitted at once that if by

Christianity we mean something of divine origin, and if by politics we mean a theory of the relation between the governors and the governed, the idea that any connection exists between these two things would be confuted by history. There is no disputable theory of government which has not been defended by true Christians, and also opposed by them, at some time or other. If we confine our attention to our own time, it is, of course, possible to fancy that some such connection exists. We live on the edge of a great uprising against authority which was combined with a rejection of Christianity, and it is natural that two things opposed together should be remembered together; but if we had lived in the England of 200 years ago, we should have seen an uprising against authority which was combined with a strong and marked assertion of Christianity, and should have been inclined to look upon religious enthusiasm as dangerous to civil order and secular rule rather than to liberty. And if in the fifteen centuries since Christianity was dominant it has oftener been in alliance with the spirit of authority than the spirit of freedom, that fact tells us nothing whatever of its own character, only of the tendency of mankind to mix the assertion of truth with claims for their own authority. About the result of any scheme of government Christian men are, it is plain, promised no supernatural illumination. They may be mistaken about what tends to true Liberty, as they may be mistaken about what tends to true Order. But

they are as much the less Christians if they fail in sympathy with liberty, as if they fail in sympathy with order. We cannot say that one principle is more sacred than the other. The Christian teacher should most urgently insist on that, whichever it be, which Christians are most likely to forget, and he may be as much mistaken on that point as any one else may.

Nevertheless, to allow that Christianity had no influence on politics would be simply to allow that Christianity was false. Does our duty to our neighbor need a less potent sanction when its object changes from one to many? Do we require a divine wisdom to enlighten us as to the duties which concern the happiness of two or three, and can we dispense with it when we come to duties which concern the happiness of millions? The question answers itself. If a man be not a better citizen for being a Christian, then Christianity is a dream. It might be argued, with much plausibility, and not without some truth, that no other relation affords so sure a test of a man's moral condition as does that which he holds to the community of which he forms a part. Before we condemn a man who has failed, however unquestionably, as son or husband, we have to learn the character of the other member of the relation; but if he is a bad citizen, he cannot expect the community to divide the blame with him. We do not mean to deny that other points in the comparison suggest an opposite conclusion; but still it is true, on the whole, that while few duties are so important as political duties, there are none in which a man's responsibility is so absolute, as far as it goes. To ask whether political duty should be influenced by religion is like asking whether Scotland is a part of Great Britain. But if we define Great Britain as stopping short at Edinburgh, and Scotland as bounded on the south by the Grampians, Scotland would form no part of Great Britain. And the ordinary conception of Christianity is not a more shrunken fragment of the religion which that word should mark out than is the ordinary conception of politics. "General Christians," as Lord Palmerston called them, are no better illustrations of the meaning of Christianity, than is

the ordinary Tory or Radical of that science which deals with the duties of a citizen. Our participation in the relations of civil life varies greatly, but not more than our participation in individual relations does, and it would not be easy to decide which are the most important of the two. Conceive, for instance, the change that would come over the world if only one single political duty were rightly fulfilled, if no one either gave or withheld his gift for any needy claimant without a sense of responsibility. So miserably has the very idea of politics shrunk, that it will sound odd to reckon our duty to the poor as a political duty; yet of all the duties that belong to a *polity*, surely it is the one to which ordinary individuals would do best to give heed.

We are far from urging that the ordinary meaning of politics refers to something unimportant. It may be the duty of every man of influence to stand by that party whose principles, on the whole, he deems nearest the truth, and whose influence, on the whole, appears to him most useful to the community. And the struggle between the two armies whose watch-words are respectively "Freedom" and "Order," however we may regret it, is one which we are forced to regard as a permanent incident of national life. Although between the ideas of freedom and of order *themselves* there is no opposition, yet, as the whole of history shows us that the men who make each of these things their object are actually enlisted under different banners, this battle seems a part of the system of things, which we have to accept and make the best of. Loyalty to a party is, in many cases, a duty; and there is no doubt that it may be sacrificed to many things much lower than itself. But it may be at once confessed that this is a duty which Christianity tends to make more difficult. Christian belief has no tendency to endow a man either with political knowledge or political ability, any more than it has a tendency to endow him with arithmetical accuracy. It makes him wish to be an honest man, and, so far, it helps him to keep his accounts accurately—and that wish is a real help. And so it is a real help toward party loyalty, to a certain extent. But a

religious faith tends to increase the claimants on a man's loyalty; and no true claimant to loyalty—and we fully allow the claim—comes so low down in the scale as a party does. No kind of valid claim is so much subject to revision from the side of considerations that spring from Christian ground. Christianity is, in reference to what many people call politics, a disturbing element. The attitude which a profoundly Christian mind is apt to take toward party questions was well illustrated in all the political utterances of Mr. Maurice. He would always seek for the true principle at the root of any outgrowth of party feeling, would point out the distortion to which it was liable, and the failure which awaited it just so far as it admitted any influence from this distortion, and there he would stop. He never led his hearers to see that one side was right and the other wrong. And that is just what a politician has to see—a politician, that is to say, in this narrow sense of the word, which we are obliged to give in to, even while we protest against it.

However, in all this there is nothing specially characteristic of Christianity, except so far as Christianity has been the moral faith which men have felt most earnestly. All such faith originates sympathies and beliefs which tend to confuse and trouble party union. The very protest from which we have taken our text fully allows that Christians owe to Comtists a most valuable reminder of that side of their political duties, however we name it, by which party feeling is cast into the shade. No body of men have done more to uphold the claims on politicians of "morality touched with emotion" than the Positivists have; and if they have not had to meet the accusation of "humanitarianism," "want of patriotism," and the like, it is only because it has not been felt worth while to make it. They have shown the truest patriotism in urging the duties of their country on those who represent its external action, and are as much bound to consider its duties as each one of us is to consider our own duties; but they have shown also exactly that *interference* of religious feeling with party feeling which provokes most hostility on the part of politicians. We

may call it religious feeling, since it is their religion, though its object is humanity; and we may call the feeling with which it interferes party feeling, though its object is a country; for patriotism sinks to the level of party feeling when our country is regarded as a corporate being with claims, and without duties. And if Christians had been as true to their creed as Positivists had been to theirs (they are no worse men, but the task has been more difficult), they would have been better politicians in the larger sense, and worse in the narrower sense. Humanity is not the object of their worship. But it is the object of sympathies touched with new life from their creed, and of duties taking a new sanction from the same source. Who can doubt, for instance, that if Christianity had been a living, predominant influence, the anti-slavery movement would have been a distinctly Church movement? And who doubts now, whatever be his political creed, that the abolition of slavery was a great political step, and that every one who helped it on was not only a better Christian, but a better politician—a soldier fighting on the right side, even if you mean by the right side nothing but the side which is going to win? At the same time, it must have happened more than once that this question weakened a party, even when a party was working for good. Nothing in Macaulay's prosperous life is so interesting as the sacrifices which he made to his father's principles, but at the time it must have seemed to many, and, perhaps, sometimes even to himself, as if he were sacrificing not so much his interest to his duty, as his political feeling to his personal feeling. Yet now there is no act of his life which would be felt so conspicuously right, in a political sense, by every one.

There is no subject which more distinctly exhibits the difference between the amalgam of Christian belief with ecclesiastical feeling which represents Christianity to the world, and its true spirit, as the history of slavery does. We must confess that there have been men who would have laid down their lives to make other men Christians, and did all they could to keep them slaves; perhaps this must be said, for instance, of Whitefield. Of course, the very motives

which make men cowardly about giving offence and careful of preserving their influence take strength from sources that call themselves Christian. But there can be no doubt in an unprejudiced mind what has been the influence of Christianity on slavery. "Ce n'est pas Spartacus qui a supprimé l'esclavage, c'est bien plutôt Blandine," says a historian whose testimony to anything Christian will not be received with suspicion—M. Renan. It is surprising that that tribute to the martyred slave-girl has not aroused more attention. It is a tribute not to this or that form of Christianity, but to the teaching of Jesus. He said, "Resist not evil." We say, "That is an unpractical, exaggerated doctrine; we must pare down its meaning to some much smaller, before we can make any use of it. M. Renan says this was the teaching that put an end to slavery. A pagan hero refused to be "butchered to make a Roman holiday," fired his oppressed brethren with the passion for liberty, and taught slaves to die in the strength of that passion. We cannot say that the genius and courage which it taxed the utmost strength of Rome to subdue did anything toward ending slavery. The quelled revolt of Spartacus riveted the chains of his brethren, sharpened the scourge under which they groaned, and hardened against them the heart of the most humane of the Romans. Then came a faith which appealed with special promise to the slave, which offered duties he could fulfil and rights that he could claim; he accepted it, he believed the words of Christ literally, he feared not them which could kill the body, and after that had no more they could do; he accepted death and torture at their hands with unresisting hope, and when the storm of persecution was past slavery had become impossible. Slaves had taught freemen how to die, they were enrolled among the saints, and it was impossible that humanity could continue to recognize a distinction which was thrown into the shade as much by common memories as by common hopes. We do not say that this is the way all historians would narrate the facts, but certainly the one from whom we have taken this view is not a prejudiced advocate of Christianity.

The records of history might be made to yield very different answers to our question, no doubt. The worst crimes it commemorates have been committed in the service of something that the criminals sincerely believed to be Christianity, and it is no unnatural inference to conclude that its teachings were not intended to be applied to the region where they were capable of so hideous a distortion. At times every Christian student of history must have felt an enormous relief in turning from modern to ancient history, and escaping from the atmosphere of something which calls itself by the name of his faith, but which must have seemed to him more nearly a complete antithesis to everything to which his faith bears witness than any kind of belief and feeling that was in the world before it existed. And then, of course, it is easy to go on to the wish that men should live politically as they did live before it existed, that the whole world of political relation should remain as untouched by the aims associated with Christianity as is the life of the men one reads of in Thucydides. At times, indeed, it appears as if this aim were to be realized in our day. We do not believe it can be realized in any day. But what we may say decidedly is that it will be something new in the world if it ever does come to pass that Christianity gives no color to political life. History shows us an endless complexity of alliance between Christian feeling and that against which Christian feeling should be a perpetual struggle; but the modern idea of private life regulated by one code, and public by another—this, whatever else there is to be said for it, is not a conception that can be illustrated from the life of the past. History may help us to understand how it arose. The Church was born in an age when civil virtue was as impossible as to an individual is filial piety in old age. It became the rival, not the ally, of a life which was younger than itself. A national life grew up beneath its shelter, and was not easily recognized as its equal. Yet it is the most theological of all poets, and the one in whom the spirit of the Middle Ages is most completely expressed, who gives a most emphatic sanction to the belief that these powers are equals. No ideal of life is more political than Dan-

te's. The Emperor and the Pope are correlative authorities, performing functions equally sacred, alike agents in giving Christendom a unity which in this mediæval ideal it was to possess in a much higher degree than our modern thinkers dare to dream of. From this point of view, the modern condition of a congeries of States struggling through some vague conceptions of international law to attain a certain approximation to the organic unity which was, according to the earlier view, to be something coherent and definite, would appear an enormous retrogression, a process the very reverse of Evolution. It may be

said that this ideal was never realized ; nevertheless, it remains an important fact that it existed. The religious conception of European civilization was a far more organic thing than is that of our secular age. And whether or not any one can hope for the return of any similar ideal, whether or not we may believe that faith shall ever again be a bond of national union, we must surely allow that in this function it has no obvious rival ; and that the unity of Christendom, if it is not to be achieved by Christian faith, seems likely, from all we can see, to remain a mere dream.—*Spectator.*

THOUGHTS ABOUT APPARITIONS.

BY THE BISHOP OF CARLISLE.

THE greater number of ghost stories—perhaps nearly the whole of them—are generally disbelieved in the nineteenth century. Few persons will dispute the propriety and justice of this result. Many of the stories represent the ghosts as beings of so foolish and unmeaning a character, that respect for the spirits of the departed almost enforces unbelief. Many have been explained by physical and even commonplace and vulgar causes—such as rats, starlings, and even mischievous boys and girls, or wicked people who have some purpose to gain by deluding their neighbors into belief in a supernatural visitation. Falsehood, imagination, exaggeration, and that peculiar process of evolution or growth which goes on when a story passes from mouth to mouth—*vires acquirit eundo*—accounts for a large portion. And, lastly, there are many stories which would be remarkable if they could be substantiated, but which it is impossible to lay hold of in their original form, and the basis of which, therefore, it is impossible to estimate as to its reality or unreality.

The most sceptical person, however, will allow that there are to be found in the midst of the rabble and mob of ghost stories certain narratives of a very respectable and even solemn aspect, which it is not easy entirely to put on one side as manifestly fictitious, and which certainly do not seem to be chargeable with

obviously puerile or anile absurdity. There is, for example, a remarkable class of stories depending upon one alleged fact—namely, the appearance of a person deceased, nearly at the moment of decease, to some other person to whom the deceased has been known in life. These stories may be described as well-nigh legion ; there are several which may be mentioned as even deserving the epithet of classical ; and they seem to be occurring in this rationalistic nineteenth century as frequently as in the less enlightened centuries which have preceded it. Whatever else may be said of stories of this class, at least it cannot and must not be said that they are so absurd and childish that they are unworthy of the slightest consideration on the part of sensible and thoughtful men.

Reflection upon this class of story has led me to some speculative thoughts of a partly physical and partly spiritual kind, which, I think, may possibly be interesting ; possibly, also, useful and suggestive, and which therefore I have written down, and now submit to the consideration of the candid and thoughtful reader.

It will, however, make my paper more readable, and therefore will assist the purpose which I have in view, if I introduce the subject by telling a story of the kind above indicated, which was lately told in my presence by the person

concerned—which has, I believe, not been in print before, and which will bring vividly before the reader's mind the kind of apparition, or alleged apparition, upon which I desire in this paper chiefly to fix his thoughts.

A Cambridge student, my informant, had arranged, some years ago, with a fellow-student that they should meet together in Cambridge at a certain time for the purpose of reading. A short time before going up to keep his appointment my informant was in the South of England. Waking in the night he saw, as he imagined, his friend sitting at the foot of his bed. He was surprised by the sight, the more so as his friend was dripping with water: he spoke, but the apparition, for so it seems to have been, only shook its head and disappeared. This appearance of the absent friend occurred twice during the night. Information was soon received that, shortly before the time of the apparition being seen by the young student, his friend had been drowned while bathing.

This story has the typical features of a whole class. The essential characteristic is the recognition, after physical dissolution, of a deceased person, by one who has known him in his lifetime, in the form which distinguished him while a member of the living human family. Stories of this class contain, in a simple, humble, prosaic form, the features of Shakespeare's magnificent poetical creation in "Hamlet." It will be remembered how, in this case, the poet lays stress upon the identity of appearance between the deceased king and the ghost:

Marcellus—Is it not like the king?

Horatio—As thou art to thyself:

Such was the very armor he had on,

When he the ambitious Norway combated:

So frowned he once, when, in an angry parle,

He smote the sledded Polack on the ice.

'Tis strange.

Again:

Hamlet—His beard was grizzled? No?

Horatio—It was as I have seen it in his life,
A sable silvered.

Observe not merely the face and features, but the armor also, identifying the apparition with the deceased king.

Now let me pass from the spiritual to the physical, and endeavor to expound some notions concerning real vision and supposed vision of objects, which may be useful in helping us to form something like a *rationale* of such apparitions as those of which I have been speaking.

Most persons, in these days of science and science-gossip, I suppose, know something of the manner in which vision is produced, so far at least as the process can be known. It will be necessary, however, for my purpose briefly to describe the process.

When an object is placed before the eye, the light emanating from each point of the object falls upon the eye, and having passed through the several lenses and humors of which the eye is composed, is made to converge upon a point in the screen or retina which constitutes the hinder portion of the eye; and so a picture is formed upon the retina, much in the same way as in the photographer's camera-obscura. In fact, the eye may be described with some advantage, and without much error, as being a living camera-obscura. The retina is in reality the expanded extremity of the optic nerve, which communicates with the brain; our object, therefore, by means of the machinery of the eye, is placed in immediate communication with the brain; every wave of light from each point of the object produces a vibration on the retina, and so presumably on the brain. After this our physical investigation comes to an end—the vibrations of light from our visible object are lost in mystery. It is no exaggeration to say that we know nothing more than men knew centuries ago. A man says, "I see a ship;" and he tells the truth, but *how* he sees it neither he nor any one else can tell. You track the ship to its picture on the retina, but there you must leave it: even if you say that you can connect it with the brain, you have still an infinite gap between the impression on the brain and the result expressed by the words "I see."

The fact is that in vision we have a demonstrable transition from the physical to the spiritual; how the transition takes place it baffles our intellect and our imagination even to guess, but that there is such a transition no one can doubt. The electric telegraph conveys its vibra-

tions along the wires and affects the receiving instrument (whatever it may be) at the other end of the wire, but you need your receiving clerk to interpret the vibrations and make intelligible the message conveyed. And there is quite as definite a transformation and transition in the case of sight, when the visual message from an external object has been received by the brain; the brain is the receiving instrument, the receiving clerk is the mind of man.

This being so, is it not at least conceivable that, as the object moves the visual machinery of the eye, and this machinery moves the mind, so if the mind be directly moved (supposing for a moment that this is possible), the result may be the movement of the visual machinery, or at all events the production of the impression that it has been so moved? *

To illustrate my meaning, take the case of the ringing of a bell. The pulling of the bell-rope causes the bell to give forth a sound; if you hear that sound, you conclude that the rope has been pulled; and if the bell should, in reality, have been rung by some one who had immediate access to it, you would still, in default of other knowledge, conclude, though erroneously, that the sound arose from the pulling of the rope.

Now let it be supposed, for argument's sake, that the mind can be acted upon otherwise than through the senses. The senses, as we all know, are the ordinary avenues to the mind, especially the two highest of the senses—namely, seeing and hearing; still it does not seem unreasonable to suppose that there may be other avenues. If man has a spiritual nature which is embodied in a fleshly tenement—which is at least a reasonable supposition, and corresponds almost to a human instinct—and if there be spiritual beings which are not so embodied, then it would seem not unreasonable to suppose that those spiritual beings should be able to hold converse

with the spiritual part of men without the use of those avenues which the senses supply, and which are the only means whereby one material being can communicate with another. To take the highest example of all: it seems reasonable to suppose that God can, and does, communicate directly with the spirit of man. Certainly this is assumed in Holy Scripture, and it is difficult to conceive of any form of religion in which the possibility of commerce between the Spirit of God and the spirit of man does not constitute an important element. The notion of actions being inspired by God, or of communications which may properly be expressed by the phrase "God said," or "Thus saith the Lord," does not, to say the very least, strike the mind as an impossible or even as a strange notion. On the other hand, the difficulty is rather to conceive of God as a spiritual being, to whose will and power the being of mankind is due, without recognizing, as a first principle, the possibility of communication between God and that part of man which may be said to be most akin to Himself.

Let us go a step further. Is it not conceivable that the spiritual part of man, when "set free from the burden of the flesh," may (under conditions which we, of course, are not in a position to determine) have communication with the spiritual part of another man who still lives in the body? I do not at all say that we could anticipate by the power of reason that this would be so; but I can see nothing unreasonable in supposing it possible, and if phenomena should be in favor of the hypothesis, I think the hypothesis could not be set aside by any *à priori* considerations. The only thing really postulated by the supposition is the double being of man, material and spiritual, which almost every one concedes, and which many consider to be self-evident. I conclude, therefore, that the supposition of some kind of intercourse taking place between the spirit of one departed and the spirit of a living man is not absolutely absurd and incredible.

But if this be so, we arrive at a case similar to that of the bell being rung without any pull upon the rope. In other words, may it not be, that a communication made directly by one spirit to

* The distinction between ordinary vision and the reverse process suggested in the text may be represented thus—

Ordinary process.

Sight—Brain-effect—Knowledge.

Extraordinary process.

Knowledge—Brain-effect—Sight.

another may *seem* to arise from that action of the senses to which mental impressions are usually due? I lose a friend, and that friend is able (I know not how or why) to communicate with me; his spirit makes itself known to my spirit; I become conscious of his presence by a direct though inexplicable spiritual action; what more probable than the supposition that this direct communication will *seem* to have been made through the senses? In fact, as being myself subject to the laws of sense, could I be conscious of my friend's presence in any other way than by imagining that I saw his form or that I heard his voice?

To take the case the particulars of which I have already related. If we suppose that the student who was drowned was able to hold, at the moment after his decease by drowning, some kind of spiritual communication with his friend in Cambridge, is it not conceivable that the spiritual communication would transform itself into a brain action by the reverse of the process according to which brain action normally transforms itself into a spiritual communication, and that so the effect would be the production of a persuasion in the mind of the student in Cambridge that he actually saw with his eyes his absent friend? *

This view of apparitions has the advantage of explaining a difficulty, which I think Coleridge is credited with having been the person to suggest, though in truth the difficulty is sufficiently obvious. It is alleged that one person sees

another who is departed; but then what he sees is, for the most part, merely the clothes of the departed, and not the man himself. On the other hand, if there is an apparition at all, how can the departed be recognized by him to whom he appears, except by the fact of the same appearance being presented which characterized the deceased in his lifetime? You may say it is the ghost of the clothes and not of the man, if you please; but if ghost there is to be at all, the clothes must somehow appear to identify the man; you cannot conceive of a nebulous figure with the name of the deceased written under it. Now all this difficulty vanishes if the process by which an apparition is rendered possible be such as that which I have ventured to suggest. Grant the possibility of communication between spirit and spirit, and regard the so-called apparition as the brain representation of the spiritual communication, and then it seems to follow of necessity that the appearance being supplied by the living man's own mind will represent the departed person as the survivor knew him.

The *rationale* of apparitions which has been suggested will, perhaps, receive confirmation from the consideration, that instances occur in which the full sense of vision is produced by the brain itself, without any suspicion of what may be called preternatural agency. The following story was related to me some years ago, in the presence of one of the persons to whom the event described happened, and who vouched for its truth:

A lady with a family of young children was occupying a house in Cheltenham, while the husband and father was absent on business in Scotland. Looking out of the windows of a back drawing-room upon a small garden, which communicated by a door with a back lane, several of the children saw the garden-door open and their father walk through and come toward the house. They were surprised, because they were not expecting their father's return; but uttering a shout of joy, several of the party ran down-stairs, there to find, to their disappointment and sorrow, that no father had arrived. So strong was the illusion that when the father did return, a week or more afterward, he was reproache

* A friend to whom this essay was submitted in manuscript, has remarked that nothing which I have advanced gets rid of the difficulty arising from the irregularity and apparent caprice of the communications between the living world and the world of spirits, which must be admitted, if the truth of such stories as that above discussed be granted. The criticism is quite correct, and it cannot be denied that irregularity and apparent caprice are formidable difficulties in the way of a frank acceptance of the stories. The extent, however, of my own acceptance, and all that I ask from the reader, is the acknowledgment that the testimony is too good to permit of a haughty dismissal of the allegation of apparitions of the kind described. The speculation which I have submitted does not increase any of the difficulties connected with the subject; while, on the supposition that apparitions are sometimes permitted, it helps us to conceive how the effect of the apparition is conveyed to the mind.

for having played some trick, of which he was perfectly innocent. I ought to add that the curious illusion which has been described had no consequences of any kind—good, bad, or indifferent; no one died, no one was taken ill, no family event of any sort took place; the whole thing was an illusion, and nothing more.

It is however curious, as having been shared by several persons; the member of the family, whom I knew, and in whose presence I heard the story, assured me that she never saw anything in her life more distinct than her father seemed to her to be, and that her sisters had said the same. It is easy to say that the thing was all imagination; and so far as this phrase is intended as a negation of substantial reality, no doubt it expresses the truth; but what *is* imagination? Is it more than a word? Does it express the physical and spiritual action by means of which a certain result is brought about? If the phrase "result of imagination" be examined as to its real meaning, it would seem to me that it probably means this: that an effect is somehow, it matters not how, produced upon the mind, and that this mental product affects the brain by an action the reverse of that which normally takes place, and that so the eye believes that it sees what in the ordinary sense of vision it does not.

I may remark by the way that the eye is easily deceived. No language is more delusive than that which one hears so frequently—"I cannot doubt my own eyes," "seeing is believing," "ocular demonstration," etc. etc. It is true that in most of the practical affairs of life we are compelled to trust our eyes—we have nothing else upon which we can depend; but the moment we come to any scientific investigation of facts, the less we say concerning the infallibility of the eye the better.

The chief reason why I have cited the story last told is that the illusion was shared by several persons. In this respect, I believe the fact detailed is very uncommon; for myself, I have never met with another instance; cases, in which one person only is concerned are, I apprehend, by no means rare. One was made public not long ago, in which the writer describes the apparent vision of an old man sitting in an easy-chair in

the library in which he himself was writing late at night. The apparition was of a purely subjective kind: it evidently arose from the condition of brain which had been induced by night study; it caused no alarm, as an objective vision almost certainly would have done; in ordinary parlance, it was "all imagination." Still the fact remains that the writer who detailed his experience in a certain sense *saw* the figure sitting in the arm-chair as distinctly as he ever saw anything in his life; and what I wish to suggest is, that in a certain sense he *did* see it, but he saw it backward; first came the thought, then the brain action, then it may be the picture on the retina, or at all events such optic action as would, if it had been caused by luminous vibrations from without, have affected the brain and raised the picture which existed in the mind.

Connected with this subject is probably that of dreams. John Bunyan's phrase, "Now I saw in my dream," is a representation of what takes place abundantly in common life, though on a much humbler scale. People *see* in their dreams; but how do they see? A writer of a letter, which I saw recently in one of the newspapers, describes a dream which he had when an undergraduate at Cambridge, and in which he saw a large herd of cattle. The vision connected itself with a succession of events which were flashed upon his mind; and the whole was apparently the result of a knock at his door, and an announcement that his bedmaker had brought his *kettle*. The similarity of the words *kettle* and *cattle* was sufficient to constitute the basis of the whole dream. In what way then, I say, do men *see* in their dreams? Certainly the vision does not commence with the eye, for it is closed. In some manner the effect is produced upon the mind—in the instance just quoted, apparently through the ear—and then the vision, or quasi-vision, follows. I do not assert that there is any picture produced upon the retina; probably not; but virtually the effect of vision is produced, sometimes most distinctly. Who has not had an experience of the following kind? You see in your dream some scene with peculiar vividness. You say, I have often been deceived by a dream before,

but I am sure that *this* is not a dream ; it is too living, too real ; I cannot be deceived this time. And then you wake, and find that nevertheless you are deceived once more. It may be wrong to call this mental process *seeing*, because the eye is shut ; but if the result be the same as that of seeing, it would seem to be not altogether erroneous to describe it by that name. What I wish the reader, however, to observe is, that somehow in sleep the mind can be affected as if by sight. Generally the vision so produced is of a very confused and unprofitable kind. But there are cases in which it is otherwise. Crimes have sometimes come to light in this way. I remember that, some fifty years ago, the execution took place of a young man, at Bury St. Edmunds, for the murder of his newly-married wife. The young man, William Corder by name, had married a young woman named Maria Martin ; they had gone away after the marriage, and all seemed to be well with them ; but the mother of the bride dreamed several times that her daughter was murdered and buried in a certain barn. The barn was examined, the body was found, the murder was traced to the husband, and he was executed, as already stated. Now I do not assert any supernatural revelation, or any appearance of the deceased woman to her mother ; I am quite content to suppose that some circumstances, I know not what, had suggested the thought of foul play to the mother, and that this thought presented itself in a concrete form to the sleeping woman ; all that I wish to lay stress upon is this, that sometimes and somehow there is something which corresponds to vision in sleep, and that this vision does not always correspond to what is trivial and transitory : " the stuff that dreams are made of " is sometimes solid and real.*

* Almost immediately after writing the above paragraph, I met with the following in a local newspaper :

DISCOVERY THROUGH A DREAM.—The coroner for West Kent held an inquest at Lewisham, on Tuesday, on the body of Ernest Louis Armstrong, clerk, aged twenty-one, residing lately with his brother, a chemist. Some few months ago deceased met with an accident while playing football, and, in the opinion of his medical adviser, his brain has since been affected. He had no pecuniary difficulties that the witnesses

Sleep itself is a mystery. I, at least, have never been able to find in any scientific work, or to learn from any scientific man, a description of what sleep really is. It is not much to be wondered at, therefore, if the action of the eye and the brain and the mental powers during sleep be also a mystery. But some light seems to be thrown upon the question if we apply to the case of dreams the notion of reversed action which is the foundation of this essay. Suppose the mind or the brain to be first acted upon, either by a message through some other sense, as that of feeling or hearing, or by some process originating in the mind itself the remembrance of some thought which has been dwelt upon in the waking hours, the whisper of an angel—if you please to recognize angelic agency—or what not ; and then it certainly seems to come within the bounds of practical speculation that we should conceive of vision in sleep as a possible thing. Waking visions and dreams have often, and very naturally, been connected with each other. If we get near to a scientific connection of them the conception becomes all the more real.

knew of. On Thursday night last he went to the Freemasons' Railway Tavern, Ladywell, and there got into conversation with a man named Andrews, and a railway porter named Norton, to whom he stated that he had had an argument as to which was the most vulnerable part in which a man could shoot himself. One said in the forehead, the other through the heart, but deceased said, " I think it is here," pointing to his throat. He also said he had had some words at home, and Andrews told him to get in at the window by a ladder. After paying for some drink he bade them good-night, and went across some fields leading to the grounds of his brother's house, and was never after seen alive. When he was missed Andrews had a dream that deceased was in the summer-house in the grounds, and wrote a note to that effect to his employer Mr. H. P. Hopwood, of Crosby House, High Street, Lewisham, and on Monday, when he saw him, repeated his impression that deceased was there. Mr. Hopwood did not believe it, but said they would soon ascertain. They then went toward the summer-house, and on reaching it, Mr. Hopwood came back and said " He is there." Information was then given to the police at Lewisham station. Deceased was found lying on his back in a pool of blood, a six-chambered Colt revolver lying by his side as it had fallen from his left hand, and there was a pistol bullet wound under the chin. One of the chambers had been discharged, and the other five were loaded.

There is a very interesting discussion by Sir William Hamilton (Edinburgh)* on the condition of the mind during sleep, to which reference may be advantageously made in connection with the remarks which have been now offered. The concluding sentence is as follows: "In the case of sleep, therefore, so far is it from being proved that the mind is at any moment unconscious, that the result of observation would incline us to the opposite conclusion." The result of Sir W. Hamilton's own observations, and that of Mr. Jouffroy, whom he quotes at length, is to suggest that during sleep the mind is awake and active; so much so, that when communications are made to the senses, the mind decides whether notice shall be taken of the communications or not. Thus a man comes from the quiet of the country to a noisy city; for the first few nights he cannot sleep, soon he sleeps as soundly as in the country; he is accustomed to the noise; the action on the physical organs is the same as before, but the mind knows that the noise means nothing, and therefore does not disturb the sleeping limbs. In like manner we have the phenomena of waking early, contrary to our established habit, when an early rise is necessary; the mind acts as night-porter, and stirs the body up when the proper hour arrives. Experiences such as these are common and familiar; but in the lecture to which I refer there is a story of an experience similar in kind, but more remarkable in its circumstances, which it may be worth while to quote. It is that of a postman, who was in the habit of traversing a certain route daily. "A considerable portion of his way lay across unenclosed meadow land, and in walking over this the postman was generally asleep. But at the termination of this part of his road there was a narrow foot-bridge over a stream, and to reach this bridge it was necessary to ascend some broken steps. Now, it was ascertained as completely as any fact of the kind could be, (1) that the postman was asleep in passing over the level course; (2) that he held on his way in this state without deflection toward the

bridge; and (3) that just before arriving at the bridge, he awoke."

I have referred to Sir W. Hamilton's lecture, because the facts and conclusions contained in it seem to strengthen the view put forward in this paper as to the possible reversal of the ordinary process of mental action. In general, the mind sits upon its throne with the senses as its ministers, and only approachable through them, as the Queen can only be approached in general through her Secretaries of State. Sometimes it would seem, however, that the mind asserts its essential royalty and supremacy, and communicates with the senses instead of permitting the senses to take the initiative. Certainly this view of the mind is a very interesting one, and there is much to be said for it; it helps the apparition question, with which this essay is more immediately concerned, but it is interesting and worthy of examination in itself, without any reference to apparitions.

I am tempted to carry the speculative view of apparitions which is developed in this essay into a region in which any such treatment must be applied with great delicacy—I mean the region of angelic visitation, as it is unfolded in Holy Scripture.

In some schools of neologian divinity the existence of angels is simply on *à priori* grounds ignored. I am not going to debate that question further than to observe that the general analogy which arises from the infinite variety of life in material form, and from the improbability that we are cognizant of all the forms of possible life, together with the argument which arises from the spiritual, invisible character of God Himself, seems to me to make the *à priori* probability of the existence of spiritual or angelic beings much greater than that of their non-existence. But however this may be, it is clearly assumed in Holy Scripture that such beings exist, and that they have, under Divine guidance, communion with man; nor only so, for they are represented as being seen and heard by those to whom they are sent.

Take an example. In Acts x. we read of a revelation made to the Roman Centurion Cornelius—"He saw in a vision evidently," or, as the Revised

* "Lectures on Metaphysics," vol. i. lecture xvii.

Version has it, *openly*, "an angel of God coming in to him"—*εἶδεν ἐν ὁράματι φανερώς ἄγγελον τοῦ Θεοῦ εἰσελθόντα πρὸς αὐτόν*. Now, treating this passage literally and physically, what was it that Cornelius *saw*? No one will contend that it was a case of ordinary vision—that is, of light impinging upon the retina from a material substance, however ethereal and refined: the phrase *ἐν ὁράματι*, in fact, sufficiently bars this explanation. Neither is it hinted that the vision was identical with a dream, which seems not consistent with the description *φανερώς*. It may be said, therefore, and I have no fault to find with the solution, that a certain impression was made upon the mind of Cornelius by Divine mission, which is represented in the phraseology which our material nature makes intelligible: just as we often say "I see," when we understand something which is explained to us, and when nevertheless the eye does not come into play at all. Nevertheless, I apprehend that Cornelius had the full impression of having actually seen and heard some supernatural visitor, and that this visitor was in human form. If so, will not the theory of reverse action, which has been applied in other cases, give us help also in this? Assume the existence of higher orders of beings than ourselves—beings having much in common with that which is highest in man, but not, like him, material—suppose that it is the duty, or one of the duties, of these higher beings to minister under certain conditions to the spirits of men; and then, upon the principles of this paper, there is nothing impossible nor even inconceivable in the communication made by an angel assuming the form of a visit from a being like ourselves: the actual communication is supersensual, spiritual, immaterial, independent of ear or eye or any sense; the communication, as it presents itself to the mind of the man who sees the vision, is appreciable by ear and eye, and comes as from one man to another.

I trust that no one who reads what I have written will suppose that I regard my speculation as an absolute solution of a mystery, or indeed as anything more than an essay in the direction of solution. But it seems to me, that

however incomplete the speculation may be, it may help us in the contemplation of that marvellous combination of matter with something that is not matter, which is exhibited in human life. That man is material and spiritual, that he combines in his complicated and composite nature the brute and the angel, is the old belief, and I trust is true; and it is agreeable to such a belief to think of the material laws, which govern man as part of the material universe, sometimes making way for the action of supernatural laws, and permitting man to pose for the time as a creature in some sense and degree himself super-material. It is from this point of view, in my judgment, that sober tales of alleged apparitions have an interest for thoughtful persons. The vulgar ghost story is a poor contemptible thing, fitted chiefly to amuse a Christmas party sitting round the Yule log and enjoying the excitement of a little harmless mystery; but it is impossible to class as mere vulgar ghost stories all the tales which have been told concerning the appearance of persons deceased; there is a curious consistency in such tales, and a mutual support and confirmation arising from such consistency, and an abundance of individual and independent instances, of the same kind of phenomenon, which make it impossible to pooh-pooh the whole subject, and, on the other hand, give a value to any attempt made to render it more thinkable.

I trust that I shall not be regarded as guilty of the unpardonable logical sin of reasoning in a circle, if I suggest that the considerations which have been offered in this essay tend to render probable the possibility of communication between spiritual beings and the mind of man without the intervention of the senses. I have assumed this possibility in order to explain a certain alleged phenomenon, and it may be objected that I must not make the alleged phenomenon an argument for the possibility. But in truth the whole subject holds together as one, and the different parts afford each other a mutual support; and taking a bird's-eye view of the whole, I trust that the reader will find something in it to strengthen, if necessary, his belief in the possibility of such communications between the spirit of man and

other spiritual existences, as cannot be dreamed of in the philosophy of the materialistic philosopher. At all times speculations concerning that which is not material in man's nature can scarcely fail to have some kind and degree of

interest; in times like our own, when the existence of the immaterial is not unfrequently denied, such speculations may have a practical value, which it is difficult to overestimate.—*Contemporary Review*.

MOZART.

BY H. H. STATHAM.

THE position held by Mozart among the great musical composers is one of peculiar interest, whether we regard his genius and his productions from the historical or the critical point of view. Historically speaking, he stands as a connecting link between the old and the modern schools of musical art; between the school in which the working out of a tonal construction in purely logical and rounded form constituted the paramount aim and interest of the composer, and that in which the effort at emotional expression and poetic suggestiveness predominate more or less over considerations of purity and balance of form. Not, of course, that either of these sources of interest can be absent from anything worth calling music. Balance of form, not excluding emotional expression, is represented by the great composers of the pre-Mozartean period; poetic expression, not indifferent to form, is represented by the best of the modern school. When the predominance of either element is pushed to an exaggeration practically exclusive of the other, we have had as results, in the one case, such mere building up of contrapuntal structure as may provoke the poet's question—

"Come forth and be judged, Master Hugues;
What do you mean by your mountainous
fugues?"

and in the other case, such delirious whirls of amorphous sound as Wagner has given us not a few examples of. But within certain limits, the older school tends to the predominance of severe outline and logical form, the modern to the predominance of broad color-effect and emotional expression. In Mozart the two tendencies seem to overlap. He was almost as great a contrapuntal constructor as Bach; perhaps quite as great, if artistic greatness lie

in the production of clear effect through intricate combination, rather than in the mere intricacy of the combination itself. He is full of reminiscences of the older style, reminiscences embodying some of its finest characteristics. But he is also full of innovations suggestive of the feeling of the coming modern school. His melody breathes a romantic tenderness of expression, of which there had been no instance before in music; his harmonic changes and his effects of instrumentation give the first hints of the broad style and rich effects which were to be perfected by Beethoven, and in many details of his composition he anticipated, though sometimes in a doubtful and tentative manner, the favorite devices of Beethoven. But from the purely critical point of view, Mozart's genius presents a still more interesting and suggestive aspect. For he is in music the typical representative of that balanced and complete artistic power, which leaves scarcely any room for criticism in regard to conception and execution, yet concerning which there may ever and anon intrude itself that almost irritating question, dealt with in Browning's "Andrea del Sarto," Is this rounded perfection and artistic balance of parts, this perfect and harmonious whole so completely grasped by the artist; is this the best fulfilment of what we wish from art; or is it rather true that "a man's reach should exceed his grasp," that the art which in its very striving after higher and intenser expression bursts the swathe-ments of symmetrical form, and loses in the process its roundness and completeness, is thereby intellectually the loftier through that very incompleteness? About no question concerning artistic form and expression have there been more oscillations of criticism than this.

the answer to which depends after all so much on the mental constitution of different men and different generations, even on the changes of mood in the same mind. Consequently, in these days of the making of criticisms, no great composer has aroused such varied shades of opinion, short of absolute antagonism as Mozart. A high place in the art none would be prejudiced enough to deny him, but in this concession alone are all agreed. It was for a long time a creed of amateurs that Mozart was the greatest of musical composers; a creed accepted rather by faith than understanding. It is asserted by some musical prophets that he was only a man supremely clever, playing on the surface of his art, and missing its spiritual meaning. The question is of wider interest than immediately appears, for it concerns, not only what we think about Mozart, but (by implication) what we think about music.

Regarding Mozart as occupying this peculiarly centralized position in the history and development of music, the recent appearance in an English dress of the best and fullest treatise on his life and works which has been written * came very opportunely, as a means of popularizing the subject, at a time when so much talk is being made by musical amateurs and critics among us in regard to the true scope of the art, and the relation of its past achievements to its possible prospects. I speak of the book advisedly as a treatise on the life of Mozart, for it is far more than a mere biography. Besides giving very full particulars as to the facts of the composer's life, character, and circumstances, it includes also a very full and thoughtful criticism on the characteristics of Mozart's musical style in various forms of composition and at various periods of his career, accompanied by many brilliant and effective side-lights thrown upon the characteristics of other musicians, his contemporaries, upon the state of composition and execution at that period, and the social and intellectual habitudes of the society amid which Mozart moved, and for which in the first instance his music was made. In

regard to this social side of the history there is of course nothing to be gleaned from Jahn which may not be more fully obtained from other sources; the merit of the author consists in his having realized the interest and significance of the relation between social and artistic history, and in the clear and lucid manner in which he has arranged and co-ordinated his materials into a coherent literary whole; a characteristic unhappily rare enough in musical biography, the satisfactory execution of which demands the union in the same person of adequate musical knowledge with a well-developed sense of literary form; qualities which, for some reason, are very rarely found in combination; whence it results that musical biographies, as a class, are the worst written of all biographies. One need only recall Schœlcher's so-called "Life of Handel"; Nohl's "Mozart," rendered even more absurd in its English than its German form by the translator's blunders over musical phraseology; and Schindler's "Life of Beethoven," translated by Moscheles, in which the original author and the translator furnished joint proof that two perfectly competent musicians may so treat the study of the life and works of Beethoven as to render it entirely dull and uninteresting; an achievement which might otherwise have been deemed impossible. In literary interest and power, Jahn's work stands alone in the ranks of musical biography, as the production of one who is not only a competent musical critic, but possesses that general culture which enables him to take a broad view of his subject, to marshal his materials effectively, and to avoid that over-acted enthusiasm about his hero which is one of the besetting vulgarities of average musical literature. The laborious and too often thankless work of translation has been very ably accomplished by Miss Townsend, who reproduces the original in a clear, idiomatic, English style, forming a welcome contrast to that kind of skeleton-dance in which English words play clapper-clapper on a framework of German idioms, which renders the reading of many translations of this class of books such a constant source of irritation to the literary sense.

In the interesting introductory chap-

* "The Life of Mozart." By Otto Jahn. Translated from the German by Pauline D. Townsend, with a Preface by Sir George Grove.

ter by the author, which should not be omitted by readers who wish to form a just idea of the spirit and interest of the book and the earnestness with which Jahn bent his mind to his chosen task, he defines that task to be "the thorough investigation of the sources available for an exhaustive account of Mozart's life, with special reference to all that was calculated to affect his moral and mental development in the general conditions of his time, and in the local and personal circumstances that influenced him; and in particular, a history of his development as an artist." No side of this task, as he observes, could be treated independently, both the researches and the remarks resulting from them touching now one and now the other: and this latter sentence is the key to the general arrangement of the book, in which chapters dealing chiefly with history and social facts, are alternated with chapters devoted to the critical examination of the characteristics of the composer's principal works at the prominent epochs of his musical career. The mere collection of the materials for so complicated a biographical structure must have been no light task; of his assiduity in this respect the author considers he is permitted to boast, and can even summon as a witness old Theresa of the Ox at Salzburg, who forgot his name, but remembered him as "the Professor who sat in his room for more than three weeks writing from morning till night," when copying a portion of the Mozart correspondence. Yet in this case the copyist found his work anything but irksome; he could fancy himself, he says, in intercourse with the man himself as he lived his life again letter by letter; could realize the emotions of joy and sorrow which had prompted his words, and even the variations in the handwriting grew to have their own significance. "It is my most earnest wish," he adds, "that some breath of this feeling may have passed into my own performance, but it would scarcely be possible to reproduce the inspiration which contact with the letters awoke in myself."

It is not without a special reason that I quote this last remark in an article, the main object of which is rather to estimate generally Mozart's character as

man and musician, than to criticise in detail Jahn's biography. This letter must be read for a due appreciation of its full and varied information and suggestiveness, which could not be adequately summarized within my limits. But this vivid interest excited by the letters and memorials of Mozart, to which Jahn alludes, is characteristic of the kind of spell exercised over us by the records of a nature not great or serious in the highest sense, but so human, so kindly, so full of genial enjoyment of life—

"An abridgment of all that is pleasant in man:"

a character typified not more in his letters than in the portraits which have preserved for us his vivacious countenance, in which good-humor is blent with a lurking satirical power. And the same characteristics strike us in the musical life of which he was the centre. No too importunate demands for the reasons and the philosophy of the art disturbed its enjoyment. Sterndale Bennett's remark, after listening to something of Mozart's: "Ah! music was young then!" comes across one's mind again and again in turning over these records of a time when there was no critical "Warum?" lying in wait for the composer; when counterpoint was still a pure joy to the craftsman; when symphonies might be written in two or three days, or an overture or sonata turned out the evening before an announced performance, with no idea of an object beyond the frank delight in beauty of melody and finish of form and execution; with no demand from the audience for a meaning to the work, and (thank heaven!) no one to flourish the showman's pointer through the pages of a *programme raisonné*. "Fresh woods and pastures new" spread then before the minstrel. Music, which had been hitherto principally concerned with realizing clear logical form and scientific tonal construction, and insisting upon thoroughly sound and adequate execution on the part of vocalists, was now to find in the development of instrumental music a new direction for study, a new source of effect. Tonal coloring was to overlay and diversify tonal form; the timid and tentative instrumental execution of the time was to be stimulated

and directed, a more tender and voluptuous expression was to be breathed into melody, the branch of musical utterance which is most directly influenced by varieties of emotional temperament, whether of race or of generation. Haydn may catch sight of the promised land, though too late to profit much by the discovery: "I have but just learned how to use the wind instruments, and now I must die." Dr. Burney, learned musician and shrewd, though courteous, English gentleman, takes to perambulating Germany with a note-book, when Mozart was sixteen years old, his childhood of exhibition over, and he, no longer a prodigy, somewhat under the shadow of Salzburg provincialism. Burney is quite at home about singing; his house in London had been the resort of all the great Italian singers of the day, and he can criticise *ex cathedra* the French singers, to whom he devotes a variation of a couplet of Dryden's—

"Sound passed through them no longer is the same,
As food digested takes a different name."

But his notes on instrumental music reveal to us the nakedness of that part of the land, and the first feeling about for the sources of instrumental expression. He remarks on the comparatively expressive playing of a child who, contrary to custom, had learned on the clavichord only, not on the hard and mechanical harpsichord—the first hint of the revolution the pianoforte was to work. He mentions with interest the effectiveness, in one place, of a passage in which the band played the first chord of each phrase louder than the rest (what would now be called a *sforzando*), and in speaking of the Mannheim orchestra he mentions their introduction of the *crescendo* and *diminuendo*, and here too "the *piano* (which was before chiefly used as an echo, with which it was generally synonymous), as well as the *forte*, were found to be musical colors, which had their shades as well as red and blue in painting." What a light this throws on the gulf between the ancient and modern modes of musical expression; what field was left for the development of instrumental effect, when these tentative attempts at contrast of tone could so attract a musician of Burney's compara-

tive experience as to seem worthy of special comment and record!

If, however, the rising composer of that day had an inspiring and tempting task before him, the social relations of his profession were by no means favorable to the development of large views of his art, or the production of original and progressive music. Musicians were still in the leading-strings of the patron. The man who had shown a genius for composition endeavored to obtain a place as *kapell meister*, originally of course a function concerned literally with the conduct of the chapel music, but which gradually came to be synonymous with that of court musician generally, and included the provision and supervision of court concerts as well as church services. The composer might thus be free from anxiety about ways and means, but he was a paid servant of the court, ranking often with the valets, expected to write to the taste of his patron, which might or might not be a cultivated one, and unable to accept other engagements without special permission. Even under so enlightened an employer as Prince Esterhazy, it is obvious that Haydn, however his musical genius may have been appreciated, ranked in the household only with the superior order of servants. The court to which Mozart was attached during his youth, and of which his father, Leopold Mozart, had been for his lifetime a submissive, though grumbling, servitor, showed the institution of Court musician in its worst aspect, more especially after the accession of Archbishop Hieronymus, who was a typical specimen of the churl, "by blood a king, at heart a clown," and whose coltish nature seems to have been liable to break through the gilded pale without any restriction as to "seasons." Nor did Salzburg otherwise offer any relief to the picture. About the records of Mozart's youthful tour of prodigy-playing there hangs an aroma which is of the court, courtly; music appears as worshipped amid a bustle of fans and satin dresses and high-heeled shoes, a ritual of jewelled snuff-boxes and diamond rings; a worship shallow enough possibly, but gay and elegant in its mode of display, the hints and memories of which arouse the same kind of mingled, half-melancholy

association with which we may contemplate some old, faded, brocaded wedding dress, once the central symbol of the gayety of a happy morning—

“In days that never come again.”

But no such gauds decorated the life of the boorish Salzburg of Mozart's older days. The people themselves had a saying, “He who comes to Salzburg becomes in the first year stupid, in the second idiotic, and in the third a true Salzburger.” Mozart's contempt for the place and people seems to have been early and lasting; sarcastic references to them abound even in his early boyish letters, and deepen into a more serious tone in the later ones; nor was his father less acid on this point. The Mozarts were evidently in the position of a clever family living among stupid people, and, as often happens in such cases, kept a good deal to themselves and criticised their neighbors pretty sharply; quite a sufficient reason for their apparent unpopularity in the town, perhaps also for the development of that turn for satirical comment which characterized Mozart through life, though it seldom took a really unkind form with him. Both phases of Mozart's early life, however—his exhibition through Europe and his temporary obscurity at Salzburg—are of interest in reference to his character, chiefly because they had so little effect upon it. Neither does the childhood of premature exhibition, and of petting and coaxing by princesses, seem to have injured in the least his natural simplicity and modesty of character, nor his want of recognition in the Salzburg Court to have in the least impaired his independence and confidence in his own powers; nor did he ever learn the lesson of time-serving and cringing to patrons inculcated by his father, who has been the object of much ill-bestowed admiration by Mozart biographers. Leopold Mozart, valet and musician in the court of the Archbishop in Salzburg, was a highly respectable, prudent, and pious musical lackey. He seems to have had an instinct for bettering himself, and finding himself blessed with a child of exceptionally precocious genius, he did his best to ruin the boy as man and artist by making a show of him at courts, allowing him to please titled idiots by

showing how he could play just as well with the keyboard covered with a cloth, etc., and advertising his feats in a style anticipatory of Farini, not forgetting to ascribe all to “the glory of God,” who had thus performed a miracle at Salzburg which, as he endeavored to persuade the Archbishop in one letter, would, if properly worked, tend to the suppression of Grimm, Voltaire, and other profane persons who denied the possibility of miracles. When young Mozart was grossly insulted by another lackey who happened to have a title (Count Arco), it was his father who persuaded him to submit to the insult rather than resent it with the spirit of a gentleman, as the son seemed dangerously disposed to do; when Mozart became engaged to a girl he loved, but who was poor, it was his father who urged him to jilt her, and snubbed her after her marriage. In short, Leopold was a model man, and naturally excited the enthusiasm of some of the doubtless equally respectable men who have biographized Mozart. Jahn contents himself with pulling the strings and exhibiting the motions of the model, with little comment; he at all events does not attribute Mozart's greatness to the fostering care and educational efforts of the father. On the contrary, whether intentionally or not, he renders it more than ever apparent that Mozart's early exhibition as a prodigy had no connection with or influence on his subsequent career. The one thing Mozart does seem either to have learned or inherited from his father was, the artist's feeling for finish of execution. Leopold Mozart, though no composer, was a thoroughly sound and accomplished craftsman in his art; he could tolerate no slovenly execution, and no doubt instructed his son and daughter thoroughly in the mechanism of the art; and the importance which Mozart attached to sound and finished execution throughout his life, as well as his impatience of clumsy and defective manipulation, is constantly apparent in his correspondence and talk; in his satirical descriptions of the defects of various players; his delight in a brilliant bit of vocal *bravura* successfully executed; his objection to Clementi's show passages in thirds and sixths, as at variance with true delicacy of touch and phrasing on

the pianoforte ; his reply to a clarinet player who complained of the difficulty of a passage written for him, "The notes are in your instrument, are they not? Well then, it is your business to bring them out." These and other traits, besides what is recorded of the beautiful finish of his own playing, are deserving of note, not only as characteristic of Mozart's view of the art, but also as affording a curious and not uninteresting contrast to the comparative carelessness about executive finish, provided there be feeling and comprehension of the music, which has pervaded recent criticism.

But while we have abundant evidence of Mozart's views as to musical execution, that intermediate art whereby the conception of the composer is brought within range of the sensuous perception of the hearer, the far more interesting question as to his views about the art of music in itself, the ideal which should form the basis of it, and the method of composition, receives no illustrations from his writings or recorded remarks, save in some vague hints, few and far between. One single remark recorded of Haydn, if it be true (I cannot recall the authority for it), that in composing his quartets he was accustomed to diversify their design by imagining to himself the various incidents of an excursion or some such proceeding in real life, gives more insight into the process of intellectual formation of a composition than Mozart ever vouchsafed. Such a remark indicates intelligibly enough the manner in which variety and contrast of real incident may find its reflection, in the mind of the composer, in variety and contrast of tonal incident ; a phenomenon of which there are several acknowledged instances, and probably many more unacknowledged, in the works of Beethoven, whose frequent use, besides, of what is now called "poetic basis," in a larger and more important sense, is incontestable. But in regard to Mozart's music, considered apart from words, we are not furnished with even any such general hint as would be implied in Haydn's remark above referred to. In one *allegro* for the pianoforte, in sonata form, there is an episode in the middle portion quite unconnected with the general design of the movement, in which (in the original manu-

script) two opposing phrases are labelled with the names of the two daughters of the house in which he was writing. Probably the girls disturbed him while composing, and he symbolized the incident in the music ; but this is a unique instance, and merely renders the composition, as one of his, an exceptional curiosity. It is vexatious to have to note that the very characteristic letter from Mozart to a nameless "Count," who had asked for a description of his system of composing, which was given in Holmes's "Life of Mozart," is pronounced by Jahn to be "unquestionably apocryphal as it stands," though some portions of it are so like what one could imagine Mozart writing that one can hardly believe there is not something of him in it. The statements in it about his composition merely amount to saying that melodies came to him he knew not whence, and that he soon perceived in his mind which of them would work together into a composition, and could mentally hear the combined effects ; but that he could give no more reason why his compositions took the particular form which characterized them than why his features had the special expression which made them Mozart's and no other man's. If Mozart did not write this part of the letter, it is a very happy hit ; it is precisely in accordance with the reticence of his whole artistic life. Nowhere in his correspondence about his own compositions, and his playing, and the effects produced, is there a hint about the *raison d'être* of any composition or of the form which it assumed. True, as Jahn observes, abstract reflections on art and its relation to individual artists were not at that time the fashion ; yet it is strange to find such a total ignoring of any theory of his art, not only in ordinary family correspondence about his musical doings, but even on such an occasion as his sending to Haydn the six quartets dedicated to the latter, which he describes as having arisen out of his study of Haydn's quartets, and which were a great advance in that most beautiful and abstract form of instrumental music ; but not a word from Mozart as to his aims, his treatment of the instruments, or even as to the special character of any of the compositions. What, then, was Mozart's object in in-

strumental composition? We get a hint of one side of it from some of the stories which are related about his *tours de force* of musical memory and power of combination. To a musician to whom it was an easy matter to play his own part in a new concerted composition without having ever written it down (a feat performed more than once with perfect naïveté and absence of pretence), or while he was writing out a fugue previously conceived, to compose simultaneously in his mind a prelude in perfectly different form—to one who handled his art thus it is evident that musical *form*, for its own sake, must have been a paramount interest; composition was a form of design, in which successions and proportions of sounds took the place of successions and proportions of lines and spaces. Not less was he engrossed by the pure joy of constructive power. The combination of sounds as music is more or less conditioned by physical laws; how far the conditions are rigorous is matter for an essay in itself; there was tacit conviction on the subject in the time of Mozart, who as to detail bowed indeed nominally to no dicta of musical theorists, but did not “deny their major;” *sunt certi denique fines*. How to move with ease and a sense of controlling power, then, within these limits? To handle the most complicated combinations of melodies (melody being in itself an organized succession of sounds in mutual relation of tone and rhythm), as if the weaving of such a tonal structure were the most natural effort of the will? There was some pleasure in that, for the sense of power means pleasure.

“On one occasion, at the house of Madame Vidas, he was asked to improvise something. Readily, as his custom was, he complied, and seated himself at the piano, having just been provided with two themes by the musicians who were present. Madame Vidas stood near his chair to watch him playing. Mozart, who loved a joke with her, looked up and said, ‘Come, have not you a theme on your mind for me too?’ She sang him one, and he began a most charming fantasia, now on the one subject, now on the other, ending by bringing them all three together, to the intense delight and amazement of all who were present.”

When we compare with this account what is said on other testimony as to the “inexhaustible wit” of Mozart’s extempore playing, we can imagine what

an exciting kind of performance this was; but we are as far as ever from learning the secret of the exquisite charm of expression, the emotional power in many of his compositions. It was his favorite occupation to sit at the piano extemporizing fantasias, either alone or with one or two chosen hearers; and if the well-known (now unfortunately rather hackneyed) fantasia in C Minor be, as it probably is, a type of the kind of thing he produced on these occasions, we can imagine what passionate outpourings of emotional expression some of these extempore effusions may have been. But of the feelings which should be the fountain of such musical expressions we hardly find a trace in Mozart’s outward life and character. The gayety and wit were in his life; the sadness, and longing, and tenderness came out only in his music. Almost the one trait in Jahn’s pages which hints at a deep emotional element in his character is the interesting story of his extemporizing, when quite a child, a song on the word *per fido*, “which excited him so much that he struck the clavier like one possessed, and several times sprung up from his seat.” There is nothing in the calm, equable development of his mature genius corresponding at all to this trait. His emotions, as expressed in music, were always under the shaping and controlling influence of artistic power. Haydn, indeed, has testified that “he could never forget Mozart’s playing—it came from the heart;” and his hearers noticed that when seated at the clavier he became another man, his expression serious and abstracted, his whole manner altered. But we have nothing in his own life and in his expressed feelings to account for the deeper qualities of expression in his music; for the pathos of the G Minor Symphony, the exquisite sentiment of the *adagio* of the E Flat Symphony. Whatever was the groundwork of the emotion thus expressed, it came out in his art alone.

In his operas, in which the poetic basis of the music is furnished by the words and situations, there is, of course, less difficulty in estimating Mozart’s feeling and interest as expressed in the music. Their main characteristic, besides the pure emotional beauty of melody, of which they are full, lies in the

presence of very marked and delicate character-painting, which is nevertheless subordinated for the most part to the demands of a perfectly consistent and coherent musical form. No one can doubt, in reading so full a biography as the one before us, that the dramatic interest was exceedingly strong in Mozart from an early age. His quick sense of humor, his appreciation of special foibles of character in individuals, and his power of lively satire thereupon, come out in his correspondence continually, and we have glimpses of his figure as an accomplished actor in the personation of characters in drawing-room comedy. But the realization of this power in his principal operas goes far beyond all which the suggestions of it in his every-day life would have led us to expect. For the plot and situations he was mainly indebted to the "poet," but for everything beyond them we are indebted entirely to Mozart. The skeleton characters of the conventional librettist are clothed, by Mozart's musical treatment of them, with the full outline and endowed with the warm pulsations of living and breathing human beings, men and women of like passions with ourselves; nor does any mood seem to be beyond the range of the composer's appreciation. He can give expression to the love or the grief of the high-born lady, the coquetry of the waiting-maid, the artlessness of the country girl. The polished sensuality of the libertine gentleman, the humors of his good-for-nothing valet, the ill-temper of a sulky old court official, each receive from Mozart their appropriate and entirely individual musical expression. In this respect it is not too much to say that there is what may be called a certain Shakespearian power in Mozart. It is, in effect, as if he said to us, "This is how these characters would express themselves if music were their natural language;" and the more we hear and compare their various utterances, the more we must feel convinced of the composer's clear and vivid perception of the varieties of human character. This is exhibited notably in his musical coloring of the almost epicene character of Cherubino, the amorous boy-page with the timidity and bashfulness of a woman. In a character of

such marked and unusual type, he was, of course, rather more indebted to the poet's original conception than in the case of the more ordinary types, but even thus the music of Cherubino's part is a remarkable instance of subtlety of expression; and Jahn throws an additional light on this by his mention of the treatment of the part of Polidoro in *La Finta Semplice*, written at the age of twelve: "The naïve emotion of a youth who is as yet unconscious of the strength of his own passion, is so naturally and heartily expressed, that we may well ask how the boy had acquired such a degree of psychological insight." The dignity and elevation of feeling, again, with which Mozart invests the love music of a high-minded lady, of a Donna Anna or a Countess, is not less remarkable in its way; and the truth and reality of Mozart's pathos, as exhibited through such characters, has been commented on by John Stuart Mill, who contrasts the feeling expressed in the Countess's airs in *Figaro*, the genuine outpouring of the heart in solitude, with what he terms the "garrulous pathos" of Rossini, a pathos which is manifestly conscious of the listeners, and acts to them. The new form which the treatment of the orchestra in opera took in his hands cannot be better put than in Jahn's own words:

"It (the orchestra) is no longer a mere adjunct to the vocal parts, but takes its share in the effective working of the whole, filling out details which the vocal parts leave imperfect, and obeying not so much the requirements of the vocalist as the conditions of artistic perfection. This altered relationship required an altered organization; each component part of the orchestra must have a distinct existence, so that each, according to its place and kind might contribute to the general effect. The single example of the treatment of the basses will serve to make this clear. Hitherto the basses had served merely as the foundation of the melody, indispensable indeed, but often clumsy and insignificant; but here without losing their character as the groundwork of harmonic elaboration, they have an independent movement; they serve not only to support the superincumbent mass, but their quickening power sets in motion and gives the impulse to its formation."

All that need be added to this is, that Mozart, alone among operatic composers, has been able to preserve precisely the balance between the vocal and the orchestral portion of the work; to weave

the orchestra into the whole design, and give individual expression to various instruments, without hampering and over-weighting the singers. Even in Beethoven's one exquisite opera the balance is sometimes lost, the singers too much enmeshed in the elaborations of the accompaniment; and in much of recent German opera the balance is so entirely lost that the result is really an orchestral composition, with explanatory comments by the singers.

The strong sense of character, and power of musically defining it, which has been referred to and illustrated in Mozart's operas, should in itself be sufficient to refute the idea which some critics of to-day seem to entertain, that he was essentially a superior class of music-maker, producing by a happy instinct, rather than by intellectual effort. The man Mozart, it must be confessed, does not represent, apart from his art, a very high ideal of life; nor does the strong light of Jahn's biography benefit his memory much in this respect, save in so far as it justifies us in regarding him as a beautiful nature spoiled by untoward circumstances, acting upon some inherent weaknesses of character. In youth he was far more serious and self-respecting than in his later life; but Grimm characterizes him, during his stay in Paris, in a letter to the elder Mozart, as "*zu treuherzig*, peu actif, trop aisé à attraper, trop peu occupé des moyens qui peuvent conduire à la fortune," and Grimm's penetration is sadly justified by the records of the composer's later life—the tale of improvidence and carelessness about money, resulting in constant grinding embarrassment; of thoughtless expenditure on the whim of the moment, ill counterbalanced by equally thoughtless expectations of something turning up, or schemes for attaining that end; of the swindles perpetrated upon him by worthless companions, who were pardoned and taken into good fellowship again out of mere easy-hearted good-nature, reckless of consequences; of wine and billiards employed as the refuge from anxiety. It is a pathetic picture, but hardly a heroic one. In regard to general culture and breadth of view, Mozart's mind was evidently but of a very ordinary type, as may readily be

concluded from the total absence of any reference to the higher class of literature in his correspondence; from the tone of puerile spite in which he chronicles the death of Voltaire, "the arch-heretic;" the mingled superstition and naïveté with which he defends himself against the charge of having not fasted with full orthodoxy in Lent, somewhat in the spirit of Mrs. Quickly ("What's a joint of mutton or two in a whole Lent?"); from his fondness for rings, chains, and finery, which led to his once being actually taken for a liveried servant in some one's palace; and from the fact that he could descend to make a boon companion of such a vulgar "rip" as Schikaneder, the manager for whom he wrote *Die Zauberflöte*, when the theatre was in low water, and who rewarded his ill-advised good-nature by swindling him of all that he should have made by the opera. His weaknesses were mostly amiable, and the man was lovable through them all, and was loved by many; but he was not a hero, either intellectually or morally, outside of his art. Let so much be conceded; does this fact materially affect the importance of his place as a composer? If we concluded so, we should in consistency have to lurch the garland from some of the most brilliant names in literature and art. Nor do the school of critics, who now affect to slight Mozart, profess to do so on this ground. They charge him with want of earnestness in his art, with having no definite aim, or, as I once saw the charge more distinctly formulated in print, with a thoughtless habit of taking a beautiful melody, and elaborating it solely with the view of displaying its beauty, with no ulterior aim. Is this then so ignoble a task? We have Filippo Lippi's answer—

"If you get simple beauty and naught else,
You get about the best thing God invents."

an answer the weight and significance of which are apt to be sadly overlooked in these days of self-conscious theorizing upon the *morale* of art. But the further answer on the part of Mozart might be this: that inasmuch as his special power consisted in the utterance of feeling through musical form, we have no right to demand that he should also have uttered that feeling through other channels.

literary or moral, not congenial to his genius; that in the face of the unquestionable evidence, in his lyric dramas, of the existence in him of a feeling based upon the elemental facts of a human nature and human pathos, we have no right to deny the existence of such a basis in his purely instrumental works, merely because he did not formulate in words what he could better express in music, the very *raison d'être* of which is that it expresses what words cannot express; and furthermore, that the mere development of perfect musical form, proportion, and detail is in itself an intellectual exercise of the highest interest, leading to a result the contemplation of which forms an intellectual pleasure of the purest and most abstract nature, which, just because it is abstract, is incapable of rigorous or logical definition, but is not the less genuine on that account. And in the days when, as Sterndale Bennett said, "music was young," it was the proper object of a composer to perfect its form, to experiment upon its resources of design, to master its technical difficulties; just as in the younger days of painting the mere effort to work out effects and handling not previously mastered was one of the main objects of the most gifted painters, and was a sufficient and ennobling aim in itself. The "Warum?" which Wagner has so persistently put, and which is a question naturally intruding itself upon the practitioners of an art which has passed its prime and is falling into its sere and yellow leaf, could have no place in the early and formative epoch of the same art. It seems to have been Mozart's peculiar mission to exhibit the perfect balance of form and design in his own art. In lyric drama he has done this more completely than any one since his time has succeeded in doing it. In one important and very popular branch of instrumental music, that of which the keyboard is the medium, he has been far surpassed, because he never thoroughly emancipated himself from the old clavier or harpsichord style which was in vogue in his youth, never fully appreciated the new and different powers of the modern pianoforte, which was only coming into general use in the

latter part of his musical career. In the higher forms of instrumental music, the quartet and the symphony, he achieved a perfection of finish in regard to form, expression, and relation of means to the end, which has never been surpassed, and not often equalled even by Beethoven. He gave to music of this class a higher and more serious tone than it had ever exhibited before. Of one section of his instrumental movements, the minuets, Jahn remarks very truly, "Haydn's minuets are the product of a laughter-loving national life; Mozart's give the tone of good society," the *distinction* of character which, as before observed, belongs also to the music of his heroines in opera; and the same kind of comparative elevation of tone belongs to the best of his instrumental music generally, in comparison with what had preceded it. When we come to compare the emotional expression of his music with that of his greatest successor, then indeed we are conscious of a comparative limitation in his powers; but we must also perceive that so passionate a stress of feeling as is poured out in the works of Beethoven, even could the poetic motive for it have existed in Mozart's day, would have torn asunder the delicate and finished framework of Mozart's exquisitely constructed forms. The greatest intensity of expression is perhaps incompatible with the greatest perfection of form; but while recognizing in Mozart the musician who gave us the most balanced and complete musical art, we must, while recognizing also his limitation in regard to emotional intensity, remember that he had lived but a short life, that his latest work, the "Requiem" (taking those portions which are unquestionably his), evinces deeper and more serious feeling than any of his previous compositions, and that we can hardly estimate what he might have done with twenty years' longer life, under favorable circumstances. As it is, he has left enough to justify Rossini's characterization of him, as "the only musician who had as much knowledge as genius, and as much genius as knowledge." — *Fortnightly Review*.

LITERARY NOTICES.

LIFE AND TIMES OF THE RIGHT HON. JOHN BRIGHT. By William Robertson. New York: Cassell & Co.

This work aims to be something more than a biography, to sketch an outline of the great movements which have made the middle half of the nineteenth century such an important epoch in English history. Indeed, this is the only way in which an adequate life of John Bright could be written. His glory has been that he has interpreted the domestic needs of England to herself and to the world with an eloquence unsurpassed in its day in his own country, as well as with a single-minded devotion which has never been questioned. This benign political figure would have been an object of deep sympathy on the part of all Americans, had he not endeared himself peculiarly to us during our late struggle for existence. When most of the leading men of Great Britain were hostile to the Union cause John Bright's eloquence rang like a trumpet through the land unfaltering in its support, and through this trumpet spoke the voice of the great middle class, which he represented and had inspired. The life of such a man could not fail to be of the most pregnant interest and his biographer has performed his work *com amore*. We do not discover that literary skill in the work which make some biographies so delightful. It is the matter rather than the manner which interests, and if the author is at times prolix and cumbersome, we can readily overlook this fault in view of the sincerity and sympathy shown on every page. Every biographer must be a hero-worshipper, so far as his subject is concerned, to be successful, and Mr. Robertson cannot be mistaken in this attitude.

John Bright was the scion of a respectable Quaker family and was born at Rochdale, in the North of England, in 1811. His father acquired a fortune in manufacturing, but John Bright, after he had received a fairly good school training, was not permitted to go to a university but was put to the more practical training of his father's mill. Though engaged in active business while yet a youth, he devoted all his leisure time to study, and so laid the foundation of that extensive knowledge of literature and history which is not surpassed by any of his political colleagues and rivals. He soon became interested in the great contest which sprang from the Corn Laws, and as

public agitation increased, his irresistible impulse as an orator came to the fore, and he became known for the fervor and charm of his eloquence. It was not many years before he was recognized with Richard Cobden as the most powerful advocate in England for the repeal of the Corn Laws, and the establishment of that free-trade policy which has since been the dominant fact in the economic life of the country. In 1843 he was returned to Parliament from Durham. He entered political life with a large stock of practical political knowledge, a noble and lofty purpose, and an extensive training in the very best school of oratory, the habit of addressing large masses of people for at least ten years previously. He instantly sprang to the front rank as a debater in the House of Commons. Side by side with Cobden at Westminster during parliamentary sessions, or through the length and breadth of the land at other times he brought his eloquent voice and strong logic to bear on his work, till in 1846 Sir Robert Peel was won over, and the Corn Laws were abolished. It is not practicable for us to pursue at any length the important part taken by John Bright in successive reforms in English policy. He was identified with most of the different reform and suffrage bills which passed Parliament, and his voice was a most potent one in bringing about those changes. Of his more recent career we do not need to speak, for all Americans are familiar with it. His biographer has given us a pleasant picture of John Bright in private as well as of the statesman and reformer, and, however faulty on the literary side of his work, he is entitled to the thanks of the reading world for his very full presentation of the life of so great a man.

THE CREATORS OF THE AGE OF STEEL. By W. S. Jeans. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

This is pre-eminently the age of the practical arts, and among these arts those connected with the manufacture and use of iron and steel take the highest place. The utilization of iron has been agreed on as the measure of the world's more advanced civilization. For example, the archæologists have divided the progress of man from savagery to civilization accordingly as he has made his weapons and tools of stone, bronze, or iron. It is not till

man in the history of the race had reached a comparatively advanced stage of progress that he learned to smelt and work iron, and the use of this most valuable of all metals contributed largely to advance him in that civilization. The knowledge of that peculiar modification of iron called steel existed almost contemporaneously with the other, but for many thousand years the world advanced not beyond the very threshold of knowledge as to what the capacity of steel was. It may, in fact, be said that as much was known about methods and processes of working and tempering steel at the time of the Christian era as in the year 1800 A.D. The age of steel had not yet begun. The dawn of modern physical science was in the middle of the fifteenth century. For a hundred years progress was slow. From the middle of the sixteenth to the middle of the seventeenth century it became universally recognized that observation and experiment were indispensable to the extension of physical knowledge. This was the period of Galileo. During the next hundred years the world witnessed the application of mathematics to mechanics and physics. This was the age of Newton and Leibnitz. From 1750 to 1850 there existed no distinctive characteristic except the enormous and widespread application of these principles of physical and industrial knowledge. It has been reserved for the latter half of this century to witness the marvellous discoveries in the properties of steel, processes of making it, and varieties of application which have revolutionized the conditions of the age in so many particulars. The little book before us is an interesting sketch of the great inventors and scientists who have contributed most largely to making this the age of steel—Sir Henry Bessemer, Sir William Siemens, Sir Joseph Whitworth, Sir Thomas Brown, and others. Of course, it is only an outline sketch, but it gives an admirable résumé of the field and a sufficiently graphic idea of what the world owes to some half dozen men. To illustrate, for example, the value of the invention of Bessemer in steel-making: It is stated by M. Chevalier, the French economist, that the whole gold yield of California up to 1882 amounted to about \$1,200,000,000. Yet he claims that the Bessemer steel process has saved the world much more than that enormous sum, though it was only discovered or at least made known to the public in 1856. Sir William Siemens supplemented the discoveries of Bessemer in processes of cheap steel-making, and so these two men have revolution-

ized the industrial conditions of the century, for all other industries depend on iron and steel. It would be interesting to collate various facts and statements from the book of Mr. Jeans, and thus give a more vivid notion of the value of these brief biographies, but this we cannot do. Sir William Siemens, it need hardly be said, was not only intimately associated with the greatest operations in steel metallurgy, but a scientist of most versatile attainments, who seemed indefatigable in the more abstract branches as well as in the practical field. It is to him, too, that we owe some of the most important steps in modern electrical engineering. Sir Joseph Whitworth is specially known as the inventor and manufacturer of the heaviest rifled ordnance and Sir Henry Brown as the iron-master who has carried the art of rolling armor-plates of vast size to a higher perfection than any other manufacturer in the world. Of the other two men whose biographies are sketched in this book we can only say that they are worthily grouped with the others. The author has done his work with good taste and sufficient skill, and succeeded in making a very interesting book, and one not less instructive than interesting.

THE PAGANS. (American Novel Series.) By Arlo Bates. New York: *Henry Holt & Co.*

This is the second issue in the American Novel Series, "A Latter-Day Saint" having been the first. Though essentially different from the other story in motive and the fact that it is the product of a riper and more experienced mind, it has certain points of resemblance that come of a common flippancy of method and an audacious misstatement by implication, at least, of social facts and tendencies. If the publishers have the same luck with the succeeding authors of the series, it will be unique of its kind. By the title, "The Pagans," is meant no allusion whatsoever to those worthy forefathers of us all who worshipped idols. It is supposed to be the name of a little society of artists and litterateurs in Boston, who meet periodically in a very informal way to drink beer, smoke pipes, rail at the established order of things, make long speeches against what is known as Philistinism, condemn everything which does not square with their notions of art and society, and otherwise deport themselves as harmless lunatics. It is with the sayings and doings of these people and their connection with the outer world that "The Pagans" concerns itself. The story is not much, but it

serves as a sufficient framework for the delineation of certain queer and amusing characters, and to give opportunity to not a little witty, epigrammatic, sometimes suggestive, and oftentimes absurd, dialogue, which, however, always fits well with the people who utter it. The leading motive of the story is found in the relations of two of the Pagans, a young woman who is studying modelling, supposed to be a widow, but really only separated from her husband, and her master, a sculptor. Of course these two fall in love with each other. The husband of madame turns up and declares that he has at last become really enamored of his wife, proposing that they shall then and there rectify their strained relations, which suggestion is promptly vetoed. The husband, who is a doctor, consoles himself by a little prussic acid. There is then no obstacle between the lovers. But the lady discovers that a certain ignorant Italian model-girl, who has the talent of a very shapely figure, had been in the old days in Rome the *fiancée* of her suitor, and had come to America to find him out and prove to him that he had parted from her under a gross misconception. She, rising immediately to the height of a sublime self-denial, compels her lover, after the exchange of certain preternaturally long and adhesive kisses, which she permits as a last concession to their mutual weakness, to marry the aforesaid Italian damsel, whereupon she herself departs for Italy to study art. Another minor element in the story and to our mind the brightest and most interesting is the defection of one of the Pagans, who had been the most brilliant and uncompromising of the railers against Philistinism, to the world again. This backsliding and the causes which lead to it are related with a good deal of unconscious humor and considerable subtlety of analysis. On the whole, the reader does not half blame him for returning to the flesh pots of Egypt, and cannot help suspecting that this descent from the high æsthetic pedestal into what may be metaphorically called the pig-sties of social order and established usage is about the most sensible thing done by any personage in the book. It is impossible to deny this novel the possession of a very distinct kind of cleverness, but we are afraid (though we shall be called Philistines for saying so) that the laxest of critics would never charge the story with being moral or having the slightest sympathy with that consensus of the world's best conclusions which we call social decorum and decency. But, to be sure, the modern canons of criticism forbid us to

criticise any production either in art or letters on the score of lack of such an element. This, however, may be said : Aside from the question of morals the story is unsatisfactory artistically, for there is not one character in it consistent to himself. "The Pagans" may be read with amusement and interest for the brightness and sparkle of its talk, but in other respects we cannot commend its author's success.

TREASURE ISLAND. By Robert Louis Stevenson, Author of "Travels with a Donkey," "An Inland Voyage," etc. With Illustrations. Boston : *Roberts Brothers*.

Mr. Stevenson has given the world within a year or two several charming books, and in "Treasure Island" he has contributed for the pleasure of young people and even of children of an older growth a very fascinating story, told with a freshness, a quaintness, and a "go," which are simply irresistible. We would not give much for the lad who, once he settles down to read this narrative of buried treasure and ranting pirates of the true-blue school, and of stirring adventures by field and flood, which fairly make the hair stand on end, would permit himself to be torn from it till he had seen the business through. Of course we have all read the "Pirate's Own Book" and innumerable other blood-curdling tales of buccaneering in boyhood.

The motive of the story in the beginning is furnished by the discovery, on the part of a boy, the son of an innkeeper in England, in the last century, of the whereabouts of a wonderful buried treasure, the revelation being made through a paper found in the chest of an old hard-drinking sailor man, who had died at the tavern. It is made known to the squire of the district, who proceeds to organize an expedition in search of the treasure. But the brother-pirates of the old wretch who had died got wind of the matter, and shipped on board. The imaginative reader, with this background for the romance, can now forecast a long series of the most thrilling adventures. We will not lessen his enjoyment by further describing the story of the book. The author has shown himself a great adept in character creation by his description of some of the pirates, particularly of Silver, the suave but bloodthirsty ringleader of the pirate gang, who hops about on his one leg with as much agility as the youngest of the crew. The author has shown his art by making us fascinated with his brutal buccaneers, desperately wicked as they are. Of course, the

story ends prosperously after a most exciting series of adventures.

PILGRIM SORROW. A CYCLE OF TALES. By (Carmen Sylva) Queen Elizabeth of Roumania. Translated by Helen Zimmern. New York: *Henry Holt & Company*.

The royal author of these allegorical stories, which, however, may properly be regarded as one and the same, is the daughter of a German princeling, who carried with her to her wild and romantic little kingdom in Eastern Europe a passionate love of poetry and nature, and a tender sympathy with distress and suffering, which speedily endeared her to her half-barbarian subjects. We find in this cycle of tales a warm love of nature and a tendency to idealize and embody it, a mental bias common to the German race, which has found vent in some of the most delightful and quaint features of their folk-lore. Carmen Sylva, as we will continue to call the author, aims in her congeries of stories to illustrate the mission of sorrow in purifying and redeeming the world, observing much the same method which Bunyan has immortalized in the "Pilgrim's Progress." The tender vein of melancholy, as of one who had had much disappointment and trouble in life and who feels irresistibly impelled to find expression for it in writing, is so far from displeasing that it quite makes one of the dominant charms of the book. Without it the atmosphere of the stories would lose its characteristic flavor. The translation appears to have been well done by Miss Zimmern.

OLD LADY MARY. A STORY OF THE SEEN AND UNSEEN. Boston: *Roberts Brothers*.

This remarkable ghost story, which our readers will remember as having appeared in the March number of *THE ECLECTIC*, is said to have been written by Mrs. Oliphant, and was originally published in *Blackwood's Magazine*. It may certainly be considered as one of the most unique and fascinating stories of its kind which has appeared, we were about to say, since Bulwer's "The House and the Brain." But, unlike the latter most ingenious production, it does not excite, in the least, any sentiment of terror. On the other hand, it is full of gentle pathos, which touches the heart. The story is of an old lady of rank who, dying suddenly, entails on an orphan child, whom she had adopted, poverty and dependence, because she had, in a careless freak, put her will where no one thought of looking for it. The spirit,

when it finds its place in the other world, suffers the deepest remorse for this neglect, and after much solicitation gains permission from the guardian of Hades to return to the earth that she might, if possible, communicate with the orphan and rectify the wrong. The interest is painfully aroused in the desperate but unavailing attempts of the gentle spirit to perform her mission, her misery, and the vague consciousness of the living inmates of the house where she lingers of the presence of some mysterious being. The author has treated the matter with great art, and is certainly unique in her conception of a ghost story which revolves about the ghost as the central figure of interest, instead of human beings. We can most cordially praise this little book as one of the most noticeable efforts of its kind for many a long year.

ENGLISH POETESSES. A SERIES OF CRITICAL BIOGRAPHIES WITH ILLUSTRATIVE EXTRACTS. By Eric S. Robertson, M.D. New York: *Cassell & Company*.

Among her galaxy of poets, certainly no small or inglorious company, for no country, modern or ancient, can equal it, England numbers not a few woman-poets, who shine with a bright lustre. It is then well worthy the ambition of the appreciative critic to make a study of them, and collect such estimates where they may be read consecutively. Mr. Robertson has done this, and to make the work more thorough he has accompanied his text with such extracts as fairly illustrate the genius and characteristics of each poet. (*En passant* we may wonder that so clever and capable a man as the author shows himself to be uses such a vulgarity as "poetesses" instead of woman-poets.) To cover the ground fully Mr. Robertson includes many women who are best known as prose writers, and only wrote occasional verses. This is, perhaps, as it should be, but it is, after all, a little misleading. For instance, we have Aphra Behn, Lady Mary Montagu, Mrs. Piozzi, Mrs. Opie, Mary Lamb, and others ranked in the poetic category, though the world knows them not in this way at all. The review is certainly thoroughly done, and we do not discover any woman, who has done even respectable occasional work in poetry, who has been omitted. The most space and attention, of course, are given to Elizabeth Barrett Browning. Then come in relative importance George Eliot, Felicia Hemans, Joanna Baillie, L. E. L., and Adelaide Procter. Mr. Robertson shows considerable critical acumen in his studies, and

the extracts given are very judiciously selected.

CREMATION AND OTHER MODES OF SEPULTURE.

By R. E. Williams, A.M. Philadelphia :
J. B. Lippincott & Company.

Though the burning of the dead does not now arouse the interest in the public mind which was displayed some years ago, it seems to be certain that a belief in the desirability of such a method is slowly and surely gaining ground. The most bigoted opponents of cremation cannot very well dispute the fact that many strong arguments—religious, historical, and sanitary—can be adduced for this method of disposing of the dead. Certainly, on the latter side of the argument the argument is almost overwhelming. The main objection appears to be in custom and tradition, which have great force on the human mind. Mr. Williams has summed up the case in favor of incineration or cremation ably and fully, and it seems to us his conclusions are irresistible.

FOREIGN LITERARY NOTES.

THE Sultan, "in testimony of high satisfaction" with Mr. Edwin Arnold's "Pearls of the Faith" as a poetical exposition of the religion of Islam, has conferred on him the Order of the Osmanié of the third class.

THE volume of essays by George Eliot which Messrs. Blackwood announce for immediate publication was left by her ready corrected for the press. It will contain all her contributions to periodical literature that she was willing to have republished, together with some short essays and pages from her note-book that have not hitherto been printed. Among the reprinted articles will be "Worldliness and Otherworldliness," "German Wit," "Evangelical Teaching," "The Influence of Rationalism," and "Felix Holt's Address to Working Men."

A COMMITTEE has been formed to place a marble bust of the poet Gray in the hall of Pembroke College, Cambridge, and a bronze replica in the Fitzwilliam Museum. Among the members are Lord Tennyson, Lord Houghton, Prof. Sidney Colvin, Mr. Gosse, Mr. Austin Dobson, Mr. Alma Tadema, and Mr. Boughton, with a branch committee in America, where Gray's popularity has recently been shown by three illustrated editions of the "Elegy." Mr. Hamo Thornycroft has been

selected as sculptor, and the total cost of the two busts is put at £300.

THE "*Saturday Review*" begins a review of Ouida's "Frescoes" with the following: "Gent wants a thinner and drier vintage, does he? We'll see how he likes *this*," says the waiter, in Leech's sketch, as he pumps water into a sherry decanter. Critics have always been telling Ouida that they liked a thinner and drier tap than she was in the habit of supplying. The Falernian vintages of Ouida's genius have been found too sweet and rich, though undoubtedly very "curious." "Strathmore" and "Under Two Flags," with many of Ouida's other samples, really seemed as if no amount of keeping would ever tone them down, and correct their luscious flavor and superabundant alcohol. In deference, perhaps, to numerous requests, Ouida, now presents us, in "Frescoes, etc.," with a beverage which is distinctly thinner and drier than "Chandos" and "Strathmore." But we fear reviewers will say that the dryness and thinness are only got by the waiter's expedient. The tap is not a new tap; it is only the old tap watered down.

THE catalogue of the books and manuscripts belonging to the Bibliothèque Nationale, or State Library of France, has been completed. The Bibliothèque Nationale is said to be the richest, as it is the most ancient library in the world. It was founded in the reign of Charles V., "the Sage" (1364-80), whose valet Gilles Mallet, drew up a list of the books in 1367. This catalogue is preserved under a glass cover as a priceless relic. It refers to a collection of 973 articles.

"It was shown in this column a short time since," says the *Pall Mall Gazette*, "that a celebrated line in one of Lord Tennyson's poems has undergone more than one change. The other evening at the dinner of the 'Odd Volumes,' where several Oriental authorities were assembled to hear Mr. Quaritch's lecture, it was mentioned by a Chinese scholar that when Lord Tennyson wrote 'Locksley Hall' he could not have been aware of the exact nature of a Chinese cycle. 'Better,' he exclaimed, 'fifty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay.' It being granted that Cathay is poetical English for China, it was stated, with the complete concurrence of an eminent mandarin who was present, that a Chinese cycle consists, and has for some centuries consisted, of sixty years. By these cycles the lapse of time has been computed in

China during the whole of the present dynasty. Our poet, therefore, was less complimentary to Europe than he probably intended to be when he said that fifty years of Europe were only equal to sixty years of China. Perhaps he was not so far wrong after all."

As a result of the International Literary Congress at Berne last September, the President of the Swiss Confederation, M. Ruchonnet, has issued a circular inviting the European Governments to send representatives to a conference at which the establishment of an international code of literary copyright will be discussed. Our own Government has agreed to take part in this conference, and Lord Granville has informed Mr. Blanchard Jerrold, the Chairman of the English Committee of the International Literary Association, that Mr. Adams, her Majesty's Minister at Berne, is instructed to attend as British delegate, but that he is to be present in "a purely consultative capacity, and with no power to vote or to bind her Majesty's Government to accept any views on the copyright question which may be adopted by the conference."

MR. LABOUCHÈRE'S *Truth* gives these interesting figures, showing the earnings of a number of well-known writers. Disraeli, it is stated made by his pen £30,000; Byron, £23,000; Lord Macaulay received £20,000 on account of three fourths net profits for his history. Thiers and Lamartine received nearly £20,000 each for their respective histories. Thackeray is said not to have received £5000 for any of his novels. Sir Walter Scott was paid £110,000 for eleven novels of three volumes each and nine volumes of "Tales of my Landlord." For one novel he received £10,000 and between November, 1825, and June, 1827, he received £26,000 for literary work. Bulwer, Lord Lytton, is said to have made £80,000 by his novels; Dickens, it has been computed ought to have been making £10,000 a year for the three years prior to the publication of "Nicholas Nickleby;" and Trollope in twenty years made £70,000. The following sums are said to have been paid for single works: "Romola," George Eliot, £10,000; "Waverley," Scott, £7000; "Woodstock," Scott, £8000; "Life of Napoleon," Scott, £18,000; "Armada," Wilkie Collins, £5000; "Lallah Rookh," Thomas Moore, £3000; "History of Rome," Goldsmith, £300; "History of Greece," Goldsmith, £250; "History of England," Goldsmith, £600; "Vicar of Wakefield," Goldsmith, £60; "Decline and Fall," Gibbon, £10,000;

"Lives of the Poets," Johnson, £300; "Rasselas," Johnson, £100.

THE sketch of the life and times of Sydney Smith which Mr. Stuart J. Reid is engaged upon should prove an unusually interesting book. Mr. Reid has had some valuable papers intrusted to him by members of the family of the great wit; and the Marquis of Lansdowne, Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, M.P., Mr. R. A. Kinglake, and others, have placed unpublished letters at his disposal, while several old friends of Sydney Smith's have enriched the volume with personal reminiscences. The book will also contain a portrait, from a miniature never before engraved, belonging to Miss Holland; a view of Combe Florey Rectory, with Sydney Smith in the foreground, drawn by his friend Mrs. Grote, during a visit in 1840; and other illustrations specially executed for the work. The book will be dedicated, by permission, to Mr. Ruskin. Why, we do not know. One can scarcely imagine two men who had less in common than the genial wit and the "cantankerous" critic.

It is said that Professor Kuenen's revision of his introduction to the Old Testament is to be translated from the Dutch by a well-known English clergyman. The chapter relating to the Pentateuch and Joshua were translated by the late Dr. Colenso.

MR. FROUDE is writing the preface to a new work on the massacre of Protestants in Ireland in 1641.

AN interesting account appears in the London *World* of the respective conversational powers of some of the lights of French literature. Alexandre Dumas "has a tendency to stand in corners, with arms folded and nursing his chin between the thumb and the index of his right hand, while he relates some anecdote of himself or of his father, in a roughish, hoarse voice, and with a certain brusqueness of language." Augier is a nervous and incisive talker, "joyous, *gaulois* at times, and gifted with a communicative laugh." Renan is "urbane, unctuous, priestly, and unaffirmative." Alphonse Daudet retains the awkwardness of Bohemian antecedents; Sardou "will talk your head off; a single word is sufficient to start him." Edmond de Goncourt talks "well and elegantly, and with great originality of language." Victor Hugo "used to be reputed an excellent talker." Barbey d'Aureville who is one of the lions of the Baronne de Poilly's salon, is a master in the art of *causerie*, both

as a narrator and in repartee. About "of course, is a capital talker." Zola is a "boor in all respects; he never appears in a salon, and when by chance he visits one of his colleagues in naturalism he invariably talks about the circulation of his books and the scurvy thievery of those American publishers who translate his novels and never pay him a cent."

MR. CHARLES LEWES, it is said, writes that it is untrue that George Eliot left many note-books behind her dealing with numerous subjects. When the biography upon which her husband, Mr. Cross, is now engaged, and the forthcoming volume of essays, are published, there will remain almost nothing unprinted.

MISCELLANY.

RINGS IN THE UNITED STATES.—Owing to several circumstances, "rings," as they are called in the United States, or combinations of speculators, are able to effect much more at the other side of the Atlantic than they could in Europe. These rings are a kind of temporary partnership formed for a special purpose, and often only for a brief space of time. They by some means or other get command of large amounts of capital, and they operate upon the Stock Exchange for the purpose of getting control of great industrial undertakings. Their mode of operation is first to spread rumors disadvantageous to the property which they wish to get possession of. They usually fix upon some time when there exists partial or general commercial discredit; when a failure of the harvest, great floods, or excessive speculation have excited apprehensions. They then take advantage of this state of feeling to spread rumors disadvantageous to the property they wish to acquire. When the price of the property is sufficiently lowered, they are able to buy such an amount of shares, as practically enables them to vote themselves into the direction and management of the company. They follow up this step by bringing out glowing reports shortly afterward showing that their management has put an end to the unsatisfactory state of things that previously existed, and that the future of the company promises to be most brilliant. They succeed in this way after a time in running up the price of the shares to an extravagant height, when they take care to sell out and once more resort to the tactics which frighten shareholders and bring down prices. Thus they go on alternately buying and selling, and at each move increas-

ing their own wealth. In the management of the property, moreover, they utterly disregard the interests of the shareholders and of the public. They refuse all adequate information; they publish reports of the most meagre kind and at the longest intervals, and generally they maintain so much secrecy that it is impossible for the outside public to form any true estimate of the real value of the property. At the same time they usually increase their wealth by what is called watering the stock—that is, issuing fresh share capital for which there has been no expenditure of any kind. And they disregard the interests of their customers just as they make light of the interests of their shareholders.—*Saturday Review*.

ANGLO-FRENCH AND FRANCO-ENGLISH.—

There is an ancient and musty merry jest about a City madam who spoke only the French habitually used in young ladies' schools, and who rendered into English the familiar *ris de veau à la financière* as "a smile of the little cow in the manner of the female financier." But this is not more startling than many other things to be discovered by those who search the cook-books diligently. We remember a bill of fare in a far Western hotel in the United States in which all the familiar dishes were translated into unfamiliar French, the climax being reached when ginger-snaps, the sole dessert, appeared transmogrified as *gateaux de gingembre*. Perhaps it is in revenge for repeated insults like this that the Parisians now advertise on the windows of the cafés on the boulevards that *Boissons Américaines* are sold within, the only American drink particularized being a certain "Shery Gobbler," warranted to warm the heart of all vagrant American humorists who may chance to visit Paris while alive, and in the flesh. In essence *shery gobbler* is but little more comic than *rosbif*, or than *bifteck*, which are recognized French forms of the roast beef of old England and of the beefsteak which plays second to it. Both *rosbif* and *bifteck* are accepted by Littré, who finds for the latter a sponsor as early and as eminent as Voltaire. And *shery gobbler* is not as comic as "cutlete" and "tartlete," which we detected day after day on the bill of fare of a Cunard steamer crossing from Liverpool to New York a few months ago. When we drew the attention of a fellow-traveller to the constant recurrence of the superfluous *e* at the end of cutlet and tartlet, the active and intelligent steward, who anticipated our slightest wants,

leaned forward with a benignant smile, and benevolently explained the mystery. "It's French, sir," he said; "cutlete and tartlete is French, sir!"

Of the many amusing stories in circulation and turning on an English misuse of French, the most popular is perhaps the anecdote in which one of two gentlemen occupying an apartment in Paris leaves word with the *concierge* that he does not wish his fire to go out; as he unfortunately expresses this desire in the phrase "ne laissez pas sortir le feu," much inconvenience results to the other gentleman, who is detained in the apartment as a dangerous lunatic. This pleasant tale has in its time been fathered on many famous Englishmen. And like unto it is another which Americans are wont to place to the credit of a cockney, while the English are sure that its true hero was a Yankee—both parties acting on the old principle of "putting the Frenchman up the chimney when they tell the story in England." The story goes that a certain Anglo-Saxon—for thus we may avoid international complications—entered into a Parisian restaurant with intent to eat, drink, and be merry. Wishing to inform the waiter of his hunger he said, "J'ai une femme!" to which the polite but astonished waiter naturally responded, "J'espère que madame se porte bien?" Whereupon the Anglo-Saxon makes a second attempt at the French for hunger, and asserts, "Je suis fameux!" to which the waiter's obvious reply is, "Je suis bien aise de le savoir, monsieur!" Then the Anglo-Saxon girded up his loins and made a final effort, and declared, "Je suis femme!" to which the waiter could answer only, "Alors madame s'habille d'une façon très étrange." After which the Anglo-Saxon fled, and was seen no more.—*Saturday Review*.

INDUSTRY AS A MATTER OF RACE.—We suppose there are indolent Chinese, but the immense majority of that vast people have an unequalled power of work; care nothing about hours, and so long as they are paid, will go on with a dogged, steady persistence in toil for sixteen hours a day such as no European can rival. No English ship-carpenter will work like a Chinese, no laundress will wash as many clothes, and a Chinese compositor would very soon be expelled for over-toil by an English "chapel" of the trade. The Chinese peasants and boatmen work all day, and every day; and, in fact, but for untiring industry, the closely packed masses of China could not be

sustained as they are by artificial irrigation. Of the Brown Races the Arabs generally prefer abstemiousness carried to a starving point to continuous labor; but the most numerous brown people, the Indian, labor unrelaxingly for seventy-seven hours a week. They are often called lazy by unobservant Europeans, because they enjoy the cool of the evening; but they go to work before four in the morning and work on till three, and only eat once during sunlight, the second meal being taken after dark. They take, too, no weekly holiday. The result, in fact, proves their industry. They keep up a system of agriculture singularly toilsome, because it involves irrigation, raise often three crops and always two in the year, and have covered India with grand cities which they built for themselves. As they feel their climate, though less than Europeans do, their labor is severe, and we should say deliberately, after the observation of years, that their industrial fault was, when laboring for themselves, a disposition to do too much on insufficient food. They wear themselves out too early. They know this themselves, and have a tendency to refuse overtime and reject pay for it which is often most annoying. Of course, the savage brown races will not work continuously, but neither will the savage white ones, e.g., the mean whites of the Southern States; but then both will make incredible exertions by fits and starts, as, for example, in hunting, or rowing very long distances.—*Spectator*.

PARISIAN PLEASURES.—Leaders of fashion in Paris deserve the rare praise of having discovered—not, indeed, a new pleasure, but a new variety of an old one. This is the very heart of the dancing season, Paris being in all things a month earlier than London; and after Cinderellas, fancy balls, and costume réunions, in which inventive eccentricity was to be confined entirely to (the outsides of) the heads of the guests, it seemed that nothing new in that line could be devised. Something new has been devised, and is now in the full swing of Parisian patronage and popularity. Dances are given in which the hostess assumes a nationality. The Parisienne is content for the night to be a Spaniard, a Pole, a Neapolitan, and as is the hostess so must be her guests. The *mise en scène* is rigorously correct. In one salon you might fancy yourself in Madrid, especially if you had never been there. You have the sarabande and the bolero, the short petticoats, the gay flounces; and, where nature

(or art) can supply them, the olive complexions, the lustrous locks, and the rather wanton eyes of the country of bull-fights; dark beauties are much admired and Spanish lace is in high request. A few doors off you are in Poland, Chopin's dreamy waltzes giving the music and the slow, swinging step so inexplicable to a Frenchman accustomed to teetotum gyrations. German manners and customs are not yet very popular; but there seems a craze for the Russian mode. On the whole, the boulevardier boasts with reason that after it has struck twelve he can make a tour of the world in forty minutes.—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

THE SPECTATOR ON EMERSON.—Emerson is a most stimulating writer—one, however, who, like most stimulating writers, is apt sometimes to make you think that you have got hold of a real truth, only because he has put an old error into a novel and fascinating dress. If you would be stimulated by him to the best advantage, you must be stimulated to challenge his gnomic sayings, and to sift them through and through before you accept them. He has a genuine dignity in him which often gives a false air of authority to his announcements, and so takes in the unwary. It was he, we fancy, who introduced the unfortunate mistake, which has been followed by so many, of using imposing scientific terms, like "polarity" or "polarized," for instance, in a hybrid popular sense, which makes them at once pretentious and misleading. "Let me see every trifle," says Emerson, "bristling with the polarity that ranges it constantly on an eternal law, and the shop, the plough, and the ledger referred to the like cause by which light undulates and poets sing." How the ledger is to be made to bristle with a polarity that ranges it constantly on an eternal law, Emerson, of course, never even suggested; but that grandiose mode of speaking of things takes hold of all his disciples. Mr. Joel Benton, in defending his poems, says, for instance—"They are hints rather than finished statements. The words alone startle by their deep suggestion. Their polarized vitality, rich symbolism, and strong percussion, shock the mind, and celestial vistas or unfathomed depths are opened." There, we venture to say that the metaphorical polarity of Emerson—a very vague kind of polarity even in him, for it meant only the indication given by some detail of common life that that detail had its explanation in grander life beyond itself—has fallen to a yet lower level of metaphorical

emptiness. The "polarized vitality" of his poems can hardly be so explained as to give it any very distinct meaning. Polarized light is, we believe, light deprived of one set of its vibrations; and polarized life ought, we suppose by analogy, to mean life that does not show itself equally in all spheres—life thinned off into what is spiritual only. If Mr. Benton means this by the "polarized vitality" of Emerson's poems, he certainly is using terms at once pedantic and ineffectual to convey a very simple meaning; and this is just the fault into which Emerson not unfrequently fell himself, and almost always led his followers. There is a cant of scientific symbolism about their language which makes it at once obscure and affected.

BARREN AND FERTILE SOILS.—It may excite some surprise that the cost of cultivation and manure, and the amount of crop, is the same on what have hitherto been reckoned barren soils as on those which have been esteemed highly fertile. The statement is nevertheless true, subject to some qualifications. Where sterility has arisen from presence of some noxious ingredient (a rare case) it is of course not removable by additional manure. Where it arises from impermeability of the soil to air and water it may often be modified by drainage, but in many cases it cannot be entirely remedied. Such soils form however no large percentage of the land of the country. Where it is the consequence of high situation or bad exposure, it cannot be removed by art, though drainage often sensibly improves climate. In such situations, unsuited for grain crops, cattle food may generally be profitably grown. Where its cause is over-dryness of soil, it can only be aided by deeper cultivation or by irrigation. Lastly, where it exists on account of the soil being what farmers call "hungry," that is to say not only barren but incapable of retaining manures for any length of time, it can only be overcome at the cost of some additional labor, in giving rather larger doses of manure; but, above all, in dividing them into several applications, so that at each stage of existence the plant finds a fresh supply. From some experience with such soils, I can state that this is very effectual, and at a moderate additional cost, not on the whole exceeding 20s. per acre. But the advantage of this method has not been generally recognized, and for this reason the use of artificial manures on such soils has been supposed to be unprofitable, if not injurious.—*To-Day*.



Eclectic Magazine

OF

FOREIGN LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

New Series,
Vol. XXXIX., No. 5.

MAY, 1884.

{ Old Series com-
plete in 63 vols.

THE GHOST OF RELIGION.

BY FREDERICK HARRISON.

IN the January number of this Review is to be found an article on Religion which has justly awakened a profound and sustained interest. The creed of Agnosticism was there formulated anew by the acknowledged head of the Evolution philosophy, with a definiteness such as perhaps it never wore before. To my mind there is nothing in the whole range of modern religious discussion more cogent and more suggestive than the array of conclusions the final outcome of which is marshalled in those twelve pages. It is the last word of the Agnostic philosophy in its long controversy with Theology. That word is decisive, and it is hard to conceive how Theology can rally for another bout from such a *sorites* of dilemma as is there presented. My own humble purpose is not to criticise this paper, but to point its practical moral, and, if I may, to add to it a rider of my own. As a summary of philosophical

conclusions on the theological problem, it seems to me frankly unanswerable. Speaking generally, I shall now dispute no part of it but one word, and that is the title. It is entitled "Religion." To me it is rather the Ghost of Religion. Religion as a living force lies in a different sphere.

The essay, which is packed with thought to a degree unusual even with Mr. Herbert Spencer, contains evidently three parts. The first (pp. 1-5) deals with the historical Evolution of Religion, of which Mr. Spencer traces the germs in the primitive belief in ghosts. The second (pp. 6-8) arrays the moral and intellectual dilemmas involved in all anthropomorphic theology into one long catena of difficulty, out of which it is hard to conceive any free mind emerging with success. The third part (pp. 8-12) deals with the evolution of Religion in the future, and formulates, more precise-

ly than has ever yet been effected, the positive creed of Agnostic philosophy.

Has, then, the Agnostic a positive creed? It would seem so; for Mr. Spencer brings us at last "to the one absolute certainty, the presence of an Infinite and Eternal Energy, from which all things proceed." But let no one suppose that this is merely a new name for the Great First Cause of so many theologies and metaphysics. In spite of the capital letters, and the use of theological terms as old as Isaiah or Athanasius, Mr. Spencer's Energy has no analogy with God. It is Eternal, Infinite, and Incomprehensible; but still it is not He, but It. It remains always Energy, Force, nothing anthropomorphic; such as electricity, or anything else that we might conceive as the ultimate basis of all the physical forces. None of the positive attributes which have ever been predicated of God can be used of this Energy. Neither goodness, nor wisdom, nor justice, nor consciousness, nor will, nor life, can be ascribed, even by analogy, to this Force. Now a force to which we cannot apply the ideas of goodness, wisdom, justice, consciousness, or life, any more than we can to a circle, is certainly not God, has no analogy with God, nor even with what Pope has called the "Great First Cause, least understood." It shares some of the negative attributes of God and First Cause, but no positive one. It is, in fact, only the Unknowable a little more defined; though I do not remember that Mr. Spencer, or any evolution philosopher, has ever formulated the Unknowable in terms with so deep a theological ring as we hear in the phrase "Infinite and Eternal Energy, from which all things proceed."

The terms do seem, perhaps, rather needlessly big and absolute. And fully accepting Mr. Spencer's logical canons, one does not see why it should be called an "absolute certainty." "Practical belief" satisfies me; and I doubt the legitimacy of substituting for it "absolute certainty." "Infinite" and "Eternal," also, can mean to Mr. Spencer nothing more than "to which we know no limits, no beginning or end," and, for my part, I prefer to say this. Again, "an Energy"—why AN Energy? The Unknowable may certainly consist of more than one energy. To assert the pres-

ence of one uniform energy is to profess to know something very important about the Unknowable: that it is homogeneous, and even identical, throughout the Universe. And then, "from which all things proceed" is perhaps a rather equivocal reversion to the theologic type. In the Athanasian Creed the Third Person "proceeds" from the First and the Second. But this process has always been treated as a mystery; and it would be safer to avoid the phrases of mysticism. Let us keep the old words, for we all mean much the same thing; and I prefer to put it thus. All observation and meditation, Science and Philosophy, brings us "to the *practical belief* that man is ever in the presence of *some energy or energies*, of which he knows nothing, and to which therefore he would be wise to assign no limits, conditions, or functions. This is, doubtless, what Mr. Spencer himself means. For my part, I prefer his old term, the Unknowable. Though I have always thought that it would be more philosophical not to assert of the Unknown that it is Unknowable. And, indeed, I would rather not use the capital letter, but stick literally to our evidence, and say frankly "the unknown."

Thus viewed, the attempt, so to speak, to put a little unction into the Unknowable is hardly worth the philosophical inaccuracy it involves; and such is the drawback to any use of picturesque language. So stated, the positive creed of Agnosticism still retains its negative character. It has a series of propositions and terms, every one of which is a negation. A friend of my own, who was much pressed to say how much of the Athanasian Creed he still accepted, once said that he clung to the idea "that there was a sort of a something." In homely words such as the unlearned can understand, that is precisely what the religion of the Agnostic comes to, "the belief that there is a sort of a something, about which we can know nothing."

Now let us profess that, as a philosophical answer to the theological problem, that is entirely our own position. The Positivist answer is of course the same as the Agnostic answer. Why, then, do we object to be called Agnostics? Simply because Agnostic is only dog-Greek for "don't know," and we have

no taste to be called "don't knows." The *Spectator* calls us Agnostics, but that is only by way of prejudice. Our religion does not consist in a comprehensive negation; we are not forever replying to the theological problem; we are quite unconcerned by the theological problem, and have something that we do care for, and do know. Englishmen are Europeans, and many of them are Christians, and they usually prefer to call themselves Englishmen, Christians, or the like, rather than non-Asiatics or anti-Mohammedans. Some people still prefer to call themselves Protestants rather than Christians, but the taste is dying out, except among Irish Orangemen, and even the Nonconformist newspaper has been induced by Mr. Matthew Arnold to drop its famous motto: "The dissidence of Dissent, and the Protestantism of the Protestant religion." For a man to say that his religion is Agnosticism is simply the sceptical equivalent of saying that his religion is Protestantism. Both mean that his religion is to deny and to differ. But this is not religion. The business of religion is to affirm and to unite, and nothing can be religion but that which at once affirms truth and unites men.

The purpose of the present paper is to show that Agnosticism, though a valid and final answer to the theological or ontological problem—"what is the ultimate cause of the world and of man?"—is not a religion nor the shadow of a religion. It offers none of the rudiments or elements of religion, and religion is not to be found in that line at all. It is the mere disembodied spirit of dead religion: as we said at the outset, it is the ghost of religion. Agnosticism, perfectly legitimate as the true answer of science to an *ette* question, has shown us that religion is not to be found anywhere within the realm of Cause. Having brought us to the answer, "no cause that we know of," it is laughable to call that negation religion. Mr. Mark Pattison, one of the acutest minds of modern Oxford, rather oddly says that the idea of deity has now been "defecated to a pure transparency." The evolution philosophy goes a step further and defecates the idea of cause to a pure transparency. Theology and ontology alike end in the Everlasting No with which

science confronts all their assertions. But how whimsical is it to tell us that religion, which cannot find any resting-place in theology or ontology, is to find its true home in the Everlasting No! That which is defecated to a pure transparency can never supply a religion to any human being but a philosopher constructing a system. It is quite conceivable that religion is to end with theology, and both might in the course of evolution become an anachronism. But if religion there is still to be, it cannot be found in this No-man's-land and Know-nothing creed. Better bury religion at once than let its ghost walk uneasy in our dreams.

The true lesson is that we must hark back, and leave the realm of cause. The accident of religion has been mistaken for the essence of religion. The essence of religion is not to answer a question, but to govern and unite men and societies by giving them common beliefs and duties. Theologies tried to do this, and long did it, by resting on certain answers to certain questions. The progress of thought has upset one answer after another, and now the final verdict of philosophy is that all the answers are unmeaning, and that no rational answer can be given. It follows then that questions and answers, both but the accident of religion, must both be given up. A base of belief and duty must be looked for elsewhere, and when this has been found, then again religion will succeed in governing and uniting men. Where is this base to be found? Since the realm of Cause has failed to give us foothold, we must fall back upon the realm of Law—social, moral, and mental law, and not merely physical. Religion consists, not in answering certain questions, but in making men of a certain quality. And the law, moral, mental, social, is pre-eminently the field wherein men may be governed and united. Hence to the religion of Cause there succeeds the religion of Law. But the religion of Law or Science is Positivism.

It is no part of my purpose to criticise Mr. Spencer's memorable essay, except so far as it is necessary to show that that which is a sound philosophical conclusion is not religion, simply by reason that it relates to the subject-matter of theology. But a few words may be suffered as to the historical evolution of re-

figion. To many persons it will sound rather whimsical, and possibly almost a sneer, to trace the germs of religion to the ghost-theory. Our friends of the Psychical Research will prick up their ears, and expect to be taken *au grand sérieux*. But the conception is a thoroughly solid one, and of most suggestive kind. Beyond all doubt, the hypothesis of quasi-human immaterial spirits working within and behind familiar phenomena did take its rise from the idea of the other self which the imagination continually presents to the early reflections of man. And, beyond all doubt, the phenomena of dreams, and the gradual construction of a theory of ghosts, is a very impressive and vivid form of the notion of the other self. It would, I think, be wrong to assert that it is the only form of the notion, and one can hardly suppose that Mr. Spencer would limit himself to that. But, in any case, the construction of a coherent theory of ghosts is a typical instance of a belief in a quasi-human spirit-world. Glorify and amplify this idea, and apply it to the whole of nature, and we get a god-world, a multitude of superhuman divine spirits.

That is the philosophical explanation of the rise of theology, of the peopling of Nature with divine spirits. But does it explain the rise of Religion? No, for theology and religion are not conterminous. Mr. Spencer has unwittingly conceded to the divines that which they assume so confidently—that theology is the same thing as religion, and that there was no religion at all until there was a belief in superhuman spirits within and behind Nature. This is obviously an oversight. We have to go very much farther back for the genesis of religion. There were countless centuries of time, and there were, and there are, countless millions of men for whom no doctrine of superhuman spirits ever took coherent form. In all these ages and races, probably by far the most numerous that our planet has witnessed, there was religion in all kinds of definite form. Comte calls it Fetichism—terms are not important: roughly, we may call it Nature-worship. The religion in all these types was the belief and worship not of spirits of any kind, not of any immaterial, imagined being *inside* things, but of the actual

visible things themselves—trees, stones, rivers, mountains, earth, fire, stars, sun, and sky. Some of the most abiding and powerful of all religions have consisted in elaborate worship of these physical objects treated frankly as physical objects, without trace of ghost, spirit, or god. To say nothing of fire-worship, river, and tree-worship, the venerable religion of China, far the most vast of all systematic religions, is wholly based on reverence for Earth, Sky, and ancestors treated objectively, and not as the abode of subjective immaterial spirits.

Hence the origin of religion is to be sought in the countless ages before the rise of theology; before spirits, ghosts, or gods ever took definite form in the human mind. The primitive uncultured man frankly worshipped external objects in love and in fear, ascribing to them quasi human powers and feelings. All that we read about Animism, ghosts, spirits, and universal ideas of godhead in this truly primitive stage are metaphysical assumptions of men trying to read the ideas of later epochs into the facts of an earlier epoch. Nothing is more certain than that man everywhere started with a simple worship of natural objects. And the bearing of this on the future of religion is decisive. The religion of man in the vast cycles of primitive ages was reverence for Nature as influencing Man. The religion of man in the vast cycles that are to come will be the reverence for Humanity as supported by Nature. The religion of man in the twenty or thirty centuries of Theology was reverence for the assumed authors or controllers of Nature. But, that assumption having broken up, religion does not break up with it. On the contrary, it enters on a far greater and more potent career, inasmuch as the natural emotions of the human heart are now combined with the certainty of scientific knowledge. The final religion of enlightened man is the systematized and scientific form of the spontaneous religion of natural man. Both rest on the same elements—belief in the Power which controls his life, and grateful reverence for the Power so acknowledged. The primitive man thought that Power to be the object of Nature affecting Man. The cultured man knows that Power to be Humanity itself, controlling and con-

trolled by nature according to natural law. The transitional and perpetually changing creed of Theology has been an interlude. Agnosticism has uttered its epilogue. But Agnosticism is no more religion than differentiation or the nebular hypothesis is religion.

We have only to see what are the elements and ends of religion to recognize that we cannot find it in the negative and the unknown. In any reasonable use of language religion implies some kind of belief in a Power outside ourselves, some kind of awe and gratitude felt for that Power, some kind of influence exerted by it over our lives. There are always in some sort these three elements—belief, worship, conduct. A religion which gives us nothing in particular to believe, nothing as an object of awe and gratitude, which has no special relation to human duty, is not a religion at all. It may be formula, a generalization, a logical postulate; but it is not a religion. The universal presence of the unknowable (or rather of the unknown) substratum is not a religion. It is a logical postulate. You may call it, if you please, the first axiom of science, a law of the human mind, or perhaps better the universal postulate of philosophy. But try it by every test which indicates religion and you will find it wanting.

The points which the Unknowable has in common with the object of any religion are very slight and superficial. As the universal substratum it has some analogy with other superhuman objects of worship. But Force, Gravitation, Atom, Undulation, Vibration, and other abstract notions have much the same kind of analogy, but nobody ever dreamed of a religion of gravitation, or the worship of molecules. The Unknowable has managed to get itself spelled with a capital *U*; but Carlyle taught us to spell the Everlasting No with capitals also. The Unknowable is no doubt mysterious, and Godhead is mysterious. It certainly appeals to the sense of wonder, and the Trinity appeals to the sense of wonder. It suggests vague and infinite extension, as does the idea of deity: but then Time and Space equally suggest vague and infinite extension. Yet no one but a delirious Kantist ever professed that Time and Space were his religion. These seem all

the qualities which the Unknowable has in common with objects of worship—ubiquity, mystery, and immensity. But these qualities it shares with some other postulates of thought.

But try it by all the other recognized tests of religion. Religion is not made up of wonder, or of a vague sense of immensity, unsatisfied yearning after infinity. Theology, seeking a refuge in the unintelligible, has no doubt accustomed this generation to imagine that a yearning after infinity is the sum and substance of religion. But that is a metaphysical disease of the age. And there is no reason that philosophers should accept this hysterical piece of transcendentalism, and assume that they have found the field of religion when they have found a field for unquenchable yearning after infinity. Wonder has its place in religion, and so has mystery; but it is a subordinate place. The roots and fibres of religion are to be found in love, awe, sympathy, gratitude, consciousness of inferiority and of dependence, community of will, acceptance of control, manifestation of purpose, reverence for majesty, goodness, creative energy, and life. Where these things are not, religion is not.

Let us take each one of these three elements of religion—belief, worship, conduct—and try them all in turn as applicable to the Unknowable. How mere a phrase must any religion be of which neither belief, nor worship, nor conduct can be spoken! Imagine a religion which can have no believers, because, *ex hypothesi* its adepts are forbidden to believe anything about it. Imagine a religion which excludes the idea of worship, because its sole dogma is the infinity of Nothingness. Although the Unknowable is logically said to be Something, yet the something of which we neither know nor conceive anything is practically nothing. Lastly, imagine a religion which can have no relation to conduct; for obviously the Unknowable can give us no intelligible help to conduct, and *ex vi termini* can have no bearing on conduct. A religion which could not make any one better, which would leave the human heart and human society just as it found them, which left no foothold for devotion, and none for faith; which could have no creed, no doctrines,

no temples, no priests, no teachers, no rites, no morality, no beauty, no hope, no consolation ; which is summed up in one dogma—the Unknowable is everywhere, and Evolution is its prophet—this is indeed “to defecate religion to a pure transparency.”

The growing weakness of religion has long been that it is being thrust inch by inch off the platform of knowledge ; and we watch with sympathy the desperate efforts of all religious spirits to maintain the relations between knowledge and religion. And now it hears the invitation of Evolution to abandon the domain of knowledge, and to migrate to the domain of no-knowledge. The true Rock of Ages, says the philosopher, is the Unknowable. To the eye of Faith all things are henceforth *ἀκαταλυσία*, as Cicero calls it. The paradox would hardly be greater if we were told that true religion consisted in unlimited Vice.

What is religion for? Why do we want it? And what do we expect it to do for us? If it can give us no sure ground for our minds to rest on, nothing to purify the heart, to exalt the sense of sympathy, to deepen our sense of beauty, to strengthen our resolves, to chasten us into resignation, and to kindle a spirit of self-sacrifice—what is the good of it? The Unknowable, *ex hypothesi*, can do none of these things. The object of all religion, in any known variety of religion, has invariably had some quasi-human and sympathetic relation to man and human life. It follows from the very meaning of religion that it could not effect any of its work without such quality or relation. It would be hardly sane to make a religion out of the Equator or the Binomial theorem. Whether it was the religion of the lowest savage, of the Polytheist, or of the Hegelian Theist ; whether the object of the worship were a river, the Moon, the Sky, Apollo, Thor, God, or First Cause, there has always been some chain of sympathy—influence on the one side, and veneration on the other. However rudimentary, there must be a belief in some Power influencing the believer, and whose influence he repays with awe and gratitude and a desire to conform his life thereto. But to make a religion out of the Unknowable is far more extravagant than to make

it out of the Equator. We know something of the Equator ; it influences seamen, equatorial peoples, and geographers not a little, and we all hesitate, as was once said, to speak disrespectfully of the Equator. But would it be blasphemy to speak disrespectfully of the Unknowable? Our minds are a blank about it. As to acknowledging the Unknowable, or trusting in it, or feeling its influence over us, or paying gratitude to it, or conforming our lives to it, or looking to it for help—the use of such words about it is unmeaning. We can wonder at it, as the child wonders at the “twinkling star,” and that is all. It is a religion only to stare at.

Religion is not a thing of star-gazing and staring, but of life and action. And the condition of any such effect on our lives and our hearts is some sort of vital quality in that which is the object of the religion. The mountains, sun, or sky which untutored man worships is thought to have some sort of vital quality, some potency of the kind possessed by organic beings. When mountain, sun, and sky cease to have this vital potency, educated man ceases to worship them. Of course all sorts and conditions of divine spirits are assumed in a pre-eminent degree to have this quality, and hence the tremendous force exerted by all religions of divine spirits. Philosophy and the euthanasia of theology have certainly reduced this vital quality to a minimum in our day, and I suppose Dean Mansel's Bampton Lectures touched the low-water mark of vitality as predicated of the Divine Being. Of all modern theologians, the Dean came the nearest to the Evolution negation. But there is a gulf which separates even his all-negative deity from Mr. Spencer's impersonal, unconscious, unthinking, and unthinkable Energy.

Knowledge is of course wholly within the sphere of the Known. Our moral and social science is, of course, within the sphere of knowledge. Moral and social well-being, moral and social education, progress, perfection naturally rest on moral and social science. Civilization rests on moral and social progress. And happiness can only be secured by both. But if religion has its sphere in the Unknown and Unknowable, it is thereby outside all this

field of the Known. In other words Religion (of the Unknowable type) is *ex hypothesi* outside the sphere of knowledge, of civilization, of social discipline, of morality, of progress, and of happiness. It has no part or parcel in human life. It fills a brief and mysterious chapter in a system of philosophy.

By their fruits you shall know them is true of all sorts of religion. And what are the fruits of the Unknowable but the Dead Sea apples? Obviously it can teach us nothing, influence us in nothing, for the absolutely incalculable and unintelligible can give us neither ground for action nor thought. Nor can it touch any one of our feelings but that of wonder, mystery, and sense of human helplessness. Helpless, objectless, apathetic wonder at an inscrutable infinity may be attractive to a metaphysical divine; but it does not sound like a working force in the world. Does the Evolutionist commune with the Unknowable in the secret silence of his chamber? Does he meditate on it, saying, in quietness and confidence shall be your strength? One would like to see the new *Imitatio Ignoti*. It was said of old, *Ignotum omne pro magnifico*. But the new version is to be *Ignotum omne pro divino*.

One would like to know how much of the Evolutionist's day is consecrated to seeking the Unknowable in a devout way, and what the religious exercises might be. How does the man of science approach the All-Nothingness? and the microscopist, and the embryologist, and the vivisectionist? What do they learn about it, what strength or comfort does it give them? Nothing—nothing: it is an ever-present conundrum to be everlastingly given up, and perpetually to be asked of one's self and one's neighbors, but without waiting for the answer. Tantalus and Sisyphus bore their insoluble tasks, and the Evolutionist carries about his riddle without an answer, his unquenchable thirst to know that which he only knows he can never know. *Quisque suos patimur Manes*. But Tantalus and Sisyphus called it Hell and the retribution of the Gods. The Evolutionist calls it Religion, and one might almost say Paradise.

A child comes up to our Evolutionist friend, looks up in his wise and medi-

tative face, and says, "Oh! wise and great Master, what is religion?" And he tells that child, It is the presence of the Unknowable. "But what," asks the child, "am I to believe about it?" "Believe that you can never know anything about it." But how am I to learn to do my duty?" "Oh! for duty you must turn to the known, to moral and social science." And a mother wrung with agony for the loss of her child, or the wife crushed by the death of her children's father, or the helpless and the oppressed, the poor and the needy, men, women, and children, in sorrow, doubt, and want, longing for something to comfort them and to guide them, something to believe in, to hope for, to love, and to worship—they come to our philosopher and they say, "Your men of science have routed our priests, and have silenced our old teachers. What religious faith do you give us in its place?" And the philosopher replies (his full heart bleeding for them) and he says, "Think on the Unknowable."

And in the hour of pain, danger, or death, can any one think of the Unknowable, hope anything of the Unknowable, or find any consolation therein? Altars might be built to some Unknown God, conceived as a real being, knowing us, though not known by us yet. But altars to the unknowable infinity, even metaphorical altars, are impossible, for this unknown can never be known, and we have not the smallest reason to imagine that it either knew us, or affects us, or anybody, or anything. As the Unknowable cannot bring men together in a common belief, or for common purposes, or kindred feeling, it can no more unite men than the precession of the equinoxes can unite them. So there can never be congregations of Unknowable worshippers, nor churches dedicated to the Holy Unknowable, nor images nor symbols of the Unknowable mystery. Yes! there is one symbol of the Infinite Unknowable, and it is perhaps the most definite and ultimate word that can be said about it. The precise and yet inexhaustible language of mathematics enables us to express, in a common algebraic formula, the exact combination of the unknown raised to its highest power of infinity. That formula is (x^n), and here we

have the beginning and perhaps the end of a symbolism for the religion of the Infinite Unknowable. Schools, academies, temples of the Unknowable, there cannot be. But where two or three are gathered together to worship the Unknowable, there the algebraic formula may suffice to give form to their emotions: they may be heard to profess their unwearied belief in (x^n), even if no weak brother with ritualist tendencies be heard to cry, "O x^n , love us, help us, make us one with thee!"

These things have their serious side, and suggest the real difficulties in the way of the theory. The alternative is this: Is religion a mode of answering a question in ontology, or is it an institution for affecting human life by acting on the human spirit? If it be the latter, then there can be no religion of the Unknowable, and the sphere of religion must be sought elsewhere in the Knowable. We may accept with the utmost confidence all that the evolution philosophy asserts and denies as to the perpetual indications of an ultimate energy, omnipresent and unlimited, and, so far as we can see, of inscrutable mysteriousness. That remains an ultimate scientific idea, one no doubt of profound importance. But why should this idea be dignified with the name of religion, when it has not one of the elements of religion, except infinity and mystery? The hallowed name of religion has meant, in a thousand languages, man's deepest convictions, his surest hopes, the most sacred yearnings of his heart, that which can bind in brotherhood generations of men, comfort the fatherless and the widow, uphold the martyr at the stake, and the hero in his long battle. Why retain this magnificent word, rich with the associations of all that is great, pure, and lovely in human nature, if it is to be henceforth limited to an idea, that can only be expressed by the formula (x^n); and which by the hypothesis can have nothing to do with either knowledge, belief, sympathy, hope, life, duty, or happiness? It is not religion, this. It is a logician's artifice to escape from an awkward dilemma.

One word in conclusion to those who would see religion a working reality, and not a logical artifice. The startling *reductio ad absurdum* of relegating relig-

ion to the unknowable is only the last step in the process which has gradually reduced religion to an incomprehensible *minimum*. And this has been the work of theologians obstinately fighting a losing battle, and withdrawing at every defeat into a more impregnable and narrower fastness. They have thrown over one after another the claims of religion and the attributes of divinity. They are so hopeless of continuing the contest on the open field of the known that they more and more seek to withdraw to the cloud-world of the transcendental. They are so terribly afraid of an anthropomorphic God that they have sublimated him into a metaphorical expression—"defecated the idea to a pure transparency," as one of the most eminent of them puts it. Dean Mansel is separated from Mr. Spencer by degree, not in kind. And now they are pushed by Evolution into the abyss, and are solemnly assured that the reconciliation of Religion and Science is effected by this religion of the Unknowable—this *chimera bombinans in vacuo*. Their Infinites and their Incomprehensibles, their Absolute and their Unconditioned, have brought them to this. It is only one step from the sublime to the unknowable.

Practically, so far as it affects the lives of men and women in the battle of life, the Absolute and Unconditioned Godhead of learned divines is very much the same thing as the Absolute Unknowable. You may rout a logician by a "pure transparency," but you cannot check vice, crime, and war by it, nor train up men and women in holiness and truth. And the set of all modern theology is away from the anthropomorphic and into the Absolute. In trying to save a religion of the spirit-world theologians are abandoning all religion of the real world; they are turning religion into formulas and phrases, and are taking out of it all power over life, duty, and society.

I say, in a word, unless religion is to be anthropomorphic, there can be no working religion at all. How strange is this new cry, sprung up in our own generation, that religion is dishonored by being anthropomorphic! Fetichism, Polytheism, Confucianism, Mediæval Christianity, and Bible Puritanism have all been intensely anthropomorphic, and

all owed their strength and dominion to that fact. You can have no religion without kinship, sympathy, relation of some human kind between the believer, worshipper, servant, and the object of his belief, veneration, and service. The Neo-Theisms have all the same mortal weakness that the Unknowable has. They offer no kinship, sympathy, or relation whatever between worshipper and worshipped. They too are logical formulas begotten in controversy, dwelling apart from man and the world. If the formula of the Unknowable is (x^n) or the Unknown raised to infinity, theirs is (nx) , some unknown expression of Infinity. Neither (x^n) nor (nx) will ever make good men and women.

If we leave the region of formulas and go back to the practical effect of religion on human conduct, we must be driven to the conclusion that the future of religion is to be, not only what every real religion has ever been, anthropomorphic—but frankly anthropic. The attempted religion of Spiritism has lost one after another every resource of a real religion, until *risu solvuntur tabulae*, and it ends in a religion of Nothingism. It is the Nemesis of Faith in spiritual abstractions and figments. The hypothesis has burst, and leaves the Void. The future will have then to return to the Knowable

and the certainly known, to the religion of Realism. It must give up explaining the Universe, and content itself with explaining human life. Humanity is the grandest object of reverence within the region of the real and the known, Humanity with the World on which it rests as its base and environment. Religion, having failed in the superhuman world, returns to the human world. Here religion can find again all its certainty, all its depth of human sympathy, all its claim to command and reward the purest self-sacrifice and love. We can take our place again with all the great religious spirits who have ever moulded the faith and life of men, and we find ourselves in harmony with the devout of every faith who are manfully battling with sin and discord. The way for us is the clearer as we find the religion of Spiritism, in its long and restless evolution of thirty centuries, ending in the legitimate deduction, the religion of the Unknowable, a paradox as memorable as any in the history of the human mind. The alternative is very plain. Shall we cling to a religion of Spiritism when philosophy is whittling away spirit to Nothing? Or shall we accept a religion of Realism, where all the great traditions and functions of religion are retained unbroken?—*Nineteenth Century*.

THE LITERATURE OF INTROSPECTION.—TWO RECENT JOURNALS.

BY M. A. W.

"For the rest," wrote Maurice de Guérin, at a moment of utter discouragement, when the poetic faculty within him seemed to be ebbing away, leaving nothing behind it, "for the rest, what does it matter whether, what we call imagination, poetry, leaves me or stays with me? Whether it goes or comes, the course of my destiny is the same; and whether I have divined it or not from below, I shall none the less one day behold what is reserved for me. Ought I not rather, forgetting all these anxieties, to apply myself to extending the range of my positive knowledge, ought I not to prefer the least luminous thread of certain truth to the vague glimmerings to which I am too often lost? The man who appre-

hends any mathematical certainty whatever, is more advanced in the understanding of the true than the finest imagination. He has acquired an inviolable possession in the domain of the intelligence, in which we may dwell to all eternity, whereas the poet is hunted from exile to exile, and will never have any settled home."

This doubt of Maurice de Guérin's implies a conflict which is perpetually repeating itself in natures like his, and which is but an echo of one of the greatest controversies of humanity. How prone has the world always been, how ready is it still to find new arguments as the old fail, whereby to exalt knowledge at the expense of feeling, science at the expense of poetry! And yet so contra-

dictory have been the common opinions and the ultimate action of mankind on the point that the whole course of human development has been one long testimony to the importance and influence of poetry, broadly conceived, upon life. The share of the poets, that is to say of the men of exceptional insight and fervor, in the education of feeling, and thereby in the gradual transformation of human action, has been long ago admitted, and has taken rank as a commonplace. There are few of us who will not grant with Sidney if we are challenged that "as virtue is the most excellent resting-place for all worldly learning to make his end of, so poetry, being the most familiar to teach it, and most princely to move toward it, in the most excellent work is the most excellent workman." Society, with all her easy contempt for sentiment, has never failed to gather up and treasure in her bosom the great utterances of human emotion, and has shown herself at least as careful of the spiritual experience of an Augustine or a Dante as of any of the discoveries of science.

Still, although in different shapes, this doubt of Maurice de Guérin as to the value of the poetical gift is constantly reasserting itself in opinion, as the forms of poetical expression become more various and complex. The poetical temperament implies two things, sensitiveness to impressions, and a capacity for self-study. But the ordinary man is naturally distrustful of both. His inner conviction, justified in some sort by the whole course of experience, is that to be extremely sensitive to impressions tends to make a man their slave, and that introspection weakens all the springs of action. At bottom we all feel that it is well not to look too closely into existence. To act is the difficult matter. Those who like the great poets of the world can either maintain around us "the infinite illusion" which makes action easier, or stir in us the primal sources of feeling which keep human nature sweet, are welcome and necessary. But what shall we say of the thinkers and dreamers, who, without any supreme magic of expression, or any definite message, make it their whole aim either to unravel the tangle of their own spirit, or to catch and fix

in words a few more of those floating and impalpable impressions made upon the mind by the visible world? If their work tends to general edification, if it falls in with current systems and helps to beautify and subtilize existing prejudices, it may win an easy toleration as one more aid to the optimistic beliefs which the ordinary man loves to see prevail. But supposing it has no tendency to edification outside those few minds which are independent of popular philosophies, supposing its content is one of doubt, its tone one of depression, supposing the whole aim of the producers has been merely to find new modes of expressing feeling, new images in which to embody the subtlest and most fleeting aspects of the visible world? Where, it is often asked, shall we find a less useful and less dignified mode of human activity? are not these men at least of a poetical race which may be safely and profitably banished from the Republic of thought?

So it comes about that many of us have to justify our favorite books, and find a reason, if we can, for the love which is in us. Will not our justification take some such line as the following? The effects of experience on consciousness—it is in the study of these that all philosophy consists. But the mass of mankind get little from philosophy proper, of which the methods are scientific and its subject the broad averages and normal states of consciousness. Our chief lessons are learned from the visible spectacle of how experience affects those sensitive impressionable souls between whom and nature the barriers of the flesh are exceptionally light and frail; from the pleasures and pains of genius; from all those striking instances of sensibility, those raised states of consciousness, contact with which develops a corresponding passion in the beholder. With every age we have seen the capacities and resources of human feeling becoming wider and more complex. Associations between experience and consciousness, which were once thought to be permanent and necessary, are seen to be merely provisional, and beneath them other and stronger links come into view. And in the study of these successive modifications of the mind mankind has been growing more and more desperately in-

terested. The more light, we have come to feel, is thrown upon the evolution of human thought, the vaster becomes our future, the clearer our present.

Such a belief naturally adds enormously to the importance of the whole literature of feeling. It makes us value not only the men who, like Wordsworth, make emotion a means of education, who are inspired by the didactic passion, and endeavor to apply the energy of their feeling to the common needs of life, but also the men like Senancour, whose whole aim is but to feel and to express, and much of whose work may flout our most cherished beliefs. In an age of dissolving creeds and systems it is more and more important to gather up every deep and genuine impression made by life and nature upon the human mind. As the old things pass away and the old paths are deserted, each voice which relates for us with accents of truth and inwardness some passage of intimate human experience becomes of more and more value. Certain forces, at any rate in the form hitherto known to us, can no longer be counted upon for rousing or consoling human hearts. But the world is as much in need of emotion and consolation as ever. There is nothing for it but to turn to those who to the sense of struggle and the susceptibility to impressions add the artist's power of expression. "You who feel vividly what others feel dully, you who can make vocal what is dumb in others, be our guides through the *selva oscura* of experience; give us not so much knowledge as emotion, quicken in us the accurate sense of human need, and reveal to us those glimpses of ideal beauty which are the sustenance of life." Such is practically the demand made upon all who possess the poetical temperament whether they write in poetry or prose, and the want revealed in it explains the hold upon human sympathy of the literature of feeling in all its forms.

It is true indeed, and one of the strangenesses of fate, that these heightened states of consciousness, when the mind becomes, as it were, both visible to itself, and able to reflect with extraordinary vividness and brilliancy the world outside it, bring with them too often a

Nemesis on the individual. The man tormented and bewildered by Nature's hardest problems may often ignore, and destroy himself by ignoring, some of those answers to the commoner puzzles of life and duty which have been wrung from her long ago by human effort and experiment. But the individual passes with all his errors and passions, and his work remains. Let him only have felt more vividly and more variously than the rest of us—he will have added his mite to our knowledge of what man is and may be, he will have rescued one more fragment of the mind from nothingness and silence. The multitude may blame and pass him by, but to the few he will bring added knowledge and new sympathies, and their gratitude should not fail him.

Modern times have witnessed an enormous development of the literature of feeling. With us in Europe the facts of spiritual experience had for many centuries but one language, the language of the great religion which had absorbed into itself all the older philosophical and spiritual enthusiasms of the world. But in the multiplication of sensations and experiences which the West has seen since the Renaissance, the language of religion has not expanded fast enough to meet the new needs of the soul. They have had to find for themselves a fresh and supplementary language, expressing shades and subtleties of relation between man and the great spectacle of the universe, unknown to older generations. To this language, Rousseau, with his sympathy for nature on the one side, and his sensitiveness to the shades of human feeling on the other, made contributions in the last century which have been, as we all know, of far-reaching influence upon our own. But a much higher degree of inwardness has been reached in the modern world than was possible to Rousseau. The study of nature and of human life, growing keener and profounder as the fathomless mystery of both has been brought home more undisguisedly to a wider range of minds, has had its issue in forms of expression through which not only are the great objects of experience more and more plainly apprehended, but the powers of the mind are more and more revealed to itself. The modern poetry of nature is

one such form, with its two strains—the strain of hungry yearning—

“The sounding cataract
Haunted me like a passion; the tall rock,
 The mountain, and the deep and gloomy wood,
 Their colors and their forms, *were then to me*
An appetite”—

and the strain of spiritual rapture and aspiration, embodying—

“A sense sublime
 Of something far more deeply interfused,
 Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
 And the round ocean, and the living air,
 And the blue sky and in the mind of man.”

What we may call the modern literature of despair is another such outlet. One of its chief preachers was the man who may be said to stand at the beginning of the introspective writing of the century. Obermann (Etienne de Senancour) will always remain for us a type of one of the main tendencies of introspective literature. More than this, like that of his great successor in the art of delicate and intimate description, Maurice de Guérin, his work may be taken as illustrative in the highest degree of that divining, penetrating gift which is to our mind the only but the sufficient *raison d'être* of a whole class of books.

The letters of Senancour indeed have never obtained any vogue either in this country or their own. The art of a living English poet, has drawn from the harsh utterance of Senancour's personality all that was morally inspiring in it, and has made him, by the associations of beautiful verse, a name at least of pity and veneration to many of us. But the book itself is difficult to read; it is diffuse; we may easily regard a great deal of it as mere posing; and there is in it an insensibility to what the English temperament in particular is accustomed to regard as commonplaces of civil and domestic duty, which make us at first inclined to deny the right of complaint altogether to a man who has taken the world so perversely. But, after all, it is scarcely worth the trouble of insisting that Obermann would have been a happier and better man if he had put his hand patiently to the wheel of human labor, instead of escaping from labor to reverie, if he had thought better of women, and cherished a nobler ideal of marriage, if he had denied him-

self a great deal of easy contempt for human customs and human faiths. All this may be true; and yet to the careful observer the book may be none the less justified of itself. Nowhere else can we find so true, so full a picture of a phase of human feeling which had never been expressed before, and has never been expressed since, with the same realism and precision. In that fact lies the importance of Obermann. It is well to recognize that there are certain books whose claim upon us is, first and foremost, that they add one more to the documents which enable us to map out the regions of the mind and so the better to understand our past and forecast our future.

The letters of Obermann belong to this class. Like the “Confessions” of Rousseau, they revealed a generation to itself, inferior as their stuff is to the stuff of the older book in all that gives a man's thought vogue and influence among his fellows. The aimless, restless melancholy “inherent in the epoch,” according to M. du Camp, never found a franker exponent than Obermann. “Of what avail has it been to me that I have left all in search of a freer life? If I have had glimpses of things in harmony with my nature, it has only been in passing, without enjoying them, and with no other effect than to redouble in myself the impatience to possess them. I am not the slave of passion; I am more unhappy still. The vanities of passion do not deceive me—but after all, must not life be filled with something? When an existence is empty, can it satisfy? If the life of the heart is but an agitated nothing is it not better to leave it for a more tranquil nothing? It seems to me that the intelligence seeks some result; if I could learn in any way what good my life is seeking! I long for something which may veil and hasten the hours. It is impossible that I should always endure to feel them rolling so heavily over me, lonely and slow, without desires without emotions, without aim.”

And yet side by side with all the despair, and the cynicism, there emerges the sense of beauty, and even the moral passion which have been the guiding forces of our time. Take this meditation on the slavery of pleasure: “To

consecrate to pleasure alone the faculties of life is to give one's self over to eternal death. However fragile may be these powers of mine, I am responsible for them, and they must bear their fruits. Benefits of existence as they are, I will preserve them; I will do them honor. I will not, at least, enfeeble myself within myself till the inevitable moment comes. Oh, profundities of the universe, shall it be in vain that it is given to us to perceive you? The majesty of night alone repeats from age to age, woe to every soul that takes its pleasure in servitude!"

Or this exquisite flower scene, with which the whole strange drama ends: "The violet and the field daisy are rivals. They have the same season, the same simplicity. But the violet enthralls us with each returning spring; the daisy keeps our love from year to year. The violet recalls the purest sentiments of love, as it presents itself to upright hearts. But after all, this love itself, so persuasive and so sweet, is but a beautiful accident of life. It passes, while the peace of nature and the country remains with us to our latest hour. And of all this reposeful joy, the daisy is the patriarchal symbol. If I ever reach old age, and if, one day while still full of thoughts, although no longer desirous of pouring them out upon men, I find beside me a friend who will receive my farewell to earth, let him place my chair upon the grass, and let tranquil daisies be there before me, under the sun, under the vast heaven, so that in leaving the life which passes, I may recover something of the infinite illusion."

This loftier note in Obermann leads us naturally to another strain of introspection, with which he has in general very little in common. As we all know, in the midst of a widespread disintegration of positive belief, and of a society penetrated from top to bottom by the new ardors of science, the modern world has witnessed a wonderful resurrection of the religious spirit. The revival of religious intensity, taking "religious" in a broad sense, has been half of what we call the Romantic movement. The mental passion and tumult roused by the disclosure of new horizons and the growth of a thousand new perceptions overflowed, very early in

the century, into the old channels of religious life, filling, deepening or diverting them, as the case might be. And as time has gone on, this particular impulse among the many which have gone to make up one vast movement of the modern mind toward greater actuality and force, both of apprehension and presentment, has embodied itself in finer and finer shapes. With us, the leaders of Tractarianism and the earlier Broad Churchmen; in France the group of widely differing men who, thirty years ago, raised the standard of a democratic Catholicism; in Italy Rosmini, have been striking representatives in the field of religion of tendencies visible over all other fields of thought. On the one side we have seen the new developments in the language of feeling becoming immensely helpful to religion; on the other we have been witnesses to a constant anxiety on the part of religion to keep feeling within certain bounds, balanced by an equally constant tendency on the part of feeling to escape from those bounds, and to adopt standards and traditions at variance with those of official and organized belief.

Of this religious revival, taking shape in many minds, rather in a tender idealist exaltation than in definite forms of faith, Maurice de Guérin is, perhaps, the most pathetic and penetrating voice. His work, with all its defects and weaknesses, can hardly be denied a permanent place among the utterances of modern sentiment, if only because it combines and harmonizes so many different strains. We may find in it echoes from the despair of Obermann, side by side with the Wordsworthian sensitiveness to the spells and effluences of natural things; while beyond, and interpenetrating these two modes of expression, is a third, quite individual, which forms another fresh and important contribution to our knowledge of the inner world in man. How shall we characterize this strange nature, so painfully clairvoyant in certain directions, so dull in others, torn between two passions, the passion for God, and the haunting insatiable passion for an evanescent and finite nature? Maurice de Guérin is like the mortals of his own prose poem "who have picked up in the waters or in the woods, and carried to

their lips some fragments of the pipe broken by the god Pan," and who thenceforward, possessed by a wild and secret passion, live only for nature and her mysteries. That strange instinct of community with the visible world which appears to us, the more we study it, as the development of a new sense in men, was in him the strongest of all instincts. "As a child," writes his sister, "he was accustomed to spend long hours in gazing at the horizon, or leaning against a tree," listening to those *sounds of nature* which, as a boy of eleven, he tried to embody in a long prose poem." "There is something in Nature," he wrote later on, "whether she smiles and adorns herself in fair weather, or whether she becomes pale, gray, cold, and stormy in autumn and in winter, which moves not only the surface of the soul, but its most secret depths, and rouses a thousand memories which have in appearance no connection with the spectacle before us, but which no doubt maintain a correspondence with the soul of Nature by means of sympathies which are unknown to us." These sympathies which he was thus accustomed to watch and study in himself as mysterious forces in some sort independent of his will, strengthened with his growth till they attained at once a force of being and a subtlety of expression hardly to be matched in the whole range of imaginative literature.

But the tragedy of Guérin's life lay in the fact that whereas throughout half his being he was a child of nature and of poetical contemplation, throughout the other he was a Catholic, formed by an ancestral faith, and ready to carry into the expression of it as much intensity and passion as into the expression of his divining and imaginative gift. And how is it possible that the true Catholic should continue to allow himself that abandonment to the impressions of nature, which to Maurice de Guérin was a necessity of life? To the Catholic the visible world is a mere stage on which is played out the central scene from the drama of human life, of which the preparatory and concluding scenes belong to the world of eternity. To absorb one's self in nature, therefore, is either to waste upon something passing and ephemeral, sympathies which are exclu-

sively claimed by a different and more lasting order of phenomena, or still worse, it is to run the risk of confounding the Creator with the created, and of losing one's self in a pantheistic mysticism. Maurice de Guérin had no sooner arrived at maturity than the conflict between these two strains in him became almost intolerable. After an exquisite description of a fine Good Friday, when the divine beauty of the spring had brought back to him in all their freshness some of the earliest impressions of his childhood, he breaks off with the remorseful cry, "My God, what is my soul about, to let herself be thus seduced by all these fugitive joys, upon Good Friday, upon a day filled with Thy death and with our redemption!"

And a little later on, when sudden cold has checked the spring and withered not only the flowers, but all the pleasure of the poet, he writes sadly, "I am more depressed than in winter. In days like this, there is revealed to me at the bottom of my heart, in the deepest and most intimate recesses of my being, a sort of strange despair; it is a kind of desolation and darkness far from God. My God, how is it that my rest is troubled by whatever passes in the air, and that the peace of my soul is thus given over to the caprices of the winds!"

For a time the struggle continues, and then the whole man is suddenly penetrated by a new idea, which for the moment supersedes it. Under the influence of sympathy for M. Lamennais, in the struggle which began with *L'Avenir* and culminated in the *Paroles d'un Croyant*, the burden of his creed seems temporarily to fall away from him, and for a moment he asserts himself against the bonds which have been upon him since his birth. "I shall never be anything but an ant carrying a grain to the construction of the future; but, however small may be my powers they will not the less be inspired by a grand and sacred thought—the thought which drives the century before it, the noblest and the strongest after that of God—the thought of liberty." Such was the dream of his first months in Paris—a fugitive dream! So fragile and delicate a plant was not made for the keen air of freedom, and very soon

upon the momentary exultation descends a cloud of black misgiving. "O truth, dost thou not sometimes appear to me like a luminous phantom behind a cloud? Yet the first wind effaces thee! Wast thou then nothing but an illusion of the eyes of the soul? Reason and faith! When these two words shall make but one the enigma of the world will be solved. Meanwhile how to wait? At the moment I write, the sky is magnificent, nature breathes upon us airs fresh and full of life. The world rolls melodiously onward, and amid all these harmonies something sad and timid circulates; the mind of man, who is restless in the presence of all this order which he cannot understand."

And at last, in the antechamber of death, the tender nature wasted with fever of body and mind bows itself once more to the old yoke, and the Church reclaims her son.

Here then we have one more faithful record of a rare and beautiful experience, one more typical story of the inner life of man. But Maurice de Guérin's claim is more than this. It is as the discoverer of new terms in the language of the soul, the lifter of one more corner of the veil that he makes his deepest impression upon us. Take, for instance, the passage in his journal on the death of his friend and adopted sister, Mme. de la Morvonnais, in which his artist's gift of expression had rendered for us the very essence of tender and meditative grief. "I have broken the idea of her terrestrial existence: I have effaced her from the outer world. All is changed; a whole scene of actual life has withdrawn itself from my heart, and I have beheld entering in its place, the incorruptible images and forms of the unknown world which surrounds us. Why do we spend ourselves on the world of sight? What secret beauties of nature have more power to draw and keep our hearts than those mysterious coasts on which Marie faded from our gaze?"

"And yet often in the very formation of this phantom world, grief shaken off for a moment returns and falls upon me in the midst of the most tranquillizing visions. I can only escape from it in beginning over again the pilgrimage of

memory. The light and silent steps of my imagination take once more the beloved paths; like Paul wandering in his island, I return drawn by an invisible attraction to the place of shipwreck. Thus am I able to cheat and distract those bitter regrets which no consolation dare approach. I surround them with a murmuring crowd of memories. Grief listens to their mingled voices and considers their features marked by a thousand expressions, till at length his headlong course grows calmer and takes the cadence and gentleness of a gliding stream."

The special power represented by such writing as this is surely a power struck out in the writer by a peculiar combination of circumstances, of describing those ethereal moods which form the meeting-place between the spirit and nature, and so of becoming a herald of fresh experiences to other minds.

M. de Guérin's work brings us to the threshold of our own time. What parallel can we make to it in England during the last twenty years? The period teems with journals and biographies of one kind or another. But is there anything among them which in time to come will stand for a typical expression, either of feeling wrought to its highest point of divining intensity, or of feeling expressed under such conditions of knowledge and freedom from prejudice as may enable it to appeal to the world in general and not only to a clique however large? In the precise shape in which we are at present seeking for it, we shall find little or nothing of the kind. The voice of philosophy and argument we know, the voice of poetry and poetical description; but the voice of reverie, the note of delicate and sincere introspection, is almost unknown to us. For our purpose, the most important utterance in the whole period is that of Mill in the "Autobiography." That deeply interesting book lacks the expansion and the intimacy of tone which would have come naturally to a Frenchman of Mill's calibre; but its very austerity and simplicity give it importance among its kind, and there is one passage in it which describes how the young man of twenty-one, isolated by his training from the ordinary sources

of emotion, suddenly awakes to the claims of feeling and from what sources he is able to satisfy them, which will probably be long recognized as a landmark in English spiritual history. In that remarkable novel of two seasons ago, "John Inglesant," there was more of the true power of reverie than has yet appeared among our prose writers; and its success seems to show that there is after all some future for the literature of reverie in England. But for the most part our books of spiritual experience have been of a quite other type. The "Memorials of a Quiet Life" may be regarded as the representative of them; and it is no disrespect to a book that has given and still gives pleasure to thousands of congenial minds, that beside the penetration and diffusiveness of a content like Maurice de Guérin's, the dominant content of the Hare correspondence has no sort of chance of permanence.

Nor has recent French literature been any better off. France has been spending her strength of late in republishing old memoirs and writing new ones, of a kind most useful and important to the world of letters, but wholly unconcerned with the peculiar literature we have been discussing. The present year however, has seen the emergence of two books, one produced among the mountains of eastern France and the other at Geneva, which ask our attention on the same grounds as Rousseau, as Senancour, or Maurice de Guérin. The class to which they belong is so small and its importance so considerable, that we can hardly afford to neglect any contributions to it, however much they may differ in point of literary quality. Nor indeed have there been any symptoms of such neglect in the present case. Both have won an audience, and one at least of them, the "Journal Intime" of the Genevese professor, Henri Frédéric Amiel, has made an impression during the ten months which have elapsed since its publication, which seems to show that in the midst of the physical and material stress of our day, and the weakening of so many of the older stimuli of emotion, numbers of minds are now fully alive to the exceptional interest which attaches to any effective presentation of the modes in which the

human spirit is learning to adapt its loving, hoping, and suffering to the altered conditions of modern knowledge.

But it is not with M. Amiel that we are at present concerned. The "Journal Intime" belongs, if we are not mistaken, to the first-rate books of the world. It is a revelation of the modern spirit, equalling any of the great records of intimate experience in the range and quality of mind which it represents and in the distinction and beauty of its style. We propose to give a detailed account of it next month. The other, infinitely less important both in substance and in manner, is yet full of interest to an observer of the sources of modern joys and griefs, and a short review of it may serve as a fitting conclusion to these remarks upon the literature of introspection. The "Journal d'un Solitaire," by Xavier Thiriat, published apparently somewhere in the Vosges a few years ago, was brought forward in the French press early in the present year by M. Scherer, whose unflinching literary tact had discerned the merit and place of this record of Vosges peasant life. It represents a year's diary, kept by the paralyzed son of a Vosges farmer, and it describes to us how a youth who had lost the use of his limbs when a boy of ten, rises from a condition of despondency and comparative uselessness to one of influence, activity, and inward happiness. Certain parts of it are conventional and insignificant, but the part which remains, though not by any means of a high intellectual quality, has yet an accent of universality, a freedom from the restrictions of country and nationality, which ought to carry it beyond the immediate circle and people of the writer. Our own English journals are almost always wanting in this accent. They have the accent of Anglicanism, of the English parsonage or of Puritan association, each powerful in its turn with Anglicans, or with those living within the recognized circle of English country life, or with English Puritans of different shades. But if you come to put one of them into the hands of somebody widely dissociated from it in place and circumstances, he will get little or nothing from it; it speaks a language only really understood in a particular mental district. In this unpretending

French journal, with all its occasional affectation and conventionality, there is something which appeals to the sympathies of everybody possessing a heart and intelligence, whatever may be his inherited relations to life and religion. The story is briefly this :

Xavier Thiriat, the son of a French peasant in the valley of Cleurie in the Vosges, was born in 1835. He grew up a bright, active little boy, delighting in all exercises both of body and mind, in the long hours which he and his companions spent herding cattle in the Vosges mountains, in the glissades of winter down the long ice-slopes of the valley as well as in the competition of the village school, and in the reading of a few tattered books, Fénelon's "Télémaque" among them, hidden away in an old cupboard of the farm. One January day, however, he and his companions were going to a catechizing class to be held some distance down the valley. They had to cross a canal swollen by winter rain, and bridged by one narrow plank. Xavier passed first, but the little girl next to him, missed her footing, and fell into the water, overturning the plank in her fall. Xavier sprang into the water, caught the child, helped her to scramble out, put back the plank, and still clinging to it, waist-deep in the ice-cold water, helped the other children to cross. Then all hurried on to school in dread of a scolding from the priest. They arrived late, and Xavier, shivering with cold, had to sit near the door during the lesson, and afterward to walk home through a bitter air, which froze his wet clothes upon him. For two days he felt no consequence beyond a certain *malaise* ; then began excruciating pains in the limbs, and for nearly a month the child's shrieks were almost incessant night and day. This state of active suffering and confinement to bed continued in a rather less acute form for about a year, and at the end of that time, it was evident from the distorted and useless limbs, that the boy would henceforth never be anything but a paralytic invalid.

Much kindness was shown to him in his trouble. The schoolmaster of the village came to him out of school hours and taught him for nothing, and as it became evident that no sort of active

employment would ever be possible to him, he learned how to sew and embroider, and thus to while away the long hours. But it was in the store of old books from which as a child he had pillaged "Télémaque" that he found his best consolation. They consisted of an "Ancient Geography," and "An Abridgment of all the Sciences," a "History of Morocco," Young's "Night Thoughts" (of course in a French translation), the "Lives of the Saints" in twelve volumes, the "Book of Tobit," the "Synodal Statutes of the Diocese of Toul," and the "Psalms." From these materials the boy built for himself a house of the mind in which he could dwell with some content and resignation. It was the "Abridgment of all the Sciences" which especially fascinated him, and which induced him at the age of fifteen to begin regular meteorological observations, and to communicate them month by month to the local paper. Thenceforward his life was no longer empty. Some light manual labor enabled him to earn his living without burdening his family, and for the rest his hours were filled up with the pursuit of such science as was within his reach, and in summer by long meditations out of doors and in the sunshine, long self-abandonments to the delights of flowers, colors and sounds to which he became more and more sensitive as years went on.

As he grew into manhood, however, the limitations of his condition made themselves for a time more painfully felt than ever. He was of an impressionable, expansive disposition, and it seemed hard to him at the age of twenty, as it must have seemed hard to many another in similar circumstances, that none of the commonest joys of life could ever be his—no work in sun and air, no country merrymaking, no courting or taking in marriage. When he was about eighteen or nineteen, a young girl from a neighboring farm took some friendly notice of him, and the youth, whose reading had gradually extended itself to books like Gilbert, Millevoye and Lamartine, threw himself into the friendship with romantic zeal, and for a time made it the centre of his thoughts. But naturally a maiden with prudent parents was not long allowed to concern

herself with a hopeless cripple, and Lillie was forbidden to meet and talk to young Thiriat as she had been accustomed to do. This little incident, in all respects natural and inevitable, brought Xavier's discontents to the surface, and for the next few years his habitual condition seemed to have been one of struggle with his lot, and of incapacity to find in it any lasting source of contentment. Scientific study, however, still remained to him, and he appears to have clung to it in his blackest times as the only possible barrier between him and utter despondency. And gradually the clouds lifted, and he passed into a state of more or less habitual serenity and patience with life, the causes of which we shall presently try to describe.

At some time or other of this period he seems to have begun to keep a diary, and the published journal takes us through the year 1860, when he attained the age of twenty-five, and to which he seems afterward to have looked back as the critical year of his life. To the daily records of the journal he must have added for publication passages describing the principal incidents in his earlier career, so that the little book is really a complete picture of his development up to the moment when he appears to have gathered about him, from different sources, a sufficient stock of happiness wherewith to shelter and sweeten his future life. Whence was this happiness drawn? From the most simple and obvious sources, representing, however, in their measure the chief human felicities. From nature and poetry in the first place: "For me, I have never sought out the joys of my life; they have come, so to speak, to find me. They have grown and flowered under my feet like the field daisies, though I have not always perceived them at first sight. Often indeed I have overlooked them: it was not always allowed me to see clearly through my tears. I have known them in the few journeys that I have made since my childhood. . . . I have known them in my walks, along the hedges, fields, and pastures of the hill above my home; in observing the flowers, the mosses, the birds; in those poetical reveries or rather ravishments in which voices, colors, and perfumes blended themselves for me into a

heavenly harmony; in the hours spent with my favorite poets under the shadow of the beech-trees, when the chaffinch piped on the highest branch, and gusts of cool wind shook the leaves; while the butterflies—'sons of the Virgin' as we were taught to call them in childhood—floated softly in the air or between the branches of the trees, and all the story of the poet—I saw it under my eyes in Nature."

From science and books in the second place. Nothing can be more naive or more sincere than the excitement and enthusiasm he shows about his various scientific studies. "This morning," he writes in May, "I have gathered some plants in bloom round my retreat, and I have busied myself with classifying them. Each day will bring me fresh flowers now and new species. The immense book of Nature is open under my eyes, and it shall be my principal study. In my hermitage, surrounded with flowers and birds, there is no more place for melancholy. To-day I feel a charm I had almost ceased to feel." Later on a kind uncle bestowed a donkey on the cripple, and with this welcome animal harnessed to a tiny wooden cart the poor recluse is able, for the first time for fifteen years, to move freely about the neighborhood. One of the first uses that he makes of this new power of movement is to plan a history of his native valley: "My wish has always been to write a paper on the history of my valley. For a long time past I have been questioning the older men, and taking notes on all occasions upon the antiquity of the country populations, their history, manners, superstitions, legends, popular beliefs, etc. Now it is a book that I dare to plan, a book of some length, which may be a picture both of the past and of the present, and I shall consult for it the archives of our commune and of the communes near. Already the outline of the book grows clear to me. It will take years to write, but the prospect is delightful to me."

Often indeed, after an evening passed in answering the questions of a group of curious peasants on some of the elementary facts of physical science, he has his moments of discouragement. "This elementary half-knowledge is nowadays to

me little more than the measure of my ignorance. I despair of learning more with the few resources I have in this complete isolation from the world, and it seems to me that I shall never be able to disengage my mind from the swaddling clothes which encircle and stifle it." The moment of depression, however, soon passes; a little kindly interest shown in him by a friend, the loan of a book, the arrival of some new plants or insects, above all, the wholesome stir in his life created by the acquisition of the donkey, and by his work as *greffier* or secretary to the commune, always suffice in the long run to restore his cheerfulness and hope in the future, and the crippled youth ends the record of his year with the quiet words, "I know yet very little, but I have courage and I hope." Since then the book on the valley of Cleurie has appeared and gained a public prize. Various other studies on the agriculture and scenery of the neighborhood have also been published; and to judge from M. Campaux's preface to the journal, not only has Xavier Thiriat improved and developed his own aptitudes, but he has formed round him a circle of people in the same class as himself devoted to the same studies and eager for the same pleasures.

Religion, speaking broadly, seems to have meant much to Thiriat; Catholicism, taken strictly, very little. His infirmity naturally prevented him from sharing much in the religious practice of the neighborhood, although in the few church ceremonies he was able to attend his impressionable temperament drew constant delight from the "religious singing, the melodies of the organ, the perfumes of incense and of candles." Religious expressions of the ordinary kind occur in his book, but no temptation to the life of a *dévo*t, so natural to the invalid in Catholic countries, seems to have overtaken him. It is evident that unconsciously to himself his spiritual life was chiefly vitalized by interests and influences of a more universal kind than those belonging to any given system of faith.

Lastly, among the new elements of happiness which made the year 1860 memorable to him, we may reckon the gain of several new friends brought him by scientific studies, and the recognized

place in life afforded him by his appointment as *greffier* to the commune. The cry of the first half of the diary is for a friend, first of all; and next, for some useful part in society, which shall make it possible for him to be something else than an object of pity or ridicule to his fellow men. By the end of the year he was able to exclaim with joy, "The future, once so dark, appears to me under the most smiling colors; *I have friends and protectors*. My God! I never should have thought it possible to be so happy." The last day of the old year arrives, and Xavier, looking back over his journal, sees in it the record of a state of transition from a "first youth," tormented with dreams and regrets, mad, extravagant and despairing, to a "second youth ripened by study and friendship." And he passes the threshold of the new in a glow of feeling and aspiration. "For me, as for all, the future remains obscure, uncertain, unknown; but a tide of hope has come flooding into my heart, and I shall enter the gate of the opening year with gayety and contentment."

There are other notes than these we have tried to reproduce, in this little journal. A short description of it may very easily convey a false impression that the book is sometimes virtuous overmuch, that is to say, virtuous for effect. The pictures of common life, however, interspersed in it, the lively pieces of dialogue and shrewd descriptions of peasant character, show a sense of humor which, when the journal is read as a whole, tend to remove this impression, and to make one forget the evident leaven in it of Lamartine and Bernardin de St. Pierre. But it is not so much what Xavier Thiriat has to tell us about life or Nature that is important or interesting; it is the personality itself, its modes of thinking and feeling, its means of happiness under unfavorable conditions that are worth studying. For us who are so apt to alarm and terrify ourselves as to the future sources of enthusiasm, and therefore of action, in man, the book adds one more to the facts that console and point us forward. Science, nature, poetry, human kindness, bound together and encompassed, all of them, by some spiritual hope, however vague and large—in these, it

seems to say to us, lie the motive powers of the future, powers which will but strengthen as others decay.

George Sand, in discussing Obermann and the kindred literature of her own day, saw in it signs of a probable indefinite multiplication of "moral maladies." The comment which a modern observer is inclined to make upon her prophecy is that it divined only half the truth. The forces of human nature tend, after all, perpetually to the same level. If old joys are passing away, new joys, which are perhaps but the old new

born, are rising into life. If the human spirit is more conscious than ever before of its own limitations and of the iron pressure of its physical environment, it is also, paradox as it may seem, more conscious of its own greatness, more deeply thrilled by the nobility and beauty interwoven with the universe. Such is the deepest meaning of modern poetry, such is the main impression left upon us with increasing force by almost all the attempts of the modern spirit to throw light upon itself.—*Macmillan's Magazine*.

"CHINESE GORDON."*

THE author of this book—one of the most moving and heroic romances of real life ever given to the world—is specially qualified for his undertaking in that he is a kinsman of Gordon; and has, therefore, been able to command information not easily accessible to a writer less favorably placed. To a personal knowledge of Gordon's character and life, he has been able to add a close acquaintance with his private and official correspondence, and the disposal of a mass of documents of the highest significance. These are great advantages, and Mr. Hake has turned them to excellent account. But if in these respects his kinship was a benefit, in others it has been a drawback. For one thing it was a considerable curb to that freedom which as a man and a writer he must have felt to be appropriate to his great subject; with the result that many episodes in the drama of Gordon's career are treated with a reticence which we must both admire and regret. Further than this, he has been checked to some extent by respect for one of the strongest points in Gordon's character—his almost morbid modesty. Publicity he loathes; and Mr. Hake in his preface apologizes to him for giving his life to the world, not merely without his consent, but without his knowledge. To have asked his permission to publish, or

to have let him suspect that a volume was being written of which he was the subject, would have been to court a passionate veto which could not be gained; consequently the world must have remained in that state of mingled curiosity and misapprehension, which existed prior to the appearance of this book. The author's courage in this matter indeed claims our gratitude; and it is impossible not to feel that in thus risking Gordon's displeasure, both he and those other members of the family who share, in one way or another, the responsibility of the work, have done a wise and useful thing.

Two books, previously published, have partially acquainted a certain number of people with the greatness of Gordon's character, and with some of the astonishing events of his career—to wit, "The Ever-Victorious Army," by the late Andrew Wilson; and "Colonel Gordon in Central Africa," by Dr. Birkbeck Hill. It was inevitable that the facts therein treated should be included in Mr. Hake's study; but in his hands they take clearer shape, fuller significance, and their proper places in the story of Gordon's life.

Much of Mr. Hake's material is new, and most of it bears very valuably on three of the most urgent matters now troubling the world. These are the war between France and China, the wild chaos in the Soudan, and the complicated dangers in South Africa. In this connection the book is full of teaching, and explains many things that, without it, were understood but dimly, if at all.

* "The Story of Chinese Gordon," by A. Egmont Hake, author of "Paris Originals," "Flattering Tales," etc. With two portraits and two maps. London: Remington & Co., 1884.

And besides this it is particularly interesting because it contains a large number of Gordon's familiar letters. In the first half of the book, indeed, these and other documents are quoted at such length and so often, that in some degree they disturb the current of the narrative; and, from the literary point of view, this portion contrasts a little unfavorably with the rest. The second part, dealing chiefly with Gordon's work in Africa, is an excellent piece of writing, full of graphic vigor, and touched with something of the wonderful romance of Gordon's life. Criticism aside, however, the book is, for the vast majority, one of absorbing interest. While those who already know something of Gordon and his career will read it for the further light it gives them, and while many will read it for its teaching on current affairs, the mass of people will read it for its affecting and astonishing story, and for the sake of its hero, who, so simple, true, and strong, and so sincerely Christian, is one of the greatest men of any time.

Gordon's family has made a respectable figure in history. Ancestors of his fought on either side at Preston-Pans, and the son of one of them served in the Fortieth, Seventy-second, and Eleventh Regiments; fighting valiantly at Minorca and Louisburgh, and with Wolfe on the Plains of Abraham. This gentleman had three sons, who all entered the army. Two died in the service; the third, William Henry Gordon, who was born in 1786, entered the Royal Artillery, became a Lieutenant-General, and, by his marriage with a daughter of the late Samuel Enderby, of Blackheath, was the father of Chinese Gordon. Gordon's grandfather, on the mother's side, was a merchant and a shipowner of ability and enterprise. His ships took to Boston that unhappy tea, which, so to speak, fired the mine of the War of Independence. His boldness and tenacity largely aided the exploration and colonization of the Southern Hemisphere. He ballasted his whalers with convicts for Botany Bay, and carried the earliest settlers to Australia and New Zealand. His ships were the first to round Cape Horn and trade in the archipelagos of the Pacific; and they were his whalers who first fished in

Japanese waters, and did their best to build a commerce with the Middle Kingdom. Not every firm can show a record like to this.

Gordon's father was a man of memorable qualities. A good and cultivated soldier, he was firm and humorous, generous and robust. In his presence none could be dull, neither could the careless or neglectful escape his severity. His figure was striking; his individuality was strong; the twinkle of his clear blue eye was not to be forgotten. And Gordon's mother was no less remarkable in character and spirit. Cheerful under difficulties, which she conquered with no show of effort, she possessed a perfect temper, and a genius for making the best of everything.

Charles Gordon was educated at Taunton and at Woolwich. His early life presents little of note. Of no great physical strength, he appears to have done little either at school or at the Royal Military Academy. Still, we are told that in the record of these early years there was "always humor," and an occasional burst of fire and resolution. One incident only is given by Mr. Hake. Once during his cadetship he was told "he would never make an officer." He tore the epaulets from his shoulders and flung them at his superior's feet.

In 1854 he was gazetted an officer of Engineers; and, after a narrow escape from duty elsewhere, was ordered to the Crimea. Forced inaction at Balaclava gave place to arduous and dangerous work in the trenches at Sebastopol. Of this period we shall only say that it is figurative of his later career; that he was slightly wounded, and more than once all but killed; that he showed himself a fatalist; and that his intelligence and zeal won the admiration of his superiors. Colonel Chesney, indeed, affirms that his personal knowledge of the enemy's movements was such as no other officer attained. He had already made his mark.

The Taiping rebellion was a climax of discontent and religious fanaticism. The province of Kwang-tung had become a Tom Tiddler's Ground for every sort of blackguard and pirate; it was rotten with secret societies; its suffering and rebellious people had learned the use of

arms ; the result was the worst of anarchy. Hereupon there came from enlightened Europe an individual who, possibly at risk of his head, preached the Gospel of Christ. He met an obscure schoolmaster, one Hung-tsu-Schuen, to whom he presented a choice collection of tracts, telling him, at the same time, that he, the obscure schoolmaster, would attain to the highest rank in the Celestial Empire. Schoolmasters, we know, occasionally cherish ambitions, and they are often very shrewd fellows indeed. But in these matters never did schoolmaster in any land equal Hung of China. He conceived a great scheme ; he trusted to his ability to carry it out ; time and people were ripe. Straightway he went forth, proclaiming that he had seen the Lord God Almighty, who had, he said, appealed to him as the Second Celestial Brother. The schoolmaster became the prophet—a prophet of freedom and vengeance, an agent of Divine wrath. Wise in his generation he stood forth in a land of poor and oppressed, as the champion of the oppressed and the poor. Superior persons—who, it seems, exist in the Flowery Land as elsewhere—said in their mild way that he was mad. His madness centred in a determination to usurp the Dragon Throne, to exterminate the hated Manchos, and to restore to power and glory the degraded Mings, and he very nearly succeeded. The people, filled with hope and fire by his propaganda, flocked to his standard, and in a little while he and twenty thousand followers were stalking through the land, breaking idols in the temples, and effacing Confucian texts from the schools. Open war with the authorities duly followed, and Hung, full of ability and resource, had pretty much his own way ; defeat swelled his ranks and his influence equally with victory. At last he formally declared himself the Heavenly King, The Emperor of the Great Peace, and at the head of hundreds of thousands of barbaric desperadoes—women and men together—pirates from the coast, bandits from the mountains, with a vast horde of scum of the earth, armed with knife and cutlass, decked in tawdry dress, and maddened on by flutter of gaudy flags and banners, he passed from province to province, robbery and murder before him, and fire and famine

in his train. After a march of seven hundred miles he captured the city of Nanking, and there, under the shadow of the Porcelain Tower, set up a monstrous worship and tyrannic state, and made his kinsmen kings.

A conflict, desultory in its conduct, but unspeakably savage in its incidents, was waged between the Taipings and the Chinese authorities. The Pekin Government was powerful but supine, and hampered by interior politics and unfriendly relations with France and England. Its policy had been to drive the rebels toward the sea. The policy was bad, for the rebels had everything to gain from the cities of the coast—wealth, and munition, and arms. The Government discovered its folly, and with truly Celestial cunning, persevered in it. It saw that the foreign communities would defend themselves and their possessions, and thus the rebels would be caught between two fires. Shanghai, for long an asylum for the destitute and distracted fugitives from the stricken inlands, was soon attacked by the Faithful One himself ; but he got a bad beating from the allied French and English troops. That was in 1860, in which year Gordon, after doing valuable service on the frontier commission in Bessarabia and Armenia, left home for China. He was present at the sack and burning of the Summer Palace at Pekin, and there or thereabouts he remained as Commanding Engineer till the spring of 1862, and gained great knowledge of the country and the people. When the Taipings grew troublesome at Shanghai, Gordon was appointed to the district command. He drove them from the neighborhood ; and then—quiet for a few months—employed his time in surveying a thirty mile radius round the port. Every town and village in that radius, and we dare say every creek and path in that flat network of paths and creeks, became known to him, and the knowledge was presently of the utmost value.

The Shanghai traders had commissioned two American adventurers, Ward and Burgevine, to raise a foreign force for defence against the rebels. Ward was killed, and Burgevine being cashiered for corrupt practices, the British Governor was asked to provide a cap-

tain. The choice fell on Gordon. He did not rush upon his task, however, but asked that he might first finish his thirty mile survey, as it would be of the utmost service in the campaign. This granted, the temporary command was given to Captain Holland, of the Marines. This officer was over-confident and ill-informed; he was severely defeated in an attack on the rebel city of Taitsan. The Taipings triumphed over the "foreign devils," and Mr. Hake gives a curious account of the battle, written by one of the principal wangs or warrior-chiefs. The result was that Gordon left his survey unfinished, and hastened to the head of the Ever Victorious Army.

He determined to strike at the heart of the rebellion, and decided instantly upon a complete change of tactics. Petty operations, confined to a thirty mile radius gave place to a large strategic plan, which involved the capture of a great number of rebel posts, ending with the great city of Soochow, the fall of which would crush the Taipings and insure the ultimate surrender of Nanking. In a few days he moved (by two steamers) about one thousand men to Fushan, on the southern bank of the Yangtze estuary. He landed under cover of an imperial force intrenched near by, and, watched by a large body of Taipings, reached Fushan on April 3d 1863, and attacked forthwith. A smart action ended in evacuation by the rebels; thus Fushan was gained, and Chanzu, a loyal city hard pressed, ten miles inland was relieved. The mandarins at the latter city received Gordon and his officers in state. Leaving three hundred men in the stockade, the young commander returned to headquarters at Sung Kiang. Here he set to work to discipline his army, which was terribly disorganized and demoralized. Under Burgevine and Ward it was customary to bargain for the performance of special service, reward being full license to loot a fallen city. Gordon established regular pay on a liberal scale, and broke the habit of plunder. His force, three or four thousand strong, consisted of infantry and artillery; the infantry being armed with smooth-bore muskets, save a chosen few who were intrusted with Enfield rifles. The rank and file were

Chinese; the officers all foreign, and mostly adventurers—brave, reckless, quarrelsome. The artillery—siege and field alike—was good; the equipment of it, and transport, and general provision for rapid movement, were complete; wherein we see the brain of the true commander. His army organized, his steamers and gunboats ready, Gordon was prepared to take the field.

A line drawn on the map from Taitsan to Soochow will pass through Quinsan. These the three leading strongholds of the rebels, were connected by a road. Before the end of April, Gordon started with his little force to Quinsan, the centre of the three centres, and, therefore, the strategic key of the situation. On his way, however, he heard that the rebel commander at Taitsan had played a terrible trick on the Imperial forces. This treacherous rebel-chief made proposals of surrender to Governor Li Hung Chang, the Bismarck of China, as he has been called, and accordingly a native force was sent to take over the place. That force was treacherously imprisoned, and two hundred men were beheaded. On hearing this, Gordon instantly changed his plan, and marched rapidly on Taitsan. The rebel force numbered ten thousand, of whom a fifth were picked warriors, with several English, French, and American renegades working the guns. Gordon's army numbered three thousand of all arms. He laid siege to the place at once. The outlying stockades fell immediately; he then seized the bridges of the main canal; and, working round out of gunshot, captured the forts protecting the Quinsan road, and so isolated the town. He opened fire at six hundred yards; in two hours the walls were breached; the moat was then bridged with gunboats, and the stormers under Captain Bannen crossed to the attack. A tremendous conflict ensued; fire-balls pelted the bridge, bullets the column, which, however, held its way into the breach, where it was met and repulsed. Then Gordon bombarded the breach for twenty minutes; once more the stormers charged, the breach was crowned, the city won; and in their hurry to escape the enemy trampled each other to death.

Gordon's troops had broken rule, and

plundered. He punished them by marching straight to the siege of Quinsan before they could sell their loot. At Quinsan Gordon ordered the mandarins to front the walls with strong stockades, and man them with their own troops, while he marched his own men back to headquarters to reorganize. There he complained, in a general order, of laxity among the officers; and to improve the force, filled vacancies with certain officers of the Ninety-ninth Regiment, who had been allowed to volunteer. But when starting again for Quinsan, his majors struck for increased pay. Gordon refused point-blank. They resigned, with a request that they should be allowed to serve on the pending expedition. Their resignations were accepted, their services declined. The majors, finding there was "only one commander in that army," submitted.

The story of the capture of Quinsan is a sort of wonder. The place, as we have said, was the key to the military situation; it was captured in the most brilliant and original manner—particulars of which, however, must be sought in Mr. Hake's pages. It became the headquarters of the Ever Victorious Army, a change which caused a mutiny; for at Quinsan the men could not do as they did at Sung Kiang—sell their loot. The artillery refused to fall in, and threatened to blow all the officers to pieces, of which Gordon was informed by written proclamation. The non-commissioned officers were the instigators; he called them up, and asked who wrote the proclamation. They professed entire ignorance. Gordon replied that one in every five would be shot. They groaned, and Gordon noticing a corporal who groaned louder and longer than the rest, with his own hand dragged him from the ranks, and ordered two soldiers standing by to shoot him on the spot. It was done. Gordon confined the rest for one hour, telling them that within that time if the men had not paraded, and if the writer's name were not given up, every fifth man among them would be shot. The men "fell in"; the writer of the proclamation was disclosed; he was the executed corporal.

Quinsan captured, it remained to invest Soochow, which means that a number of minor places clustering round it

had first to be carried. But Gordon was hampered and disheartened—even to the point of throwing up his command—by the bad faith of the Chinese authorities, who broke their promise to pay his troops regularly, and even fired on them occasionally by way of proving their sense of humor. But Gordon had barely reached Shanghai, full of his determination to resign, than he heard that Burgevine, whose intrigue and bluster never ceased, had collected a well-armed band of foreign rowdies, declared for the Taipings, and seized a Chinese war-steamer, in which he and his desperadoes made their way into Soochow. In this Gordon recognized the birth of another and more desperate phase of the campaign. To resign was to abandon a suffering people not merely to the Taipings, whose dominion was one of blight and murder, but to a most unscrupulous and violent filibuster. Moreover, Burgevine had commanded Gordon's own troops, had plundered treasures and temples with them; and they, with present pay in arrear, and future prospect of unlimited loot, were ready to desert to the enemy. Under these conditions, Gordon was hard pressed by the rebels at Quinsan and Kahpoo. "I am," he writes, "in a very isolated position, and have to do most of the work myself." He was, in fact, in the hands of traitors, and could trust no one. Desperate fighting continued, and some neat negotiations with Burgevine's "scum of Shanghai," which ended in their defection from the rebel cause; and in the latter, Gordon's great character shines in a curious way. The chiefs in Soochow suspected Burgevine, and imprisoned him; whereupon Gordon wrote begging them to spare his life. Yet all this while Burgevine was planning to cut up Gordon, and would have succeeded but for a companion, not less desperate but infinitely more honest. In the multitudinous engagements, too, Gordon had always to be in the front, and often to lead in person. He would take one or other of his officers by the arm, and lead him into the thickest of the fire. He was never armed, and carried only a little cane, which the natives called "Gordon's magic wand of victory."

Two heroic attacks and some curious

negotiation ended in the capitulation of Soochow, whereupon occurred one of the most tremendous events in Gordon's career. The capture of Soochow, as we have explained, was the vital blow to the rebellion. The fighting which made it possible had all been planned by Gordon, and executed by Gordon's three or four thousand troops; yet no sooner was the end achieved than the Chinese authorities betrayed him. They refused to pay his troops; the rebel wangs, or warrior-kings, for whose lives he had pleaded, were treacherously murdered, and the fallen city was given over to be looted by the Imperial troops of Governor Li Hung Chang.

The murder of the five kings, with its accompaniments of treachery and cold-blooded horror, made a great impression in this country at the time. The faddists charged Gordon with the deed; but the faddists were confuted by the facts elicited in an official inquiry. Gordon, as we have said, pleaded for the lives of those men, and he was promised they should be honorably dealt with. We see him enter the fallen city of Soochow, alone, and innocent of what was being done; the gates are shut upon him by the Taipings; he is a prisoner for twenty-four hours among the thousands of men he had conquered. He escapes—to find the city sacked, and to weep over the mangled bodies of the kings for whose safety he had pledged himself. For the first time during the war he armed—armed and went forth to seek Li, the traitor. There is not the least doubt that if he had met his enemy he would have shot him on the spot. But Li had been informed of Gordon's terrible anger, and hid. For many days Gordon was "hot and instant in his trace"; but in vain. Back he came to Quinsan with his troops, whom he had ordered to assist in the pursuit, and there with deep emotion read to them an account of what had happened.

The massacre placed him in unparalleled difficulty. On the one hand the clamor of Europe to desist, on the other the call of his conscience and the mute appeal of the people to finish the work he had begun and so brilliantly carried on. "To waver was to fail." He ignored the world's opinion, and resumed

command. Some "final victories" crushed the rebellion forever; the provinces were restored to peace and prosperity; the empire was rescued from an age of civil war. The destiny of China had depended on him, and he saved it.

Even to this day China, the treacherous, the matter-of-fact, the mercenary, is grateful, as well she may be. The campaign against the Taipings is one of the great chapters in military history; the part that Gordon played in it is altogether singular and heroic.

In reading once again the story of the "Ever Victorious Army," we have been struck with the singular military capacity of its hero and its captain. It seems to us, moreover, that in a general way, but particularly in the recent voluminous remarks in the newspapers, to that capacity justice has not been done. People give to Gordon the credit of being a great administrator, a novel diplomatist, and the fortunate possessor of a strange and wondrous influence over the hearts of men; but his ability and achievements as a leader of armies and a master of campaigns seem to have been considerably, if not entirely, overlooked. Gordon the Christian governor, and Gordon the kindly helper of the poor, are realized in the popular mind, and loved: Gordon, the consummate strategist, is barely understood. And yet, as it seems to us, the military resource and audacity, the originality and keen perfectitude of plan, and the almost magic insight into an enemy's intention, which are visible throughout his career—in the Crimea, in China, in the Soudan—are points of character not less important nor less admirable than the qualities which have received a wider recognition because they appeal more directly to sentiment and imagination.

Rectitude, courage, simple trust in God—these qualities are great, and enable men to do great things; but in Gordon there is something more. He has the genius of a great general, a rapidity of thought, and energy of action which, if not entirely singular, perhaps, in themselves, become so in virtue of his peculiar personality, the daring of his invention, and often the humor of his methods. For Gordon, with all his earnestness and mysticism, with all his unsparing thoroughness in every department of action

assigned to him by others or selected by himself, is a humorist.

At the close of the Taiping Rebellion, Gordon returned to England with the one idea of enjoying well-earned quiet in the circle of his family. But "no sooner," writes Mr. Hake, "had he set foot in this country than invitations came in upon him from all quarters, and to have him for a guest was the season's ideal; friends and kinsmen were made the bearers of superb invitations, all of which he had the courage to decline." When he found himself pronounced a hero he ceased to listen, and even begged a fellow-officer who had written an account of the campaign to let the subject drop. "To push and intrigue was impossible;" and, at a moment when most men would have accepted with proud pleasure the courtesies of society and the praises of the great, he was content to resume his duty as a Royal Engineer. A striking instance of this exceptional modesty (or is it an exceptional and admirable vanity?) is related in connection with his *Journal of the Taiping War*. This valuable document was illustrated by himself, and he had sent it home from China on the understanding that it should be seen by none but his family. But one of Her Majesty's Ministers heard of the manuscript, borrowed it, and was so impressed that he had it printed for the benefit of his colleagues. Late one evening Gordon inquired about his journal, and being told what had happened, rose from table and sped in hot haste to the Minister's house. The Minister was not at home; Gordon hurried to the printers, demanded his ms., and ordered the printed copies to be destroyed and the type broken up. No one has seen the manuscript since, and Mr. Hake declares there is every probability of its having been destroyed.

In 1865, Gordon was appointed Commanding Engineer at Gravesend, and there for six years he remained, fulfilling his official duties in the construction of the Thames defences and devoting himself, in a manner almost unexampled, to the poor. "His house was school, hospital, and alms-house in turn," and his delight in children, and especially in boys working on the river or the sea, is one of the sunniest traits

in his character. Many he rescued from the gutter, cleansed and clothed, and fed, and kept them in his home for weeks until work and place were found for them. He called them his "kings," and marked their voyages with innumerable pins stuck in a map of the world that hung over his mantelpiece, and these pins he "moved from point to point as his youngsters advanced," and day by day prayed for them as they went. The lads loved him, and scribbled on the fences a touching legend of their own invention: "God bless the Kernel!"

Pleasant indeed it would be to linger over this chapter in the life of this wonderful man; but biography is long, and our pages are short. Let us pass at once to what, in our opinion, is by far the most romantic period in Gordon's career—the years that he spent in the Soudan, the land of the dry desert, and mighty rivers, and fiery sun; the remote unfriended country of the hunters of men and their victims, the suffering and human blacks.

Early in 1874 Gordon succeeded Sir Samuel Baker as Governor of the Tribes in Upper Egypt. The Khedive—Ismail—proposed to give him ten thousand pounds a year. He would not hear of it; he accepted two thousand pounds. This act was much discussed at the time, and the right interpretation was not always forthcoming. But it was entirely consistent with Gordon's conduct in similar affairs in China and elsewhere. At the conclusion of the campaign against the Taipings, the Chinese government presented the Captain of the Ever Victorious Army with a large fortune. He not only rejected it with contempt, but actually thrashed from his tent the messengers who brought it!

Egypt had made vast strides into the heart of Africa since 1853, and as its empire spread, so grew the slave-trade, and so, under the unscrupulous and terrible rule of the Pashas, deepened the misery of the people. The Arab captains, "the hunters of men," attained great political power, and their abominable traffic was the dominant interest of everybody in the land, from the little children of the blacks, who wanted freedom, to the Governor-General of the Soudan himself, who wanted coin. So

strong, indeed, did the slavers at last become that the government got at once ashamed and afraid. The mightiest and cleverest of them was one Sebehr Rahoma, who, by the way, has lately come to the front again in a very remarkable and entirely Anglo-Egyptian fashion. 'This superior man-hunter was called the Black Pasha, and commanded thirty stations. Conscious of his power, he set up as the rival and equal of the Khedive himself, with a court of Arab ruffians and burlesque of princely state. The Khedive was considerably moved by the preposterous behavior of this upstart, and determined forthwith to humble him to the dust. An attempt to effect this object failed miserably; and the Khedive was weak enough, in his dilemma of fear and doubt, to make Sebehr a Bey, and to accept his services in the invasion of Darfur. Darfur being conquered, Sebehr was rewarded with the rank of Pasha. But, like Hung of China, he cherished vast ambitions. He would be content with nothing less than the Governor-Generalship of the Soudan. This pretension brought matters to a crisis. Hitherto, Ismail had encouraged slave-dealing, for it increased his revenue; but, the moment his personal supremacy was threatened by the man whose power he, by his own cupidity, had helped to make, he was converted into what Mr. Hake happily terms "active and sonorous philanthropy." Of a sudden, he began to regard the slave-trade with "holy horror," and determined to suppress it—at least, so he said. For this purpose he engaged Sir Samuel C. Baker; to this end he enlisted the genius of Gordon.

Gordon had not been at Cairo many days before he wrote: "I think I can see the true motive of the expedition, and believe it to be a straw to catch the attention of the English people." Nevertheless, he determined to go through with his undertaking; for he saw that he could help the suffering tribes. In his own words may be read the spirit in which he began and carried on this perilous task: "I will do it, for I value my life as naught, and should only leave much weariness for perfect peace."

Gordon wished to proceed by ordinary steamer to Souakim, but Nubar

Pasha (the able minister who is once again in office, and who, Mr. Hake says, in many ways tried Gordon's patience) insisted upon his going in state. The special train was engaged, therefore; but the engine collapsed. Thus, in huge delight, Gordon wrote: "They had begun in glory, and ended in shame."

His first decree is as follows, and in the light of his new mission to the land of his old labors, it will be read with interest, particularly when it is considered that the circumstances differ in nothing but unessentials:

"By reason of the authority of the Governor of the Provinces of the Equatorial Lakes, with which His Highness the Khedive has invested me, and the irregularities which until now have been committed, it is henceforth decreed:

"1. That the traffic in ivory is the monopoly of the government.

"2. No person may enter these provinces without a 'teskere' from the Governor-General of Soudan, such 'teskere' being available only after it shall have received the visa of the competent authority at Gondokoro, or elsewhere.

"3. No person may recruit or organize armed bands within these provinces.

"4. The importation of firearms and gunpowder is prohibited.

"5. Whosoever shall disobey this decree will be punished with all the rigor of the military laws. GORDON."

This proclaimed, he sailed for Gondokoro—a strange river voyage, amid crocodiles that slumbered on the mud, and ponderous river-horses that splashed and blew in the stream, while little mobs of monkeys came down from the gum-trees to the margin to drink, and wild birds sailed in flocks overhead. One night, Gordon, thinking of home in the moonlight, was startled by loud laughing in a bush on the river's bank. "I felt put out, but the irony came from birds, that laughed at us. . . . for some time in a very rude way. They were a species of stork, and seemed in capital spirits, and highly amused at anybody thinking of going up to Gondokoro with the hope of doing anything."

By a rare coincidence of favorable circumstances—such as rarely gladden the traveller in any land, least of all in

what is called Upper Egypt—and hastened by Gordon's invincible energy, the little band—consisting of Gordon, his staff, and escort—reached Khartoum in an incredibly short space of time. From that flat-roofed, mud-built city Gordon started, after a busy stay of eight days, for Gondokoro. The journey was accomplished by steamer, and was not without romantic incident. Once when cutting wood for the steamer's fires they surprised some Dinkas—a people who are black, and pastoral, and worshippers of wizards. The chief, in full dress (a necklace), was induced to come on board. He came and softly licked the back of Gordon's hand, and held his face to his own and "made as if he were spitting." At dinner he devoured his neighbor's portion as well as his own, after which he and his liege-men sang a hymn of thanksgiving, and proceeded to crawl to Gordon, that they might kiss his feet. That was denied them, but they were sent away rejoicing, under a splendid burden of beads.

At the junction of the Bahr-Gazelle with the Gondokoro River they found swarms of natives who had rubbed themselves with wood-ash until their complexions were "the color of slate pencil." These people were half-starved and in great suffering. "What," writes Gordon, "what a mystery, is it not, why they are created? A life of fear and misery night and day! One does not wonder at their not fearing death. No one can conceive the utter misery of these lands. Heat and mosquitos day and night all the year round. But I like the work, for I believe I can do a great deal to ameliorate the lot of the people." At Bohr, a slavers' stronghold, the people were "anything but civil: they had heard of the Khartoum decree;" but at St. Croix, a mission-station, the steamer passed to the joyous sounds of dance and song.

Gondokoro was reached in twenty-four days, and once there, Gordon was at his seat of government, and in the very heart of his perilous task. So swift had been his journey that the townsmen had not heard even of his nomination. His advent amazed them. Gondokoro was a trysting-place for wretchedness and danger; the state of the people was

"as bad as it well could be;" and so terribly had they been treated that, half a mile from its walls, the Governor-General himself would have gone in peril of his life. But Gordon's spirit did not fail. He was confident that he could relieve the people of their sufferings, that he could build a better state of life for them if—there always is an "if"—if he could but win their confidence. To achieve that necessary consummation he passed hither and thither through the land, there giving grain, here employing the natives to plant their patches with maize. Why employ them to do that which is their normal occupation? Because before he came they had ceased to sow since they could never reap the fruits of their toil; they were systematically robbed of their little harvest. And so when the strange fame of this kingly white man spread among them, in their simple hearts they thought he could do all things, and flocked about him in great numbers, and begged that he would buy their children, whom they were too poor to feed themselves. Clearly their confidence was being surely won; and if one thing in this world is certain it is that, in those bare and burning lands, the name of Gordon is remembered to this day with gratitude.

This grand result was reached in great part by his uncompromising attitude toward the slavers. The slavers are, perhaps, as unequivocal a race of blackguards as ever existed; and they were in collusion with the government. "They stole the cattle and kidnapped their owners, and they shared the double booty with officials of a liberal turn of mind."

Here is a record of one exploit, typical of many, and showing how Gordon dealt with this state of things. By the timely interception of some letters, he discovered that two thousand stolen cows and a troop of kidnapped negroes were on their way from a gang of man-hunters to that estimable personage, the governor of Fashoda. The cavalcade was promptly stopped. The cows, since it was impossible to return them to their owners, were confiscated; the slaves he either sent home or bought himself, and they came about him, trying to touch his hand, or even the hem of his garment. In China, Gordon had con-

quered rebels to enlist them on his own side; and much the same happened here. The chief slavers he cast into prison, but after a while those who proved themselves possessed of useful qualities he released and employed. Equally with the great essential duties of his position, the most trivial matters received unremitting attention. He was never idle, even amusing himself in odd moments of leisure by "inventing traps for the huge rats that shared his cabin." And he writes of a poor, sick old woman whom he nursed and fed for weeks, but all in vain: "She had her tobacco up to the last. What a change from her misery! I suppose she filled her place in life as well as Queen Elizabeth."

His work grew more dangerous and difficult. His native staff were useless from intrigue and treachery, and his Europeans to a man were down with ague and fever. Yet notwithstanding traitors in the camp, and enemies without, Gordon toiled on at his post, and, though worn to a shadow, was at once governor of the Provinces and nurse to his staff. His difficulties were increased by the real or feigned ineptitude of his subordinates. When the commandant he had left at Gondokoro was ordered to send up a mountain howitzer, he forwarded empty ammunition-tubes instead of full. Thus Gordon was left defenceless with ten men, in a place where no Arab would have stayed without a hundred. And yet we find him always cheerful, and devoted to the people—teaching them, with novel methods, the use of money; while he delighted his ragamuffin soldiery with the wonders of a magic lantern, and by firing a gun a hundred and fifty yards off with a magnetic exploder! In truth, with Gordon, to be single-handed is to work marvels; and during this period he labored with astonishing energy and success. He converted Khartoum into a Botany Bay for do-nothing governors, the black-guard slavers whom he caught and punished, and the traitors of his own staff. To punish rebellious chiefs, he resorted, not to fire and sword, but to the razzia, or cattle-raid, a method much more humorous, and infinitely more final in its results.

Not, however, that he had no fighting. The wizard-worshippers gave him

much trouble, and many of the tribes would not be content until they had felt the might of his arm. Brisk battles were frequent, and in one of them the bulk of the force with him at the time was completely "eaten up," as our friends the Zulus pleasantly describe the process of annihilation. This engagement is in some ways typical of them all, and it is instructive. In travelling through a turbulent region of his kingdom, Gordon observed that the temper of the tribes was, to say the least, forbidding. Wizards gathered on the hills, and cursed their enemy—as they supposed Gordon to be—and waved him off the face of the earth; spies hung about the camp and in the long grass; altogether there was general warning of a storm. Gordon was joined about this time by his good Lieutenant Linant and his party, who came in from an outlying station. Gordon wished to find a steamer, which lay somewhere in the river, and for this purpose passed thirty men over to the east bank. The instant they landed, down came the natives; Gordon followed at once. The natives retorted by making a rush at his men. They were repulsed, and Gordon attempted to parley. They refused, and, knowing him for the chief, tried to surround him; he let them come near, and then drove them back with bullets. Linant proposed that he should burn their houses, and Gordon, fearing further mischief unless he effectually retaliated, agreed. One morning, therefore, he sent off a party of forty-one men. At mid-day he heard firing, and saw Linant in a red shirt he had given him, on a hill; the red shirt, and the party led by its wearer were visible for a couple of hours, when they disappeared. Later on thirty or forty blacks were seen running down to the river, and Gordon, concluding they had gone to his steamer, fired on them as they ran. Ten minutes afterward, one of his own detachment appeared on the opposite bank; he had been disarmed, and declared that all the others of the party were killed. The red shirt had maddened the natives; the party got scattered; spears did the rest. Gordon was left with only thirty men, and he decided to make a strategic movement to the rear. Wonderful to relate, the

tribesmen did not molest him—with the exception of a certain wizard who elected to survey the retreat from the top of a rock, whence he "grinned and jeered, and vaticinated," as Gordon was giving orders. The Governor took his rifle. "I don't think that's a healthy spot from which to deliver an address," he said, and the wizard prophesied no more.

After a brief holiday in London, Gordon returned to Egypt early in 1877. He was appointed Governor-General of the Soudan, with Darfur and the provinces of the Equator—a district one thousand six hundred and forty miles long, and nearly seven hundred wide. Furthermore, he was deputed to look into Abyssinian affairs, and to negotiate with King John for a settlement of pending disputes. Into events Abyssinian, however, the space at our disposal does not permit us to enter. Suffice it to say that they were every whit as full of romance and significance as anything else in Gordon's wonderful career.

His installation in the new position, so much more important and difficult than any he had yet held, took place at Khartoum on the 5th of May. The firman of the Khedive and an address were read by the Cadi, and a royal salute was fired. Gordon was expected to make a speech. He said: "With the help of God I will hold the balance level." This brief and trenchant sentence delighted the people more, says Mr. Hake, than if he had talked for an hour. Afterward he ordered gratuities to be given to the deserving poor; in three days he had distributed upward of one thousand pounds of his own money. The formalities of his new state disgusted him; he was "guarded like an ingot of gold," and was given, it seems, in the midst of solemn ceremonies, to making irrelevant humorous remarks to the great chiefs—in English, which they did not understand.

Many things had happened in the Soudan since 1874. When he took up the reins of government in 1877, he found the country, as Mr. Hake says, "quick with war." The provincial governors were worthless, and often mutinous; the slavers were out in revolt; the six thousand Bashi-Bazouks who were used

as frontier-guards robbed on their own account, and winked at the doings of the slavers; savage and reckless tribes had to be subdued. "It was a stupendous task, to give peace to a country quick with war; to suppress slavery among a people to whom trade in human flesh was life, and honor, and fortune; to make an army out of perhaps the worst material ever seen; to grow a flourishing trade and a fair revenue in the wildest anarchy in the world."

One of the most difficult and desperate of the tasks before Gordon, was the subjugation of the vast province of Bahr-Gazelle. This, itself a little continent, had been lashed to anarchy and wretchedness by Sebehr, the Black Pasha, already mentioned. It was necessary that he and his son Suleiman, with their army of man-hunters, should be subdued, and the land brought to rule and order. But, before that could be achieved, it was of the utmost urgency that Gordon should go to Darfur, where revolt was rampant, and the Khedive's garrisons were besieged in their barracks by the rebels. Here that splendid confidence in himself, which is one of his strongest characteristics, helped him in an extraordinary degree. His army was a useless mob of ragamuffin's—"nondescripts," he called them; the tribes and the slavers he had to subdue were warlike and fierce; his nondescripts could be trusted only to run away from danger, or to plot the murder of himself. Most men would not have undertaken such work under such severely trying conditions; but Gordon never faltered.

The city of Dara plays a strong part in these chapters of Gordon's story. During the revolt caused by Haroun, the pretender to the throne of Darfur, its people were shut within its walls. They had heard nothing from without for six months, and when, one day, there was a sudden stir at the gate, and the Governor-General himself rode into their midst, they were dumbfounded. It was, says Gordon, in his trenchant graphic way—"It was like the relief of Lucknow." The illustration, so full of moving memories and great suggestions, was only just. As Gordon advanced, dangers gathered on every side, until,

as Mr. Hake happily puts it, he was "ringed about with perils." A crisis came, which needed all his energy and indomitable will to keep him master of the situation. His presence in the field against Haroun was urgent; on either hand he was menaced by powerful tribes; worse than all else, Suleiman, son of Sebehr, the Black Pasha, sat down with six thousand robbers before Dara, and ravaged the land around. In the midst of all this, his army was plotting his life; his secretary fell ill. The measure of his troubles was full indeed. But his spirit never quailed. So rapid were his movements now, that no idea of them can be conveyed in this place; Mr. Hake himself has performed found it impossible to give more than a sketch of them. Brief and slight as that sketch is, it indicates with a sort of swift dramaticism the marvellous activity and resource of its hero.

While in the heart of all this battling and peril, he heard something which rendered all else as naught. Suleiman, with his six thousand, was on the eve of attacking Dara. Not an instant was lost. Ignoring nondescripts and allies alike, and, as usual, far in advance of his lagging escort of Bashi-Bazouks, Gordon mounted his camel and rode straight away to Dara. The distance was eighty-five miles; he did it in a day and a half, unarmed and alone. "A dirty, red-faced man," covered with flies, he burst upon his people as a thunderbolt; they could not believe their eyes. Next day, as dawn broke over the city, he put on the "golden armor" of his office, and rode to the camp of the robbers, three miles off. The chiefs were awestruck and startled. Gordon drank a glass of water, ordered Suleiman to follow with his people to his divan, and rode back to Dara. The son of Sebehr came with his chiefs, and they

sat in a circle in the Governor's divan. Then, in "choice Arabic," as Gordon humorously puts it, Gordon said to them: "You meditate revolt; I know it. You shall have my ultimatum now: I will disarm you and break you up." They listened in a dead silence, and went away to consider. At any moment they could have put Gordon and his "garrison of sheep soldiers" to the sword; amazed by his utter indifference to danger, and quelled, perhaps, by the magic of his eye, they submitted.

Of his further labors in the Soudan and Abyssinia—in the latter country he afterward had an adventure nearly as dramatic as that just related, and even more dangerous—we cannot now speak. What they were—how varied and difficult, how amusing, how pathetic, and how, after all, they were to be unrequited—all this is written in Mr. Hake's pages; to these the curious and sympathetic reader must turn for many a romance, many a piece of daring, many a touch of sincere and gentle charity, many an astounding proof of courage, that considerations of space prevent our dealing with here. With that rare modesty of his, and with an heroic and suggestive brevity like the diction of the Bible, Gordon has said: "I have cut off the slave-dealers in their strongholds, and I made the people love me." It is true. To this day the poor blacks of the Soudan beg the white traveller to send back to them the "good Pasha," and it is the knowledge of this, the certainty of his influence upon the people, of his personal magnetic power over the wild savages and pastoral blacks of the Soudan—these are the things which feed the hopes all of us cherish for the success of the mission upon which, after the eleventh hour has struck, he has been hurriedly despatched.—*All the Year Round*.

QUEER FISHES.

BY JOHN GIBSON.

THE typical fish is a creature of an elongated oval form, covered with scales, and having fins for limbs. Breathing by gills, it lives in the water and dies out of it, while its "fishy" eye

is suited for seeing through a watery medium. Such is the "generic image" which naturally rises in the mind when thinking of fishes. It would be difficult, however, to affirm anything whatever

of the typical fish which would not be belied in one or other of the many aberrant forms of those interesting animals. Few things are more generally true than that fishes can only live in water, "a fish out of the water" being synonymous with all that is incongruous and unnatural; yet there are dozens of fishes inhabiting different parts of the world that seem never to be happier than when thus out of their element. Some, indeed, there are that spend the greater part of their lives on land, while a few actually get drowned if prevented from rising to the surface to breathe.

Most people have heard of the climbing perch of the Indian region, which gained its name from having been seen by its discoverer on the stem of a Palmyra palm, five feet above the ground, where it was apparently struggling, by means of the spines on its scales and gill-covers, to get higher. As that happened nearly a hundred years ago, and there is no authentic instance of the fish having since been detected climbing trees, the occurrence may fairly be regarded as incidental rather than habitual. There is no doubt, however, that it travels long and far by land, generally in the morning when the dew waters its path, although on one occasion Mr. E. L. Layard met a number of them journeying along a dusty road under a mid-day sun. They are said to form a favorite food of the boatmen on the Ganges, who have been known to keep them alive for five or six days without water, and to find them at the end of that time as lively as when first caught. The typical fish cannot breathe out of the water; but the climbing perch can, because above its gills, and in the same cavity with them, lies an organ, composed of a complicated system of thin bony plates, which acts as a lung. The fish was until lately supposed to fill this cavity with water, and to make use of the latter from time to time in wetting its gills, just as the camel in the desert draws upon its internal reservoir of water in order to quench its thirst. This theory, however, has not been able to survive the fact that those who have sought for water in this labyrinthine organ have never yet found it. Many fishes occur in the fresh waters of the Amazon basin which are thus truly am-

phibious. They all have gills by which they can breathe, like other fishes, in water; but they have also special contrivances for enabling them to respire atmospheric air as well. In some of these it is the intestinal tube that plays the part of lung; in others it is the air-bladder, the efficiency of the latter in this capacity being seen in the fact that it is only necessary to close the passage which connects it with the atmosphere in order to suffocate the fish. One of those amphibious fishes of South America is in the habit of travelling by night in great droves, moving as fast as a man can walk, its only locomotive organs being the spiny ray of its pectoral fins and its tail. Another, inhabiting the swamps of Carolina, travels by leaps, and always, it has been observed, in the direction of the nearest water. Most of these fishes live in ponds and marshes which are liable to disappear in the dry season, and it is in search of fresh waters that they undertake those migrations. There are many parts of the world, however, in which at such seasons this search would be hopeless, and in those cases the pond fishes aestivate, that is, bury themselves in the mud at the bottom of the pools, and there lie torpid till the advent of the rainy season sets them free. In Ceylon the natives, according to Tennent, are in the habit of digging for them, and a friend who had been present at one of those fish diggings, informed him that "the clay was firm but moist, and as the man flung out lumps of it with a spade, it fell to pieces, disclosing fish from nine to twelve inches long, which were full grown and healthy, and jumped on the bank when exposed to the sunlight." The *Lepidosiren* or Mud-fish of tropical Africa similarly buries itself. Forming a hollow in the mud, and lining it with mucus, it there lies, like the kernel in a nutshell, till released by the rains. These clay-balls are often dug up by the natives, and if the inclosing shell be not broken, the fish can be safely transported in them to Europe, and there released by immersion in tepid water. How long this torpid condition may continue is not exactly known, but in India it is believed that they may thus survive for more than one season—tanks that have been dry for several years having been found to swarm with

fish as soon as a sufficiency of water had gathered in them to soften their hardened beds.

The habit of occasionally leaving their proper element is not confined to freshwater fishes, it is also found in a few marine forms. There are several species of tropical gobies found very abundantly on the Indo-Pacific coasts, especially where mud and fucus abound. They skip about in the mud and seaweed close to the water-line, hunting for insects and mollusks, and so nimbly do they leap on land that it is difficult to catch them. With their great prominent eyes, which they have the power of thrusting far out of their sockets, and with the fore-part of the body raised on their limb-like pectoral fins, they present a somewhat frog-like appearance. In the water they prefer leaping along the surface to swimming beneath it. "I have chased one," says Professor Moseley, "in Trincomali harbor which skipped thus before me until it reached a rock, where it sat on a ledge out of the water in the sun and waited till I came up, when it skipped along to another rock."

The Flying Fishes of tropical seas, of which more than forty species are known, are further examples of fish that leave the water, although it is the bird or bat, and not the land-walking animals, that they seek to emulate. Their pectoral fins are enormously enlarged so as to resemble wings, and in some cases these extend from the gills to the tail. Whether they move their wings in flight or not is still an unsettled question, although the weight of opinion seems to favor the view that they do not. The result, however produced, is that they glide over the surface of the sea at the height of one or two feet above it, often rising and falling in the most graceful manner. They have been observed thus to glide over a distance of from 800 to 1200 feet in a period of about forty seconds, which is probably the longest time they have been seen "finning" it out of the water. That they can rise to a much greater height is proved by the fact that frequently at night they fall on the decks of passing ships. There are two widely different groups of flying fish, namely, the "Flying Herrings" and the "Flying Gurnards." The latter have the heavier

bodies, but probably also the largest expanse of wing; thus an example before the writer has each of its wing-like pectorals measuring 9 inches in length and 7.2 inches in breadth. Professor Moseley, when on board the Challenger, was convinced that he had seen flying gurnards move their wings rapidly during their flight. On one occasion he watched large numbers of a species with beautiful colored wings fly along before the boat in which he was collecting, at a height of about a foot above the water, and for distances of 15 to 20 yards; and as they thus flew they appeared to him to buzz their wings very rapidly, reminding him of the buzzing of the wings in the grasshopper.

Poverty, that ever-present factor in the struggle for existence, is said to make people acquainted with strange bedfellows, and the same universal struggle has brought about some curious alliances among fishes. Although there are no true parasites among them, there are many forms which find it to their advantage to get attached to other animals. These either fix themselves to the outside of their host, or, passing within, occupy the mouth or intestinal tube—not, however, as parasites, but in the capacity of lodgers, or messmates, as Beneden calls them. Few sharks are caught in tropical seas that have not one or more sucking fish attached to them. These are feeble little fishes that owe their success in life—for they are found in every sea—to the powerful alliances they form. Unable of themselves to swim either quickly or far, they get attached, by means of a dorsal fin which has been modified into a sucker, to any swift-swimming creature, or even ship, that may come in their way. Thus relieved of the fatigue of swimming, and protected from their enemies by the close proximity of their *attached* host, they are free to devote their energies to the sole purpose of picking up such food as may come within their reach. According to Beneden, the fishermen of the Mozambique Channel utilize the Remora, as it is also called, as a live fishing hook. Passing a ring to which a cord is attached through its tail, they send it in pursuit of any passing fish or turtle, and should it succeed in attaching itself by its sucker, few hooks are

more secure. It was of this fish that the strange delusion formerly prevailed that it was able to arrest the progress of any vessel to which it got fixed. Says Op-pian :

The Sucking Fish beneath, with secret chains,
Clung to the keel, the swiftest ship detains.

The fishes that make their home in the interior of other animals are somewhat numerous. Considerable numbers of a small species habitually lodge in the ample mouth cavity of a Brazilian cat-fish, living on such crumbs as they can filch from the table of their host. A Mediterranean eel which dwells in the branchial sac of a devil-fish picks up its living in a somewhat similar fashion. The Sea-cucumbers or Holothurians, are the favorite home of a curious group of small eel-like fishes known as *Pieraster*. The commonest of the Mediterranean species measures about 7.2 inches in length, and Professor Emery has seen seven of these fishes enter, one after the other, the body of a large sea-cucumber. They use it, in his opinion, as a habitation or as a refuge from their enemies, getting their nourishment all the while from the sea by pushing their heads out of their Holothurian home. Sea-anemones are also known as fish-shelters. Dr. Collingwood, when sailing in the seas about Labuan, came upon an anemone which measured fully two feet in diameter when its tentacles were expanded. Seeing a small fish hovering over the anemone, and suspecting that there might be more of them within, he began raking about with a stick in the body of the creature, and succeeded in turning no fewer than six similar fishes out of its body cavity. The great sea-jellies, with their dome-like disks and fringe of stinging tentacles are somewhat suggestive of floating marine homes, and it is found that beneath those living umbrellas crowds of the smaller fishes habitually shelter. A. Agassiz counted no fewer than twenty of them swimming in safety within the fringed circle of a single medusa. Professor Sars, of Christiania, also found that, at an early stage of its growth, the cod in the neighborhood of the Loffoden Islands avails itself of a similar shelter. In this instance the alliance is supposed to be mutually beneficial ; the cod-fry sharing

in the minute food which the jelly-fish is able to stupefy by its stinging tentacles ; while it, in return, is supposed to relieve its host of certain minute parasites which infest it.

There is a fish often found in the abdominal cavity of other fishes which can neither be called a parasite nor a messmate. This is the Hag-fish or "Borer." With neither scales nor visible eyes, and with scarcely any appearance of a head, it looks more like a worm than a fish ; yet this lowly organized creature inflicts immense injury upon the Norwegian fisheries. It is no uncommon thing for the fishermen of the Lofodens to be compelled by stress of weather to leave their lines and nets in the water for several days, and in such cases they too often find that the majority of the fish caught are totally destroyed by hag-fish. Penetrating the skin of the captured cod or ling, the "borer," as it is appropriately called, devours the soft parts in an incredibly short time, leaving, says Sars, "nothing but skin and bone."

The typical fish has an unmistakable eye, but there are large numbers of species in which the organ of vision is distinctly abnormal. Agassiz, in his journey up the Brazilian river Para, found a fish which leaped about in the water like a frog, and which consequently had its eyes as often above the water as below it. It is known as the "four-eyed fish," because each eye is divided into an upper and a lower portion by an opaque horizontal line, which gives the effect of two pupils, the one suited for atmospheric and the other for aqueous vision. The eyes of the South American cat-fishes are found in almost every imaginable position in the creature's head, and of immense variety in size, the most curious being those in which the organs of vision—very small in this instance—are placed on the top of the head, so that their owners can only see what is going on above them. Others of the amphibious fishes can elevate and depress their eyes at will. Probably, however, there are no such "queer" eyes, or eyes with so queer a history, in the entire animal kingdom as those of flat-fishes. These creatures when they first emerge from the egg swim like their neighbors, that is, with

the back above and the belly beneath, and at this stage they further resemble other fishes in having an eye on each side of the head. So compressed, however, are their bodies laterally, that when only about a week old they seem no longer able to maintain themselves in the position of a coin standing on its edge. They consequently fall on their side, the side beneath becoming thereafter, to all intents and purposes the under surface of the fish, and the side above, its back. An eye beneath, however, would be useless or worse—consequently no sooner does the flat-fish take to swimming on its side than the lower eye begins to travel round, and does not cease moving until it has reached the upper surface in the vicinity of its neighbor. Thus both eyes come to be on the same side of the fish's head. In a few species the eye, instead of keeping at the surface while thus shifting its position, sinks into the tissues of the head, and so bores its way through to the other side, the creature appearing to have three eyes until the opening, on what then becomes known as the blind side, closes over.

Many species of fishes are totally blind; but, as these all live in the darkness of ocean depths or of subterranean caves, the presence of eyes in the absence of light could serve no useful purpose. In the limestone region of the United States there are thousands of miles of cavern, with rivers, lakes, and dry land, the inhabitants of which are for the most part blind. Among the most interesting of the curious forms found in the great Mammoth Cave of Kentucky, and also in the less known Wyandotte Cave of Indiana, are the blind fishes (*Amblyopsis*). Professor Cope, who recently observed them in the latter, says they came to the surface to feed, swimming in full sight like white aquatic ghosts. Provided the most perfect silence is preserved, there is no difficulty in catching them with the hand; but the faintest sound—such is the acuteness of their sense of hearing—causes them to dart downward and hide themselves beneath stones at the bottom. That this species was not always blind is proved by the fact that, although its individuals are destitute of external eyes, yet beneath the skin those organs are to be found in

a rudimentary state. It may therefore be regarded as tolerably certain that they are the descendants of a seeing fish, which, having by chance got conveyed into those subterranean waters, has gradually had its eyes obliterated through disuse, compensation being found for the loss in the greater development of the other sense organs. It is somewhat remarkable that side by side with those blind fishes there should be other species, living in the same utter darkness, with well-developed eyes. The evolutionist can offer no other explanation than that those seeing forms may be comparatively recent importations into the cave waters, whose eyes have not yet had time to get atrophied by disuse. The blind cave-fish being thus probably the descendants of species which once lived above ground, it might have been supposed that they would show affinity with forms now inhabiting the surrounding country. Such, however, is not the case with the fishes, although relationships of this sort have been shown to exist in certain other blind animals of those caves. Is it too much to suppose, as the writer has elsewhere stated, "that the ancestors of these fishes, having been beaten in the struggle for existence, died out, while those of their number which betook themselves to the caves have survived, owing to the less severe competition there encountered; just as the remnants of conquered nations have sometimes succeeded in maintaining their separate existence and independence by retiring to their mountain fastnesses?"

Recent deep-sea dredgings have also proved the existence of blind fishes in "the caves of ocean." The rays of the sun are not believed to penetrate beyond a depth of 200 fathoms, but fishes have been found living at a depth of more than two miles. The profound darkness of those abysmal depths is somewhat relieved, however, by the faintly diffused light of phosphorescence given off by countless multitudes of marine animals; and the deep-sea fish are either totally blind, or have huge eyes specially adapted for making the most of the light they have. Dr. Gunther, to whom the description of the Challenger deep-sea fish was intrusted, has found that, in certain of the blind forms, the organs of vision

appear to have been superseded by structures, in some cases very large, which he is inclined to regard as producers of light. In this view, these fishes carry phosphorescent lanterns on their heads, which may be used, as torches sometimes are, in attracting toward them the great-eyed species supposed to form their prey. Although the blind fishes cannot, it is true, see the approach of their living food, their snouts are liberally provided with long feelers and other delicate tentacular organs that no doubt keep them informed of all movements taking place over a considerable area. Other deep-sea fishes, some of them blind, others not, have rows of luminous spots running along the lower side of the body and tail, and sometimes also on the snout. Some of these spots, which differ structurally from the others, have been regarded as accessory eyes. Gunther, however, inclines to the view that they are all producers of light. Cut off, as deep-sea creatures thus are, from all participation in the beneficent rays of the sun, they would seem, under the influence no doubt of natural selection and the survival of the fittest, to have become a light unto themselves.

Venom is invariably associated in the human mind with snakes, and never with fishes; yet the circle of poisonous animals has lately been extended by the addition, not only of a hitherto unsuspected lizard, but also by several fishes. There is a fish found in Central America the operculum of which is armed with a spine closely resembling the fang of a venomous serpent. The spine is hollow, and communicates at its base with a poison-bag, the contents of which pass through the spine into the wound which it inflicts. The dorsal fin of the same fish is likewise provided with two spines, each of which is similar in structure and function to that already described, and, together, they form the most perfectly developed poison apparatus yet found in the class of fishes. More dangerous, because more common, are two species of fish found in the Indo-Pacific seas. Each of their very numerous dorsal spines is as good (or as bad) as a poison-fang, being provided in every case with poison-bag and grooves for the conveyance of the venom into the wound.

The fishermen of the Mauritian and other coasts on which they occur no more think of handling those creatures than they would the venomous sea-snakes of the same region. Sometimes, however, they are trodden upon unwittingly by people wading with naked feet, when they inflict a wound which not infrequently proves fatal. Other fish, as the sting-ray of the Indian Ocean, and even the sea-spiders or weevers of British waters, inflict wounds, with stiletto-like spines, so severe as to raise the suspicion that the dart is in some sense a poisoned one. If a few fishes are thus venomous when living, a great many more are poisonous when dead. The typical fish is a more or less edible creature; the eating of the forms here referred to, however, frequently proves fatal. These include many of those curious balloon-shaped fish known as globe-fish and sea-porcupines, also trigger-fish and trunk-fish. These may be readily recognized by the peculiarity of their forms; but less recognizable, although equally poisonous, are certain tropical species of herrings and parrot-wrasses. Their deleterious properties are said to be due in most cases to the poisonous nature of their food.

Unfishlike as the possession of a poison apparatus undoubtedly is, it is nevertheless common enough outside of their class. There are at least a dozen species of fishes, however, which are alone among animals in the possession of electric organs—truly the most remarkable weapons in the entire animal armory. The application of electricity to the arts is one of the proudest achievements of nineteenth-century man; yet those fishes, there is little reason to doubt, applied their electric batteries to the art of capturing their prey long before man had come into existence. That those natural batteries exhibit true electrical phenomena is shown by their currents behaving in exactly the same way as those produced artificially; thus, says Gunther, "they render the needle magnetic, decompose chemical compounds, and emit the spark." To receive a shock, it is as necessary in the one apparatus as in the other that contact should be made at two points in order to complete the circuit. The various species of electrically armed fishes are

not, as might have been expected from the common possession of so unique a weapon, by any means all closely related. They belong to three widely different groups—namely, rays, eels, and sheath-fishes—which would seem to indicate that electric organs have originated independently in each group. The electric eel of South American rivers is the most powerful of those creatures, growing to a length of six feet, and provided with a pair of batteries containing some hundreds of minute cells copiously supplied with nerves. Although the story told by Humboldt of the Indian method of capturing those fishes by driving the wild horses of the plains into the streams, and keeping them there until the eels had exhausted their electricity upon them, is now discredited for want of subsequent corroboration, it is an undoubted fact that a vigorous *Gymnotus*, will paralyze the largest animals. The torpedoes are the best known of electric fishes, and, although much less powerful than the eel, they are a source of danger to bathers in the Mediterranean and other seas where they occur.

"As mute as a fish" has come to be proverbial, nevertheless there are many fishes which can and do utter sounds more or less musical. The gurnards, one of which is known as the lyre-fish, emit a grunting sound when being taken out of the water—due, it is said, to the escape of gas from the air-bladder; and the herring squeaks under similar circumstances. A fish resembling a sole, found in Siam, is said to attach itself to the bottom of boats, and there give out harmonious sounds. An English traveller, while lately surveying a piece of water in eastern Siam, watched the movements of certain fishes known as "Mahsir," and became aware of a peculiar click or percussive sound frequently repeated on all sides. This he soon found came from the mahsir, one of which passing close to him made several distinct sounds. The noise was loud enough, he says, to have been heard at a distance of forty feet. The Umbrinas of European seas are well known for the drumming sound they make, audible, it is said, from a depth of twenty fathoms. The fishermen of Rochelle, according to the Rev. Charles Kingsley assert that the males alone

make the noise during the spawning time; and that "it is possible by imitating it to take them without bait." If this be so, the noise must be regarded as the love-call of the male fish to its mate, and, as such, comparable to the singing of birds during the breeding season.

Like birds also, a few fishes are known to build nests. Most of these are mere hollows in the sand or mud, but, such as they are, they are jealously guarded by their builders—the males, who as soon as the nests are ready try every blandishment to induce the females to enter and spawn in them. A few species, however, build nests which will bear comparison in point of neatness and constructive skill with those of most birds. The fifteen-spined stickleback thus builds its nest of seaweed and corallines. With much skill and patience it weaves about its nest a silk-like elastic cord, spun from its own body, the whole when finished forming a compact pear-shaped structure, from five to six inches in length, in which the female deposits her spawn. In only two instances are female fishes known to take any care of their progeny. In all other cases where any heed is paid to the eggs and fry, it is upon the male that the labor devolves. That they are sometimes not far behind birds in what they will do and dare for their young, was seen lately in the case of a small perch-like fish inhabiting the streams of Trinidad. A gentleman watching one was astonished to find that on putting his hand into the water, this usually shy fish, instead of making off, made at his hand, striking it with all the might and main of a five-inch fish. He soon, however, discovered the cause of this unwonted boldness in the near proximity of its nest—a structure hollowed out in the sand, about the size of half an egg, and crowded with little fish not bigger than house-flies. On returning next day, he found that the parent fish, taking alarm at his intrusion of the previous day, had made another nest some distance off, and had conveyed thither its numerous offspring. Nest-building among fishes is probably not nearly so rare as has hitherto been supposed, the keeping of fish in aquaria having proved the existence of this habit where it had

not been previously suspected. While the majority of fishes shed their spawn broadcast on the waters, there are some, not nest-builders, which take other means of protecting their eggs and young. Thus in the two instances above referred to the females attach the eggs to the under surfaces of their bodies; in other two, the males actually carry the eggs in their mouths until they are hatched; while in a whole group of fishes, of which the sea-horse is the best known example, the males receive the eggs into

an abdominal pouch, where they are hatched, and, as some maintain, nourished also during their early fryhood.

Widely different as most of the forms here referred to undoubtedly are from the typical fish, a study of their life history and habits shows that their peculiarities in structure and mode of life, if not in every case the direct outcome of their environment, at least harmonize with it, and thus enable them to hold their own in the great battle of life.—*Longman's Magazine.*

SIX SONNETS OF CONTRAST.

BY H. D. TRAILL.

I. WHAT THE FATHERS FOUND.

A HAND that shaped the plastic stuff of things,
 With more than all we know of craftsman's skill;
 A mind that ruled the fingers' fashionings
 With more than we can dream of prescient Will;
 Contrivance superhuman, yet which brings
 Its elder-brother-hood with human shift
 Writ on the face of its perfected plan;
 Economy beyond a housewife's thrift
 In world-material, from the simplest flower,
 The tiniest herb and insect up to man.—
 All these our fathers found—transcendent Power,
 Unerring Art and unhorizoned Love
 In nature—with some puzzles, which an hour
 Of sound apologetics would remove.

II. WHAT THE SONS FIND.

A struggling herd, of whom some fight their way
 To the perfected type by slow degrees,
 Through countless forms of death and of decay,
 And (possibly) a Being, watching these;
 Whose attributes we know not, save to say
 That none in full infinitude he hath.
 Not Power—or else Omnipotence laid by;
 Not Skill—his blunders strew creation's path;
 Not Thrift—the world stands shuddering at its waste;
 "Not Love!" the unselected millions cry.
 Naught infinite; unless it there be traced,
 Where the grim Humor of his work appears
 Seasoning the scheme for mortals, with a taste
 As sharp as anguish and as salt as tears.

III. ACCORDING TO ARMINIUS.

Choose ye between the logic that arraigns
 Jehovah at the bar of human woe,
 And that which pleads, Our God not fore-ordains
 The eternal pangs he cannot but foreknow.

Choose ye ! Our choice is made : the soul constrains
 The mind ; the reasoning, pious in its flaws,
 Lax but endurable, contents us well ;
 Nor need we, zealous for symmetric laws
 To bind the earth about the Eternal's throne,
 Round off his scheme with a predestined hell.
 Meanwhile, though everlasting pain foreknown,
 And while foreknown permitted in man's lot,
 Resembles evil fore-ordained, we own,
 Our watchword still shall be : " God wills it not."

IV. ACCORDING TO CALVIN.

Foreknown is fore-ordained : He knoweth all ;
 There is no life His purpose runs not through.
 He planned to damn the many by the Fall,
 And by the Sacrifice to save the few.
 It helps not fictions, that the facts appall.
 Free Will ? How could He other than decree
 The act Who made the doer what he is ?
 Free Will ! His saving Grace alone is free :
 To whom He wills 'tis given or denied.
 Believe it—though thy spirit mutinies ;
 Believe it—though thy riven heart have cried,
 " Lord ! see my tender child ! Be these thy ways,
 That it should lisp ' Our Father ' at my side,
 And ripen for damnation as it prays ?"

V. THEISM.

The Being immanent in things, the Thought
 Incarnate in the world, the Absolute,
 The Unconditioned—dost thou give us naught
 But husks like these, Philosophy, for fruit ?
 What room or reason for " I love," " I ought,"
 In mouths of men who stand in barren awe
 Before—nay *in*—this vast and shadowy All,
 Worshipers and self-worshipt ? Guiding law,
 Protection, love, communion, where are these ?
 How for this limitless Impersonal,
 Resign that wealth of tender images,
 The Father with the father's eye and hand,
 The Shepherd with the sheep about his knees,
 The Great Rock-shadow in the weary land ?

VI. PANTHEISM.

Worship the man-made god that pleaseth you,
 Good Theists ! So the mediæval heart,
 Adored undoubtingly the robed-in-blue
 Cloud-straddling gray-beard of monastic art ;
 And so Xenophanes his oxen, too,
 Constructed *their* ideal. But for me
 Spinoza's creed shall serve ; my feet must stray
 Unguided, to the end, ere I shall see
 A Shepherd-God to guide them. Yet my soul
 Goes not unfortified upon its way ;
 For—once vain yearnings brought beneath control—
 The Infinite, in whom, by whom we live,
 Shall breathe from solemn sea and starry pole,
 A deeper peace than even prayer can give.

ABOUT OLD AND NEW NOVELS.

BY KARL HILLEBRAND.

THIS essay—the scanty fruit of a long leisure, shortened only by light reading and reflection on it—was originally to be entitled, “Why are old novels so entertaining and modern ones so tedious?” Fortunately for him, the author met in time a highly cultured, and, on the whole, unprejudiced English lady who confessed to him that she had never been able to read “Tom Jones” to the end, while a young diplomat of literary pretensions assured him that “The Nabob” was infinitely more entertaining than “Don Quixote.” Then only the author began to understand how relative an idea is attached to the word “entertaining,” and that perhaps the modern reader is quite as accountable as the modern novelist, if the novel of to-day is so—well, so different from the old. Let us then speak only of this difference. For why establish supervision, distribute praise and blame, by which nobody learns anything, when it is so much more instructive to investigate the what and the why of certain phenomena, and to leave every one to be judge of his pleasure and displeasure.

As, however, there has been a question of entertaining reading, be it understood from the beginning that the amusement novel, properly so called—*i.e.*, that which has no other aim but amusement, and which the French have brought to perfection in our century, shall be at present excluded from consideration, although it often shows more talent and artistic instinct than more pretentious work of the *genre*. If we thus exclude such novels it is because we wish to limit ourselves to those productions of literature which give themselves out as works of art, and which realize as well as explain to us the mode of thinking of the different periods. Let us not forget either that in all such historical comparisons dates must not be taken too literally, and that exceptions are not to be taken into consideration. The fact that Manzoni, Jeremiah Gottholf, Gottfried Keller have written between 1820 and 1860, and

have even given a voice to certain currents of the century, does not make it the less true, that, considered as artists—*i.e.*, in their way of seeing and treating their subject, they do not belong to the time which has seen the *floraison* of George Sand and Dickens, still less to the time which has produced a Freytag, George Eliot, and Octave Feuillet.* For whatever one may think of the fact, it would be difficult to deny it; the whole literature of fiction in Europe, from Homer to Goethe, is severed by a deep abyss from that of our century, whose productions bear always, in spite of all differences, a certain family likeness; in other terms, men, authors as well as readers, for three thousand years saw the task of literature in another light from that in which we have seen it for the last hundred years.

Strangely enough, the novelists of the younger generation, who, like E. Zola, Spielhagen, Henry James, and W. D. Howells, are never weary of treating their own art in a theoretico-critical way, which would probably never have occurred to a Charles Dickens—seem to have no consciousness whatever of this difference of periods. No doubt all the theories of those practitioners rest upon the tacit, sometimes also the outspoken, supposition of the superiority of the novel of to-day over that of former times, or at least of a progress in the development of this *genre*. To this there would be little to object, if the writers in question were awake to the fact that such a progress can only concern what is technical, and consequently is of very little artistic value. The progress in technique from Benozzi Sozzoli to the Caracci is very considerable; nobody would admit as a consequence that the artistic value of the Farnese gallery is, in spite of its cleverest *raccourcis*, greater than that

* Björnson too might be numbered among those few artists whom chance has allowed to be born in this unartistic time, were it not that he has so often, particularly in later times, let himself be carried away by the example of his contemporaries.

of a fresco in the Campo Santo, with all its defects in drawing and perspective. Now it is difficult not to feel in these disquisitions of the specialists a consciousness of having also realized a progress. The new novel is "finer" than the old one, says Mr. Howells quite candidly, while the others plainly imply the same; and they mean not only a superiority in composition, dialogue, etc., but also a more careful study of feelings and passions, a more delicate delineation of characters, a deeper knowledge of society and its influence on the individual; for that the older writers could have no other reason for their reticence than ignorance or want of power to show their knowledge of these things, is an undoubted fact to our modern novelists, who have never learned the art of "wise omission."

It is characteristic that this ignoring of the past and forgetting of all proportion show themselves most crudely in the North Americans, for whom even Dickens and Thackeray belong already to the antique. Thus, even people of an entirely European culture like Mr. H. James speak of M. Alphonse Daudet with an admiration so unlimited that one might be tempted to believe that the readers beyond the Atlantic are unaware of the existence of a Fielding. Fortunately, Mr. J. R. Lowell's beautiful speech on the author of "Tom Jones" proves that there are still Americans who know where the real models of the art of narration are to be sought for. Besides, there are people enough in the Old World also, who, like Mr. John Bright, do not hesitate to place any middling novelist or historian of our time above Homer and Thucydides, whom they ought to have had more opportunity to read than their American co-religionists. It is not uncommon to hear such *naïveté* praised as an enviable freshness of impression and judgment; but this rests on a thorough confusion of ideas. Such impressions are not received, such judgments are not given, by people who stand nearer to Nature than ourselves, but on the contrary by such as have no bridge behind them which might have brought them over from Nature to our civilization. I can with confidence place the "Vicar of Wakefield" and "Numa

Roumestan" in the hands of a boy who was brought up in the country and has never seen a newspaper: he will not hesitate a moment between the two. The trial would already be more doubtful with a young man of classical culture; but as to a lad who had learned to read in leading articles and had left the professional school only to enter on the wholly artificial relations and modes of thinking of our society, one could scarcely expect from him that he should prefer the pure wine of Goldsmith to M. Daudet's intoxicating beverage. The great majority of the younger generation has come into the world as it were grown-up, has been born into the modern civilization, while we older ones have at least slowly grown into it, and have consequently some inkling of the fact that under the clothes there is also something like a body. Now, the clothing of our century—*i.e.*, our civilization, is perhaps more complicated and artificial than any that went before it, and those who live in it like to imagine that what is more complicated is also more valuable. Hence the accumulation of details which characterizes our literature and corresponds at the same time to our scientific habits. A microscopic anatomy of human nature—now in its coarser manifestations, as with M. Zola or Guy de Maupassant, now in its nobler organs, as with George Eliot and Ivan Turgenieff, would be vainly searched for in the older authors. The style has become more complicated; all sciences, every technic, are forced into service, all archaisms and neologisms gathered together in the dictionaries, unusual and surprising juxtaposition of words are used to make the descriptions more effective without, however, attaining the wished-for effect. It is particularly the native country of taste, the home of measure and "sobriety," which pleases itself with these exercises; and on the one hand, persons with no other talent than that of corrupting language, taste and morals, weary themselves—*cauta Minerva*—with manufacturing so-called *tableaux de mœurs*, while, on the other hand, richly gifted writers trade upon their facility in order to bring all their superfluity on the market and to suffocate the readers under the weight of their ad-

jectives. But "when the taste for simplicity is once destroyed," says Walter Scott, "it is long ere a nation recovers it." It is perhaps worth while to investigate more clearly than has been hitherto done, the essence of this new tendency of mind and taste.

I.

The whole intellectual life of our century, and especially of the second half of it, is permeated by the scientific habits and the new morals which came into prominence shortly before the French Revolution, and which since the definitive defeat of romanticism toward the middle of our century, have attained almost absolute power. Now, both the scientific and the moral view of the world are not only insusceptible of artistic treatment—they are incompatible with it, nay, are the negation of it. Also, the novel, as far as it is an artistic *genre*, has suffered from the reign of these modern principles as much as, and more than, all other artistic *genres*, because, thanks to its form, it lends itself more easily to scientific treatment and moral jurisdiction than any other. No doubt there lived before the Revolution individual men who carried the scientific and moral standard into regions where they have no right nor currency; but they were isolated instances; nowadays, this double point of view dominates the whole of literature, and—as our culture has become exclusively book-culture—of culture also. No doubt mankind lives on even to-day as if those principles did not exist. It would be impossible otherwise to live; but as soon as it is bent upon judging, knowing or reproducing life, it no longer uses any but those two methods.

Science aims at the knowledge of the world and its causal connection. It destroys individual life in order to find its laws—*i.e.*, what is common to individual phenomena. Art, on the contrary, seeks to know and interpret the world by seizing and reproducing the unity of individual life; it eliminates the general in order better to seize the particular, and in the particular it eliminates what is accidental that it may better see and show the essential. Now, as the general is only an abstraction of our intellect, and real life manifests it-

self only in the particular, it follows that art, in one sense, is truer than science. This, however, does not touch our question; what I want to prove is, that the so-called scientific treatment of an object can only be harmful to art, in the same way as the artistic treatment of science on its side can give rise to the monstrosities about which scientists are fond of telling edifying stories. When however M. Zola, for instance, declines the honor of having constructed works of art, the men of science will not therefore be much disposed to ascribe to him merits in science. For his works, whatever else they may be, are productions of the imagination, and consequently utterly useless to science, which reckons only on realities and can find no laws on such phantasms. Besides, all scientific labor is collective and progressive; artistic work is individual and self-inclusive. Each new work of science supersedes its predecessor, at least in part, until it is entirely antiquated. The scientific achievement remains immortal, the scientific work must perish. Would M. Zola resign himself to that, and does he seriously imagine that "Nana" and "Potbouilli" are scientific achievements—*i.e.*, rings in the infinite chain of science? Certainly not. At bottom, however, these gentlemen of the scientific school make their scientific pretensions in no such strict sense. What they aspire to is to create works of art by the instrument of science, and to treat of objects, which are the results of science, while they have only the instrument of art, as well as the standard for judging the artistic value of objects; and here arises the question whether such an enterprise is not from the beginning sure to be a failure.

The instrument, if I may so phrase it, which science uses to attain its aim, is understanding; that of art intuition. Science knows only a conscious knowledge of things, art only an unconscious one; and as the artist renders only what he has acquired unconsciously and directly through intuition, the artistic spectator or reader seizes what is given to him only intuitively, not consciously. Both proceed as we proceed in ordinary life and for practical purposes; art, therefore, is much nearer life than science. We know a person as a whole

often we do not even know whether his eyes are blue or brown, whether he has a high or a low forehead ; and we are nevertheless surer of this our unconscious knowledge than the most accurate physiognomical analysis could make us. Language has equally formed itself unconsciously, is learned unconsciously, and is for the most part used unconsciously, particularly in emotion ; but it renders our feeling more faithfully than any elaborate choice of expressions would be able to do. For the scientist, it is true, language is what numbers are for the mathematician ; it gives no image, but only the abstract expression of things. The physician—we Germans call him the "artist," *Arzt*—seizes first the total impression of his patient, without rendering to himself an account, often without being able to render to himself an account, of its components ; and he relies exclusively on the thermometer and determinate symptoms, precisely because he has not the *coup d'œil*. Now our whole cultured society, readers as well as authors, have no longer the *coup d'œil*. The latter see only what they have consciously considered, and consequently give only that ; the former on their side have got accustomed to be content with that, nay, to be proud of it, because they thus can give themselves an account of everything, which is no small satisfaction to the vanity of the understanding. But what is the consequence of the whole proceeding ?

An author undertakes to paint the inner man and the outer world. He is to fulfil the former aim by an accurate psychological analysis ; the latter by a careful description. Now, in reality those psychological qualities have no existence whatever ; they are an abstraction of our intellect, and therefore even the completest enumeration can produce no living image, even if our imagination were able to reconstruct a unity out of such plurality ; whereas one characteristic feature would suffice to evoke the total impression of a personality. For it is not the parts which make man, but the cohesion ; as soon as this ceases, life ceases. Now, conscious intellect never seizes the cohesion ; unconscious intuition alone seizes it ; and to render this with conviction is art—i.e., reproduc-

tion of life. As much may be said of the description of the outer world ; a whole page of M. Daudet, in which he describes all the articles to be sold in the shop of a southern provision-dealer, not omitting each individual smell, and all the furniture with all the lights falling on it, is not worth the two verses in which Heine calls up to us the cavern of Uraka, as if we saw it with our bodily eyes. The former, in fact, is a faithful inventory, which we never make in life, and which consequently touches our imagination as little as the list of an upholsterer ; these two verses awake in us a sensation, and so dispose our mood as to set at once our imagination to work, because there is action in them, and the action therein shown acts in turn on the reader.

Art is more economical than science ; and the lavishness of authors who believe they proceed scientifically when they omit nothing of what a careful examination of an object or an action and its motives has revealed to them, is nothing but the profitless expenditure of the prodigal. Art shows us Philina, in the general confusion and despair, sitting quietly and rattling with her keys on the saved trunk, and the irresistible stands more vividly before our eyes than would have been possible by a long enumeration of her charms, or a detailed description of the means by which she has succeeded in getting off so cheaply, and a modern writer would certainly not have let pass the opportunity of both without taking advantage of it ; for second to description, explanation is his principal pleasure. It is not to be denied that in these modern novels there is a more minute observation of social and psychological facts, a closer exposition of all laws of feeling and thought, a more conscientious watching over their growth, and a more laborious analysis of the passions and their motives, than are to be found in the older novels of this, and apparently of the past, century. The whole development of a man is gone through ; and if possible even that of his parents and grandparents—for this, too, passes for an application of scientific results—until finally we have forgotten the man himself, as he is. True art cares little about the genesis of character ; it intro-

duces man as a finished being, and lets him explain himself by his acts and words. Shakespeare leaves it to the German *savant* to explain how Hamlet has become what he is; he contents himself with showing him as he is. And not drama alone shows man as he is; the novel, as long as it is a work of art, is contented to do so.

"Pourquoi Manon, dans la première scène, Est-elle si vivante et si vraiment humaine Qu'il semble qu'on l'a vue et que c'est un portrait?"

asks Musset. Is it not precisely because she is not described, analyzed and explained, but simply appears and acts? because the poet gives us in few words the impression which he has himself received, and by the rendering of his sensation our sensation is produced? We never see persons and actions in fiction; we feel the impression they exercise; this is convincing; an enumeration of qualities and circumstances, even if it were possible to make it complete, produces no disposition whatever; it produces knowledge.

Let nobody say that the older writers contented themselves with sketches and gave only the outlines. It is by no means so. What the narrator gives are the dramatic moments of an action, the characteristic features of a person. The truth and liveliness with which he gives the particulars that contain the whole *in nuce*, awake the image of that whole with its antecedents, its consequences, its secondary circumstances—*i.e.*, the cohesion. His process is similar to that of the sculptor, who renders only the plastic elements of his object; of the painter, who renders only the picturesque elements of it, and makes an abstraction of all the rest. He takes only those traits which are fitted to produce a literary effect. Now, as I just said, it is with actions as with men. A minute and methodical enumeration of all the movements of the different regiments, accurately ascertained, which have taken part in a battle, such as we have it in the history of the war by the great General Huff, may have a scientific value; from an artistic point of view, it is without any effect, for it leaves us no intuitive image of the total action; while the description of the battle of Zutphen from the pen of "the poor

man of Tockenburg," or that of the battle of Waterloo in Stendhal's "Chartrreuse de Parme," are works of art, because they render faithfully the impression of such mass movements on the individual. If, on the contrary, the novelist proceeds with that scientific-historical conscience, we get something like the struggle of the two washerwomen in the "Assommoir," which fills I don't know how many pages, and with nevertheless one has not before one's eyes, whereas the Homeric battle of Molly Seagrim remains unforgotten by whosoever reads it once only. Here, indeed, the total impression dominates the detail, while there the number of particulars forbids the forming of a total impression. M. Zola takes up his object like the man of science, destroying it in order to recompose it; Fielding, as the artist, who seeks and reproduces unity, not to speak of the art with which he renders the repulsive object attractive by irony, which alone gives such objects the passport to literature, drawing them out of common reality. This observation, however, would lead us to a controversy with the verists, realists, naturalists, or whatever their name, and I should like to defer this disquisition to another opportunity.

II.

Equally with the scientific view, the moralizing view of the world has come into prominence; and it proves to be still more dangerous to art than the former. All modern morals aim at making men better—*i.e.*, other—than they are. Art takes them as they are; it is content to comprehend them and to make them comprehensible. And the more mankind have abandoned the fundamental ideas of Christian charity, election by grace and predestination, which are so repulsive to rationalism, the more decisively the tendency of morals to change men has come to the foreground of literature. It is so with society; all are to become equal in virtue, as all are to become equal in possessions. These of course are Utopian views, which have little or no influence on the course of life: no moral system changes the nature of men, as no socialism is able to change the inequality of property; but they have an

influence on the way of judging things ; and, as judgment plays so large a part with modern writers, so it does also on literature.

Until the middle of the past century, every class and every individual accepted the world as we accept Nature, as a given order, in which there is little to be changed. People lived and acted, wrote and enjoyed naively, without reflection, or at least without comparing the existing world and its laws with reasoning and its norms. A man of the people thought as little of becoming a burgher, as any of us wishes to become a prince of the blood. If any one ventured to raise himself and knew how to penetrate through his circumstances, it was because he felt himself, his strength of mind and will—*i.e.*, his individuality—and not because he thought himself justified by his quality as “man.” What he became, he became

“Et par droit de conquête et pas droit de naissance.”

His legal title was founded on his personal gifts, not on a so-called justice, which nowadays every mediocrity thinks himself entitled to invoke, and the idea of which is suggested to him by all our speeches and institutions, inasmuch as they almost directly entice him to leave his station in order to feel himself unhappy in a higher one, for which he is not fit. This eternal comparing of the actual world with the postulates of reason has “sicklied o’er” our life in more than one sense. For the whole of this so-called humane morality consists in nothing else than in exhorting us to try to put ourselves in other people’s steads, not by a direct intuition, but according to an all-leveilling abstraction, which from its very nature must also mean putting other people in our stead. Both are fictions, which take place in our head alone, and have no reality. Every man feels differently, and *grosso modo* one might say that every nation and every class feels differently. This ignoring of natural limits has led in political life to pretending to and granting rights which those whom they concern do not know how to use ; in social life, to a dislocating of fixed relations and wandering from the natural atmosphere, which must always be a painful sensation ; in

literature, to lending to their *dramatis personæ* thoughts and feelings which they cannot have, but especially to requiring them to be something different from what they really are, since they must correspond to the abstract moral type which we have constructed. Completely isolated are the writers who know how to divine to the reader the sensations of uncultivated people—as *e.g.*, Jeremiah Gotthoff ; the large majority of readers properly so-called, prefer ideal figures in George Sand’s style, which have nothing of the present but the certain.

In political and social life such aspirations do mischief enough, without, however, being able to change the essence of either State or society. In literature, where we treat not with live people on actual ground but with the docile creations of our imagination on much-enduring paper, the new view of the world has worked as its consequence a much deeper revolution. It is true that the pretensions of rationalism to regulate legislation according to preconceived ideas of equality and justice have not remained without influence ; on the whole, however, States have continued in our century, as in all former ones, to register and codify existing customs and to regulate newly formed interests and relations. It is true that in most countries each citizen has been recognized as of equal right and equal value, but in fact power has remained in the hands of the man of culture and property. It is true that people have tried to bestow on Egypt and Turkey the blessing of Western constitutions ; but not a year was required to show that one thing does not suit all. The same is the case in society. It never enters the heads of children to find social order, in so far as they know it, unjust or even unnatural. We have seen the mason join his bricks, the peasant mow his grass, the woodcutter saw our wood, without even asking ourselves why our father had nothing of that kind to do. In this sense, almost all men before the revolution remained children, as nine tenths of them remain children to this day. And it is good that it should be so ; for the whole machine of humanity would stop if we wanted continually to put ourselves into the place of others and to

endeavor to insure for every one, according to the exigencies of an abstract equality, the same conditions of life. So in consequence we stop short at good wishes, sufficient to make men, who formerly were quite happy in this limited existence, and reflected but little upon it, discontented with their lot, but insufficient to change this lot. "For there is nothing either good or bad but thinking makes it so," says Hamlet. When man ceases thinking on what he has to do in order to think that he has to do it, good-by to all content. Now, this is the clearest result of principle which underlies modern philanthropy as opposed to Christian charity, although it has called into existence many things which have alleviated and improved the life of the working classes within their station, helping them in illness, old age and want of work, without spoiling their normal existence by illusive pictures of a better condition. Besides, the positive wrong is, I repeat, much less than one might suppose, precisely because the mass of mankind continues taking the world as it is and does not demand that the sun should henceforth rise in the west.

In fact, it is only with men of letters, who are in quite a different relation with the world from other people, that the new way of thinking has become predominant; but then their number has wonderfully increased in the last three hundred years. As the whole of our culture has become a literary one, a book culture, all we who call ourselves cultured (*Gebildete*) are at bottom men of letters. The cultivated man of former times, who had been formed by commerce with men, for whom a book had interest, not as a book but only in so far as it reflected life, becomes rarer and rarer. Our whole civilization is influenced by literature; readers and authors live in the same atmosphere of unreality, or, to speak more accurately, they divide life into two halves, that of practical activity—the bookmaking of the author is also a practical activity—and that of intellectual activity, two spheres which touch each other nowhere, not even where the intellectual one borrows its object from the practical one; for it divests them immediately of their reality and shapes them only after having falsified them.

Tocqueville has a chapter headed: "How the men of letters became, toward the middle of the eighteenth century, the principal politicians." This is now universally the case in one sense; for even in England political life has been infected with the spirit of the men of letters, through the advance of the Radical on the one hand, and the reform of Toryism by Disraeli on the other; the fact remains, however, particularly true of France, where the whole polity suffers cruelly under it. Nevertheless, art and literature are always the two activities most affected by it, and it is with them that we are here concerned.

III.

The novels of our time in which the moral point of view does not absolutely predominate may be counted on the fingers. Even where unveiled immorality, or at least indecency, displays itself, there is from beginning to end, with or without the author's consciousness, a certain didactic tendency. In the apparently most objectionable of all modern works of fiction, in "Madame Bovary," one feels that the writer has an intention which is not purely artistic, the intention to warn us against certain modes of education and kinds of readings. In M. Zola it is clear that his workmen and workwomen who perish in the mud are to serve as deterrent instances. Neither do so. The German novelists conceal the moral standard which they use in their novels, the English and North-Americans even boast of it. Certainly morals, as well as any other human interest, have their right of citizenship in art. Only it is important to know what is understood by morals: the natural and sound ones which culminate in the worship of truth, or the artificial, made up, unhealthy ones, whose mother is human vanity, whose godmother is falsehood. It is sound morals when Prince Hal leaves his pet favorite in the lurch as soon as, with the responsibility of the crown, the earnest of life begins for him; it is unhealthy morals when Victor Hugo disturbs the ideas of right and wrong by glorifying a galley-slave who has become the victim of an error of justice. This is not the place to examine at length what were the instinctive morals of men before the

victory of rationalism, nor to recall to mind how Kant has scientifically established these unconscious ethics by his doctrine of the intelligible character, and Schopenhauer by his theory of compassion; suffice it to state that the morals of our authors have another origin and another aim, and that these are as incompatible with art as the older ones are fitted to accommodate themselves to it. Now, modern morals may apparently differ as much from one another as Zola's from Howell's; but they have the same family feature—discontent with this world as it is; and the direct consequence of it is the sombre tone of all this literature.

“Ernst ist das Leben, heiter ist die Kunst,”

thought Schiller; to-day, art is to be earnest, a species of worship for Richard Wagner, a moral-or political lesson for Gustav Freytag. And how could it be otherwise? If one compares unceasingly this world and human nature with a high, arbitrary, self-created *ideal*, void of all reality, they must appear very insufficient, and may well lead to bitter judgments. How morose at bottom are all the novels of George Eliot, in what one might call their key-note; how bitter Charlotte Brontë's, how infinitely sad Miss Poynter's “Among the Hills”—to instance a little-known masterpiece of this sombre moralo-psychological art. All great narrators of former times, from Homer to Cervantes, and from Chaucer to Walter Scott, unchain our hearts by their good humor; even the tragic muse has always known how to translate

“Das düstre Spiel
Der Wahrheit in das heitere Reich der Kunst.”

Here, on the contrary, we always feel oppressed by the long face and the lugubrious tone which our authors take when they relate things our ancestors were prone to laugh over. Sensuality even, which formerly used to present itself with ingenuousness, healthy and naked, or forced its entrance into literature by a smile, is now grave, reflective, a product of corrupt intelligence rather than of overstreaming force and fulness. In deference to truth it must, however, be said that the modern novel has on the whole kept itself freer than poetry from this unwholesome and over-refined sen-

suality. On the other hand, it has become more sentimentally charitable toward all those phenomena and types which were formerly the object of mirth. Who would dare nowadays to treat comically poor stammering Bridgson? Compassion for his infirmity would get the better of us; full of human tenderness, we should “put ourselves in his stead,” and forthwith make a tragical figure of him. The dry *savant* whom the world has laughed at for centuries as an awkward or vain bookworm, becomes in George Eliot's hands an unfortunate, who sighing for a false ideal, is on the other hand seen by the noblest of women herself as an ideal. For whatever is comical objectively becomes tragical when it is taken subjectively: our tender little self suffers, and no wonder it pities itself.

How rudely would all the serene figures which live in our imagination be destroyed, if we were to put them under the discipline of our conscientious authors! Only fancy poor Manon under the birch-rod of Jane Eyre, the schoolmistress! Imagine Squire Western in M. Zola's *clinique*: “If you continue getting drunk every night, while your daughter is playing the harpsichord, a terrible end is awaiting you, Mr. Western. Shall I describe it to you? I have accurately studied several cases of *delirium tremens potatorum*, the punishment which is in store for all alcoholized persons as you are.” And our old friend Falstaff, whom that losel Shakespeare treated so indulgently, what lessons George Eliot would have read to him; “for really, Sir John, you have no excuse whatever. If you were a poor devil who had never had any but bad examples before your eyes; but you have had all the advantages which destiny can give to man on his way through life! Are you not born of a good family? have you not had, at Oxford, the best education England is able to give to her children? have you not had the highest connections? And, nevertheless, how low you are fallen! Do you know why? I have warned my Tito over and over against it: because you have always done that only which was agreeable to you, and have shunned everything that was unpleasant.” “And you, Miss Phillis,” Mr. Howells would say, “if

you go on being naughty I shall write a writ against you, as I did against my hero Bartley, who, too, won everybody's heart, but at bottom was a very frivolous fellow; or I shall deliver you up to my friend James, who will analyze you until nobody knows you again. That will teach you to enter into yourself and to become another." "Become another," is that not the first requirement of a novel hero of our days? Fielding would have rather expected that the adder should lose her venom, than that Blifil should cease to be a scoundrel.

I spoke of Howells taking part against his own hero in the most perfect of his works. You will find something similar in almost every novel of our time. It seems as if the authors could not refrain from persecuting in an odious type certain persons whom they have learned to know and to hate in life—a disposition of mind which is the most contrary to the artist's disposition which could be thought out; for he neither hates nor loves his objects personally, and to him Richard III. is as interesting as Antonio, "one in whom the ancient Roman honor more appears than any that draws breath in Italy." Remember only George Eliot's character, Rosamond, and with what really feminine perfidy she tries to discredit her. How differently Abbé Prévost treats his Manon! Even if Richardson, and, in our time, Jer. Gotthelf, do take a moralizing tone, and begin with ever so many preachments and good lessons, the artist runs away with them; they forget that they wanted to teach and paint their objects with artistic indifference: *sine ira nec studio*, not to speak of their morals being of a kind which has nothing in them rebellious to art. With George Eliot and W. D. Howells it is the contrary: they want to be objective, but the moralist soon gets the better of the artist.

I hope the reader has observed that I choose only novels and novelists of first rank, in order to compare them with those of former times, such indeed as might, perhaps, come out victoriously from such a comparison, if they were not infected by the moral epidemic of our time. How deeply our generation is steeped in it we generally forget, because habit makes appear as nature what

is only a moral convention. Other times have advocated more severe conventions, but they remained on the surface; ours seem lighter, more accommodating, but they penetrate to our marrow. It is incredible how great a mass of artificial feelings, interests, and duties we carry about, how our language and our actions are dominated by them. Fine scenery, fine arts, philanthropy, etc., without any inner want, fill our intellectual life; we believe in the reality of sensations we never experienced; or we drive out Nature by culture. Shakespeare would not be able nowadays to create an Othello who would listen to Iago's insinuations, because no gentleman nowadays would allow such calumnies, and the gentleman has driven out the man. Language has suffered so much under this rule of conventionalism, that to the cultivated it has become quite insufficient for the direct translation of sensation. Let a lady to-day speak like the Queen of Cortanza or Margaret of Anjou, and how the public would protest against the coarseness of her language and feeling. This, by the way, is also the real reason why all our dramas are and must be so lifeless, as well as of the striking fact that all the more important works of fiction of our time move, with few exceptions, among the lower spheres of the people, where alone there still survives a direct relation between language and sensation. Even in America, which is always lauded as the virgin soil of a society without an inheritance, convention rules unconditionally, particularly in moral views; for this society has not yet even known how to free itself from the absurdest and most tyrannical of religions—puritanism, on whose inheritance it has grown and developed. Only a remnant of puritanism can give the key to the stilted tune of Hawthorne's adumbration, or explain how a writer of the taste and talent of Mr. W. D. Howells, who besides does not lack a keen sense of humor, has been able to create a comical figure like that of Ben Hallack, without as much as an inkling of the comicality of it.

People are never weary of inveighing against the prosaicism of our time—the yelling whistle of the locomotive, which has superseded the musical post-horn,

the ungraceful chimney-pot, etc. : nobody thinks of the unnaturalness of our sensations. Where, however, is the source of all poetry, in the truth of our sensations or in the decoration of the stage on which we move? In the cut of our coat or in the heart which beats beneath it? Let us only learn again how to feel naturally, to think naturally, above all, to see naturally, and art will not fail to reappear. But "the spirit of history" takes good care that *we*

should no more learn it, carrying us off irresistibly, and for a long while, I am afraid, in totally different tracks. And, who would demur against it? Only we must not imagine that art, too, can meet us on these tracks. The novel of the future will remain what the novel of the present is : a work of edification, of instruction, of amusement—perhaps, also, of the contrary ; it will be long before it becomes a work of art.—*Contemporary Review*.

A SURPRISING NARRATIVE.

BY FREDERICK BOYLE.

I OFFER this story without comment. It was told me by an old comrade of the Nicaraguan Gold Fields, known to us under the nickname of Barbachella, who called on his way to retirement in Alsace.

Besides his mine at Libertad, this good fellow owned a cattle farm on the Massaya road, outside the village. When he was there one night a peon told him that a foreign priest asked shelter. Forthwith Barbachella ran out, drove away the dogs, and brought his visitor to the hearth—it is chilly at evening on those uplands. After a rough meal the priest accepted a big china pipe and tobacco, home-grown and home-cured after an heroic recipe. Then he gave his name—Jean Lequeu.

Diggers had heard of this ecclesiastic and his mission. For some months past he had been living at Massaya, studying the tongue of the Woolwa Indians. It was said that he cherished an idea of settling among that people, whose frontier—a vague expression—lies but a few miles beyond Libertad. Some happy conceits this rumor had suggested among the diggers.

Barbachella, therefore, recognized his guest, and, after learning that the reports were true, he told some Indian stories to cheer him up. Few equals has my old friend at this pastime, but he saw with mortification that his awful fancies did not alarm. Higher and higher he pitched the key—in vain. Lequeu showed a lively interest, but he passed by marvels and horrors to inquire

calmly about the everyday life of the Woolwas.

Barbachella said at length, "You don't believe what I am telling you, padre?"

"So far as you speak from your own experience, sir," answered Lequeu, distressed, "I believe you implicitly. What you repeat from hearsay I don't discredit, but it comes on much weaker authority."

"But you think these stories may be true? And still you mean to risk your life among such brutes!"

"Every one to his *métier*, sir!" the priest replied. "That is mine. What you recount of these Indians is not quite new to me, for I have passed three years on the Lacandon. There, sir, I have been exposed to more terrible dangers, and I have seen sights far more strange."

Barbachella answered sharply, for he was not used to a challenge, "Oh, if you're going to talk of the Itzimaya, I give in, of course! But I should not have expected such *histoires* from a priest."

The other colored, but his reply was gentle. "Personal experiences are not properly described as *histoires*, I think."

"What! you've seen the Itzimaya?"

"I have seen an Indian town that answers the legendary description."

Barbachella took out his pipe to stare, laughed abruptly, resumed it, and blew a cloud. "Let's talk of something else," he said.

"Pray tell me more of your interesting anecdotes."

"Not I, after this! Now, I understand that you, a Frenchman, a priest, declare you have seen the Itzimaya?"

"I declared that I had seen a place that resembled it—and that is true!"

"Hearken to him, mon Dieu! When?—how?—where?—what are you going to do about it?"

"I do not know, Heaven help me! For twelve months nearly I have been waiting the answer of the Propaganda to my report. I have come to do what I can among the Mosquito Indians, to distract most painful thoughts. My dear brother is still in Cosigalfa, sir, if he survive."

"The man talks sense in a way!—I should think if the Itzimaya answers to description, ten thousand scamps would be delighted to rescue your brother in passing."

"Ay, and to renew the horrors of the Conquest. Not even for Antoine's sake."

"Well now, padre, I throw up. Tell us all about it."

And the priest did so, making reservations evidently. Most of these, I fancy, regarded his brother's conduct. Motives were not quite coherent in the story as outlined, but by assuming that Antoine's character, not rare or unamiable, was such as is suggested in the pages following, difficulties are reconciled.

Jean Lequeu was despatched from Europe as pioneer of a mission to be founded among the free heathen Indians of Lacandon—called Bravos. The Archbishop of Guatemala recommended him to the priest of a small settlement deep in the woods beyond Lake Peten. There, among the semi-civilized Indians, he might study the language, which is almost identical with that of the Bravos. A dreary, sordid, uninteresting existence the young man led for two years. The white population consisted of half a dozen families, who bred cattle in a small way, and traded with the Indians for jungle produce. They did not welcome a foreigner. The priest to whom Lequeu was recommended could hardly read. His soul was given to fees, crops, pigs, cards, women, and, above all, drink. So gross was the public scandal of his life that the visitor expostulated

within forty-eight hours. So their friendship ended abruptly, and Lequeu engaged Indians to run him up a house, in their sketchy fashion.

The attitude of natives toward the Church perplexed him sorely. They showed the zeal of fanatics in claiming its ministration at baptism, marriage, or death. But they would hold no dealing with the priest. In a few rare moments of conversation with the men—women visited the hamlet only for religious ceremonies—Lequeu discovered that they knew absolutely nothing of Christianity, nor cared to know. At length it was borne into him that the sentiments of the Indian toward the Church exactly resemble those of a negro toward the "white man's fetish"—a mystery he does not try to understand, but horribly fears and assiduously courts. He has also a fetish of his own, or many, in whose propitiation devilries are played on high bare peaks or in murkiest recesses of the woods. Those ceremonies the Indians so eagerly demanded at church were prefaced doubtless or followed by mysterious rites which formed the real bond on conscience.

This was a painful discovery. But when Lequeu observed the kind of priest who, even in this nineteenth century, was stationed among them, he could not feel surprise. It became his earnest endeavor to show that this sot and libertine was no representative of Christianity. He visited the Indians, undertaking journeys toilsome and not unperilous through the woods or on the river. He built a school, and offered money for attendance. His efforts came to nothing apparently. The Indians looked askance. When they saw him coming, they left the hut. If he caught them by chance, they stood respectful, answered in monosyllables, and tired him out. Sick people whom he nursed and cured made no sign of gratitude. Silent they lay under his hands, and silent they withdrew. The settlers warned Lequeu that if he persevered, quite quietly and methodically the Indians would kill him when they wearied of exhortation.

He was almost disheartened by the prospect, when the bravo Lacandones came down. This, I gather, was the disastrous irruption of 1880; Barbachella

heard the story in September or October, 1882. All the white inhabitants fled, with their priest and his large family. The garrison of twenty soldiers fell back on Flores. Some of the tame Indians roamed away, as one might properly describe the movement; others prepared to defend themselves. Nobody paid attention to Lequeu. Utterly alone, he commended himself to Heaven. To him one day, digging in his little garden, came three Indians. The hedge of cactus was still so young that they could look over it, and they stood by the roadside, mute as usual. Lequeu asked them into the house, but they gave no heed. Said one at length, "The bravos will be here to-morrow, padre! Why don't you save yourself?"

It is needless to repeat a conversation the purport of which is understood. When the visitors learned that it was not ignorance of danger which caused the priest to stay, they took grave counsel among themselves. And then the spokesman invited him to seek refuge in their camp.

It was a great opportunity—providential as Lequeu hoped. There and then he marched away with them. Several thousand males had assembled, with their old people, women, and children. For the first time he had a real opportunity of influencing that sex through whom all national conversions have been effected. A hut was built for him of boughs before nightfall; Lequeu consecrated it as a church. Presently a red glow in the sky told that the Lacandones had reached the village.

They did not turn aside to assault the camp, and those within it never thought of molesting them. They communicated freely with the invader. Every day Lequeu heard news. The enemy swept over a large space, looting and burning, converging on Flores. Thither all the troops of the province had retired, with guns. The Lacandones encamped within their sight, rested a day, and leisurely set back, heavy with plunder and captives. A month elapsed between the passage and the return.

The fighting instinct ran strong in Lequeu's blood, and it was stirred by awful narratives reported with Indian composure, by scouts who followed the

march. He worked upon his hosts with judgment, appealing not to abstract or chivalrous ideas, but to the selfishness and superstition of a savage peasantry. The retiring invader had destroyed all the harvest which they had not cut before it was ripe. He had burned their fruit trees and their huts, killed their friends; and now he was retiring in their sight with the plunder of church and village. Should they be called warriors who allowed him to go by triumphant? These remarks were heard without impatience, but no reply came. The Lacandones drew nearer and nearer, until scouts declared that on the morrow they would pass. In the evening came the head cacique; for Lequeu discovered that these people had their chiefs and dignities and government outside the Guatemalan law. He asked Lequeu to pray—in fact, as he meant it, to propitiate the white man's fetish in the action of the next day. Lequeu was overjoyed. Those holy ornaments of the church might be recovered. But he suddenly remembered the horrors of Indian warfare, the bloody rites which he had so much reason to suspect. He would not consent to pray unless the caciques solemnly swore that all prisoners should be delivered up to him alive. That condition roused such stubborn resistance that Lequeu saw how necessary it had been. Finding him resolute, they gave way. And then—I have not to judge whether he acted rightly—he implored victory for their arms. They sallied forth next day, fought from dawn to sunset, lost many, killed many, took much spoil, and brought three prisoners home. All the other vanquished, as they gravely swore, rejected quarter.

An old man, a youth, and a boy were the three Lacandones, all badly hurt. They recovered with that promptitude the savage displays when his ailments are of the surgical order. The camp broke up, and Lequeu set the captives to rebuild his house. Neither gratitude nor impatience did they show; their manners were quiet and passive as those of other Indians. After a few days Lequeu could make himself understood, but whatever subject he chose they listened with brow inscrutable and eyes askance. A direct question was an-

swered in few words, but frankly, as it seemed. The veteran and the youth were unconsidered people; the lad was son to a cacique of consequence. If his father knew him to be living he would send ransom. This expectation, Lequeu thought, prevented any effort at escape.

The boy's appearance was unlike that of his comrades, his features of higher type, his complexion fairer. He did not speak the common dialect easily. Lequeu gathered that his home lay beyond that of the others, toward the frontier of Chiapas; and that his people were richer than theirs. It was all very vague, but certain hints aroused the priest's curiosity. Learning that his prisoner had marched twenty days before joining the host of the Lacandonos, he asked who lived beyond his father's kingdom. Indians. Rich Indians, or poor, like those of Peten? Rich, very rich, living in houses of stone. Had he visited them? No; the peoples were not friendly. Did hostilities occur? Not now; those rich Indians sent men every year, who robbed his father. How were they called? Their land was named Cosigalfa. They had no guns; his father had a few very old, which nobody understood, but no powder. Some other details were gradually and painfully drawn out. Lequeu could no longer disbelieve that somewhere to the north lay an Indian kingdom which was, at least, much more civilized than the clans round Peten. At his instance the cacique sent messengers to assure the lad's father of his safety. They started without alarm, apparently, on promise of reward.

The settlers began to come back, and they were astonished to find Lequeu alive. His death had been reported in Guatemala. The second party brought interesting news. A ship of war, in which Antoine Lequeu was lieutenant, had put into Istapa. The young man heard of his brother's fate with deep concern, obtained leave to satisfy himself, and was preparing to start when the refugees left. Lequeu rode into Flores and met him. Antoine, who had a month to spare, proposed to visit the settlement. But before leaving Flores, they explored its massive ruins, overgrown now with forest, plundered to build houses. Here, not two centuries ago,

stood temples and palaces. From this lake-city issued a "countless multitude of warriors" to resist Mazariegos, his guns and brigantines. The land, now a waste of swamp and jungle, was cultivated to sustain a dense population, which disappeared after the final overthrow, leaving not a child behind, nor plunder sufficient to repay the Guatemalan adventurers—only dead men and those great buildings which Mazariegos laboriously blew up. What an incredibly true report is his for the date, comparatively modern, 1695 A.D. For Cortes and Pizarro we can make some allowance, but the doings of those Christian savages, complacently related by the Royal Secretary, Valanzuela, who was eyewitness, read like mischievous tricks of apes possessed. When Lequeu fancied that it might be his glorious task to rediscovers the fugitives of Peten in their new home, his heart glowed with holy zeal. And Antoine listened with kindling spirits.

When they regained the settlement, events had happened. Lequeu had left his prisoners with the cacique, who told him that envoys had arrived with ransom. They would not see the white men, fearing enchantment, but they offered a bag of gold, and fifty skins of the *quetzal* bird, the insignia of native royalty. Antoine was disgusted on weighing the gold, which hardly reached ten pounds. Lequeu demanded speech of the strangers, and it was granted after much parley, and much incantation doubtless. They resembled the boy in looks and color, were plainly but completely clothed. Some forty or fifty Indians of lower type formed their train.

Lequeu offered to release his slaves unransomed if he were allowed to accompany them back. This proposition, received in silence, deeply moved the emissaries. They withdrew to deliberate, possibly to refer, since the negotiations lingered week after week. Finally they put forward an ultimatum. If he would supply fifty guns, and ammunition in proper quantity, they would take him; if not, they abandoned the young chief, who was not his father's heir. It was a terrible temptation, but Lequeu rejected it. He lodged the boy in the guard-house, for on him all his hopes rested.

Antoine at this time took a holiday to Flores. Three days after his return, the cacique arrived. He said, "The envoys want to go home, if you are ready."

Lequeu's astonishment and triumph were the keener in proportion to his late despair. He bade Antoine farewell with deep emotion; but that mariner replied, "No nonsense between us, Jean! I am going with you!" His brother argued, entreated, then pointed out that he himself only had been named in the negotiation. That did not move Antoine, and they started with the prisoners for the cacique's hut. A number of Guatemalan soldiery stood about it; fifty stand of arms were piled in the midst of them, and fifty boxes of ammunition lay round.

"What is this?" exclaimed Lequeu aghast.

"Needs must when the devil drives!" Antoine replied. "I have played the devil for you Jean!" And forthwith he busied himself, giving the sergeant his discharge, with a sealed letter for the commandant at Flores, and distributing cash among the men. They filed away, well pleased; Indians of the strangers' retinue quietly loaded up; the boy dressed himself in clean garments, distinguished by embroidery. And before the priest exactly realized how matters stood, he was marching with his brother at the head of the procession.

At the first halting-place Antoine drilled his men; "for," said he, "we are carrying through a land of bandits treasure worth a thousand times its weight in gold." It was a sound precaution. Every day the scouts reported a tumultuous assembly of Lacandones upon the road, but at sight of Antoine's company, awkward squad though it were, they silently opened their ranks. The villages offered ostentatious welcome, but it was refused; throughout their long and toilsome journey the strangers ate no provisions but their own, or animals they bought and killed themselves. After a fortnight's slow travel, signs of better cultivation and more civilized habits began to appear, slight at first, but daily growing in number. The screen of bush which edged the track, hiding maize-fields and vege-

table patches from the lawless passer-by, thinned until it vanished. Population, traffic, visibly increased. The huts of the common people, their scanty dress, differed no way from those of the Peten Indian. Their features were scarcely more regular. But the dwellings of the chiefs showed greater and greater pretension. From the mere hut, unlike others only in size, they gradually improved into wooden houses, ornamental, surrounded by a wall, filled with slaves more or less clothed. The cacique had his dependants who began to show airs. Then buildings with a stone under-course appeared.

One evening came messengers in robes of silky tree-cotton, embroidered round the edge. They brought a hammock for the prince, slaves and presents. It was announced that next day they would pass the frontier. At that point a large body of armed men was waiting, several caciques among them, distinguished by feathers and gold ornaments and gems—emerald and opal. They descended from their hammocks, of which the gay fringe and tassels swept the ground, to prostrate themselves. At night the Frenchmen lay in a house, all stone, rudely built, but spacious, having three courtyards. Beside it rose a little pyramid with a broad stone altar at the top, which Lequeu shuddered to observe. From the moment of starting he had assiduously labored to convert the chiefs, who listened without reply. At this halting-place a certain etiquette was observed. The Frenchmen received separate quarters, and it was conveyed to them somehow that they ought to stay there. As soon as dark set in, above the walls of their courtyard they saw a glare of illumination, and a great drum boomed solemnly. When that finished, a rustle of many feet, a murmur of many voices speaking low passed their abode. Presently arose a drunken clamor which did not cease till after midnight. Decidedly these Indians differed from their tame brethren in habit as in externals. But in one respect they showed a likeness. Never were the strangers plagued by public curiosity. Thousands of eyes fixed on them when they appeared, but no one moved, and no one made remarks in their hearing.

A few days afterward they reached the capital, their train swollen by every chief dwelling on that line of route. This town resembled others on a larger scale. It had several temples and other edifices that rose above the huts. Every point of sight was crammed with silent, staring people. On the outer steps of a huge rough pyramid, altar-crowned, stood many priests and noble virgins in white dress. Quarters were assigned in the palace close by, a building of curious architecture, raised by several steps above its courtyards, and cloistered all round. In one of the small courts they found a meal provided on dishes of gold and silver very rudely fashioned, baths, slaves, and all they could want. At night there was a tremendous revelry.

The king received his guests in state next day. Lequeu could speak the dialect with ease by this time, and Antoine seems to have made himself understood somehow. After a gracious welcome, his majesty asked point-blank why they had been anxious to visit him, and Lequeu as frankly proclaimed his mission. The harangue was heard in silence; when he finished the king said: "If you bring a message from foreign gods, address yourself to our priests." To Antoine his majesty was more gracious, appointed him officers and quarters, and begged him to instruct the troops in his system of drill. No restrictions were placed upon the guests, and each in his own way rejoiced at the prospect of affairs. Jean attacked the high priest, whose manner was encouraging, and in hopes of this decisive conquest he abstained from public disputation. Antoine became a most important personage. Fifty picked warriors received the guns, and they drilled with stolid enthusiasm. The king was often present, the princes always, and great caciques attended by command, but evidently with reluctance. Occasionally a group of girls stood watching in the cloister. Antoine was constantly summoned to entertain the king with descriptions of European war. From all these incidents he guessed that schemes of conquest were afoot, but he breathed no word of this suspicion to Jean, who interpreted guilelessly.

One day, passing the main street, the

brothers saw that something new had happened. A certain excitement possessed the crowd. As they approached the palace, a procession issued from it -- priests in grand array, their heads new shaven, and their leopard-skins trailing. Behind these marched a company of the palace guard, surrounding four prisoners, whose hands were tied. They wore a plume of *quetzal* feathers, which signified, as the Frenchmen knew, that they were representatives of a king. No need to ask the doom of those who are delivered, bound, to Indian priests.

Jean lost all prudence at the sight. Regardless of Antoine's entreaty, he forced his way to the king, who sat in grand council. Nobody stopped him, but every eye gleamed with stern rebuke. Breathlessly he made his appeal, urging the sovereign by every nobler impulse of humanity to abolish human sacrifice. Horror and rage visibly thrilled the council, but none interrupted until Lequeu choked with the deep emotion that could not vent itself in an unfamiliar tongue. Then, at a motion of the king, guards closed on him and led him out, not too roughly. Antoine pushed to his aid, but the Indians seized him also and carried both to their quarters, where they were confined. Toward evening arose that horrid booming of the drums, and then, after dark, the bustle of a feast, outbreaks of shouting and singing, and the clash of arms.

Near midnight, Antoine was summoned. He found the royal court ablaze with torches, littered with drunken men, asleep or roaring. The king sat in the midst, heavy-eyed, mad, not stupid, with liquor. His pages, male and female, stood around, and the high caciques crouched at his feet.

A dozen of the noble youths who attended drill seized their captain uproariously, gave him to drink the purple, fermented juice called *boca* by tame Indians, and carried him to the edge of the sacred platform. There Antoine bowed and heard a brief harangue. But of the king's drink-thickened utterance he could not understand a word, and he begged that Jean might be sent for. Lequeu came, and translated with gathering dismay. Those four men, "who had just testified to the might and majesty of the gods," were envoys from

Cosigalfa, who had presumed to threaten the king. Therefore he had designed war upon Cosigalfa, and he offered the command of his armies to Antoine.

Speaking for his brother, Lequeu refused at once. "This," he said passionately, turning to Antoine, "is what I foresaw when they asked for guns!"

"So did I," Antoine replied, coolly laughing. "Each to his business. It is mine to fight! King, show me tomorrow your power and the enemy's, name the reward, and I will answer."

"That is just and prudent," said the king. "I drink a farewell draught to you." And he did. The cup-bearer handed him a great golden bowl, and every chief fell flat, his forehead to the earth. After draining it, his majesty glared round, but no one moved. Then the royal eyes closed, the royal head fell forward with a jerk. Girl slaves caught him hurriedly, and with the neatness of long practice each unrolled her scarf, swathed it round the king's body from the shoulder down, and handed the free ends to a page on either side. By these soft bandages the sovereign was lifted shoulder high and carried in, girls supporting his head.

"You would do murder at the bidding of a sot like that?" cried Lequeu, pointing to the group.

"If war is murder, I am pledged to commit it for the Republic. And that noble savage is not more drunk than she!" For all argument and threat and passionate appeal, Lequeu did not shake his brother's resolve. On the following day he attended a great council, where it was explained that the armies of the king were numberless, while Cosigalfa had not a man worth counting. But historical facts that leaked out did not confirm this cheerful prospect. The people of Cosigalfa came from the south some generations ago. By magic art they subdued this country and others. After some time they pushed farther, leaving their conquests tributary. Several times had this kingdom rebelled unsuccessfully. Those four men "who had testified to the might and majesty of the gods"—this was evidently formula—had come to demand an explanation of the Frenchmen's presence. Cosigalfa would exact vengeance; but the king hoped to be first in the field,

and with the white man's fetish, the white man's lightning, success was assured. Antoine thought so. A levy *en masse* would certainly return many thousand warriors of a sort.

And Cosigalfa, as all declared, was rich in gold and arts beyond computation. No town in the world, they said, approached its capital for grandeur. Though Antoine recollected that the knowledge of the world possessed by his informants was quite curiously limited, the statement had its relative value. He asked what would be his reward, and the king bade him name his terms. He pointed out, with a sailor's frankness, that his majesty had valued his son at 10 lbs. of gold, say £400, and some *quetzal* skins for which a European has no use. This sort of thing would not do. He proposed a speculative bargain—his share of plunder should be one half the valuables of every kind discovered in the palace of Cosigalfa. The king accepted eagerly, but his *caciques* looked black. Antoine pointed out that guns fall out of order, that ammunition is fast exhausted; mishaps he only could repair. But the council did not seem content. Stimulated by the danger and difficulty of the situation, Antoine seized another idea. He begged private speech with his majesty, and forthwith the court was cleared, the guards stood back.

This young man was too typically French to have kept his eyes at attention when a bevy of ladies stood in view. Pretty faces and neat shapes he had remarked among those who watched his drill from the cloister. Two young girls especially charmed his sailor's eye, not too exacting. It was Antoine's hope and vague belief that they had rank as well as comeliness, and, if so, policy might be combined with love. He told the king that in Europe—a geographical expression which had, of course, no meaning whatsoever for his majesty—an honored general was always bound to the royal interest by alliance. Forthwith the monarch gave an order; two pages vanished indoors. "I grant you my eldest daughter," said the king. "You may choose the others." "The others! *Et Jean donc!*" murmured Antoine to himself.

The pages came back; nobles and

chiefs resumed their places on the ground ; and then a group of girls issued from the palace. First in the rank were those Antoine had noticed ; they all stood in line before the king, that one he most admired to the left. "These are my daughters unmarried. I give them all to you," said his majesty. Antoine, in his way, had romance to spare. This wholesale dealing with the sex shocked him, when his heart, or his eye, had made a choice and it was granted. Said he, after fitting thanks and declarations ; "In my country, king, a soldier takes but one wife until his sovereign and the army have pronounced him brave. If you permit, I will abide by the customs of my forefathers."

His majesty was pleased to think this an excellent idea, and commended it to his nobles. The girls stood looking down, and nobody consulted them. Not unkindly, the king motioned them to withdraw. "You shall be married tomorrow," he told Antoine, without reference to the lady. "And on the next day my army will march."

"Oh, king !" Antoine exclaimed. "Suffer me to follow the habits of my country in this matter also. A soldier may not marry until the campaign is finished and victory won. He sees the lady daily, and talks with her. But our fathers thought it unwise to distract a young man's mind on the eve of battle."

The monarch was entranced with admiration for an instant. He rose. "You have heard, caciques and captains, what this wise young man has told me. I adopt the white man's law. Stop every marriage in the realm ! Henceforth no man shall take a wife without my permission."

The caciques prostrated themselves ; criers started at a run, their clapper-bearers after them, to proclaim the edict.

"Your majesty is gracious," said Antoine. "We are allowed, as I stated, to talk privately with our brides."

"The customs of your people cannot be wrong. You will be admitted at all hours to the princesses' chamber."

Antoine did not dare tell his brother all that had passed. To learn he had accepted the command was distress

enough. Artful traps for an enthusiastic priest the sailor laid. When he himself ruled supreme in Cosigalpa, Jean should be apostle and archbishop. They would open a road to Mexico ; restore this strange and interesting people to communication with the world. Jean should be a new and happier Las Casas, saving while evangelizing these millions of human creatures threatened by the Spaniard and oppressed by their own hideous superstition. Jean thrilled at the prospect. But that was a chance, and the horrors necessary to realize it were certain.

Antoine had enough to do, learning routes, gathering his motley host, making himself master of arrangements that had been long maturing. But he made time daily to visit the princess, who proved to be all he had imagined—or near enough. Though shy and timid, quite unused to such chivalrous dealing on a suitor's part, she had no little dignity. In short, Antoine really fell in love after two interviews, and so probably did the princess. The white man's customs appealed to her woman's instinct, no doubt, and he reaped the benefit of his shrewd invention.

The expedition started, after much booming of those drums which distracted Jean with helpless indignation. The king did not wish him to accompany the force, but Antoine insisted. Danger there was for both, he knew, from nobles jealous or ill-disposed ; but the priest had foes more subtle and more powerful than warriors. Since that outbreak in the royal court, neither king nor chiefs noticed him ; and if they had resolved to break faith with their guest, no considerations of prudence would make them hesitate after Antoine's departure. For the brother's had prudently suppressed all hints of European power and European activity. When describing battles and marvels to amuse the court, they took pains to convey that these were legends belonging to another sphere, as one might say, with which the Indians could not possibly have direct concern. As for the Spanish colonists, these secluded people expressed neither fear nor curiosity about them. As I understand it, they have dwelt unmolested from all time within their memory. 'That white-skinned peo-

ple dwelt about Peten, they knew of course, and that these had terrible instruments of warfare. But of any other superiority enjoyed by them the Indians had no idea. And this, when one thinks of it, is quite natural, for the Guatemalan country harried by bravo Lacandones is certainly more barbarous than that we speak of.

So the brothers started, Jean riding a horse scarcely broken, while the sailor preferred a hammock. Horses are common there, and chiefs keep them for show, but they are very seldom ridden. The army made slow progress, converging by three rough roads on the enemy's frontier. It was crossed on the seventh day of march, and the scene changed instantly. As far as one could see, the land was cultivated, though its harvests had been cut or wasted. The road straightened. In a country where vehicles are unused and horses rare, highways must always be narrow, and here the rich earth is so soft that every season they are deeper cut, and the banks rise steeper. Antoine was gravely perplexed how to march his army along by a fourfoot road, but it solved the problem by dispersing in search of plunder. In each burnt village there were ruins of a temple, and generally of a chief's house. The first halt was made at a large town, of which the embers still smoked. A guard-room stood by the roadside, which the caciques explained in terms only fitting for a custom-house. A pyramid temple and a palace, gutted and scorched, rose among the ashes. With mingled grief, astonishment, and delight, Jean observed the gardens and artificial watercourses. Next day they reached a town very similar, and others appeared at a distance on the line of march. Not a living soul they beheld; but the scouts ahead sent news that a vast army had collected to dispute the passage of a river.

Antoine paused some miles from it to collect his troops; meanwhile, against strictest orders, the advance engaged and were badly beaten. Survivors came racing back; Antoine hung every one. They said nothing as they suffered, and the bystanders said nothing, save Jean, whom his brother silenced impressively. "It's life and death for us now!" he said. "There's mutiny in this force!

Stick to your prayers and leave me to my business!"

Next day the great caciques advanced. Both sides of the ford were held by the enemy, who had raised no works. They used arrows and spears, tipped with flakes of obsidian, clubs set with spikes of the same, wooden swords ingeniously edged with it, that cut like glass. Chiefs carried weapons of hardened bronze, but these were probably valued for appearance, since they did not compare with swords of stone for utility.

When the invaders came within reach, the enemy charged under shelter of a cloud of arrows. It was a great fight, hand to hand, but at length the former gave way, and in a moment they were routed. Helter-skelter, pell-mell, vanquished and victor came tearing from the field. Antoine stood with his company about a mile behind. Vainly the caciques urged him to advance, and then they began to steal away. The small group of musketeers remained alone; many of the pursuers passed them, and arrows whistled by their ears. "Attention!" Antoine roared. "Fire a volley!"

At the sound and the flash enemies dropped, killed, wounded, and unhurt all together. The company doubled forward, crossed the stream without another shot, and pressed on. Neither foe nor friend they saw after ten minutes hurried marching—the former had vanished, the latter was collecting the spoil, and killing, performing, possibly, some awful rite. Antoine did not pause. He rode and tied with Jean, his soldiers shuffled through the dust in unwearying trot. After twenty miles of march they halted two hours in an empty town, and started once more. The guides declared that Cosigalpa lay but ten miles on, when they stopped for the night. At dawn came a deputation in humble dress; but superb coronets of plumes proclaimed their rank. Antoine replied he had no authority to treat. If the city surrendered, he would not harm it; that was all. Jean protested, but his brother shook him off. The embassy went back in haste, the pursuers close behind.

They saw Cosigalpa in the dewy light of morning, encircled by gardens and fields and orchards, brown villages

nestling under shade of palms and forest trees, white walls and buildings gleaming. The city covered a large space. Many great edifices overtopped its roofs, pyramids and terraced colonnades and long façades. High above all towered the *teocalli*, the polished slab upon its top glittering like a star. Lequeu remembered the description of Peten, as Valanzuela gives it. His heart ached to think that such destruction as befell the latter city might be repeated here, and through his means. But as he rode and sadly thought, figures appeared on the crown of the grand temple, surrounding the altar. Jean knew what rites they were going to perform and he urged on the march.

No one greeted the invaders as they swiftly neared the town. All the wide expanse about it was dense with hurrying groups who drove cattle or transported loads upon their heads in panic-struck confusion. The street they entered was desert. But on the distant housetops, down every byway, they saw thousands clustered watching the *teocalli*. It rose before them, alongside a vast palace. All the lower terraces were occupied, and at the top three or four white-robed priests were busy. Antoine held the horses' bridle as he ran; the Indians followed with but half a heart. At a turn of the street they reached the great square filled with an enormous throng of people, mostly armed, sitting on the earth. At that sight Antoine loosed his hold, to put his men in order. And Jean spurred forward, reached the foot of the steps, threw himself off his plunging horse, and ran up.

At that instant, huge drums tolled, whistles screamed, rasping the very ear. A priest whose white hair hung in a narrow circlet round his shaven tonsure stood on the edge of the altar platform and shrieked to the populace. Then broke out a roar of vengeful triumph. Arrows flew thick around Lequeu, some piercing his flesh. He bounded upward, and gained the lowest terrace. Here, on the left, stood a score of men, all decorated with the *quetzal* feathers. They surrounded a figure like a mummy, so wrinkled and dry its skin, so lifeless its eyes. Many strange trappings swathed it, all sewn with crests of humming-birds

that flashed brighter than jewels. It sat cross-legged upon a throne built of sculptured skulls, overshadowed by a grotesque panther, wide-eyed, wide-mouthed, an embodiment in stone of cruelty. The royal caciques feebly resisted, but Lequeu struck them down, upset their withered monarch, and dashed for the second flight of steps. The whizzing of arrows from below recommenced. And the weak old priests up above hurled their stone weapons of sacrifice, which gashed like razors though they could not stay. Lequeu was dyed in rushing blood as he gained the top, where a little throng of fanatics, screaming and tumultuous, opposed him. With a feint and a bound he escaped their senile grasp, sprang upward still, and stood upon the bloody platform. None occupied it but those awful things upon the altar, and the old priest who lay prostrate at the foot of a great idol. Unheeding him, Lequeu pushed the god with all his strength—as well might he have set his shoulder at the pyramid itself. His foot slipped on an object lying in the pools of blood—the sacrificial knife of obsidian, heavy as an axe. With that he struck the idol in its lolling tongue red with gore; a little chip flew off, and the knife shivered in a thousand pieces.

Bullets were already flying in the crowd below, but it seemed that they were waiting this supreme trial. The roar of horror and bewilderment mounted to Lequeu above like a strong wind. Headlong then the Indians fled, all who could run. And Lequeu, clinging to the idol for support, saw people drop from housetops, pour through the lanes, joining that multitude of rustic folk who had already taken flight. So their ancestors left Peten, near two hundred years ago—and his toils, his dangers, perhaps, as he feared, his sins, were wasted! He sank on the terrace, fainting with loss of blood.

What took place afterward Lequeu cannot tell from eyewitness. On recovery he found himself alone, in a bare chamber roofed with beams and slabs of stone. Food and *tisté* lay beside him. Presently Antoine arrived, but, finding his brother conscious, he was eager to be gone. The caciques declared that he had left them unsupported in the battle,

and if they could corrupt the little band of musketeers he and his brother were doomed. Antoine had sent trusty messengers to the king begging him to come. He dared not stay to talk; changed the bandages, renewed the store of victuals, and hurriedly departed. Such anxious, hasty interviews they had every day. Then Antoine announced that the king had started; but at the same time he gave his brother arms to meet a sudden attack. His own quarters were close by; at the sound of a pistol shot he would fly to the rescue, if it lay in his power. Meantime Lequeu did his utmost to gain strength, walking up and down his long chamber; at Antoine's pressing request he did not show outside. He gathered that the people of Cosigalfa had all left;—those too old or sick to move lay dead in their houses. The town had many fine buildings, and abundant evidence of those arts which we call civilized. But the plunder was not great, and, as he thought upon the matter, Antoine was keenly vexed to have forgotten common-sense under the fascination of weird stories. This part of the country does not furnish gold, so far as is known.

One day Antoine appeared with a coronet of *quetzal* feathers. The king had come and instantly had done him justice. But his air was sad and constrained. Taking his brother's hand, he said, "They will not let you stay, Jean, and they will not let me go. That is the price I pay for the good-will of the priests. I have struggled to the utmost, and it is of no use. I thought to make a fortune here and escape with you; or to found a kingdom, as many brave adventurers have done. In that I may still succeed; but we must part, brother. You will reach the frontier safely, for the officer of the escort is charged to bring me back a letter. Have no fear for yourself nor for me."

When Jean heard all the circumstances, he saw that he must leave, for a time. An expedition for rescue would be easily raised. But Antoine pointed out the perils and mischief of bringing wild hordes of Guatemalans into a country semi-civilized. They are still as barbarous as their forefathers who blew up Peten. He suggested another course. Jean might report to the Propaganda, might attend the council if he

could gain leave. And that august body would send a mission of devoted priests, with just guard enough to meet the dangers of the way. He would prepare the king's mind to receive them.

Next day Jean started in a hammock, reached his home in due course, and sent back word. Thence he proceeded to the capital, and drew up his report for the Propaganda. The archbishop relieved him from duty pending a reply, which did not arrive. I should think it probable the despatch lies unopened now. Next day, after telling Barbachella his story, Lequeu rode into Mosquito, and no more have I heard of him. But a prudent man is safe enough along the frontier, and he did not intend to venture far.

As for the truth of the tale I must say only this: the tradition of a civilized brave kingdom in Guatemala runs without a break from the seventeenth century to our time. Hundreds of matter-of-fact people dwelling in Chiapas, Vera Paz, and neighboring districts have noted incidents that support the legend. No man can authoritatively deny it. When Mazariegos discovered Peten, now called Flores, he did not doubt that this city was the Itzimaya. His official report is published. It did not strike him as wonderful when every inhabitant disappeared, not from the town only, but from the cultivated lands about. Mazariegos supposed they had fled into the neighboring woods, and he did not remain long enough to perceive that this was certainly not the explanation. We know now the Indians must have retired much farther. They went beyond any districts of which we have even report in detail. It is to the last degree improbable that a race so advanced could have fallen back into barbarism within the space of one generation. The popular notion is that somewhere in the remoter wilds betwixt Peten and Mexico the Indians whom Mazariegos conquered rebuilt their city and re-established their civilization. No man can contradict the wildest story whereof the scene is laid in those parts. Lequeu's report of the traditions lingering among those tribes the Indians must have passed through from Peten makes it at least consistent with probability that he has rediscovered the inhabitants of the famous inland city.—*Belgravia*.

BALLADE OF AN ENGLISH HOME.

BY A. LANG.

TO C. I. E. AND M. A. E.

THE painted Briton built his mound
 And left his weary clay
 On yonder slope of sunny ground,
 That fronts your garden gay.
 The Roman came, he seized the sway,
 He bullied, bought, and sold;
 The fountain sweeps his works away,
 Within your manor old!

But still his worn old coins are found
 Within the window-bay,
 Where once he listened to the sound
 That lulls you day by day;
 The sound of summer winds at play,
 The sound of waters cold,
 To Yarty wand'ring on their way,
 Within your manor old.

The Roman passed: his firm-set bound
 Became the Saxon's stay,
 Church bells made music all around,
 For monks in cloisters gray;
 Till fled the monks in disarray,
 From their warm chantry's fold;
 Old abbots slumber as they may,
 Within your manor old!

ENVOY.

Creeds, empires, peoples—all decay,
 Down into darkness rolled;
 May life that's fleet be sweet, I pray,
 Within your manor old.

—*Longman's Magazine.*

ITALIAN STUDIES.

THE CARNIVAL IN ITALY.

THE first sight of an Italian Carnival is generally disappointing to all but the very young. In many of the larger towns all that the stranger sees of the celebrated festival are a few groups of shabby maskers, whose purpose is evidently profit rather than pleasure, and who endeavor to extract soldi from the pockets of the simple foreigner by the repetition of obsolete jokes and mechanical antics. In Rome and Naples, it is

true, the processions are occasionally even more splendid than they used to be. Both cities depend to a large extent on their English, American, and Russian visitors. An unusual influx of these is what a remarkable vintage or olive harvest is to a country district; their rarity is dearth, their absence famine. As with the grape and olive, too, their quality is of greater importance than their quantity, and the innkeepers declare that the for-

mer has deteriorated of late. This is chiefly due to the increased ease of travelling. Formerly a journey to Italy was the great event in the lives of many men. It was the conclusion of a young noble's education, the cherished purpose for which poor scholars hoarded their scanty savings. And Rome was the place in which both were anxious to appear at their best. Did not the good, frugal wife of Herder insist that her husband ought to procure a violet silk coat—at Dalberg's expense, of course—in order that he might represent the Protestant Church of Weimar with fitting dignity in the city of the Popes? It may well be believed that whole batches of Gaze's tourists do not leave so much money behind them as one of the old "Milordi" who used to take princely apartments for the winter and surround themselves with large retinues. But, besides this, the Romans had a special cause of complaint. After the fall of the temporal power of the Popes, the splendor of the great religious functions of the Holy Week was overclouded. Believers who had no special business at the Papal Court shrank from visiting the scene of what they considered a great desecration; while one of its chief attractions for the mere sightseer was removed. Under these circumstances, great efforts were made to increase the glory of the carnival; large sums of money were subscribed, and to take a conspicuous part in it was considered a sign of attachment to the new dynasty. Naples, the shrewd and somewhat envious rival of Rome for the affections of the moneyed foreigner, soon followed the example of the capital. Ever since the system of short Italian tours began, the innkeepers of each city have been able to assure their guests that a dreadful fever is ravaging the other. They are subtle and persuasive reasoners, and possess a medical and geological knowledge which is rather surprising to find in a class which is not usually numbered among the learned professions. But like other great authorities they are unfortunately apt to disagree. While the Neapolitans have excellent grounds for asserting that an eruption of Vesuvius may take place at any moment and cannot possibly be delayed beyond a certain number of weeks, the Romans can

prove by equally weighty arguments that, under the well-known and carefully ascertained conditions of the time, such an event is clearly impossible. Scientific differences of this kind frequently lead to social emulation, as we know by the sad fate of Heine's hero who was obliged to fight a duel to establish the fundamental doctrine of all theology. So as soon as Rome had a successful Carnival, it was clear that Naples must have one too; since then her efforts have been great, though somewhat spasmodic, and once at least the southern city bore away the palm. The procession that moved through her streets during Victor Emmanuel's visit was probably the most magnificent that ever graced such a festival.

Though the most striking feature of the Roman Carnival, the race of the wild unriden horses from one end of the town to the other, has been abolished in consequence of an accident that happened a few years ago, the traveller who desires nothing but a spectacle will therefore find enough to satisfy him in either of the cities we have mentioned, if the weather be fine and the year favorable. Both on the Corso and the Toledo he may see masks as quaint and groups as varied as those that Goethe figured and described; the flowers and the sugar-plums fall as thickly as ever, and the plaster pellets sting as sharply as heretofore; and yet to many of us something seems wanting which the old poets and novelists taught us to expect. It is not merely that the glamor of romance is gone, that no queenly form beckons to the moody stranger, that no elfish dwarf thrusts a love-letter into his hand; nor is it that we are old and lonely, and therefore find the bright scene wearisome, as Goethe told Crabb Robinson he himself had done. It is in the Italian groups that we look for something that is not there. Their costumes are far more costly than we had imagined they would be; but where is the thoughtless and innocent mirth, where are the wild outbursts of perfectly harmless fun? The form of the Carnival is with us still, has the spirit flown forever? The only persons in whom it still seems to live are the youths and maidens of England and America, who pelt and chase each other wildly for an hour

or two, and then go home to write rapturous letters to distant friends about the light-heartedness of the Italians. Why is this? Many explanations have been given; some say the people are ground down with taxes till all the old merriment is crushed out of them, and others that they were formerly children, but that politics have made men of them, and they have cast away childish things. Others again argue that the sight of foreign luxury has robbed them of their old capacity to enjoy simple mirth and inexpensive fun. You are so wearied and dispirited that you scarcely care; you get out of the crowd as quickly as you can, and wend your way to the "Wapping of Rome," where you know a little tavern in which a sound old wine may be had. There you cast aside your domino and mask. At the other end of the high damp vaulted room, or rather cellar, a number of respectable shopkeepers are seated round an oil lamp. They are celebrating their Carnival with an extra *fiasco* or two of the right sort. You will follow their example, only you do not want the light; it is pleasant to sit in darkness and moralize of the dreariness of all official holidays. You have hardly drunk your second glass, however, when a sound of suppressed tittering is heard at the door, and an old woman enters in her everyday costume followed by a bevy of masked girls. Their dresses have evidently been patched together out of old odds and ends, but they have the true old Roman grace and bearing, and you can see at a glance that the true spirit of the carnival is alive in every pulse. They can hardly restrain their laughter while their venerable leader demands the best and oldest wine, and they turn to drink it so that no one may recognize them when they lift the dark veil which hangs from their half masks and hides the lower part of their face. When they have finished, the old lady advances to the table and says to one of those who are seated there: "Sir, I have the honor to inform you that you have been selected to pay for our wine. And, oh!" she adds, in a very audible whisper, "if you only knew who drank it, you would consider this the happiest day in all your life." A shout of laughter arises, and everybody wants to know the secret name. After a long apparent

hesitation, during which all the girls have escaped, the crone reveals the Christian name of somebody whom the victim is supposed to affect, or, failing this, she boldly cites one of the greatest and most beautiful ladies in the noble families of Rome. It is characteristic of the Italians that this joke is never played off upon a stranger or a poor man, unless a priest happen to be seated among the rest, when he is selected as a matter of course; but in that case it is understood that the whole company pays the very inconsiderable tax.

But, if you have any of the electricity of the time about you, you have not waited to watch this scene, but have put on your cloak and mask and quickly followed the girls. If you find them laughingly crouching in some byway, do not seem to notice them, but keep them carefully in sight. After indulging in a good many jests, they will probably pass through a low archway, and, when you attempt to follow them, a porter will demand your ticket or your name. You answer, you are a poor brother of the Carnival—too poor, in fact, to possess either. In that case, he will tell you there is dancing in such or such a place, to which you will doubtless be welcome, but this is a private society. In the mean time two or three of the young men who manage the affair will probably have made their appearance. You single out the most forbidding of them, and, turning to him, you say: "Sir, I have a secret to impart; if you knew it, I think you would sympathize with me." He steps forward; and you continue, in a whisper as audible as you can make it: "Pity me; I have fallen in love with a lady whose name and address I have no means of finding out, but who has just entered this gate. I only wish to speak to her for a moment. You would not like to be obliged to step over my corpse on leaving your ball—at least I think you would not." "But what kind of a lady is it?" he will probably ask, suspiciously. "An unmasked lady, who entered with a number of masked attendants a few minutes ago"; and here you must describe the *duenna* as graphically and satirically as you can, always adding when you have dwelt on her game eye, her hunchback, or her wry leg, that there is an indescribable

charm in this which has captivated your heart. Some such jest is almost sure to secure your admission to any popular Carnival dance that is worth the visiting, at least in Rome. But you must keep up your part for the evening, and be prodigal and extravagant in your admiration of your partner, who will in all probability play the prude, the coy, the tender, and the offended maiden, by turns, with no inconsiderable skill. When you enter all the male part of the company will crowd round you with their glasses, and you must take a sip from each—not to do so would be an offence—then you must order wine and offer your own full glass to each in turn. That is the only expense you need incur; but it may be well to slip out in an hour or two and purchase as many sweetmeats as you can carry. The landlord will lend you a tray, and you and the lady of your adoration may carry them round and request the other ladies to partake of them in honor of your betrothal. A bottle or two of wine at the same time for the male part of the assembly would not be out of place; but, above all things, take care not to be ostentatious.

What renders such evenings possible is the extraordinary tact of the lower-class Italians. The old woman with whom you have carried on your mock flirtation may perhaps unexpectedly turn out to be your own washerwoman, but she will never refer to the subject unless you do so, nor will any of the merry company bow to you in the street unless you encourage them. But to continue the description. The ball-room is probably large and high, but it is furnished only with chairs hired for the occasion from some neighboring church; the music is somewhat worse than middling, but the fun grows heartier and the dancing wilder from hour to hour. If you wish to take part in the latter, you must ask the dame of your choice to stand up with you. After she has hobbled a few paces and returned to her seat, girl after girl will ask her permission to dance with you, and you too are free to choose what partner you will. At last the moment for unmasking comes, and now you may admire not only the stately forms and graceful movements, but the dark, passionate, unfathomable eyes. Take care, however, not to look too

deeply into any single pair of them; the youths around you, for all their soft manners and careless gayety, have sharp knives in their pockets, and there are many dark corners between here and your lodgings.

VENDETTA IN NAPLES.

A foreign visitor to Naples who glances through the police reports in one of the local papers will probably form but a poor opinion of the security of the city. He will read, among other things, that from four to five persons are on an average daily found stabbed in the streets, and that those of the victims who are still living almost without exception declare that they are unable to supply any information with respect to their assailants. This in itself is startling; but when he learns that neither the killed nor the wounded have been robbed of a penny, his surprise will increase, and he will not improbably arrive at the conclusion that the town is infested by a band of miscreants who take a disinterested pleasure in murder, and look upon stabbing as a legitimate form of sport. The fact is that these crimes have all their origin in the vendetta, and that the lips of the sufferers are sealed by a sense of honor not more perverse than that which would prevent any gentleman from reporting the name of an opponent by whom he had been wounded in a duel. Both the vendetta and the duel are unquestionably barbarous and immoral; but to take an unfair advantage in either is base, and this is a baseness of which the lowest of the *lazzaroni*, to do him justice, is rarely guilty, even in his death agony.

The Neapolitans boast that they are not a revengeful people; and this is true if we compare them only with the Corsicans and the Calabrese. They stand too fully under the impression of the moment; they are too light-hearted and also too good-natured to hoard up the memory of an insult as if it were a secret treasure, and to wait and watch patiently for years for an opportunity of wiping it out in blood. Hence family feuds are almost unknown among them, though family is constantly quarrelling with family. Almost as soon as the traveller southward passes Salerno, he finds himself among a different race.

The forms are taller and sturdier, the features more strongly marked, and the movements heavier, but at the same time more decisive ; energy is no longer expended in constant gesticulation ; the faces of men and women alike are stern, almost forbidding, in their aspect, though he can hardly fail to be struck by the fact that there is more physical beauty here than in the region he has just left. The population seems to be wanting in the imagination, the spontaneity, the quick responsiveness, the poetry, the wit, and the humor of the Neapolitans, though their unintelligible dialect renders it impossible for him to be quite certain that he may not be mistaken on any of these points ; but he feels that the persons whom he meets, though less amiable, are men on whose friendship he could rely more firmly, and whose enmity he would have more reason to dread. He has entered the country of the true vendetta.

Yet in Naples, too, as we have seen, it exists, though in a far milder form, and it is easier there to obtain trustworthy information about it. It is not the wild and reckless vengeance which foreigners usually suppose, but vengeance reduced to rule and recognized by public opinion. It is only in the most highly-civilized societies that men are content to intrust the defence of their honor to the law. Indeed, England is almost the only country in Europe in which the upper classes do so frankly. Everywhere else it is felt that there are personal wrongs which must be personally avenged, and any attempt to bring these before the public tribunals is considered an act of cowardice. What constitutes a technical insult of this kind is a question on which we cannot enter here, as the details of the code differ in different countries, and even in different classes ; but it is perfectly well known to all whom it concerns. Now the *lazzaroni* entertain these feelings as strongly as the most chivalrous nobles ; the vendetta is their duel, and any peasant or fisherman who shrinks from entering upon one when due cause is given is treated with as much contempt by his equals as a German officer would be if he refused a challenge. This explains a fact that has often puzzled strangers. When a man

pathy of the populace is almost invariably on the side of the assailant, whom they consider the probable victim of an unjust and cruel law. The act of which he has been guilty is no crime in their eyes. They know that his life would have been rendered intolerable if he had not committed it, and that now the only prospect before him, if he be discovered, is death or a lifelong ignominy. In the old days the brigands were constantly recruited by men who had had such a "misfortune," and who fled to the mountains to escape the galleys.

Vendetta may be incurred in a number of different ways. When a man has been slain or a woman seduced, the duty of revenging the act falls upon the nearest male relative, though if he be advanced in years it will probably be undertaken by a younger kinsman. In these cases punishment follows as a matter of course, and no warning need be given. The worst of personal insults is a remark casting direct obloquy on a parent, especially a dead mother. Merely to curse her soul is comparatively harmless, and even an allusion to her past life need not be taken amiss. There are a number of Neapolitan expressions which a stranger rarely hears, as they are only used for purposes of provocation, and which, with a very different meaning, have the same weight which such terms as *liar* or *coward* would have if addressed to a Continental officer. A blow from a master or an acknowledged superior is rarely seriously resented ; from an equal it is said that one given with a stick may be forgiven, while one with the hand must be avenged. It is difficult, however, to obtain accurate information as to this and several other points in the *lazzaroni's* code of honor.

As soon as a man feels himself aggrieved he must give fair notice to his enemy ; even if he intends to avenge the insult on the spot, he must allow his opponent time to unclasp his knife. Nor is this all. There is a strange courtesy and consideration for others in these hot-blooded Neapolitan beggars. A crime of violence is very rarely committed in the house of a friend or in a tavern, as this would cause the host unpleasantness. When young men quarrel over their wine, they do not fly at once at each other's throats ; they talk and

gesticulate fiercely, so that the stranger thinks a free fight may begin at any moment. While the noise lasts there is no danger; as soon as the matter grows serious those concerned become quiet and drop away in groups to settle their differences where nobody but themselves will have to bear the consequences.

A warning of vendetta may be given in so many words; but this is rarely done except in private, as, if the threat were known, the danger of the victor would be increased. The language of signs which every Neapolitan of the lower classes knows is generally made use of, and the gesture most commonly employed is made by pressing the thumb and forefinger together in such a way as to leave a small narrow space between them, which is supposed to typify the hole the challenger hopes to make in his adversary's body. In Naples, too, men still bite their thumbs, as they did in the days of Sampson and Gregory; and this is not an expression of contempt, but a declaration of war. This gesture, however, has fallen a good deal out of use of late, as it is apt to attract attention, and it is said to be discouraged by the Camorra.

When the warning has once been given and understood, the claims of honor are satisfied. From thenceforth each opponent is free to guard his own life and attempt that of his adversary as best he can. He may lurk in dark and lonely corners, and stab him in the back without shame. This, which seems to an Englishman the foulest spot in the vendetta, has certainly been spreading of late years, since the vigilance of the police have rendered a fair combat almost impossible, and cunning and secrecy are the only arts by which the victor can hope to escape. In the old days, when an offence was slight, a fair combat with knives which ended in a scratch is said to have been thought as satisfactory by the *lazzaroni* as it still is by the journalists of Paris, though the fiercer kind of vendetta has always existed in the south. Yet, even when it assumes its wildest form, there are considerations that will stay the hand of the avenger. We have the following story on what seems to us good authority. A Calabrese who had incurred vendetta fled to the neighborhood of Naples, and

remained there between five and six years. A marriage then took place in his family; it was desirable that he should be present, and he thought the interval was long enough to permit him to visit his home in safety. He invited one of his new friends to accompany him. They met his old opponent in the street, and he passed them without notice; but, on meeting the Neapolitan alone one evening in the tavern, he treated him with very marked, though not effusive, courtesy. The two acquaintances returned to Naples without the slightest unpleasantness. A year or so later, the Calabrese, thinking that the affair had blown over, resolved to settle once more in his native place. In a very few days he was found stabbed to death. After some years the Neapolitan once more accepted an invitation to the village, and when there spoke about the murder of his friend to the tavern-keeper. "It was the old vendetta, of course." "Yes, but — had several opportunities during the wedding; why did not he take advantage of any of them?" "That would have been painful to you, and no Calabrese would willingly be rude to a foreign guest." There was a good deal of provincial bravado in the reply, no doubt; but the sentiment that prompted it was real. That was what the innkeeper thought it would be truly noble to do; perhaps, after all, it was what — did.

To return to Naples. Men will often speak in the heat of a moment words which they regret when they are cool. A vendetta seldom arises out of these, unless the two opponents are alone and draw their knives almost at once. If they have companions, two parties are immediately formed by a common understanding, and each of the adversaries is accompanied home by his supporters on roundabout ways which prevent the chance of a meeting. One friend has cigars to buy at a particular shop, another must pay a little account, a third is obliged to speak a word or two with his cousin. The rage of both the adversaries has generally cooled down considerably before they reach their own doors, and in an hour or so afterward they are ready to listen to reason. If the case be a difficult one, a Camorrist is called in as umpire to decide who has

been technically in the wrong, and the man against whom judgment is given is expected not only to make an apology to his opponent, but to invite him, the friends who prevented the fray, and above all the Camorrist, to a sumptuous dinner. It may be remarked here that the Camorra undertakes the task of avenging the wrongs done to its own members. If any one of them be killed or wounded, his kinsmen are informed that they have neither the duty nor the right to undertake the vendetta; vengeance in such a case belongs to the association alone, and it rarely fails in inflicting it.

Old men among the Lazzaroni assert that the vendetta has been demoralized of late. Thirty years ago the offences that must be answered by the knife were clearly known. Now, men stab each other in a passing fit of passion, or, what is worse, from rivalry in business, and the populace which would formerly

have torn such a culprit to pieces is now eager to screen him. They complain that in momentary encounters the due notice is not always fairly given, but that a man often draws his own knife from his pocket and even unclasp it before he speaks a word of warning, and that such an act of murder, not vendetta, is not sufficiently resented. Whether these things are so or not we cannot say, and we have no desire either to contribute to the re-establishment of the vendetta in Italy or to acclimatize it in England. If we have thought it worth while to give this rough sketch of its character, it is because it is the last poor and degraded survival of a condition of things through which every civilized country in Europe has passed, and which, when it was in the ascendent, formed the theme of a thousand romances, some of which are not yet forgotten.—*Saturday Review*.

PLATFORM WOMEN.

BY MARGARET LONSDALE.

O it is not loud tones and mouthingness,
'Tis not the arms akimbo and large strides,
That make a woman's force. The tiniest birds
With softest downy breasts have passions in
them,
And are brave with love.

THERE is no doubt a general tendency among women, both in our own country and in America toward public speaking. Why is there this tendency, and what is at the bottom of it? for it is not only that women for the most part aspire toward a religious ministry in their generation (which would be an ambition both intelligible and laudable), but that on questions of reform, social as well as moral, in political and philanthropic matters, they insist on being seen as well as heard.

We women seem to be specially fitted for the work of teaching; we bring to bear upon it great patience, power of entering into minute detail, and, above all, imagination, which enables us to put ourselves into the mental condition of our pupils. Although there are objections to women as teachers of men, yet there are instances in which they have been specially successful. Hypatia, the Alexandrian, taught and lectured to

men, so did a few noble and highly cultivated dames in Italian cities during mediæval times. The distinction between teaching and speaking is not easy to define, and yet there does exist a very marked line of distinction. A teacher does not put himself forward, but rather the matter which he has to impart, and although his own personality does, and indeed must, pervade his teaching if it is to be in any degree instinct with life, it is not the main part of his business to insist upon it. If he be really a first-rate teacher, he keeps himself in the background as much as is consistent with making his subject acceptable and intelligible to his pupils.

The reverse is, and must be, the case in public speaking of any kind. The fact of being raised upon a platform, either actual or implied, in order to deliver yourself of your opinion on a question, political, moral, or religious, demands that your individuality shall be brought into the foreground, and shall be made, of necessity, to play a large part in the effect produced upon your audience.

Now, is it intended, or is it desirable,

that the personal influence of a woman should be employed in this direction? Her beauty or her ugliness, her grace or her awkwardness, her charm of voice and manner, or her brusqueness of speech and address, is it well that all these things should be brought to bear upon her audience, and displayed to the aid or to the detriment of the cause she advocates?

It seems to me that the personal attributes which play a secondary part in teaching, are, in speaking, of primary importance. Here may therefore be drawn a true, though by no means the only, line between woman as a teacher and woman as a public speaker. Teaching is suitable to women because it can be done only on certain subjects and within certain limits, and because it implies superiority in the teacher over the persons taught, and again, submission on the part of the pupil.

Yet the question of how far women may go in teaching on religious subjects opens so wide a door, and so nearly suggests preaching, which, in spite of good and learned opinion to the contrary, appears to an unprejudiced mind to be distinctly forbidden to women by the inspired St. Paul, that great caution is needed, if women are to instruct other grown men and women in religion, that it does not become preaching.

The teaching of spiritual and religious truths to children of both sexes is so distinctly a woman's work that no comment upon it can be necessary beyond the obvious remark that it would be well if more educated women would employ themselves, their high cultivation, and their imaginative faculties more largely in this direction. I am not now speaking so much of their home duties, because the instruction of her own children in religion is understood to be incumbent on every mother, but rather of the children of the lower orders, who are left to be educated (for that is the much-abused word which is employed) by crammed machines, who are only capable of making other machines of their pupils. And when the mechanical principle comes to be applied to religious teaching, in which, if ever, appeal should be made through the teacher's noble faculties of imagination and feeling to those of the child, the results are in a

high degree unsatisfactory. So that here alone a field of wide and vast usefulness, of which the end even cannot be foreseen, is open to the cultivated woman.

Again, the woman who makes literature her occupation, and who tries to influence or to teach the world by means of her written thoughts, and gives it in this way the benefit of her imaginative faculties, is a public character only in so far as she chooses; her private personal feelings may be unknown and even unguessed at; she may remain a wholly fictitious personage in the eyes of the world. In a word, the natural right of privacy of the literary man or woman is uninvaded, and yet they may influence, have influenced, and will still influence, the whole civilized world. Witness, shades of Sir Walter Scott, of George Eliot, of Elizabeth Barrett Browning (for whose life among them the Florentines have inscribed their gratitude upon the walls of her house), nay, the great master and depicter of human nature itself, to the truth of my assertion. The distinction, therefore, which I have drawn between teaching and public speaking exists equally between writers and speakers.

But teaching and literature are quiet fields of usefulness in these days of excitement, and they are hardly enough to satisfy the cravings of ambition. A desire to be a *visible* power in the world around us, to exercise a conscious and widely-felt influence on our equals of both sexes, to make our opinions on questions, social, moral, and religious, heard, and; if possible, entertained by certain sections of the public, if not by the world at large, to leave a mark which shall be seen by all, and a gap which shall be felt by the many instead of the few; this is woman's ambition and aim in these latter days.

And surely a righteous aim, a most worthy ambition! Let women only be sure that they are pursuing the right road to their attainment, that they are not eating ashes for bread, taking bitter for sweet and sweet for bitter, darkness for light and light for darkness, that they are really gainers, and are not letting what is valuable slip from their hold, while they are grasping at what may after all hardly prove to be a substance worth possessing.

It is nothing new, this desire to play a public part in the life of the world; educated women of all ages have felt it, and it is only, I believe, put prominently forward just now because more women are in a position to feel their intellectual power than was formerly the case.

Names like those of Hypatia, Catherine of Siena, Vittoria Colonna, Elizabeth of Hungary, and, nearer our own time, Mrs. Fry and Mrs. Nassau Senior, rise to our recollection as among those who, in their separate ways, tried to benefit their generation by putting themselves personally forward either as public teachers, speakers, or leaders of a movement in a new and sometimes startling direction. But of all these women, as of one or two still living whose names will readily occur, it may be said that they were exceptions, single instances perhaps, or nearly single, in their own century. They had followers, but scarcely imitators. What they spoke came out as it were in spite of themselves; they were enthusiasts pure and simple in the different causes of morality, religion, ethics, philanthropy. Some of these women moved the world at large, not so much because they stood upon a platform themselves, but because they were enthusiasts, and were therefore able to make their subject assume large proportions and fill a platform. And enthusiasm is still, as it always has been, one of the very few levers by which this world can be raised. Thus carried out of and beyond themselves, a few women have moved that portion of the world which they desired to lift, and have left great names behind them. Were it possible to imitate them successfully, even once a century, the world might be the better for it. Meanwhile we are surely in danger of confounding real enthusiasm with restless craving for excitement, and absorption in a vital question affecting the world at large with the desire for a platform on which to exhibit our dissatisfied restlessness.

How will the world be the better for the public-speaking women of our own day is the question before us, for of course the bettering of society at large is universally acknowledged to be the object of all public speaking and teaching on whatever subject. That immediate good results may be traced to women's work

in this direction, among educated men and women, as well as among men and women the very lowest of the low and most corrupt of the corrupt, no reasonable person can doubt. A woman's powers of persuasion are great, her personal attractiveness, be she young or old, is often greater still; she possesses, as a rule, a larger share of energy and perseverance than men, she has an unmistakable gift of speech, she can be eloquent and heart-stirring in her appeals to the imagination of her hearers, even addresses to their sense and reason are not wanting. If she be not always as logical as she is heart-stirring, logic is not what is mainly wanted in speakers, though it may be granted that some very few women (and only some few men!) have strictly logical minds.

I would admit all this fully and heartily, and yet I must also declare that there are serious intellectual drawbacks (apart from any others) to women as public orators. We commonly allow ourselves (and this I regard as part of our physical constitution, and dependent upon it), when we feel strongly on any subject, to become mentally warped in that direction. We are no longer able to see it in its true bearings as it stands in relation to other things, it fills our whole horizon (justly it may be, and even necessarily), and therefore we see no reason why it should not fill the horizon of every one else, to the exclusion and almost to the extinction of matters which are in themselves perhaps equally important, and which may be to other people of greater significance than what we have in hand. When, therefore, we force our particular subject, as likewise our own special view of it, on the minds of others (it may be, less educated minds than our own, and therefore in our power as regards the immediate impression to be produced upon them), we do certainly achieve our object, we oblige our hearers to take our view of the matter, but if it be a warped or a one-sided view, how do we thereby contribute to the improvement of the world? All teaching is of course open to this objection, since a man may be narrow-minded and warped as well as a woman, but I believe that we women have this one-sided tendency to such a marked degree that we are usually unable to control it.

Education only increases our unfitness as public teachers and speakers, since with education our power of using influence fairly or unfairly also increases.

Further, not only is the calm judicial quality usually absent from our natures, but common fairness under argument or opposition of any kind is apt to desert us. We are ready to measure ourselves with men, and yet we require of them that they shall treat us with the courtesy and consideration which used to be accorded to old-fashioned weak-minded women, and we lose our self-possession, if not exactly our temper, because we have deliberately put ourselves outside the pale by our own act and by the declaration of our ability to stand alone.

Here it becomes desirable to notice, though for a moment only in passing, the physical disqualifications of women for any sustained or prolonged public effort. Our conditions of being are against us, and let those who have made such efforts say whether they have not paid either in the quality of their work, or in the health of their bodies, and through these, in their tempers, ay, and in their intellects too, for the strain which they have put upon themselves in order to sustain their parts. This, however, is hardly a part of our subject, and is only a digression, because it applies to actresses, to public singers and readers, to medical women, women artists and others, of whom we are not speaking, because the following of their professions implies no *personal* display whatever, and may be consistent with the utmost actual privacy.

But admitting all that has been said, and that it cannot be denied that, with many drawbacks, the immediate results produced by women speakers are great, the question reduces itself to a simple one. Is the game worth the candle? Let us weigh the results against the grave difficulties to which the present condition of women's minds on this subject is likely in the long run to give rise. Already unpleasant consequences are apparent. The attitude of some of the best men and women toward women who present themselves upon platforms verges upon repulsion. These are the beginnings of sorrows; and, alas, we women are not far-sighted. We commonly act upon impulse, and by this I

do not mean that we immediately follow an impulse, but that on the whole we are governed by impulse. Nay, we care often only for results which we can measure, and which we can see are pretty certain to follow closely upon our actions. We fail to grasp that, in the long run, we may risk the loss of what is more really valuable than any new possession; we may forfeit what has been ours by right of inheritance by long centuries of possession, what might have been ours, or, better still, the world's, for centuries to come.

In self-assertion we lose respect. By insisting upon our own opinion on subjects of which, owing to our condition as well as our education, we cannot see or understand all the bearings, we let go the justly and righteously high honor in which on certain points the instincts of a woman have always been held. By demanding as our right (what can be accorded only to our pertinacity) power in political and social affairs, we are losing insensibly and gradually it may be, but still losing, the natural influence which belongs to every woman more or less, according to her own force of character, over the men and women who come within her private circle, and who are therefore naturally under the dominion of her personal attractiveness. Women who are exhibiting themselves, their persons, talents, and opinions, upon platforms (for exhibiting is often the only word to use), these also, although they may perhaps be doing a certain amount of immediate good in their own line, are unconsciously helping to lower the standard of womanhood in the eyes of the world at large. They are descending from their firm pedestal hewn from the solid rock of the honor and glory, ay, and the heroism of their sex in ages past, and are anxiously engaged in scrambling up a ladder, each treading upon the other's heels, and trying to get to the top first in spite of broken steps. It will be well if the ladder itself be not destined soon to give way under the unnatural pressure, long before the wished-for platform of the house-top is reached. They are bartering the acknowledged sovereignty and boundless influence of gentleness, softness, and quiet dignity, which once belonged to them as an undisputed right, for an un-

certain kingdom, held by declamation and opinionativeness and by determined meddling with legislation, the very drift of some of which they are unable to appreciate. It is just possible that occasionally a man's vanity may lead him to allow his wife to distinguish herself upon a platform, even though at the same time the display may lower herself in his eyes, but what is to become of all the finer delicacy of feeling, and of the quiet, almost nameless, intangible quality which we call influence? For a platform woman *must* strive, she must oppose herself to those who differ from her; she may have to suffer rudeness and contempt at their hands, she must assert herself, and make herself a very different creature from that which we should wish our children to possess as a recollection of their mothers, or our brothers of their sisters.

To rub off the bloom, to blow away the aroma, so soon alas! got rid of that we appear hardly to be aware any longer of its existence, to banish good taste, the appreciation for what is refined and retiring and fitting in a woman's nature, and to do all this in the name of religion or philanthropy, is this to improve the world at large? We present ourselves before our children or our younger sisters as talking machines, too often one-sided, with only one idea, as specimens of what they too may become when by aid of our example they shall have rid themselves of all latent feelings of retirement, and quietness, and dislike of being stared at bodily and spiritually by the multitude, and shall have put on, like their elders, a panoply of self-assertion which gradually thickens and becomes a brazen front upon which nothing short of an arrow or a sword-thrust can make a mark or leave an impression.

It will be objected that these are hard words, that they do not adequately describe many of the cultivated women who speak in public, and who are yet gentle and quiet in their homes, and temperate even in their mental attitude toward others. That such women exist, I am well aware, but they are found now chiefly among the old-fashioned leaders of what used to be called the "blue-stockings," and they are fast giving way to the more pushing and ex-

aggerated sort of woman. These kindly ladies still get up, spectacled and scientific-looking, and read papers at Social Science Congresses, or mildly address young women on abstruse and purely intellectual subjects, but they are not to be spoken of in the same breath with their more advanced sisters.

The mental and moral condition which the modern platform woman herself exhibits is the surest proof of the mischief which public speaking is working by her agency on the community at large—the gradual hardening of the countenance and of the external manner and address, indicating too surely the real repression going on within of much that is lovable and admirable in a woman. No repose, outwardly or mentally, is to be found in her society, she produces a strong impression of unnaturalness, and of living in antagonism with the world around her; an unfortunate frame of mind which has to be fostered, since her position is not yet, thank heaven, by any means an assured one, and must be struggled for and pursued under protest from a large section of both sexes. Who does not know the shudder with which a sensitive, highly wrought, fastidious man or woman speaks of those whose persons are continually before the world, whose names are bandied about, whose principles are discussed in half the drawing-rooms of London? "That dreadful woman" is the mildest time applied to them. Even the harder-natured part of the community receives shocks from its public-speaking sisters occasionally with a shrug of the shoulders, and makes jokes at their expense. And the meaning of it all is that the women who take up a personally prominent position in the world are distasteful to the good sense and refined feeling of the majority, and therefore that female influence in the world is degenerating. Their power may be increasing (but that I take leave still to doubt), but in their proper sphere, a small, it may be only a home circle, their once all-powerful influence is waning. Would not true width of intellect, true largeness of heart and soul, be shown by submitting to live in what seems a small space—by seeking to influence what appear to be few men and women, to bring up a few children faith-

fully—by realizing that a narrow sphere does not imply narrow sympathy—that in fact “the growing good of the world is partly dependent on unhistoric acts, and that things are not so ill with you

and me as they might have been is half owing to the number who lived faithfully a hidden life, and rest in unvisited tombs?”—*Nineteenth Century*.

MACHIAVELLI.

BY P. F. WILLERT.

IN our own, as in other European languages, the name of Machiavelli is a household word, and has supplied a term of reproach loosely given to all dishonest and unscrupulous policy. Yet probably to the majority of educated men, even “The Prince,”* the most famous, if not the best, of his works, is known only by reputation, and a scholarly translation of that renowned treatise is therefore neither inopportune nor superfluous. Mr. C. Detmold has undertaken a more ambitious task. He has published in four handsome volumes a translation of the collected historical and political works of the Florentine statesman.† Mr. Detmold has done his work with care and ability, and it is perhaps hypercritical to remark that he has not reproduced the admirable lucidity and terse vigor of Machiavelli’s style, and that a careful comparison of his translation with the original discloses here and there trifling inaccuracies.

The appearance of these translations permits an English reader to form his own judgment on Machiavelli’s writings: but such a judgment must be erroneous, or at best imperfect, unless the student of Machiavelli has a sufficient knowledge of the conditions under which he wrote, the circumstances which inspired him, the age which he addressed. Such knowledge is amply supplied by Professor Villari’s life of Machiavelli, the English version of which ‡ has just been

completed. After marvelling at the ingenious perversity of so many of his predecessors, we are disposed to rate the acuteness and sobriety of judgment, shown by Signor Villari, even more highly than the thorough knowledge of his subject which we expected as a matter of course from an historian whose intimate acquaintance with the Italy of the fifteenth century needed no further proof.

Machiavelli is far from being one of the most attractive in that brilliant series of great men who, during three centuries, maintained the supremacy of Italy in every province of literature and art. The circumstances of his life were neither romantic nor striking. He served his country with a loyal and unwearying devotion, but the part he played was obscure, and the stage narrow. The misfortunes of his later days touch us, not because they extend beyond our experience, but rather because we find in them so much of the common lot of humanity, disappointed ambition, capacities, real or fancied, which are denied the opportunities of action, ideal aspirations obscured by the sordid realities of poverty. Machiavelli meanly dressed, drinking and wrangling with boors in a wayside pot-house, is a striking instance of fortune’s irony; but we miss the tragic grandeur of that nobler Florentine, walking with unimpaired dignity through the antechambers of the Scala, or pointed at with awe in the streets of Ravenna. Nor are the qualities of Machiavelli’s writings, however eminent, those which command general popularity and widespread fame.

It may, therefore, appear remarkable that, after being the subject of uninterrupted literary controversy during three centuries, no other Italian author should in our own time have attracted so much of the attention of his country-

* “The Prince.” By Nicolo Machiavelli, Citizen and Secretary of Florence. Translated from the Italian by N. H. J. Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co., 1882.

† “The Historical, Political, and Diplomatic Writings of Nicolo Machiavelli.” Translated by C. Detmold. 4 vols. Trübner & Co., 1883.

‡ “Niccolo Machiavelli and his Times.” By Prof. Pasquale Villari. Translated by Linda Villari. 4 vols. (Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co. 1883.)

men. Yet the reason is not far to seek. The theme on which Machiavelli insisted, and to which he constantly returned, the object and the excuse of his statecraft, was twofold—the expulsion of the barbarians and the establishment of an Italian kingdom as the necessary condition of national unity and regeneration. It is therefore natural that an age which, after sharing in these hopes, has seen their realization, should revere in him a prophet and a guide. Another great people has in this century attained to unity and freedom from foreign interference, and we are not surprised to find the Machiavelli has been studied as carefully and sympathetically by Germans as by his own countrymen. Too many, no doubt, of the measures he recommends, may be, as he himself allows, opposed not only to the precepts of our religion, but even to the plain dictates of humanity; yet we cannot deny that if Germany has become great and Italy free, it has been by following a policy which the Florentine secretary would not have disavowed. It may therefore not be without interest shortly to recapitulate the most important facts of Machiavelli's life, and to offer such considerations as may enable the reader to decide for himself the few and simple issues which can be raised about the character and objects of the political treatises of the Florentine secretary.

Machiavelli was born in May, 1469, of an old Florentine family, not noble, but reckoned among the notable plebeian houses of the Guelph faction. In 1494, when Piero de' Medici fled, and Charles VIII. of France entered Florence, the future secretary was in his twenty-sixth year. Like all Italians he sought the ideal of the future in the past, but Tacitus taught him to hate the Empire; Cæsar to him was but a more fortunate Catiline; and in Livy he learned to revere the Roman Republic as the model of all political wisdom. An ardent admirer of pagan antiquity, he was likely to feel but little interest in the theocratic Republic with which Savonarola sought to replace the tyranny of the Medici.

It was not till after the friar's death that he began to take an active part in public life. In 1498 he was appointed Chancellor of the Second Chancery, or

public office of the Florentine government. It was his duty to act as secretary of the "Ten of War and Liberty," or commissioners for war and home affairs. From this time onward we find Machiavelli busily engaged in the government of Florence; as the permanent secretary of a changing board he would naturally influence their decisions, while the execution of their measures seems to have been left to his discretion.

The new secretary was in his thirtieth year. He is said to have been of moderate height, thin, with dark hair, aquiline nose, quick, peering eyes, firmly compressed lips, sometimes unbending into a sarcastic smile. He was a born diplomatist, an accurate observer, possessed of perfect self-command, and able to hide his thoughts under a not wholly assumed character of levity and good-fellowship. Indeed, a taste for dissipation, neither creditable nor refined, was a salient feature in his character. For fourteen years he was the devoted servant of the Florentine Republic. No patriotism was ever more disinterested, he was content that others should enjoy the credit of the measures he suggested and promoted; far from enriching himself, he was impoverished in the service of his country. Yet political action was probably not less pleasing to him as an artist than as a patriot, and had the Medici continued to employ him, he would have been scarcely less zealous. These fourteen years must have been the happiest of Machiavelli's life. His duties were congenial, he was brought into contact with the leading men, and initiated into the political movement and intrigues of the time. Yet he was afterward able to illustrate the errors which a ruler should most strive to avoid by the policy of Florence, and he must often have experienced how bitter a thing it is—in the words of Herodotus—to abound in knowledge and wisdom, yet to have little control over action.

When Machiavelli entered upon the duties of his office, Florence had begun that long struggle to reconquer Pisa, in which the patient resolution shown by the conquerors and the obstinate heroism of the conquered proved that some, at least, of the qualities which fit men to be citizens of a free state survived in Italy. The Secretary of the Ten was at

once plunged into preparations for the war, and into the confused negotiations which it occasioned. He witnessed the treachery of the Italian mercenaries, the insubordination and ill-will of the French allies of the Florentine government, and it became an axiom of his policy that no state can be powerful which relies on other arms than those which are in the hands of its own citizens.

His embassies in 1502 to the Court of Cæsar Borgia, mark what was perhaps the most important epoch in Machiavelli's political experience. He was in the Romagna with the Duke of Valentinois at a juncture when his boldness, his unscrupulous statecraft, the undeviating pertinacity with which he followed out the line of action on which he had determined were most conspicuous; qualities, the absence of which Machiavelli most lamented in the rulers of Florence, and which were most opposed to the policy of compromise and of timid intrigue which he deprecated.

In 1503 he had an opportunity of witnessing the election of a successor to St. Peter and Alexander VI., and of watching the intrigues of the Roman Court, at a time when its vice and corruption were most shamelessly paraded. Machiavelli's political education was now far advanced. In superintending the preparations for the war against Pisa, he had studied the causes of the military weakness of the Italian States. His embassy to France had taught him the humiliation of their dependence on foreigners; his conversations with Cæsar Borgia, what he had seen of the success of his government in the Romagna, convinced him that even Italian anarchy might be overcome by a vigorous prince, whose policy should be wholly directed by considerations of utility. In Rome he had learned to know those "rascally priests," to whose evil example he attributed the ruin of religion and morality in Italy, while her political disunion was the result of their selfish intrigues.*

The year 1512, which opened so favorably for the French and their allies, with the short and brilliant campaign of Gaston de Foix, saw the total overthrow

of their influence in Italy, the flight of the Gonfaloniere Soderini from Florence, the advance of the Spaniards, and the restoration of the Medici. Torn by factions, surrounded by enemies, accustomed for many years to a monarchical or oligarchical government, Florence had not been in a position to carry the experiment of a Republican constitution to a successful issue. It might have been possible to substitute the rule of the Soderini for that of the Medici, but the desire of Soderini to act as a republican magistrate, to conform strictly to the laws, made his overthrow inevitable. Such absolute devotion to legality and to one form of government seemed folly to Machiavelli. Hence the severity of the judgment which he passed on his friend's political capacity. Soderini was, we are told ("Discourses," Book II. chap. iii.), a memorable example of the truth of the saying that the work of the founder of a Republic who hesitates to slay the sons of Brutus will not long endure. He thought that by his patience and goodness he would overcome the regret of his opponents for the former government, and in this he was deceived: besides, he shrank from breaking the Constitution as from an evil precedent, not sufficiently considering *that the means must be judged by the ends for which they are employed*: so, too, elsewhere, we are assured that Savonarola and Soderini both failed, because they did not destroy their enemies when in their power. Savonarola was disarmed by his profession and position, Soderini by his humanity ("Discourses," Book III. chap. ix.).

Machiavelli at once submitted to the new government. He seems to have considered that it is the duty of a good citizen to make the best of the Constitution under which he lives, and to refrain from conspiring against it; but if it come to be overthrown, then to obey the *de facto* ruler. Machiavelli trusted to be allowed to serve the Medici, if not with as much pleasure, at any rate as faithfully as he had served Soderini and the Republic. But he had taken too prominent a part in the late administration for the Medicean faction to permit him to retain his office. The power of the Medici after the withdrawal of the Spanish troops was but ill-established.

* "Discourses," Book I. ch. xii.

Conspiracies were feared, Machiavelli, with other friends of the late government, was imprisoned and tortured on scanty evidence, and he was only set at liberty when the elevation of Leo X., made the Pope's family strong enough to be clement.

Despairing of employment for the present, Machiavelli retired to a little property he possessed near Florence, and to this retirement we owe his most celebrated works—"The Discourses on the First Decade of Livy," "The Prince," "The Discourse on the Art of War," and his "Comedies." The life he led, and the objects of his literary activity, are described in a well-known letter to his friend Vettori. "Since the last events I have remained at my farm, and have not spent in all twenty days at Florence. . . . In the morning I go to a coppice which I am having felled, and spend a couple of hours with the wood-cutters, looking at what they have done the day before, and listening to the disputes which constantly arise between them and their neighbors. Then I sit down by a spring or visit my decoy, a book under my arm, Dante or Petrarch, or one of the less renowned poets, such as Ovid or Tibullus. I read of their loves and tender passions and recall my own. In these thoughts some time slips pleasantly away. Then I walk on to the inn by the wayside; enter into conversation with any travellers who pass and learn their news. Thus I hear something new, and observe the various opinions and fancies of men. So dinner time comes, and with my family I sit down to such cheer as my poor farm and slender patrimony can afford. After dinner I return to the inn; there I find the host, a butcher, a miller, and a couple of charcoal-burners—in their company I besot myself while day lasts over some game of chance, the source of endless quarrels and of much gross and unmanly abuse—generally it is all about a farthing, but we scream loud enough to be heard at S. Casciano.

"Thus I plunge and wallow in the base lot which fortune has reserved for me; if so, perchance, she may feel some shame for her cruelty in thus trampling me under her feet. When evening comes, I return home and enter my study; but before I cross the thresh-

old I throw off my filthy, mud-stained peasant's dress and put on fair and courtly garments, in order that I may enter into the presence of the great men of antiquity reverently and decently clad. They receive me lovingly, and I am allowed to satiate myself with the only food which suits me, and for which I was born. I do not hesitate to converse with them, and to ask them the motives and objects of their actions. They, in their courtesy, answer me, and I spend four hours without cares and without weariness. I forget my misfortunes, I fear neither poverty nor death, I lose myself entirely. But, as Dante says, there is no profit in learning unless we remember what we have heard; and I have, therefore, noted down all that has seemed to me most profitable in these conversations, and I have composed a treatise, 'De Principatibus,' in which I have gone as deeply into the subject as I am able. I have inquired into the definition of a monarchy, into its varieties, how it can be acquired, how maintained, how lost. If anything I ever scribbled pleased you, this ought not to displease you. It should be acceptable to a prince, and especially to one who is new to power. I have, therefore, dedicated it to the magnificence of Julianus. . . . I wish my lords the Medici would set me to work, were it only to roll a stone; for if I did not then win their favor I should blame none but myself."

Juliano de' Medici read "The Prince," but Machiavelli was disappointed in his hopes of employment. It was not till after the death of Lorenzo, in 1519, that Leo X. began to consult him and to send him on trifling missions. Guicciardini compares his friend to Lysander superintending the rations of the soldiers he had used to lead to victory. Once Machiavelli had been an ambassador to princes and kings, now he was sent to negotiate with the Franciscan friars of Carpi. The ill-advised conspiracy of Soderini aggravated the tyranny of the Medici and threw increased suspicion on Machiavelli: he was not again employed. He died in June, 1527, in his fifty-ninth year, a month after the expulsion of Ippolito and Alessandro de' Medici and the restoration of Florentine liberty had opened to him a new prospect of public activity.

Even such a slight sketch as I have been able to give may show that Machiavelli's political life was perfectly simple and straightforward. He was a Republican by conviction, but not unwilling to serve his country under another form of government. This may not be the conduct of an ideal patriot, but it has at all times been that of many useful and not dishonorable public servants. How many men in France held office with little blame or loss of credit under Louis-Philippe, the Republic of '48, and the Second Empire? Nor because we excuse Machiavelli, and the more readily when we take into account the time and the place of his life, does it follow that we must approve him. M. Sismondi, and other writers, have endeavored to show that unbridled ferocity, shameless perfidy, and cynical hypocrisy were not less rife in other parts of Europe at this period than in Italy. It is easy to point to the unscrupulous statecraft of the princes of the House of York, of Louis XI., of Ferdinand the Catholic; to the sensuality, grovelling superstition, and hardly more enlightened infidelity prevalent among the clergy; to the absence of any higher aims and aspirations which characterized all classes; to the fact that even the renewed interest in ancient culture seemed at first only to introduce an additional element of corruption, and produce monsters such as Tiptoft, the butcher Earl of Worcester, or that Marshal de Retz who, after murdering two or three thousand children with circumstances of nameless infamy, was tardily overtaken by reluctant justice. But what is proved by these facts? That morality, both public and private, had sunk to a very low ebb during the century which preceded the Reformation—not that there were no degrees in that corruption, not that the Italians might not be worse than their neighbors. But, says M. Sismondi, the social life of the Italians in the little states which then composed Italy was all public, and their private sufferings were often historical. Each individual was in immediate contact with the government, his intrigues, his passions, his crimes, were intimately connected with the revolutions and the history of the state. In the great monarchies of Europe we hear little of the sufferings of the mass of the

people, of the oppression of subordinate officials, of the injustice and cruelty of the nobles, and of other petty tyrants. If we would compare the condition of the French people during the fifteenth century with that of the Italians, we ought to be intimately acquainted with the daily history of the citizens of Blois, Angers, Rouen, and other great towns, with the private crimes and tragedies of many hundred families. This, no doubt, is true, yet we may prefer to believe the concurrent testimony of natives and foreigners, and the proofs which constantly meet us in her literature, that Italy was pre-eminently corrupt. The courts of France and England and Spain were assuredly no schools of virtue, their royal families were stained with fratricide or its suspicion; but nowhere, except in Italy, can we find such long records of crime as are presented by annals of the Scalas, the Viscontis, the Malatestas, the Estes, or the Baglioni of Perugia.

There are, moreover, so many reasons why the Italians should have been more vicious than men of other nations, that if there were no other evidence we should be almost justified in concluding that such must have been the case. Machiavelli is never tired of insisting on the evil influence of the Church and of the Papal Court. The Papacy had rapidly descended to the lowest depths of infamy. The fiercely avaricious and cruel Paul II. had been succeeded by Sixtus IV., who was steeped in bloodshed and diabolic lust; under Innocent VIII., more contemptible and scarcely less guilty, the imperial city became once more the asylum of murderers and robbers, till finally, in Alexander VI. the Christian nations saw a monster who excelled in depravity the most hated names of the pagan empire seated on the throne of St. Peter and presented to their adoration as the Vicar of God. Such religion as the Italians still possessed was almost purely formal; there was a complete separation between religion and morality. Benvenuto Cellini in this as in many other things, is the type of his countrymen. He believed himself to have been allowed to communicate directly with the Deity; he possessed an outward sign of the divine favor in the halo which surrounded his

head, and which under favorable atmospheric conditions was, he assures us, distinctly visible. Yet he seems to have felt no scruple in assassinating his enemies, or in dragging round his studio by her hair the wretched woman who was his model and his mistress. No wonder that many of the nobler spirits, who rose to virtue through philosophy, looked upon such Christianity with contempt; but they could offer no popular doctrine capable of regenerating the multitude.

Nor did the sense of honor serve the Italians as a restraining principle and substitute for conscience. Their idea of honor seems to have been entirely different from that of the Western nations. A man's honor forbids him to do that which would forfeit his self-respect; courage, and all the virtues which imply courage, were most highly respected in feudal Europe, and these a man would wish to convince himself that he possessed. The Italian especially admired that versatile, unscrupulous, and audacious cleverness which Machiavelli calls "virtù." They could, therefore, retain their self-respect and commit the basest crimes; especially if prepared, "*vitam impendere falso*," to stake their life on the success of their treachery. The sense of honor is purely subjective, it may be rooted in dishonor, it may even assume the form of pride in bolder and more cynical wickedness than that of others, it may lead us to say, "evil, be thou my good."

The very circumstances and qualities which have been so favorable to the progress of Italy in the arts and humanities of life had been hostile to moral growth. Over great subtlety of intellect, and a tendency to analyze motives and conduct, are always fatal to delicacy of moral fibre. Whatever the origin of conscience may be, it does not bear arguing with; the devil still proves the better logician. The numerous little courts of the despots were centres of culture, they vied in encouraging artists and men of letters, but they were also centres of a corruption brought close to the door of every citizen. All the demoralizing effects of despotism were intensified tenfold by the narrowness of the dominions, and also by the skill and vigor of many of these petty tyrants. The only public life open in most cases

to an Italian was to enter the service of some despot, the only object of his ambition to win his master's favor, or perhaps to supplant him; and it was obvious what the means were by which alone these ends could be attained.

Machiavelli's writings were, perhaps, more influenced by the evil atmosphere in which he lived than his actions; yet if it be allowed that Machiavelli's political career was straightforward and comprehensible, neither do I believe that an unprejudiced reader will find in his books that strange confusion of good and evil which Macaulay so characteristically describes when he tells us that "the whole man seems to be an enigma, a grotesque assemblage of incongruous qualities, selfishness and generosity, cruelty and benevolence, craft and simplicity, abject villainy and romantic heroism. One sentence is such as a veteran diplomatist would scarce write in cipher for the direction of his most confidential spy; the next seems to be extracted from a theme composed by an ardent school-boy on the death of Leonidas." To be understood, Machiavelli's works must be read as a whole, and we must not isolate sentences from their context and discuss them as maxims of universal applicability; and especially we must not separate the "Discourses on Livy" and "The Prince," but remember that they were written at the same time, and that they do not represent different phases in the development of their author's political opinions, but supplement and explain each other.

Machiavelli attributes the corruption and immorality which he recognizes and deplores to defective institutions, for men, he asserts, are always the same. The rough material on which the legislator works varies as little as the marble of the sculptor; if, therefore, we can discover the means by which Romulus and Lycurgus of old produced such good results, if we can observe the rules they followed, we shall be as certain to succeed in establishing a well-constituted state, and in raising men from their present degeneracy, as an artist well-acquainted with, and capable of following, the method of Praxiteles would be certain to produce a good statue.*

* "Discourses on Livy," Introduction to Book I. *et passim*.

This belief in the indentity of human nature at all times and in all races, and the absence of any conception of development, is no doubt one of the most obvious defects in Machiavelli's political philosophy. But though he does not recognize any difference which will prevent the same institutions from producing at all times the same results, yet he does not assert that all men, as circumstances have fashioned them, are the same. Men now are different from what they were; the Italian is very different from the German. And though these differences are the results of the laws, the civil and religious institutions under which they live, it does not follow that if these laws and institutions were abolished their influence would at once cease to be felt. Despotism, for instance, so corrupts the people who submit to it as to make them incapable of living under free institutions; when first set at liberty they will be as helpless as a wild beast brought up in captivity and suddenly released from its cage.* Even good laws are of little use to such a people, for they will not be observed. The only chance of improvement for a nation which has become corrupt is, that some good and wise man should rise to power and enforce a reformation. Unfortunately in such a State power can only be acquired by means which a good man will rarely consent to employ, even though his object be praiseworthy.† Evidently Machiavelli's doctrine is more reasonable than that of Rousseau and of his followers, who legislated for abstract men in the Constituent Assembly under the conviction that only tyrannous laws and corrupt customs prevented the rabble of Paris from following their natural impulses, and attaining to a virtue as lofty as that of the noble savages who concluded the social contract. And not only was Machiavelli's mistake less mischievous, because he did not believe that cause and effect would cease together, there was another point on which his divergence from the French philosophers would have guarded him from their practical errors.

They asserted that man was naturally prone to virtue and swayed by lofty im-

pulses. Machiavelli tells the legislator that he must take for granted that all men are bad, and that they never do good except under compulsion. He would therefore have been the last to throw the reins on the neck of the most dangerous of brutes, and to have hoped to guide and restrain the dregs of the France of Lewis XV. by the laws of Utopia. Italy was corrupt, and a corrupt people cannot govern itself aright. Nor is a Republican Government possible where there is a feudal aristocracy, as in Naples, the States of the Church, the Romagna, and Lombardy. If Italy therefore is to be united, it must be as a kingdom. The remedy indeed is dangerous, for a despotism in itself is but an additional cause of corruption, and it is easier to find a Cæsar than a Romulus; yet when a patient is sick unto death a good physician will often prescribe poison.*

Submission to a monarch is, then, the condition of Italy's reformation; it is also the condition of her liberation from the yoke of the foreigner. She herself is conscious of it. "She has long," he says in concluding his "Prince," "she has long looked eagerly for the coming of her liberator. Who can tell with what love he would be received by all those lands which have suffered from the flood of foreigners, with what thirst for vengeance, with what steadfast faith, with what affection, with what tears? What gates would be closed against him? What people would refuse him obedience? What envy could oppose him? What Italian deny him his service? The barbarian domination stinks in the nostrils of all. Let the noble house of the Medici take upon itself this emprise, with such courage and such good hopes as a just undertaking should inspire; so that under its standard our country may regain her honor, and that under its auspices the words of Petrarch may be fulfilled, 'Valor against blind rage shall take up arms and make the struggle short, for in the Italians' breast their ancient might still breathes.'"

Machiavelli was doubtless right in holding that a united Italy was only possible under a prince, and that Italy must be united to withstand the newly central-

* "Discourses," Book I., ch. xvi., xxxv.

† *Ibid.*, Book I., ch. xviii.

* "Discourses," Book I., ch. xxxv.

ized French and Spanish monarchies. The constitution of the little Italian republics was but ill-suited for extended authority, and it is probably true that their power decreased in proportion to the growth of their territory, and to the increase in the number of discontented subjects over whom they tyrannized. Nor could any federal constitution have been devised capable of holding together such jarring elements. Commercial jealousy, traditions of hatred and mutual injury separated the cities; in many districts there was a powerful nobility whose existence Machiavelli rightly pronounced incompatible with popular freedom.

But, was not an Italian monarchy as impossible as an Italian republic, or federation of republics? There was probably no city, certainly no despot, who would not have preferred an alliance with a foreign power, however dangerous, to submission to a native prince; while the Papacy, which had prevented in times past the formation of an Italian nation, which had undermined every power which threatened to rival its own in the peninsula, was still there, ready to employ every weapon of intrigue, diplomacy, and war against the future liberator.

In "The Prince" the rules are given by observing which the desired monarch of a united Italy may attain power. In the "Discourses" we find suggestions for the organization and maintenance of the free government, for which that ruler would, if really great, seek to prepare the way. In the former, the most celebrated of his works, the author simply states in general terms what he has seen to be the rules of conduct observed by the most successful statesmen and princes. He intends to write a manual of statecraft, of such statecraft as men who live *in face Romuli*, and not in an ideal world, would really practice and must practice if they value success.

Machiavelli told his friend Vettori that he occupied the evenings of his enforced leisure in reading the ancients, and in noting down what he could learn from them and from his own experience touching the manner in which political power is gained, maintained, and lost; the principles, in short, of a science which should establish the laws which

govern the acquisition of political power. as political economy treats of the laws which govern the acquisition of wealth. The parallel is perhaps not uninstructional, for as the older Political Economy considers man as actuated by one simple desire, that of acquiring wealth, so also Machiavelli admits only one motive, the desire of power. He would have described "The Prince" as a treatise on the art rather than on the science of politics. For his aim is not to deduce and ascertain the laws of political phenomena, but to lay down practical precepts. Here again there is some similarity between his method and that of Political Economy, which is generally treated both as a science and as an art. Economists have professed to investigate and establish general laws, and have then laid down rules for legislation on such subjects; and in some degree they share Machiavelli's incapacity to recognize sufficiently that such rough generalizations have for the most part only a presumptive value, owing to the extreme variability of the subject matter and to the many-sidedness of human nature, swayed as it is now by one and now by another class of motives. Moreover, though in "The Prince" and the "Discourses" Machiavelli has a practical aim in view, yet he at all times takes an abstract interest in political action, in tracing the causes and effects of political phenomena. If there was one thing which he held sacred it was the Roman Republic; if there was one crime which he abhorred, it was that of those who conspired to overthrow it, whether unsuccessfully like Catiline, or successfully like Cæsar. Yet he coldly discusses the policy of Appius Claudius, and points out his mistakes and what he ought to have done to establish his tyranny.

He is scientifically studying the effects and causes of a certain class of facts, and moral indignation would be as much out of place as reflections on the sinfulness of drunkenness in a medical treatise on delirium tremens. Any generalization seems to him worth noticing and of equally universal applicability, since he believes that the same causes will at all times produce the same effect, human nature remaining unchanged; he thus is often led to rest his inductions on a

very narrow basis; the facts he cites from ancient history often serve rather as generalizations than as the data for induction from particular instances. His method, professedly experimental, is in danger of becoming *à priori*. Even granting that human nature does not change, Florence and Arezzo have little analogy with Rome and Veii.

We have already said that Machiavelli, in examining the means to be employed for the attainment of a political end, leaves their morality entirely out of sight, and considers only how far they are conducive to that end. He does, indeed, say that a good man would sooner live in obscurity than become king at the price of much human suffering; but it is only our personal ambition which we should not satisfy at every cost; when the good of our country is at stake we must not regard justice or injustice, mercy or cruelty, honor or dishonor, but, putting aside all other considerations, pursue that policy which may best preserve its existence and maintain its liberty. In short, Machiavelli always argues on the assumption that the end justifies the means. This appears to him a self-evident axiom; indeed, if put in the form of the almost identical statement that the morality of our acts depends rather on the circumstances and motives of the agent than on the nature of the acts themselves, it would still command pretty general assent. Yet even those statesmen whose policy seems only justifiable on the assumption that the welfare of the people overrides all the ordinary rules of morality, would admit that there are exceptions to this principle. They would agree with Aristotle, whose common-sense so often cuts the knot of logical difficulties, that there are some acts which allow of no justification or palliation. This Machiavelli did not see.

I have already admitted that Machiavelli's maxims fairly represent the practice of the most successful princes of his own and other times. "A prudent ruler," he says, "cannot and ought not to keep faith when to do so is against his interests, and when the reasons which led him to engage himself no longer exist. It is right to appear merciful, honorable, humane, pious, and loyal, and to be so, but to be always

prepared to lay these virtues aside when they are likely to be hurtful." No doubt Machiavelli is right. Most statesmen from Themistocles to Prince Bismarck, have acted on these principles. But it may be doubtful whether we ought to be grateful, as Bacon would have us be, to Machiavelli for telling us openly and without hypocrisy how men act, and not how they ought to act. Even if we are wholly bad, it is better we should believe that we have a little virtue. Besides, though virtuous practice is a better incentive to morality than virtuous precept, vice formulated in maxims is more offensive to the moral sense, and more corrupting than vicious example; for the latter is often attributed to human weakness, to the strength of temptation, and is lamented and condemned, for the most part, even by the perpetrator, while the former seduces by a show of logic, of self-reliant pride, and of cynicism superior to the shams of conventionality. Hence the almost instinctive and just reprehension of Machiavelli by the morally sensitive; while those who admitted and practised his principles, wishing to secure the reward of apparent virtue, have joined in the chorus of condemnation. Unless a man is thought honest, his dishonesty is but unprofitable. This is no doubt one of the reasons of the odium which has attached to Machiavelli, but he was also peculiarly unfortunate in exciting the rancor of opponents who agreed in nothing but in hostility to his name.

Although his works were first published by the Papal press, it was not long before his bitter attacks on the Roman Court, and his almost contemptuous attitude to the Catholic religion, provoked the enmity of its apologists, and especially of the Jesuits. "The vice and infidelity of the Italians," he had said, "are their first obligation to the Papacy, their second the political anarchy and ruin of the peninsula." "When one considers," he adds, "the wickedness and corruption of the priesthood, one cannot but conclude that their scourge and their ruin are at hand." John Paul Baglione, had he dared to destroy Julius II. when in his power at Perugia, would have won everlasting renown by showing these priests how little reverence is due to men who live such

lives as theirs. But Machiavelli's dislike of the Catholic hierarchy had even deeper roots than aversion to their corruption, or to the Church as one of those institutions which were obstacles to that equality between all members of the State which he considered the necessary condition of a well-constituted republic or strongly-organized monarchy. It is clear that his was a thoroughly irreligious nature. Notwithstanding occasional and conventional expressions of respect, he was indifferent or hostile to Christianity. He was deeply imbued with the pagan spirit of the Renaissance; he reserved his admiration for the republics of antiquity and for those civic and intellectual virtues which maintained them, and he naturally disliked a religion which cherished virtues of another type. "Ancient religion," he says, "exalted men full of worldly ambition, such as great captains and founders of States, while ours glorifies men of lowly and contemplative rather than of active life. It seeks for the highest good in humility and contempt of the things of this world; paganism held that it is to be sought in loftiness of soul, in bodily strength, and in all that renders men more bold and arrogant. Our religion wishes men to show courage in endurance, rather than in daring bold deeds. Hence it comes that the world has fallen a prey to scoundrels, who have found men anxious to gain paradise by suffering instead of being desirous to avenge themselves on their oppressors." It is true that he afterward admits that Christianity, rightly understood, is no enemy to patriotism; and that respect for religion is a necessary element of national greatness. But Republican Rome furnishes him with an instance of a nation which thrived by its piety; paganism is clearly to him as good, or rather a better basis of social order than Christianity, and Moses is only classed with Lycurgus, and Romulus, and Numa, and other lawgivers and founders of religions.

This ill-concealed hostility to Christianity was as offensive to the Reformers as to the men of the Catholic reaction, and the Romanist controversialists, who, from Reginald Pole onward, attacked Machiavelli, often without reading him, may be matched by an equal list of

Protestant assailants. The latter have an additional motive of hatred. Our author was, they thought, the instructor in statecraft of their opponents, the instigator of their treacherous cruelties and persecutions. His writings were the favorite study of Catharine de' Medici and of her son, Henry III.; therefore he was held responsible for the massacre of St. Bartholomew.

Next came the philosophers who believed in the natural goodness of human nature, and that to remove the artificial restrictions which cramped and distorted original righteousness was the proper function of the reformer; to these men Machiavelli's doctrine was naturally repugnant. They inveighed against him, or if they defended him it was on the ground that he did not mean what he said, that, as Rousseau declared, his object was to paint the tyrant in his true colors, in order that the people might recognize and flee from such a monster. While accusers rose up on all sides, the defence was long neglected. The statesmen who read, appreciated, and profited by the works of the Florentine secretary were naturally not disposed to proclaim themselves his disciples; and the writers who borrowed from the stores of his wisdom acknowledged their obligation by a few words of guarded praise.

During this century, on the other hand, Machiavelli, as we have already remarked, has had no reason to complain of the hostility of his critics. They agree for the most part in seeking to extenuate and excuse his faults, however much they may differ in the explanation of his motives. For while some maintain that he took a purely scientific interest in the study of statecraft, and therefore leaves aside all considerations of morality; others, and these are the majority, defend what is most questionable in his writings on the ground that his aim, the liberation and unity of Italy, is high and unselfish, and that if he seems unscrupulous in the choice of means, he is to be excused, partly on the ground of necessity, partly because he shared in the lax morality of his country and of his age. There are even some who still offer the old apology, mentioned by Cardinal Pole, that he conceals his true opinions—that, hating des-

potism, he satirizes the tyrants he describes, and seeks by revealing the hideous secrets of their policy to warn the people against them, or even by his insidious advice to incite them to further atrocities and so to bring about their ruin. Lastly, it has been maintained that "The Prince" was little more than a rhetorical exercise; that Machiavelli merely wished to show the Medici how clever he was, and how useful a servant they would find him.

No one who has read "The Prince" and "Discourses" carefully, and who has compared them with Machiavelli's other treatises and letters, can maintain that he is speaking ironically, or giving advice which he imagines to be injurious. If he were, how can we explain the reiterated exhortation to princes to secure the affections of their subjects, to affect virtues even if they have them not, never to be more cruel than the occasion requires? But it is unnecessary to seek for arguments against an opinion so far-fetched and untenable, and so at variance with Machiavelli's own statements.

All the other explanations probably contain more or less of the truth. Machiavelli, as we have seen, himself tells us that his object, at any rate in the composition of "The Prince," partly was to recommend himself to the Medici and to obtain employment by showing his cleverness, partly—for his own instruction and to divert his thoughts from painful meditation—to note down all that he could collect from the ancients and from modern experience touching the circumstances which enable men to acquire and retain political power. On the other hand, he again and again insists that the expulsion of the foreigners, the formation of an Italian kingdom, and the introduction of constitutions which would

gradually prepare the people for freedom, would be not only the justification but the glory of any prince who, by whatever means, might raise himself, to sovereign power in the peninsula. In the statement of the motives of his writings, as in all else, Machiavelli is perfectly straightforward. Hypocrisy was not his vice nor that of his countrymen, with the Inquisition and the Jesuits it was conferred on Italy as a last benefit by the Roman Church.

Machiavelli was not then wholly either a disinterested patriot or a mere student of political phenomena, or an intellectual *condottiere* seeking to prove to his customers the sharpness of the weapon he offered for hire. But above all, I would insist that he was not the originator of a new system of statecraft. It is true that no book has ever been more diligently studied by the rulers of mankind than was "The Prince" by the statesmen of the sixteenth century; but it would be difficult to show that it had any great influence on their conduct. The policy of Catharine de' Medici was not more Machiavellian than that of Lewis XI.—indeed far less so, if we use that word in its true and better sense; nor did Philip II. or Alva, Elizabeth or Cecil, surpass Ferdinand the Catholic or Richard III. in unscrupulous pursuit of the objects of their ambition.

On the whole, we may perhaps conclude that the mischief which Machiavelli may have done by exalting expediency at the expense of morality, and by sanctioning revolutionary violence, has been fully compensated by the impulse he has given to patriotism; while his influence on political speculation has been altogether salutary, since he first returned to the method of Aristotle, and appealed to the teaching of experience and of facts.—*Fortnightly Review*.

THE MILK IN THE COCO-NUT.

FOR many centuries the occult problem how to account for the milk in the coco-nut has awakened the profoundest interest alike of ingenious infancy and of maturer scientific age. Though it cannot be truthfully affirmed of it, as of the cosmogony or creation of the world,

in the "Vicar of Wakefield," that it "has puzzled the philosophers of all ages" (for Sanchoniathon was certainly ignorant of the very existence of that delicious juice, and Manetho doubtless went to his grave without ever having tasted it fresh from the nut under a tropical

veranda), yet it may be safely asserted that for the last three hundred years the philosopher who has not at some time or other of his life meditated upon that abstruse question is unworthy of such an exalted name. The cosmogony and the milk in the coco-nut are, however, a great deal closer together in thought than Sanchoniathon or Manetho, or the rogue who quoted them so glibly, is ever at all likely, in his wildest moments, to have imagined.

The coco-nut, in fact, is a subject well deserving of the most sympathetic treatment at the gentle hands of grateful humanity. No other plant is useful to us in so many diverse and remarkable manners. It has been truly said of that friend of man, the domestic pig, that he is all good, from the end of his snout to the tip of his tail; but even the pig, though he furnishes us with so many necessities or luxuries—from tooth-brushes to sausages, from ham to lard, from pepsin wine to pork pies—does not nearly approach, in the multiplicity and variety of his virtues, the all-sufficing and world-supplying coco-nut. A Chinese proverb says that there are as many useful properties in the coco-nut palm as there are days in the year; and a Polynesian saying tells us that the man who plants a coco-nut plants meat and drink, hearth and home, vessels and clothing, for himself and his children after him. Like the great Mr. Whiteley, the invaluable palm-tree might modestly advertise itself as a universal provider. The solid part of the nut supplies food almost alone to thousands of people daily, and the milk serves them for drink, thus acting as an efficient filter to the water absorbed by the roots in the most polluted or malarious regions. If you tap the flower-stalk you get a sweet juice, which can be boiled down into a peculiar sugar called (in the charming dialect of commerce) jaggery; or it can be fermented into a very nasty spirit known as palm-wine, toddy, or arrack; or it can be mixed with bitter herbs and roots to make that delectable compound "native beer." If you squeeze the dry nut you get coco-nut oil, which is as good as lard for frying when fresh, and is "an excellent substitute for butter at breakfast," on tropical tables. Under the

mysterious name of copra (which most of us have seen with awe described in the market reports as "firm" or "weak," "receding" or "steady") it forms the main or only export of many Oceanic Islands, and is largely imported into this realm of England, where the thicker portion is called stearine, and used for making sundry candles with fanciful names, while the clear oil is employed for burning in ordinary lamps. In the process of purification, it yields glycerine; and it enters largely into the manufacture of most better-class soaps. The fibre that surrounds the nut makes up the other mysterious article of commerce known as coir, which is twisted into stout ropes, or woven into coco-nut matting and ordinary doormats. Brushes and brooms are also made of it, and it is used, not always in the most honest fashion, in place of real horse-hair, in stuffing cushions. The shell, cut in half, supplies good cups, and is artistically carved by the Polynesians, Japanese Hindoos, and other benighted heathen, who have not learned the true methods of civilized machine-made shoddy manufacture. The leaves serve as excellent thatch; on the flat blades, prepared like papyrus, the most famous Buddhist manuscripts are written; the long mid-ribs or branches (strictly speaking, the leaf-stalks), answer admirably for rafters, posts, or fencing; the fibrous sheath at the base is a remarkable natural imitation of cloth, employed for strainers, wrappers, and native hats; while the trunk, or stem, passes in carpentry under the name of porcupine wood, and produces beautiful effects as a wonderfully colored cabinet-maker's material. These are only a few selected instances out of the innumerable uses of the coco-nut palm.

Apart even from the manifold merits of the tree that bears it, the milk itself has many and great claims to our respect and esteem, as everybody who has ever drunk it in its native surroundings will enthusiastically admit. In England, to be sure, the white milk in the dry nuts is a very poor stuff, sickly, and strong-flavored, and rather indigestible. But in the tropics, coco-nut milk, or, as we oftener call it there, coco-nut water, is a very different and vastly supe-

rior sort of beverage. At eleven o'clock every morning, when you are hot and tired with the day's work, your black servant, clad from head to foot in his cool clean white linen suit, brings you in a tall soda glass full of a clear, light crystal liquid, temptingly displayed against the yellow background of a chased Benares brass-work tray. The lump of ice bobs enticingly up and down in the centre of the tumbler, or clinks musically against the edge of the glass as he carries it along. You take the cool cup thankfully and swallow it down at one long draught: fresh as a May morning, pure as an English hill-side spring, delicate as—well, as coco-nut water. None but itself can be its parallel. It is certainly the most delicious, dainty, transparent, crystal drink ever invented. How did it get there, and what is it for?

In the early green stage at which coco-nuts are generally picked for household use in the tropics the shell hasn't yet solidified into a hard stony coat, but still remains quite soft enough to be readily cut through with a sharp table knife—just like young walnuts picked for pickling. If you cut one across while it is in this unsophisticated state, it is easy enough to see the arrangement of the interior, and the part borne by the milk in the development and growth of the mature nut. The ordinary tropical way of opening coco-nuts for table, indeed, is by cutting off the top of the shell and rind in successive slices, at the end where the three pores are situated, until you reach the level of the water, which fills up the whole interior. The nutty part around the inside of the shell is then extremely soft and jelly-like, so that it can be readily eaten with a spoon: but as a matter of fact very few people ever do eat the flesh at all. After their first few months in the tropics, they lose the taste for this comparatively indigestible part, and confine themselves entirely (like patients at a German spa) to drinking the water. A young coco-nut is thus seen to consist, first of a green outer skin, then of a fibrous coat, which afterward becomes the hair, and next of a harder shell which finally gets quite woody; while inside all comes the actual seed or unripe nut itself. The office of the coco-

nut water is the deposition of the nutty part around the side of the shell; it is, so to speak, the mother liquid, from which the harder eatable portion is afterward derived. This state is not uncommon in embryo seeds. In a very young pea, for example, the inside is quite watery, and only the outer skin is at all solid, as we have all observed when green peas first come into season. But the special peculiarity of the coco-nut consists in the fact that this liquid condition of the interior continues even after the nut is ripe, and that is the really curious point about the milk in the coco-nut which does actually need accounting for.

In order to understand it one ought to examine a coco-nut in the act of budding, and to do this it is by no means necessary to visit the West Indies or the Pacific Islands; all you need to do is to ask a Covent Garden fruit salesman to get you a few "growers." On the voyage to England, a certain number of precocious coco-nuts, stimulated by the congenial warmth and damp of most shipholds, usually begin to sprout before their time; and these waste nuts are sold by the dealers at a low rate to East End children and inquiring botanists. An examination of a "grower" very soon convinces one what is the use of the milk in the coco-nut.

It must be duly borne in mind, to begin with, that the prime end and object of the nut is not to be eaten raw by the ingenious monkey, or to be converted by lordly man into coco-nut biscuits, or coco-nut pudding, but simply and solely to reproduce the coco-nut palm in sufficient numbers to future generations. For this purpose the nut has slowly acquired by natural selection a number of protective defences against its numerous enemies, which serve to guard it admirably in the native state from almost all possible animal depredators. First of all, the actual nut or seed itself consists of a tiny embryo plant, placed just inside the softest of the three pores or pits at the end of the shell, and surrounded by a vast quantity of nutritious pulp, destined to feed and support it during its earliest unprotected days, if not otherwise diverted by man or monkey. But as whatever feeds a young plant will also feed an animal, and as many animals

betray a felonious desire to appropriate to their own wicked ends the food-stuffs laid up by the palm for the use of its own seedling, the coco-nut has been compelled to inclose this particularly large and rich kernel in a very solid and defensive shell. And, once more, since the palm grows at a very great height from the ground—I have seen them up to ninety feet in favorable circumstances—this shell stands a very good chance of getting broken in tumbling to the earth, so that it has been necessary to surround it with a mass of soft and yielding fibrous material, which breaks its fall, and acts as a buffer to it when it comes in contact with the soil beneath. So many protections has the coco-nut gradually devised for itself by the continuous survival of the best adapted among numberless and endless spontaneous variations of all its kind in past time.

Now, when the coco-nut has actually reached the ground at last, and proceeds to sprout in the spot where chance (perhaps in the bodily shape of a disappointed monkey) has chosen to cast it, these numerous safeguards and solid envelopes naturally begin to prove decided nuisances to the embryo within. It starts under the great disadvantage of being hermetically sealed within a solid wooden shell, so that no water can possibly get at it to aid it as most other seeds are aided in the process of germination. Fancy yourself a seed-pea, anxious to sprout, but coated all round with a hard covering of impermeable sealing-wax, and you will be in a position faintly to appreciate the unfortunate predicament of a grower coco-nut. Natural selection, however—that *deus ex machina* of modern science, which can perform such endless wonders, if only you give it time enough to work in and variations enough to work upon—natural selection has come to the rescue of the unhappy plant by leaving it a little hole at the top of the shell, out of which it can push its feathery green head without difficulty. Everybody knows that if you look at the sharp end of a coco-nut you will see three little brown pits or depressions on its surface. Most people also know that two of these are firmly stopped up (for a reason to which I shall presently recur), but that the third one is only

closed by a slight film or very thin shell, which can be easily bored through with a pocket-knife, so as to let the milk run off before cracking the shell. So much we have all learned during our ardent pursuit of natural knowledge on half-holidays in early life. But we probably then failed to observe that just opposite this soft hole lies a small roundish knob, embedded in the pulp or eatable portion, which knob is in fact the embryo palm or seedling, for whose ultimate benefit the whole arrangement (in brown and green) has been invented. That is very much the way with man: he notices what concerns his own appetite, and omits all the really important parts of the whole subject. We think the use of the hole is to let out the milk; but the nut knows that its real object is to let out the seedling. The knob grows out at last into the young plantlet, and it is by means of the soft hole that it makes its escape through the shell to the air and the sunshine which it seeks without.

This brings us really down at last to the true *raison d'être* for the milk in the coco-nut. As the seed or kernel cannot easily get at much water from outside, it has a good supply of water laid up for it ready beforehand within its own encircling shell. The mother liquid from which the pulp or nutty part has been deposited remains in the centre, as the milk, till the tiny embryo begins to sprout. As soon as it does so, the little knob which was at first so very small enlarges rapidly and absorbs the water, till it grows out into a big spongy cellular mass, which at last almost fills up the entire shell. At the same time, its other end pushes its way out through the soft hole, and then gives birth to a growing bud at the top—the future stem and leaves—and to a number of long threads beneath—the future roots. Meanwhile, the spongy mass inside begins gradually to absorb all the nutty part, using up its oils and starches for the purpose of feeding the young plant above, until it is of an age to expand its leaves to the open tropical sunlight and shift for itself in the struggle for life. It seems at first sight very hard to understand how any tissue so solid as the pulp of coco-nut can be thus softened and absorbed without any visible cause; but in the subtle chemistry of living vegetation

such a transformation is comparatively simple and easy to perform. Nature sometimes works much greater miracles than this in the same way: for example, what is called vegetable ivory, a substance so solid that it can be carved or turned only with great difficulty, is really the kernel of another palm-nut, allied to the coco-palm, and its very stony particles are all similarly absorbed during germination by the dissolving power of the young seedling.

Why, however, has the coco-nut three pores at the top instead of one, and why are two out of the three so carefully and firmly sealed up? The explanation of this strange peculiarity is only to be found in the ancestral history of the coco-nut kind. Most nuts, indeed, start in their earlier stage as if they meant to produce two or more seeds each; but as they ripen, all the seeds except one become abortive. The almond, for example, has in the flower two seeds or kernels to each nut; but in the ripe state there is generally only one, though occasionally we find an almond with two—a philipœna, as we commonly call it—just to keep in memory the original arrangement of its earlier ancestors. The reason for this is that plants whose fruits have no special protection for their seeds are obliged to produce a great many of them at once, in order that one seed in a thousand may finally survive the onslaughts of their Argus-eyed enemies; but when they learn to protect themselves by hard coverings from birds and beasts, they can dispense with some of these supernumerary seeds, and put more nutriment into each one of those that they still retain. Compare, for example, the innumerable small round seedlets of the poppy-head with the solitary large and richly-stored seed of the walnut, or the tiny black specks of mustard and cress with the single compact and well-filled seed of the filbert and the acorn. To the very end, however, most nuts begin in the flower as if they meant to produce a whole capsuleful of small unstored and unprotected seeds, like their original ancestors; it is only at the last moment that they recollect themselves, suppress all their ovules except one, and store that one with all the best and oiliest food-stuffs at their disposal. The nuts, in fact, have learned by long

experience that it is better to be the only son and heir of a wealthy house, set up in life with a good capital to begin upon, than to be one of a poor family of thirteen needy and unprovided children.

Now, the coco-nuts are descended from a great tribe—the palms and lilies—which have as their main distinguishing peculiarity the arrangement of parts in their flowers and fruits by threes each. For example, in the most typical flowers of this great group, there are three green outer calyx-pieces, three bright-colored petals, three long outer stamens, three short inner stamens, three valves to the capsule, and three seeds or three rows of seeds in each fruit. Many palms still keep pretty well to this primitive arrangement, but a few of them which have specially protected or highly developed fruits or nuts have lost in their later stages the threefold disposition in the fruit, and possess only one seed, often a very large one. There is no better than a coco-nut—that is to say, from our present point of view at least, though the fear of that awful person, the botanical Smelfungus, compels me to add that this is not quite technically true. Smelfungus, indeed, would insist upon it that the coco-nut is not a nut at all, and would thrill us with the delightful information, innocently conveyed in that delicious dialect of which he is so great a master, that it is really ‘a drupaceous fruit with a fibrous mesocarp.’ Still, in spite of Smelfungus with his nice hair-splitting distinctions, it remains true that humanity at large will still call a nut a nut, and that the coco-nut is the highest known development of the peculiar nutty tactics. It has the largest and most richly-stored seed of any known plant; and this seed is surrounded by one of the hardest and most unmanageable of any known shells. Hence the coco-nut has readily been able to dispense with the three kernels which each nut used in its earlier and less developed days to produce. But though the palm has thus taken to reducing the number of its seeds in each fruit to the lowest possible point consistent with its continued existence at all, it still goes on retaining many signs of its ancient threefold arrangement. The ancestral and most deeply ingrained habits persist in

the earlier stages ; it is only in the mature form that the later acquired habits begin fully to predominate. Even so our own boys pass through an essentially savage childhood of ogres and fairies, bows and arrows, sugar-plums and barbaric nursery tales, as well as a romantic boyhood of mediæval chivalry and adventure, before they steady down into that crowning glory of our race, the solid, sober, matter-of-fact, commercial British Philistine. Hence the coco-nut in its unstripped state is roughly triangular in form, its angles answering to the separate three fruits of simpler palms ; and it has three pits or weak places in the shell, through which the embryos of the three original kernels used to force their way out. But as only one of them is now needed, that one alone is left soft ; the other two, which would be merely a source of weakness to the plant if unprotected, are covered in the existing nut by harder shell. Doubtless they serve in part to deceive the too inquisitive monkey or other enemy, who probably concludes that if one of the pits is hard and impermeable, the other two are so likewise.

Though I have now, I hope, satisfactorily accounted for the milk in the coco-nut, and incidentally for some other matters in its economy as well, I am loath to leave the young seedling whom I have brought so far on his way, to the tender mercies of the winds and storms and tropical animals, some of whom are extremely fond of his juicy and delicate shoots. Indeed, the growing point or bud of most palms is a very pleasant succulent vegetable, and one kind—the West Indian mountain cabbage—deserves a better and more justly descriptive name, for it is really much more like seakale or asparagus. I shall try to follow our young seedling on in life, therefore, so as to give, while I am about it, a fairly comprehensive and complete biography of a single flourishing coco-nut palm.

Beginning, then, with the fall of the nut from the parent-tree, the troubles of the future palm confront it at once in the shape of the nut-eating crab. This evil-disposed crustacean is common around the sea-coast of the eastern tropical islands, which is also the region mainly affected by the coco-nut palm ;

for coco-nuts are essentially shore-loving trees, and thrive best in the immediate neighborhood of the sea. Among the fallen nuts, the clumsy-looking thief of a crab (his appropriate Latin name is *Birgus latro*) makes great and dreaded havoc. To assist him in his unlawful object he has developed a pair of front legs, with specially strong and heavy claws, supplemented by a last or tail-end pair armed only with very narrow and slender pincers. He subsists entirely upon a coco-nut diet. Setting to work upon a big fallen nut—with the husk on, coco-nuts measure in the raw state about twelve inches the long way—he tears off all the coarse fibre bit by bit, and gets down at last to the hard shell. Then he hammers away with his heavy claw on the softest eye-hole till he has pounded an opening right through it. This done he twists round his body so as to turn his back upon the coco-nut he is operating upon (crabs are never famous either for good manners or gracefulness) and proceeds awkwardly but effectually to extract all the white kernel or pulp through the breach with his narrow pair of hind pincers. Like man, too, the robber-crab knows the value of the outer husk as well as of the eatable nut itself, for he collects the fibre in surprising quantities to line his burrow and lies upon it, the clumsy sybarite, for a luxurious couch. Alas, however, for the helplessness of crabs and the rapacity and cunning of all-appropriating man ! The spoil-sport Malay digs up the nest for the sake of the fibre it contains, which spares him the trouble of picking junk on his own account, and then he eats the industrious crab who has laid it all up, while he melts down the great lump of fat under the robber's capacious tail, and sometimes gets from it as much as a good quart of what may be practically considered as limpid coco-nut oil. *Sic vos non vobis* is certainly the melancholy refrain of all natural history. The coco-nut palm intends the oil for the nourishment of its own seedling ; the crab feloniously appropriates it and stores it up under his capacious tail for future personal use ; the Malay steals it again from the thief for his own purposes ; and ten to one the Dutch or English merchant beguiles it from him with sized calico or poisoned rum, and

transmits it to Europe, where it serves to lighten our nights and assist at our matutinal tub, to point a moral and adorn the present tale.

If, however, our coco-nut is lucky enough to escape the robber-crabs, the pigs, and the monkeys, as well as to avoid falling into the hands of man, and being converted into the copra of commerce, or sold from a costermonger's barrow in the chilly streets of ungenial London at a penny a slice, it may very probably succeed in germinating after the fashion I have already described, and pushing up its head through the surrounding foliage to the sunlight above. As a rule, the coco-nut has been dropped by its mother tree on the sandy soil of a sea-beach; and this is the spot it best loves, and where it grows to the stateliest height. Sometimes, however, it falls into the sea itself, and then the loose husk buoys it up, so that it floats away bravely till it is cast by the waves upon some distant coral reef or desert island. It is this power of floating and surviving a long voyage that has dispersed the coco-nut so widely among oceanic islands, where so few plants are generally to be found. Indeed, on many atolls or isolated reefs (for example, on Keeling Island) it is the only tree or shrub that grows in any quantity, and on it the pigs, the poultry, the ducks, and the land-crabs of the place entirely subsist. In any case, wherever it happens to strike, the young coco nut sends up at first a fine rosette of big spreading leaves, not raised as afterward on a tall stem, but springing direct from the ground in a wide circle, something like a very big and graceful fern. In this early stage nothing can be more beautiful or more essentially tropical in appearance than a plantation of young coco-nuts. Their long feathery leaves spreading out in great clumps from the buried stock, and waving with lithe motion before the strong sea-breeze of the Indies, are the very embodiment of those deceptive ideal tropics which, alas, are to be found in actual reality nowhere on earth save in the artificial palm houses at Kew, and the Casino Gardens at too entrancing Monte Carlo.

For the first two or three years the young palms must be well watered, and the soil around them opened; after

which the tall graceful stem begins to rise rapidly into the open air. In this condition it may be literally said to make the tropics—those fallacious tropics, I mean, of painters and poets, of Enoch Arden and of Locksley Hall. You may observe that whenever an artist wants to make a tropical picture, he puts a group of coco-nut palms in the foreground, as much as to say, "You see there's no deception; these are the genuine unadulterated tropics." But as to painting the tropics without the palms, he might just as well think of painting the desert without the camels. At eight or ten years old the tree flowers, bearing blossoms of the ordinary palm type, degraded likenesses of the lilies and yuccas, greenish and inconspicuous, but visited by insects for the sake of their pollen. The flower, however, is fertilized by the wind, which carries the pollen grains from one bunch of blossoms to another. Then the nuts gradually swell out to an enormous size, and ripen very slowly, even under the brilliant tropical sun. (I will admit that the tropics are hot, though in other respects I hold them to be arrant impostors, like that precocious American youth who announce don his tenth birthday that in his opinion life wasn't all that it was cracked up to be.) But the worst thing about the coco-nut palm, the missionaries always say, is the fatal fact that when once fairly started, it goes on bearing fruit uninterruptedly for forty years. This is very immoral and wrong of the ill-conditioned tree, because it encourages the idyllic Polynesian to lie under the palms all day long, cooling his limbs in the sea occasionally, sporting with Amaryllis in the shade, or with the tangles of Neæra's hair, and waiting for the nuts to drop down in due time, when he ought (according to European notions) to be killing himself with hard work under a blazing sky, raising cotton, sugar, indigo, and coffee, for the immediate benefit of the white merchant, and the ultimate advantage of the British public. It doesn't enforce habits of steady industry and perseverance, the good missionaries say; it doesn't induce the native to feel that burning desire for Manchester piece-goods and the other blessings of civilization which ought properly to accompany the propagation

of the missionary in foreign parts. You stick your nut in the sand ; you sit by a few years and watch it growing ; you pick up the ripe fruits as they fall from the tree ; and you sell them at last for illimitable red cloth to the Manchester piece-goods merchant. Nothing could be more simple or more satisfactory. And yet it is difficult to see the precise moral distinction between the owner of a coco-nut grove in the South Sea Islands and the owner of a coal-mine or a big estate in commercial England. Each lounges decorously through life after his own fashion ; only the one lounges in a Russia leather chair at a club in Pall Mall, while the other lounges in a nice soft dust-heap beside a rolling surf in Tahiti or the Hawaiian archipelago.

Curiously enough, at a little distance from the sandy levels or alluvial flats of the seashore, the sea-loving coco-nut will not bring its nuts to perfection. It will grow, indeed, but it will not thrive or fruit in due season. On the coast-line of Southern India, immense groves of coco-nuts fringe the shore for miles and miles together ; and in some parts, as in Travancore, they form the chief agricultural staple of the whole country. "The State has hence facetiously been called Coconutcore," says its historian ; which charmingly illustrates the true Anglo-Indian notion of what constitutes facetiousness, and ought to strike the last nail into the coffin of a competitive examination system. A good tree in full bearing should produce 120 coco-nuts in a season ; so that a very small grove is quite sufficient to maintain a respectable family in decency and comfort. Ah, what a mistake the English climate made when it left off its primitive warmth of the tertiary period, and got chilled by the ice and snow of the Glacial epoch down to its present misty and dreary wheat-growing condition. If it were not for that, those odious habits of steady industry and perseverance might never

have been developed in ourselves at all, and we might be lazily picking copra off our own coco-nut palms, to this day, to export in return for the piece-goods of some Arctic Manchester situated somewhere about the north of Spitzbergen or the New Siberian Islands.

Even as things stand at the present day, however, it is wonderful how much use we modern Englishmen now make in our own houses of this far Eastern nut, whose very name still bears upon its face the impress of its originally savage origin. From morning to night we never leave off being indebted to it. We wash with it as old brown Windsor or glycerine soap the moment we leave our beds. We walk across our passages on the mats made from its fibre. We sweep our rooms with its brushes, and wipe our feet on it as we enter our doors. As rope, it ties up our trunks and packages ; in the hands of the housemaid it scrubs our floors ; or else, woven into coarse cloth, it acts as a covering for bales and furniture sent by rail or steamboat. The confectioner undermines our digestion in early life with coco-nut candy ; the cook tempts us later on with coco-nut cake ; and Messrs. Huntley & Palmer cordially invite us to complete the ruin with coco-nut biscuits. We anoint our chapped hands with one of its preparations after washing ; and grease the wheels of our carriages with another to make them run smoothly. Finally we use the oil to burn in our reading lamps, and light ourselves at last to bed with stearine candles. Altogether, an amateur census of a single small English cottage results in the startling discovery that it contains twenty-seven distinct articles which owe their origin in one way or another to the coco-nut palm. And yet we affect in our black ingratitude to despise the question of the milk in the coco-nut.—*Cornhill Magazine*.

TERRORISM IN RUSSIA AND TERRORISM IN EUROPE.

BY STEPNIAC.

TIME was when dynamite seemed likely to remain the exclusive patrimony of Russian revolutionists—that is to say, of Nihilists—and to have no function out-

side the Muscovite Empire, except the innocent industrial one of exploding mines. But in the last year or two events have occurred, now in one place

and now in another, which makes this supposition questionable. In France, in Belgium, in Spain, in Italy, and even in England, there have been explosions of dynamite, of which the aim has been by no means industrial; and hardly a week passes without newspaper reports of the arrest of this person or that for carrying dynamite or bombs, or of the discovery of a dépôt of these infernal substances. It is true that the acts of terrorism committed in Europe have not as yet assumed a serious aspect, owing to the manifest want of organization in their preparation, the inexperience shown in their execution, and the defect of concerted plan by which they are all characterized. They are isolated attempts, evidently conceived and carried out by single individuals or by small groups, and may be regarded as experiments in the use of dynamite rather than as political acts; for in most cases it has been equally impossible to discover the individuals against whom they have been directed and the class it has been proposed to intimidate.

But may not this aspect of the matter change with time? The first step has been achieved, and it involves much: to the acts mentioned above, the significance of a policy has been imputed; dynamite has become the accredited symbol of anarchy, the banner of the extreme revolutionary party. And for a certain class of minds, extreme parties will always have peculiar attractions. Will it not be possible for all revolutionary spirits who have resorted to courses of destruction and violence, to unite themselves under this banner in a single organization of a prudent and far-seeing character, which shall give a terrible concentration to these hitherto disconnected acts? It is not necessary to look far in order to find the country in which all this has already happened. The spectre of Russian terrorism rises before eyes dilated with panic, and forces upon us the question—are the bombs and explosives of the European terrorists merely extravagances of a few hot heads, or are we on the eve of a new era in the revolutionary movement? In order to answer this question, and, what is more important, to put the reader in a position to answer it for himself, we propose to pass in review

the causes of Russian terrorism—considering them impartially and as far as possible objectively, not as a political tendency, but as historical facts, the inevitable and fatal result of special circumstances; by studying which we may perhaps come to understand the conditions of terrorism in general, and so qualify ourselves to form an opinion upon the terrorism of the present anarchy.

I.

That which surprises and perplexes all those who interest themselves in the so-called Nihilists, is the incomprehensible contrast between their terrible and sanguinary methods and their humane and enlightened ideals of social progress: a contrast that is suggested most forcibly by their personal qualities. For, whenever these men come actually before the eyes of the public, every unprejudiced and independent observer is forced to recognize that, instead of the ferocious monsters their acts would suggest, they are in fact men of the gentlest disposition, evidently inspired by unselfish love for their country, and, more often than not, well-educated, refined, and belonging to the best society. How is it then, that men of this sort, not only commit so many deeds of blood, but defend them, and proclaim them openly as fair means of political warfare?

This is the peremptory question that every historian of the revolutionary movement in Russia has to answer. And accordingly each one in turn first approaches the phenomena of terrorism from a psychological point of view, and shows how this apparent contradiction is explained by the conduct of the Government toward the Socialists. On this point it may be said that there is but one opinion among competent judges; all, without distinction of party, have pronounced in favor of the Nihilists.

When a Government considers all things permitted against a particular section of its subjects, and hunts them down like wild beasts without mercy and without truce, the persecuted body are, *ipso facto*, absolved from all civil obligations. The social pact ceases to exist for them, and unable to put themselves under the protection of the civil law they

are constrained to appeal to the natural instinct of self-defence and retaliation, which, under the name of Lynch law, prevails in the forests of the New World, where there are neither judges nor tribunals—as, in Russia, there are none for the Socialists.

A very good exposition of the gradual progress of the terroristic tendency under the influence of Government repression, was given by Prince Kropotkin in an article on Nihilism, published in the *Fortnightly Review* of May, 1882, to which I would refer my readers.

It is, however, a mistake to treat the ferocity of the system of repression as the sole, or even the principal, cause of terrorism in Russia. The acts we are considering have never been mere measures of personal defence or vengeance—they have always contained an element of aggression, of war; they have had a general purpose; they represent, in short, a *system of political strife*. And as such they have been adopted; by which I mean, that in the present condition of Russian affairs it is hoped, by these means, to realize approximately, if not entirely, the common aim of the party,—that is to say, the liberty of the country.

Liberty won by assassination! exclaim the good people. The phrase has an ugly sound. We are the first to acknowledge it and to regret it. But is the idea altogether new? Is not Timoleon, the liberator of Syracuse, universally celebrated as a hero, though he slew his own brother to deliver his country from a tyrant? The executions of Charles I. in England and of Louis XVI. in France, were they not called legal assassinations by Royalists? And were they not really such? Yet who can deny that these acts helped the cause of liberty in the countries in which they were perpetrated? Why then should not the assassination of Alexander II. prove equally useful? But let us not involve ourselves in moral considerations. It is not the apology for terrorism that we are making, but the analysis of it. The task before us is to inquire rather than to palliate. We will therefore leave the reader to apply for himself the French maxim—*tout comprendre, c'est tout pardonner*.

The anomaly presented by the strug-

gle for liberty in Russia is but a reflection of the anomalies inherent in the social condition of the country.

In other countries where liberal ideas have been developed concurrently with the material and intellectual development of the classes that stand in need of them, the result has been the overthrow of the autocracy by the revolutionary movement; the *bourgeoisie*, valuing itself upon its influence with the working-class, and especially with the more intelligent and excitable operatives of the towns, has stirred up the people to overthrow the *ancien régime*, and establish upon its ruins the parliamentary institutions that belong to the new political order. But in Russia nothing of this sort is possible. The whole nation languishes under its barbarous and incapable Government; and the working-class, reduced to literal starvation, suffers most of all. Profoundly discontented with its position, it is given up to dreams of agrarian communism. We have here the elements of a vast popular revolution that should loosen the joints of the existing order from the base to the summit of the social fabric. In the beginning, the Socialists entertained the dream that Russia would accept the situation, and pass by one leap from despotism to socialism. But the actual course of events has cruelly exposed the fallacy of such hopes; and it is now inexorably evident that the overthrow of the autocracy is an indispensable first step toward progress of any kind. The means by which such a political revolution could be worked are, however, presently wanting in Russia, and they are likely to be wanting for a time that cannot be calculated. The operatives of the towns make an insignificant part of the population, and they are distinguished from the rest by no special intelligence. The *bourgeoisie* is only beginning to exist; and that of the country and the provincial towns which alone has influence, is quite uncultivated: it can barely read and write, and is anything but liberal in its ideas.

There remains the mixed class of cultivated and educated people—in Russia called “the intelligent class”—that has no distinctive origin, or even position, except such as comes by professional or official occupation, and includes nobility

and *bourgeoisie*, sons of the Church, as well as employés of the Government. It is upon this class, nourished from childhood on the liberal thoughts of the best European thinkers and permeated by the most advanced democratic ideas, that the actual despotism presses most painfully. But, with a cruel irony, this class is deprived of its natural support by the moral gulf that separates it from the people.

This social chasm is the supreme misfortune of our country. Left to itself, without means of enlightenment, the people is given over to mediæval prejudices in politics and religion, and becomes the docile and unconscious instrument by which the Government maintains the very *régime* under which it suffers; while the cultivated classes, deprived of support, are placed in a truly desperate position. In their own country, surrounded by compatriots in speech and in blood, their condition is that of a race numerically small but of superior culture, subject to conquering barbarians.

This then is the anomaly in the social state that produces the anomaly of the political issue. There was only one course by which it could have been obviated—that the Government, accepting the situation, should have voluntarily abstained from using the material forces at command to oppress this new nation within the nation that has been begotten by the ardor of the Western breeze, on the plains of the Muscovite Empire. The part of a generous conqueror would have been to recognize that this new nation had its needs and its sacred rights, however incapable it might be of asserting them by force. But this the Government has never done, and in truth cannot do, without renouncing the autocracy. It has gone to the opposite extreme and treated the new class with a brutality rather Vandal than European. Every manifestation, however slight, of that independence of spirit which is the very breath of life to intelligent citizens—every freedom of thought or of speech, it has been the policy of the Government to requite with exile or the galleys. Rebellion was inevitable, and we have it in fact. Turn Nature out by the door and she comes back though the window. Un-

able to resort to open revolution, "intelligent Russia" is in a state of permanent passive rebellion; and by refusing all service and aid to the powers that be, contrives to paralyze such small efforts at reform as are attempted by the Government, which is thus driven to confide in unscrupulous and incompetent adventurers. Another result of this isolation of the cultivated class, and one specially interesting to us here, is the formation of a *milieu*, in which those whose patriotic feeling is strong enough to make them indifferent to personal risk can find moral support and encouragement even though they go the length of open rebellion. For in this class there is no disposition to be squeamish about the means resorted to by the more desperate spirits: the inequality of the forces pitted one against the other is so well appreciated—the wrongs, the griefs, the outrages, are so intimately felt—that everything is justified, everything applauded, provided the blow strikes to the heart of the enemy, and the serpent that strangles the whole nation is made to writhe.

These are, in our opinion, the principal causes leading, among us, to the system of war known by the name of terrorism. The repressive measures of the Government do but supply the kindling spark: they educate Socialists in the implacable hatred of oppressors, and they determine the first acts of terrorism, but they do not create terrorism: without the political and social conditions already indicated, these manifestations would remain isolated acts of self-defence and vengeance, and could never achieve the importance belonging to the systematized policy of a whole party. On the other hand—supposing for a moment that an impossibility had occurred—that the actual autocratic Government, while continuing to oppress the country, had treated the Socialist party with the utmost mildness; we still think it more than probable that terrorism would none the less have made its appearance in Russia—with only this difference, that in that case the movement would have begun at the point of aggression—that is to say, at *Tzaricide*—instead of passing through the preliminary phase of attacks upon government employés, all acts of this character hav-

ing been directly provoked by the repressive measures. In the short history of our revolutionary movement, there is an interesting incident that justifies this assumption. Karakozoff's attempt, made in 1866, was determined simply by the general policy of reaction pursued by the Government, and had no pretext of provocation in measures of repression against the Socialists, who indeed hardly existed as a party at that date. We have it on the authority of all concerned, that the society of which Karakozoff was a member had deliberately planned a series of similar attempts. But the times were not then mature; neither the society nor the revolutionary party were equal to so great a cause. How they have become so since, we shall see in the next chapter. Let us conclude this one with a recognition that, with the existing constitution of parties in Russia, only two courses of events are possible; either political terrorism on all sides, or a social revolution of the starving and desperate masses of the population. There is only one way of escape from this dilemma—that the revolution shall convert an integral part of the Government, that is to say, of the army, of the ministry, of the Imperial family itself, and the officials nearest to the throne. By this means the Government would be divided against itself, and the autocracy would fall to pieces by a process of natural decay. Such an event is anomalous, but the system now obtaining in Russia is an anachronism monstrous enough to make such anomalies possible. Should this state of things be realized, we should have a series of *coups d'état* and military insurrections, with more or less intervention on the part of other sections of the social body. And this is precisely the programme adopted by the party of "Narodnaya Volya," and which they are seeking to carry out. If they succeed, it will be well for us; if not, we shall have terrorism once again.

II.

In the preceding chapter we have endeavored to point out the method and the causes of the creation of terrorism, as an idea, a tendency, and a system. We have now to consider its machinery; and on this aspect of the matter we

propose to linger a little as that which is above all interesting. Modern social science teaches us that every phenomenon of social life has its material substratum with which it is so intimately and essentially connected that it cannot exist independently of it. We shall see that this principle holds in the present case; and in order to make the application plain we will venture upon a parallel. Karl Marx, the founder of the new school of political economy, has proved to demonstration that in the course of history the creation of capital and the development of the power of the third estate, or *bourgeoisie*, has always been based upon the spoliation of peasants and artisans, and the conversion of the whole laboring class into a proletariat without property in the soil, and obliged to hire itself out for daily wages to landlords and capitalists. In like manner it may be said that terrorism is based upon the creation of a political proletariat consisting of the so-called "illegal men," or outlaws of Russian society. I have explained elsewhere that this name is given to all those who continue to live in open defiance of the police by means of false names and passports. This is a class that exists in no other country, but is numerous in Russia, in consequence of the arbitrary action of one party and the revolutionary temper of another.

The fact is that in Russia every one who has the misfortune to fall into the hands of the police as a political offender—no matter how trivial his offence may be—is, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, a lost man. The preliminary detention is made at the arbitrary pleasure of the prosecution, which in Russia is another name for the police: they can arrest and detain whom they will. No blame attaches to a mistaken arrest: on the contrary, the more arrests the greater the merits of the prosecutor. For instance, at the time of the trial of the "hundred and ninety-three" in 1878, there were, over and above this number of the accused, about one thousand four hundred persons arrested. Of these, half were set at liberty after a few months, but the remainder were kept in prison during the whole four years that the case lasted; save only seventy-five who died, some by suicide, some of con-

sumption, some insane. And in more recent times, when the white terror followed upon outbreaks of revolutionary terrorism, and especially in the reign of Alexander III.—who invented a species of political proconsuls, such as Strelmikov, to devastate towns and provinces, and arrest right and left—the severities have been even greater. But I have no positive figures at hand.

The normal penalties for political crimes are simply Draconian, ten years at the galleys for a single speech, or for reading or preserving a proclamation. And whenever a prosecution follows an outbreak, the tribunal receives special orders to aggravate the penalties so as to make "a salutary example," and the verdicts become legal assassinations of the most monstrous character. The lad Rosovskiy was condemned to death, and actually hanged at Kiev on the 5th of March, 1880, for merely having in his house a proclamation of the Executive Committee. The same judgment was passed on the student Efremov for having lent a room in his house to two revolutionists who were concerting a plan of escape without even taking their young host into confidence. But his sentence was commuted to a lifelong condemnation to the galleys in consequence of his having the weakness to appeal for mercy. Drobiasgin, Maidansky, Lisogub, Tchubarov, were all hanged—some for having subscribed money to the revolutionary cause, others for conveying a box, of which they did not know the contents, but which was proved to contain notes for a circular drawn up by two or three youths: offences, one and all, which the actual law of the country punishes only with exile or a few years of imprisonment.

But is there not a degree of innocence that can avail even before a Russian tribunal? If a man knows himself to be absolutely uncompromised in any revolutionary enterprise; if the police, on searching his house, could find no compromising document; if no treacherous deposition aggravate his danger—might not this man hope to get off with a few months, or at the utmost one, two, or three years of detention, and be left in peace for the rest of his life, with health impaired perhaps but not ruined, a future spoiled but not destroyed, and the

means of recovery with time and industry? Even so poor a hope as this will prove illusory in Russia. The principle of the terrible *law of suspects* is that not only the act, but the thought and the intention, shall be punished, and that these can be divined by the intuition of a *clairvoyant* police who need no proofs to confirm their guesses. It is an altogether exceptional and astounding thing for a man once implicated in a state prosecution to be ever again left in peace. Convicts with definitive sentences just after they have served out their term of punishment as well as those who are acquitted by the tribunals, even the very witnesses (who had also suffered imprisonment to make them more malleable), except of course those on the side of the prosecution, are generally sent afterward into exile by *order of the administration*. The imposition of this final penalty is left entirely to the discretion of the police, who are guided only by information privately received, and who, according to the behavior of the witness or implicated person, before the tribunal or the judge, pronounce sentence of exile and appoint the place of punishment. This last point is a very weighty one, for it makes a material difference to a man whether he is sent to the uttermost parts of Siberia or to some less remote region. It is, moreover, in the power of the police to extend or shorten the term of exile at their pleasure. But they are in little haste to shorten it. Without any exaggeration, we may declare that no man of the opposition who refuses to renounce his convictions or to pretend hypocritically to do so, will ever be recalled from exile, even though he may have committed absolutely no offence. Some of the witnesses in the case of Netchaieff, tried in 1871, are to this day in administrative exile. And what is this administrative exile? A horrible slow decay, an undermining of the whole moral and physical constitution of a man, a consumption by slow fire. We need not speak of administrative exile in Eastern Siberia among the wild Yakut of the horrible deserts, in the country where winter lasts ten months and cold reaches to 40 or 50 degrees below zero; where no clothing can be had but untanned skins of beasts, where bread is a rare delicacy, and al-

most the only luxury is a meal of rotten fish ; where there are no human beings to exchange speech with, for the aborigines speak an unintelligible gibberish ; where the post comes but once in a year. In these icy deserts exile is worse than the galleys. Nevertheless, it is inflicted *administratively*—that is to say, at the sole will and pleasure of the police, and for offences too trivial (when not purely imaginary) to be cited even before a Russian tribunal.

But enough of this. Let us consider administrative exile in its milder forms—in Western Siberia or Northern Russia. Here we are in civilized countries—at least so far as the material side of life is concerned. There are houses to live in, there is food to eat, the European costume is in vogue. Only in order to enjoy all this, we must have money or the means of earning it. But how shall this last be done without intercourse with other citizens ? And this is just what the Government is determined to prevent, on the ground that “loyal subjects” are in danger of being corrupted. Hence the monstrous regulation of March 12th, 1882—reprinted in all the Russian newspapers of the day. It is forbidden to administrative exiles to give lessons, or occupy themselves in any educational function, or even to give instruction in manual arts. They are also forbidden to hold conferences, to take part in scientific meetings or to attend theatrical performances, to serve in libraries, in printing-offices, in lithographers’ or photographers’ shops, or even as journeymen laborers ; and always for the same reason—to obviate the risk of propaganda. On the same ground those who are doctors, chemists, or accoucheurs, are forbidden to exercise their respective professions. Finally, because many of them are men of letters, they are forbidden to contribute to reviews and newspapers. What means of earning their bread is left to them ? Manual labor, in some cases. But what does that mean for educated men who have never held a workman’s tool in their hands ? And even that is not always permitted. The Government does not think itself safe, short of granting discretionary power to the administration, to forbid any exile to practice his own handicraft.

Obviously, having thus deprived the exiles of the means of earning their living, it is incumbent upon the Government to maintain them, like prisoners, at the public cost. And in fact, this obligation is recognized in principle, and a monthly allowance is made to every political exile—five roubles to those who are of noble origin, and three to those who are not noble. The larger sum is about equal to ten shillings, the smaller to six shillings, a month. Such an allowance as this is a mockery. And were it not for the contributions of friends and relations, which all the exiles share like brothers, they must all die of starvation. But the friends of the exiles are overburdened with other expenses ; and the utmost they can do for their unfortunate comrades amounts to little more than a few crumbs cast into an abyss of indigence. The exiles sink into a state of squalid misery, and their health wastes away for want of the commonest necessities of life.* At the same time, the absence of books and newspapers, the want of occupation and of intellectual interests, in this death-in-life, dragged out from day to day under the incessant *espionage* of the superintendents, produces a dull despair and apathy that wears out the spirit even more terribly than the physical hardships ruin the body. Those who have suffered it for a few years feel the effects of it all their lives, and maintain that even the misery of solitary confinement is preferable to this slow consumption prolonged through years and years, and sometimes through a lifetime. Proof of this lies in the number of suicides that occur among the administrative exiles : every issue of the “*Narodnaya Volya*” announces several.

Such is the future that awaits not only every revolutionist in Russia, but every member of the opposition who has once come in contact with the police. It would be easy to fill whole pages with examples of arbitrary inflictions of the extreme penalty. Not seldom, the police

* In order to alleviate their sufferings and supply their wants as far as possible, a purely philanthropic society has been founded under the name of “The Red Cross of the *Narodnaya Volya*,” with an agency abroad, presided over by Vera Zassoulitch (Clarens, Switzerland) ; and Pietro Lovroff (328, Rue St. Jacques, Paris).

are unable to formulate any kind of definite accusation, and the charges written against the names of men sent to perish in Siberia will be of this sort—"he belongs to a dangerous family," "has perverse opinions," "had a brother who was hanged!" We have not as yet complete statistics as to these exiles. It is, however, calculated approximately that, in the reign of Alexander II. alone, their number amounted to ten thousand—the flower of a whole generation brought to the sickle like the corn in ear. Verily, in these scattered hamlets of the desert, the youth of Russia is immolated. It is not necessary to seek further for the causes of sterility in all our fields of intellectual labor; a country as poor as ours in intellectual resources cannot stand this constant letting of its best blood.

But now let us suppose the case of a man who, by some lucky chance, learns beforehand that he is regarded with suspicion by the police. An inquiry, followed by an arrest, is inevitable. Beyond this, the event is doubtful: he will be cited to a trial of some sort, and may appear either at the prisoner's bar or in the witness-box; he may be acquitted or condemned; hanged or restored to provisional liberty. All these points are uncertain, and a man of sanguine temperament may flatter himself that the issue is doubtful also; but, in fact, one thing is certain, he will be sent into administrative exile, and will suffer all its miseries; and unless he is prepared to be a hypocrite or to make compromises, he must lay his account to spending the best years of his life in such exile, if not to die in it. Unless, indeed, he will have recourse to the only remaining expedient—flight. In this case, is it not better to fly at once? Accordingly, he flies. But it is those who hold the revolutionary faith who fly; those only who have not sufficient faith to endure the life of an outlaw remain, because their position in the heart of the revolutionary movement would be like that of an atheist priest within the Church.

It is precisely the predominance of the revolutionary faith that has created this class of outlaws. In former days a man being warned that he was compromised with the Government, began by getting out of the way, and kept in hiding until he could succeed in crossing the fron-

tiers; then he devoted himself either to active agitation among the European populations or to the literary propaganda of revolutionary ideas. But since the year 1873, when the movement reached its maturity and was reinforced by new life and ardor, to abandon one's country and agitate abroad has been felt to be too troublesome a course, and the resolution has been taken to remain on the soil and work for the cause under cover of false passports. At this point the new figure of the "illegal man" comes into the political field.

We have seen that the anticipated arrest is the principal means of his creation. Such cases occur every day; never an arrest takes place that does not carry with it *loss of legality* (as the Nihilist phrase has it) for several citizens whose addresses, letters, or photographs show them to be friends or acquaintances of the accused; the most energetic of these always resort to outlawry, and their number is swollen by those who, less fortunate or less resolute, have not been able to evade arrest, and after being sent into exile, contrive to get away from their station, a comparatively easy matter. And, finally, these are joined by a curious contingent of *volunteer outlaws*, consisting of men who renounce legality before they have even compromised themselves, knowing well that they stand in daily risk of doing so, and not wishing to be caught unprepared. Such are the sources from which *illegal Russia* has sprung into existence. Statistics are wanting by which to estimate its numerical strength; we can only say that it is less than it should be in the present condition of Russia; and this because none enter into it except the Socialists. Even so, however, the number of "illegal men" who have come upon the scene during the last eight or ten years cannot be less than several thousands.

These outlaws may be described as men deprived of all political and civil rights. If they have had a profession, a trade, or any sort of occupation, they can no longer practice it, for to make themselves known is to be arrested. If they are men of property, they must renounce all rights of property; for having lost their identity, they are no longer in a position to enjoy their estates, or to alienate them by will or by gift. If they

have families, they must disown them, for they cannot venture to see them any more. The police, knowing the weakness of human nature, keeps special watch over the near relations of every "illegal man," and seizes the opportunity of a stolen interview to effect his arrest. His sweetheart will sometimes follow him, abandoning everything for his sake.

All these things taken into consideration, the position of the "illegal men" is not so miserable or so defenceless as might be supposed. For these reasons. Their own number is considerable, and the number of those who, without throwing in their lot with them, are yet willing to help them, is simply enormous. So that they constitute a State within the State, having their own organization, their particular code of manners and customs, an independent public opinion, a special press and various offices of government, among which the most important are the passport office and the finance office—by which the community provides for the needs of its members. This mysterious republic, in constant war with the Government, is moreover on terms of peace and amity with all the world outside. Altogether the life of such an outlaw is as different as possible from what a European reader might suppose, if he judged by the case of a man in a corresponding position in any other country. The Russian outlaw is on his guard, but he is not obliged to hide himself. He goes about openly, frequents public haunts and domestic circles, attends theatres and concerts, becomes a member of scientific and literary societies, etc. etc. ; and wherever he goes he meets people who are aware of his *ill-gality*. But he has nothing to fear from them, for any one who should betray his secret would incur universal contempt, and be counted irredeemably dishonored for the rest of his life. Generally speaking, it may be said that an "illegal man" stands in no danger whatever so long as he stands alone. The real and only danger is when he puts himself in relation with comrades to concert a revolutionary attempt.

It is from among this class of "illegal men" that the ranks of terrorism are recruited, and therefore I affirm that the creation of this class of men, desti-

tute of political rights, bears the same relation to the systematization of terror that the creation of the proletariat (or class economically spoiled) bears to the organization of capital. The one is the material substratum of the other. The truth of this assertion may be tested by a single question. Is it possible to carry on an organized revolutionary movement in the manner of Zassoulitch—that is to say, can every man who takes part in a revolutionary act consign himself afterward into the hands of so-called justice, as Vera Zassoulitch did when she shot General Trepoff? This is a question that admits of no answer but a unanimous and emphatic "No"; except perhaps on the part of mere lookers-on, quiet citizens who, knowing nothing of the real working of revolutions always imagine the revolutionist to be an abnormal creature outside the ordinary laws of human nature. The revolutionists of all countries, and especially those of Russia, will answer with one accord that on these terms a systematic revolution is a thing absolutely impossible; no party, however enthusiastic, *exalté*, heroic, can produce men like Zassoulitch by the dozen.

And a man who is not an outlaw, but a citizen living under ordinary conditions, when he commits an act of terrorism does nothing less than sacrifice completely and irrecoverably his future, his life, his all! For in Europe there remains no possible position in society, no occupation of any sort, for the man who has a deed of blood at his heels. He is dead, if not physically, at least morally and politically. Men, ready to make such sacrifices, are not easy to find. When they fall, how are they to be replaced?

But the violence of Russian despotism has created the class of "illegal men," and so solved the problem. The revolutionary outlaws are men sacrificed in advance. They know that the fatal hour must come for each one of them sooner or later; and one and all they throw themselves into the desperate struggle initiated by a handful of heroes. I do not know who it was that calculated the average duration of an "illegal man's" life at two years. Possibly the estimate is even too long. But in that short space there is no definite moment

or act that is known beforehand to be the fatal one—an important point, as every one knows who understands human nature. The outlaw knows he stakes his life upon every enterprise in which he embarks, but he knows also that by courage, resolution, and presence of mind he may escape death, and that in that case he loses nothing, while he gains the satisfaction of having done his part well. It matters little to him that the police are on his track; he is not a person—but a shadow, a number, a mark. He has but to change his name, his passport, and his dwelling-place, and he vanishes, to begin life anew. If through any unfortunate combination of circumstances his real name transpires, he only suffers the annoyance of being, for a short time, carefully sought by the police. Protected and hidden in his little world beyond the law, he can afford to laugh at their pains; and, after a short interval of repose, he appears again and once more openly defies the enemy. Neither does he lose consideration in general society if he has any relations there which he cares to maintain; for the devotion and affection of "loyal subjects" to their Czar is of such a singular character that a man who has attempted the life of his sovereign, or of one of his ministers, does not thereby lose respect and esteem, or cease to be a welcome guest in the houses of the best society. (This is a statement that will provoke a shriek of rage from Kat Roff, the present vice-emperor; but neither he nor the Government can deny its perfect truthfulness. Least of all does the prospect of punishment deter the "illegal man" from attempting desperate deeds. That is a consideration that does not weigh with him for a moment; he knows that as a revolutionist he has no hope of escaping, whatever he does or does not do. He is only concerned to crowd into the brief term of life allotted to him, the greatest possible number of services to the cause of liberty, and of injuries to the common enemy.

But the opposing forces are so unequal that the revolutionary party cannot carry on the struggle in the form of war. Its soldiers often transform themselves into voluntary martyrs, and invoke victory for their cause, after the

manner of the Roman leaders, by dedicating themselves to the infernal gods. Such was the part of Zolovieff, of Grinevezki, of Kara Rosoft, of Mlodezki, and others. But these cases of exceptional heroism; and indeed all the general heroism displayed by the revolutionary party, to the amazement, and even the admiration of their very enemies—is it not due in no inconsiderable degree to this life beyond the law and under the sword of Damocles?

We have no sympathy with the apotheosis of a nation any more than of a party. If the Nihilists have any virtue peculiar to themselves (as they certainly have some defects) it is in consequence of the conditions in which they live. The ancients said: *poetæ nascuntur oratores fiunt*. We may say with more truth that heroes are not born, but are moulded in the school of danger and sacrifice. Man is altogether a creature of habit. There is nothing to which he may not be accustomed: to privations and inconveniences, to things pleasant as well as unpleasant. By merely having it every day and each day before his eyes, he may become so used to danger that he will not think of it. He may become indifferent even to the idea of death, by looking it constantly in the face and carrying it always in his thoughts. A Russian traveller relates that once, when he was visiting the monastery of Mount Athos, an earthquake occurred during the celebration of mass. All the congregation were seized with panic, and rushed out of doors shrieking. But the monks remained at their posts and went through the service with imperturbable calm. When the shock was over, the traveller expressed his surprise to a friend among the monks, who answered simply: "What surprises you? Is not all our life a preparation for death?" A like answer may be given by the Russian revolutionary about to ascend the gallows with a firm step. Sophie Perovskaya, a few days before her execution, wrote to her mother: "My fate does not afflict me in the least, and I shall meet it with complete tranquillity, for I have long expected it, and known that sooner or later it must come." We do not pretend, therefore, that these men are, in any sense, giants—or even strange

freaks of chance or nature ; we will not even call them rare and passing types, but simply men who have been well trained in the awful school the Russian Government supports. So long as this school exists, and education in it continues to be compulsory, the supply of heroes will not fail.

We have now seen how terrorism has been developed in Russia, how it maintains itself and must continue to maintain itself. We do not hesitate to say that this system, which has been kept up for some years past by the existence of this outlawed class, must, as time goes on, banish all security from the State. The conditions that have created this class are unchanged ; the class itself is now more numerous than it has ever been before. It is quiet for the moment. But the apparent calm is not to be trusted. Modern Russia may be compared to Germany during the thirty years' war, when the whole country teemed with volunteers, and the cry of a popular leader sufficed to turn them into an army and put the country to fire and sword. The soldiers of the revolution are scattered through the length and breadth of the land, and everywhere their power is felt and the most energetic and resolute spirits are driven to make themselves outlaws. The moment a new Wallenstein sounds the alarm ; the moment a few victories have been gained—the contagion will spread from mind to mind, and those who still hesitate, or seem to hesitate, will crowd to his banner and throw themselves with new energy into the work of destruction. As things are at present, no one can answer for the tranquillity of the country ; no one, from the Emperor down to his humblest subaltern, can be sure of his life from day to day, any more than one can sleep peacefully in a house under which a barrel of dynamite is concealed.

III.

I have completed my study of terrorism in Russia, and it only remains for me to come back to the question concerning the nascent terrorism in Europe, which I put at starting. Is it the beginning of a new revolutionary movement—has it a future ?

I need not linger long over the answer,

which the reader can hardly have failed to anticipate. I do not believe that dynamite will ever be naturalized in Europe as a political agent. I do not think that terrorism has a future there.

The situation in Russia has been determined, as we have seen, by the fact that the party through which the actual political revolution is maintained is numerically so small, that were it to venture upon an open trial of its strength, it must inevitably be overpowered by the Government, which has the mass of the people at command. In Europe, on the other hand, the revolutionary movement is not so much political as economical, and the class concerned in it is the strongest as well as the largest numerically ; so much so, that a considerable section of it—let alone the whole, supposing it to be united and determined to act—would suffice to overpower all its enemies. And yet no insurrection takes place. Where political liberty exists, a favorable vote is enough to satisfy the socialists. The important thing is to make the liberal intention felt. Therefore, for European revolutionists to make personal attacks upon the Government or the *bourgeoisie*, would be as absurd, as if, in the last Franco-Prussian war, Moltke, Manteuffel, and other Prussian generals, instead of encompassing the weak enemy with their mighty battalions, would seek to penetrate in disguise to the heart of the French camp to engage in single combat with Napoleon, Bazaine, and McMahon, instead of meeting them at the head of their battalions.* Terrorism has no *raison d'être* on European soil, and will therefore not succeed in forming for itself the indispensable surrounding of a mass of sympathizers and supporters.

Moreover, the cause wants soldiers ; there are no "illegal men" in Europe like those of Russia. The conditions of European life have certainly produced revolutionists and socialists, but these are not driven to put themselves beyond the law in order to work for their ideals.

* Invert the comparison and imagine that by misadventure a single company of franc-tireurs, left alone to defend their country against the invaders, act in the same way toward the Prussian generals—you have then the case of the Russian Nihilists.

They remain citizens of their respective countries, and will certainly not sacrifice willingly the possibility of appearing in public and speaking freely and openly—the only means by which men can seriously influence their fellow-citizens in Europe.

But if the adoption of terrorism as an organized system of political warfare is absolutely impossible in Europe, what is the meaning of those acts of terrorism that occur now here, now there? We are very far from approving of them. On the first page of the number of the "Narodnaya Volya," published shortly after the death of President Garfield, the following declaration appeared:

"While expressing profound sympathy with the American people in the death of President James Abram Garfield, the Executive Committee feels itself obliged to protest in the name of the Russian revolutionary party against all acts of violence like that which has been perpetrated. In a country where the liberty of the subject allows peaceful discussion of ideas, where the will of the people not only makes the law but chooses the person by whom it is administered; in such a country as this, political assassination is a manifestation of the identical despotic tendency, to the destruction of which we are devoting ourselves in Russia. Despotism, whether wielded by individuals or by parties, is equally condemnable, and violence can only be justified when it is opposed to violence" (No. VI., Oct. 23d, 1881).

This declaration sums up the feeling of Russian revolutionists in regard to the real terrorism in Europe, and we can but indorse it. Nevertheless, it would be neither very philosophical nor altogether reassuring to regard the acts of terror committed on European soil as mere manifestations of individual wickedness and madness? For what guarantee should we have against madmen? To us it seems that these acts are the fruit of class hatreds and antagonisms developed under the influence of foreign examples, and without due regard to difference of local conditions, into a sanguinary political theory. It is precisely for this reason that we do not believe they will continue long. In politics, no course is adopted without

the hope that it will make its party the strongest; and the anarchists (we should rather say a few knots of anarchists) would not have betaken themselves to terrorism if they had not expected to draw the operative class into their camp, and inaugurate a movement of considerable importance. As, however, it is impossible, for the reasons indicated above, that such a result can ever be realized, they find themselves reduced to a kind of agitation of which the political insignificance (not to speak of its other aspects) is too evident; and they will probably abandon their ill-advised practices, rather than risk their lives for such false stakes. The sooner they do so, the better it will be for the interests of the social revolution.

There is, however, one important factor in the problem by means of which the life of this still-born babe may perhaps be artificially prolonged. To wit, the action of those governments who, wishing to avoid the state of things that has come about in Russia, have had the unlucky inspiration to adopt the Russian methods. For in what other way can we characterize sentences of five or six years' imprisonment for the mere holding of anarchical opinions, such as were lately passed at Lyons; or for participation in a demonstration, as in the case of Louise Michel? Is not this a reproduction of Russia in miniature? But it is always the same; repression is the easiest and quickest mode of response to what Carlyle has called the "petition in hieroglyphs;" nothing so simple as to blow brains out and refuse to inquire into anything.

What is to be done by those who will take the trouble to decipher the hieroglyphs in order to satisfy the abstruse petition—it is not my business to answer. I leave it to others. As for me, I have only endeavored to show, by a true exposition of Russian events, a useful example of *what should not be done*, of that which all civilized countries should avoid as completely as possible. —*Contemporary Review*.

A SKETCH OF M. CLÉMENTCEAU.

BY AN ANGLO-PARISIAN FRIEND.

M. CLÉMENTCEAU, in alluding in his last speech to the state of French village schools and the unjustly heavy fiscal burdens which weigh on the peasants, was angrily interrupted by Moderate and Monarchical deputies, and treated as a cobbler who did not stick to his last. They saw in him the representative of an urban constituency, and denied his competency to speak for rustics. In retaliating, he said he was country-born and reared, and came from the heart of a rural department—La Vendée, where he passes his summer vacations. M. Clémenceau has the west-Vendéan physiognomy, but with the well-formed mouth and white even teeth of the Breton Celt. His eyes express strongly fugitive moods and rapidly gay, grave and sombre thoughts. Their changefulness of expression is a great help to his oratory and enables him to be sober in gesticulation. The eminent French deputy has also the moral characteristics of the Vendéans. He holds fast, like them, to his opinions and believes in his principles. If he is ever persuaded by his party to trim, he will do it with a bad grace, and soon repent. His conscience has a healthy sensitiveness and is aided by an excellent heart. The mind is quick to assimilate and strong to grasp. It has received a scientific training and been untrammelled by every sort of cant from infancy to the present hour. M. Clémenceau not only sees the force of principle in politics, but the impossibility of getting on without it. His father, who was arrested on December 2d, brought up his sons and daughters in the ideas of the Revolution and the cult of M. Louis Blanc. Dr. Clémenceau, père, came to Paris to make the acquaintance of M. Louis Blanc in 1848. In a Republican place the Doctor might have been a dangerous foe of the Empire. But he only found sympathizers among his tenants and laborers and in his wife. She was a nominal Protestant, and of a sweet and firm disposition. Being highly educated, she was able to be the preceptress of her children. The

sons were prepared entirely by her for the High School at Nantes, and the daughters to pass examinations for diplomas. George, the orator, was not a promising pupil; his mind did not wake up until he was near seventeen, and wanted to pass an examination for a university degree. The only thing he could up to that time learn well was English, and that was because he wanted to read the "Adventures of Robinson Crusoe." To remember what he studied in the day time, he used to fasten his hand by a string to a nail in the wall over his head. This kept him from sleeping and he mentally went over his tasks. The faculty of assimilation became prodigious. As the brain got active and conscious of its strength the nerves grew impressionable. Great qualities developed, in running into excess, some defects, which, however, tend to soften down as experience of the world increases. The moral isolation of his family kept him from absorbing bourgeois prejudices, the absurdity of which came home to him when he grew up with the strength of freshness, and were made a butt for his irony. One of his rare friends was Paul Dubois, at whose funeral M. Clémenceau and M. Ranc exchanged olive branches. Native sincerity was braced up by a scientific training. Science is an enemy to sham and humbug.

Rapid cerebration and the habit of saying what he thinks gives M. Clémenceau a brusqueness of manner, which hurts touchy persons who only know him slightly. His irony is irrepressible when he meets with solemn and pretentious nullities. There is no more charming, pleasant, or better fellow at a small and intimate *déjeuner* or dinner. But those who meet him in society, for which he does not care, would think him dry and harsh. The truth is that he is soft-hearted to the point of weakness. His compassionate disposition renders his position as deputy of an arrondissement in which poverty is the rule a source of frequent pain. Nearly every evening his ante-room at the of-

fice of his journal is filled with scrubby men and women, who come to ask medical advice or to ask for help and patronage. It is torture to him to receive them ; but he gallantly hears them out, and does what he can for them. What lent him such vibrating eloquence when he was demanding a parliamentary inquiry into the state of the French working-classes were the harrowing impressions which he had freshly received from such visitors. His visit to England has been wrongly attributed to a veering round toward bourgeoisism. It thus came about. A ridiculous criticism of the speech in which he called for inquiry into working class grievances appeared on the 5th inst. in the *Times*. It was read to him on the following evening by M. Pelletan, in the presence of two sub-editors (both deputies), a municipal councillor (also on the staff of the *Justice*), and an English visitor. They were all astounded, and in a way amused. M. Pelletan asked how it was M. Clémenceau's motion could be so treated in a serious English journal, and whether England was not, as M. Louis Blanc described it, the classic land of parliamentary inquiries. His chief, though he had had a long conversation with English trade unionists on the subject, repeated the question. In answer a short sketch was given of Lord Shaftesbury's campaign against cruel mill-owners and colliery managers, and of Mr. Plimsoll's against speculators in unseaworthy vessels. M. Clémenceau then said, "As we should keep on the solid ground of fact and experience I have a mind to run across to London to see how the English manage affairs of this kind. I have friends there competent to help me, and I should be delighted even to receive light from Lord Shaftesbury. It will not be through our fault if the committee is not able to obtain a good diagnosis of industrial maladies."

As a medical student M. Clémenceau gave high promise, and was a house pupil at the Hôtel Dieu. Two-and-twenty years ago the Quartier-Latin was in a state of seething political fermentation. It was impossible for a young fellow brought up as M. Clémenceau was not to participate in *le réveil de la jeunesse*, or to avoid being drawn into plots

against the Empire. His future career was shaped by an apparently insignificant accident. Through Nantes friends he became acquainted with a wild soldier of fortune named Cluseret, who had served in the United States army against the South, and came home with the title of General to 'get up émeutes. Cluseret had an American following which hated the Emperor because he had encouraged the Secessionists. Knowing English, M. Clémenceau was able to converse with the General's Yankee friends, and was of an age when the mind is very receptive of new ideas. While other young agitators were living on Jacobin phrases, he was learning about Jefferson, Washington, Franklin, and how English colonies came to be a "Greater England." The true cause of his estrangement from his old Quartier-Latin associates three years ago was the difference between his point of view and theirs. In conspiring against the Empire M. Clémenceau got into trouble. A sojourn in Mazas failed to tame him. The thesis he read at his final examination sounded like a call of "To your tents, O Israel !" To escape returning to prison he went to America, bearing letters to Horace Greeley and a sub-editor of the *Tribune*. From New York he moved up to Connecticut, and while awaiting patients lectured on French literature in an athenæum. All the young ladies who came to hear him were engaged save one, and she is now Mme. Clémenceau. She came with him and her eldest child to France in 1870. He at once entered into relations with Gambetta, whom he had known well in the Quartier-Latin, and on the night of the 3d of September went round Belleville for him with Brateret, to tell the members of the National Guard there to meet next day in the Place de la Concorde and make a clean sweep of the Empire. M. Gambetta sent him to the mayoralty of Montmartre. During the siege his popularity rose fast, and he was returned at the next general election to the Assembly. But, with MM. Lockroy and Floquet, he resigned, when that body refused to hold any parley with the Commune. M. Clémenceau was authorized by the regular Government to make promises which they failed to honor. These

breaches of faith deprived him of the moral authority which would have enabled him to have saved the lives of General Lecomte and M. Clément Thomas.

Many of M. Clémentceau's advanced electors say that, although a bourgeois, he keeps faith with them. His reputation for probity enabled him to brave the Collectivists who were egged on by other bourgeois to put him down at a public meeting at Montmartre. M. Clémentceau is not one of those who hound on the people to revolt, and then hide until the storm is over; nor is he the partisan of the revolutionary means that he was under the Empire. The civil war and the sufferings of the Communists in the Antipodes impressed him with the terrible responsibility incurred in a resort to illegal force. Yet he was one of the few friends of M. Gambetta who joined him in preparing to resist Marshal MacMahon, if he dissolved the Chamber elected in October, 1877. On the Marshal's resignation the eager and unswerving Vendéan wanted M. Gambetta to take office and proceed to the business of establishing harmony between Republican principles and fiscal and political institutions. Unfortunately the Jacobin stock-in-trade was phrases, and the real aim of Jacobins was to substitute one set of men for another in the Civil Service. Dissipated parasites with nobiliary prefixes to their names were to be replaced by stingy parasites of humble bourgeois origin, who would look upon themselves as part of that great infallibility, the State. M. Clémentceau proposed to make rooks fly away by pulling down rookeries. He saw that monarchical environments would produce Monarchy under another name. Excuses were not wanting for standing still and enjoying the material fruits of victory. Grévy's mistrust of Radicalism and the foreign relations of France were put forward as reasons for doing next to nothing. M. Gambetta, it should in justice to him be added, knew the President disliked him, and feared that in being taken between him and the Senate he would be rendered impotent and his popularity used up in fruitless struggle. He preferred to do what he could through—as he termed them—Orleanists honneux, who were influential in the Senate.

This inertia demoralized Republicans and alienated M. Clémentceau from the Opportunist chief. The former pressed for at least a total amnesty of the Communists, who had received their initial impulse in 1870 from the deputies of Paris and their active and agitating friends, one of whom was M. Clémentceau. It was not only humane but just to amnesty, and in a Republic it was more important to be equitable than to win the favor of Beaconsfield, Bismarck, and the Czar. A breach took place after the Prince Imperial's death, when Bonapartists were rushing to the Petit Bourbon as if to do obeisance to the Republic, but with the ill-concealed object of hemming M. Gambetta in, and using him for their own advantage.

M. Clémentceau holds his ground in the Chamber, and gains ground outside, because he has convictions and can set them forth with peculiar ability. He has a satisfied majority before him, which only wants decent pretexts for voting with the Government. Incompatibility of humor and of standpoints fixes a gulf between him and the Jacobins. The Right is Royalist, and the Extreme Left the smallest group. It would form a poor clique if it tried to serve as one. Yet its leader compels the Chamber to listen to him, and as often and as long as he chooses to speak. His oratory is unique, and devoid of resonant phrases that wind up in ear-tickling climax. There is no apparent art, and certainly no artifice in his periods. What strikes one first is intensity, and method in arrangement exists, but is not at once perceptible. Ideas come so fast and with such strength and brightness that attention cannot flag. One feels that the speaker is ready to practice what he preaches, and the last man to furl his flag and hide it. His gestures are rare and instinctive; one of them is to hold his big, full forehead in his hands, and then to push them out from him—clenched. However suddenly put upon his mettle, he has the right word on the tip of his tongue. His irony is dreadful, but sparingly used, and in a touch-and-go manner. No part of the speech has been learned by heart, but the subjects with which it deals have been laboriously mastered and thought out during sleepless nights. When expecting to make a

speech, M. Clémenceau is troubled with insomnia and the attendant nervousness. In the tribune, and particularly if hotly interrupted, his blood gets up and he regains *ses moyens physiques*. In enthusiasm for ideas he is a poet. Though fond of plain speech, he has a passion for decorative furniture and flowers, and is as good a judge of pictures and bric-à-brac as M. Rochefort. He sleeps all the year round before an open window, looking out on a fifth floor balcony, which in summer is bright with sky-blue

vases and blooming plants. M. Clémenceau gains in being well known. But he will only know well persons whom he feels he can like and trust. Repressing his natural frankness bores him. As he has not many political hangers-on he would not have a long tail to embarrass him should he rise to be Prime Minister. None of his lieutenants are henchmen. He is their leader in public, and their gay and friendly but not boon companion in private. — *Pall Mall Gazette*.

THE EARTHLY PARADISE.

IT is a noteworthy fact that in almost all the religions of the ancient world, the human soul, though it may be defined as immortal and disembodied, seldom entirely quits this earth. Before the birth of Geography, men imagined the world to be large enough to contain, not only the land of the living, but also the land of the dead, and even the habitations of the gods themselves. The Greek divinities dwelt on an Olympus which was originally earthly and local; so did the Indian gods on their Mount Meru; so too, the deities of the North abode in an Asgard, which men conceived as a fixed point exactly in the middle of the face of the earth. And if a terrestrial dwelling could be found for the gods, much more could a habitation be discovered for the disembodied spirits of men. Soul-lands, then, whether figured as under-worlds or isles of the blessed (to use familiar names), are of almost universal acceptance. With the former class we are not here concerned; but to the latter, when a place on the surface of the earth is assigned to them, we may apply the name "Earthly Paradise." These, then, form one branch of our subject; along with them must be ranged the Christian Paradise, which was identified with the biblical Eden—and also the deathless lands, not destined for souls, but for living men, with which we sometimes meet in mediæval legends.

The regions which belong to the first of these classes are invariably placed in the West. Of this fact the most plausible explanation is, that all the ancient

nations, when imagining the journey of the departed soul, had in their minds the journey of the sun, the one god who dies daily; yet who has not really perished, but is only withdrawn from human sight. Nearly every tribe had some knowledge of a sea toward the West, with whose limits they were, in the early part of their history, quite unacquainted. Accordingly the soul-land was usually conceived as lying across the unexplored Western waters. The Egyptian abode of the dead was an exception to this rule, for not sea but desert forms the impassable western boundary of the Nile Valley. But none the less the Egyptian soul-land was placed in the West, though the spirit of the departed had to cross the desert, the "dark land of Apap," before arriving at the home of Osiris, the hidden sun.

There are two ways in which the setting of the sun into the west may strike the mind of the beholder. On the one hand, the sight of the end of a fine summer day, when the whole horizon is a sheet of vivid color and the sea is divided by a golden path, calls up ideas of a land of glory where the sun-god rests after the labors of the day. On the other hand, after a day of mist and tempest, when the sun has seemed to wrestle with the black clouds, and finally sinks, swallowed up by them, into a dark and stormy sea, the sight of his end suggests only gloomy thoughts. So we get the double idea of the West—as the bright Elysian plain or the garden of the Hesperides; and, on the other hand, as the dim shadowy land where the disem-

bodied souls spend an aimless and hopeless existence.

Both these ideas appear in the Homeric poems. Although in the "Iliad" the "dark home of Hades" is certainly below the earth, yet when Ulysses visits the shades, he does not descend, but meets them on the misty shore of the land of the dead. Moreover, it is now generally allowed that Mr. Gladstone is wrong in placing this land in the East, and that its real situation, in accordance with all Aryan ideas, is in the West, or perhaps North-west. Although in the Homeric poems the gloomy view of the after-life, which allots a colorless and unhappy existence to the souls of the greatest heroes, Achilles, Ajax, and their fellows, as much as to the souls of the common herd, is generally found, yet the more cheerful aspect of the West is shown in at least one passage, where *Prôteus* prophesies to Menelaus that his last end will be to come to "the Elysian plain and the ends of the earth, where abides the fair-haired Rhadamanthus; where life is easy for mortals; where is no snow nor storm nor rain, but always the ocean sends up the cooling breath of the west wind"—a description well-known as copied by Lucretius and Tennyson.

In Hesiod we first find this Western land mentioned by the name which afterward became its proper title, *Μακάρων νῆσος*. Speaking of the heroes of the Theban and Trojan wars, he makes Zeus bear them away after death, "to have their life and their abode apart from men, so that they dwell undisturbed in the islands of the blessed, by the deep-flowing ocean, where the fruitful earth brings forth her harvests thrice a year."

A similar picture is found in the Olympian odes of Pindar, who speaks of the island of the blessed, round which the ocean breezes blow—where earth and water alike blaze with golden flowers, and the just dwell wreathed with garlands, beneath the gentle sway of Rhadamanthus.

After Pindar it is unnecessary to mention the numerous allusions to this Western land which are found in the Greek poets. It seems, however, to be different from Leuké, which would appear to have been a sort of private earthly Paradise for the hero Achilles. Before the

extent of the Euxine was known, he was supposed to inhabit an island in its extreme west, where he was united to Helen, and was accustomed to drive his chariot along the smooth promontory called Achilleôs Dromos.

When the Euxine was explored, the idea vanished, or rather shrank into the worship of Achilles as ruler of the sea at the colony of Olbia, the place nearest to the legendary position of Leuké.

After a time there came the materializing age of ancient history—that in which all the old legendary spots were fitted with places in the real lands of the Western Mediterranean, when Phæacia became Corcyra, and Sicily the dwelling of the Cyclops. At this time the isles of the blessed were placed outside the Straits of Gibraltar. But some centuries later, about B.C. 100, actual islands of pleasant aspect were discovered in that direction. Hence these which we now call the Cape de Verde Islands got the name of *Fortunatæ Insulæ*: and though no one asserted that they were inhabited by the souls of the just, yet the old wonders of the isles of the blessed were related of them; and we read of their perpetual spring, and the three harvests a-year which they produced. The accounts of these islands in sober geographers which survived into the middle ages, were certainly one of the reasons which induced the exploration of the Western sea.

Unlike the Greeks, the Romans succeeded to the rule of a world which had been explored; and except in a few allusions in the poets and in Pliny, manifestly borrowed from the Greek, we do not find the islands of the blessed in their old sense mentioned till a very late date. Strange to say, however, among the very last of the Roman authors, as if we were coming on the shadow which the approaching middle ages cast before them, we find the old Western spirit-land of the "Odyssey" reappearing. In Claudian we meet with the following passage: "There is a land, where the farthest end of Gaul stretches out into the ocean, where Ulysses is said to have invoked the silent folk with libations of blood. Here, even now, the pitiful wailing of the souls is heard as they flit past, and the peasants see pale shapes,

the forms of the dead, taking their way from earth."

This allusion is explained by the longer passage on the same subject found in the Byzantine writer Procopius, who flourished under Justinian in the sixth century :

"Opposite the north-western coast of Gaul," he writes, "there is a large island called Brittia, no other than England; it is divided into two parts by a wall stretching north and south. East of the wall is a pleasant land which is occupied by the Britons, Angles, and Frisians. What the land to the west is like, no one knows, for its air is deadly to breathe, and any one who passes the wall instantly expires. Now on the extreme north-west coast of Gaul," he continues, "there dwell certain fishermen, subject to the Franks, but excused from all tribute on account of the strange duty which they perform.

"Every night one of these fishermen, in rotation, is roused from sleep by a gentle tapping at his door, and a low voice calls him to come down to the beach. There lie dark vessels, to all appearance empty, but deep in the water, as if weighed down by a heavy burden. Pushing off, the fishermen arrive at the coast of Brittia in one night, though it was on ordinary occasions six days' journey from Gaul. During the voyage they hear the sound of voices in the boat, but no intelligible words, only a subdued whispering. Arrived at the strange coast, they hear the names called over, and different voices answering to them, while they felt the boat gradually growing lighter; at last the roll-call ceased, and they were wafted back to their country with the same miraculous speed with which they had left."

Such is the last trace of the old soul-land which we meet in classical literature.

In its next appearance the earthly Paradise is entirely changed, and in Christian hands has ceased to be the habitation of departed spirits, and has shifted altogether its position on the earth. So greatly is its character altered, that many authorities will derive the mediæval legends dealing with it, not from any pagan source, but entirely from the literal interpretations of the Bible which obtained in the middle ages. It hardly seems to be due to the principle enunciated at the beginning; and only in its wider developments is it influenced by the old Greek or Keltic beliefs. The true and orthodox terrestrial Paradise of the middle ages lay, not across the mysterious Western ocean, but in the equally mysterious lands of the sun-rising. It was universally identified with the Garden of Eden, in which Adam and Eve had been placed; and

it was therefore impossible to seek it in any other quarter than the East. Now in mediæval times the limits of the known world were shrunk far within the boundaries known to the later Roman geographers, Ptolemy, Strabo, and their fellows. In the twelfth or thirteenth century the Western world knew almost exactly as much, or rather as little, of Asia as Herodotus had known 1600 years before. The very stories which the father of history related of Indians and gold-producing ants, of griffins and Arimaspi, had returned to their old localities in Central Asia, though in Roman days they had for some time continually receded farther and farther into the unknown North-east. Now again, as in the fifth century before Christ, men believed that beyond an India of no great extent, there lay no more inhabited lands, but only desert and sea. But unlike the ancients, the mediævals placed in the farthest part of this region the earthly Paradise, either as an oasis in an expanse of rocks and sands, or as an island in an unnavigable ocean. Sometimes we read of it as inaccessible by reason of lands of mist and darkness, or insurmountable precipices; sometimes it is tempestuous seas or rivers which bar the way. But beyond them, if a man could but penetrate, he would find the Eden where our first father had dwelt, where rise the four mysterious rivers, and where grows every tree that is pleasant to the sight or good for food.

"There," says Neckam, "is a beautiful land where whole tracts are overgrown with the noble vine; there are clear springs, and groves watered with pleasant streams. Glorious is the fruit which enriches its gardens, and no sterile tree can grow in its soil. Never do storms come near it, nor violent winds, but there always blows a gentle breeze. Thither never came the waters of the all-destroying Flood."

"In that Paradise," says in a more prosaic strain the author of the "Polychronicon," "is everything that is congruent to life." It hath salubrity and wholesomeness, for it enjoyeth an equal temperance, feeling neither coldness nor heat, inasmuch that nothing that has life may in any wise die without it. In testimony whereof, Enoch and Elias wait yet therein, having the bodies with which they left this life still uncorrupt. Moreover, that place has all pleasantness, for it is the store-house of all that is fair, where no tree ever loseth its leaves, and no flower withereth. There is mirth and sweetness from the fruit and trees that grow there, for every tree that is therein is sweet to eat and

fair to see. And there is security, for no harm may come near it, nor even did the water of the great Flood come nigh."

Thus far all the authorities coincide ; but there were certain points in the earthly Paradise which gave rise to dire controversies. Various authors give various situations for it. In some it is a great island lying south and east of "Inde the Great," apparently occupying the place of Ceylon. Thus it appears in the "Hereford Mappa Mundi" as a circular island inclosed by a wall, lying just opposite to the mouth of the Ganges. But a little later, when Ceylon was more or less known, it receded to a continental position somewhere in China. Still later, when Europe had heard of Cathay and the Great Khan, the insular theory was revived ; and as lying south of China and east of India, we must identify the final position of Eden with Sumatra, Java, or some of the islands in that part of the world.

Here lay Paradise in the early fifteenth century, and from this spot it vanished into nothingness when in the end of that century the voyages of the Portuguese and Spaniards revealed both East and West, and banished from the world numbers of the old myths which have survived for so many ages. Vasco de Gama, Columbus, and Magellan destroyed not only the impassability of the Cape of Storms, the unlimited breadth of the Atlantic, and the unorthodoxy of a belief in antipodes, but also the beautiful old idea of the earthly Paradise. Men might still sail to seek Ophir, or the North-west passage, or El Dorado, but no room was left on earth for the terrestrial Eden. If even we find it mentioned in books of the sixteenth century, it is to discuss where *was* the Paradise of Genesis, not where *is* the beautiful land in which the fourteenth century believed.

In the vague and misty ideas which were entertained in the middle ages about Eastern geography, a little disagreement about the exact *position* of Paradise was not likely to cause very hot disputes. But it was otherwise concerning the shape of that locality : here the wise geographers and chroniclers had their own inner consciousness to draw on, and three sets of views were put forth, whose supporters argued angrily

against each other's suppositions. Now no one doubted that the terrestrial Paradise was not touched by the Flood (for, said they, if it had been, we should have been told of it), and that it was quite or almost inaccessible to man. The oldest way of explaining these two facts was by making Paradise a pillar-shaped mountain, with a table-land on its summit, but with steep and inaccessible sides. So great was its height, that we are assured that it all but touched the orbit of the moon. This being the case, we can easily understand that it was undisturbed by the Flood ; for although the waters rose forty fathoms above the highest hills, the summit of the mountain of Paradise was forty fathoms above the highest limit of the Deluge. Adding these eighty fathoms to the highest mountain known to a twelfth-century chronicler, we can obtain an idea of the distance from the earth at which the moon was supposed to revolve, for Paradise *very nearly* touches the moon's orbit. Allowing 20,000 feet altogether as a fair margin, we cannot but think that the twelfth century was a little weak in its astronomy ; indeed we may be deeply thankful that its calculations are not exactly true—for who can tell what dreadful results might not follow if the moon came into collision with Mount Everest, or any other elevation rising a little above the height which was allowed to Paradise ?

The same school of geographers who held this view on the moon-orbit, maintained that the world was not a globe, but a mass of land, of various heights in different places, which rests upon the face of a limitless ocean. They argued that Scripture speaks of "the waters under the earth," and that this would be an incorrect description if the ocean merely formed part of the surface of a terrestrial globe. The earth must, therefore, be a body placed upon the level face of the circumfluent ocean. Moreover, so small did they imagine the world to be, that they objected to the globe theory that the mountains of the world, and more especially the mountain of Paradise, would prevent the earth from being a perfect figure. So Neckam writes :

"Ausi sunt veteres terram censere rotundam,
Quamvis emineat montibus illa suis.
Quamvis deliciis ornatus apex Paradisi
Lunarem tangit vertice pæne globum."

It was the same school who deduced from Ezekiel 5 : 5 the fact that a circle drawn from the centre of Jerusalem, with the radius to the extreme west of Spain, would exactly embrace the whole land of the world ; for was it not written, " This is Jerusalem : I have set it in the midst of the nations round about ; " and " God is King of old, working salvation in the middle of the earth " ? So map-making was simplified or complicated (opinions may differ on the subject) by making all the earth centre round Judea, to the sad distortion of outlying peninsulas like Norway or India.

The second school of geographers were prepared to admit that the world was round, and maintained that Paradise was no lofty mountain, but a spacious country, " not less in size than Egypt or India " ; for, said they, if Adam had not sinned, it would have had to contain the whole human race, and must therefore be of no mean size. Again, the idea that Paradise was the highest point of earth, was displeasing to them.

" We must not think," says Higden, " as do some men of small intellect and little experience, that Paradise is far away from all habitable lands, and reaches up to the orbit of the moon—for neither reason nor nature allows this belief. Neither air nor water could support the weight of such a burden. Moreover, the element of fire, as all wise men agree, fills a space between our lower air and the orbit of the moon. The summit, then, of Paradise would be in the region of fire, where no vegetable can possibly exist, nor human life. How, then, can Adam or the tree of life have been there ? And again, if the place were so high, its summit would continually be getting between us and the moon, and causing eclipses, especially in Eastern lands. No one, however, has ever seen or heard of such an eclipse. Besides this, four rivers rise in Paradise, which flow through well-known countries ; therefore it must be contiguous to our habitable world, or the rivers could never reach us. The rational view of Paradise is, that it is a large fair region in the extreme East, only separated from the homes of men by that fiery wall, the sword of the cherubim, of whom we read in Genesis."

So much for the views of home-staying sages on the terrestrial Eden. Let us now turn to the testimony of a traveller. Credulous and even inventive as was the author of " Sir John Mandeville's Travels," there seems no reason to doubt that he penetrated some distance into the east. Thus he attained some

knowledge both of India and of Cathay, and therefore localized it in neither, but to the south-east, " hard by the land of Prester John." he is gracious enough to confess that he never went there himself, both because of the distance and of his own unworthiness, but gives us some accounts drawn from conversations with those who had striven to approach it :

" Paradys," he had learnt, " is inclosed all about with a wall, of which men know not the material. For it is covered all over with mosse as it seemeth, and is not of the natur of stone. And that wall stretcheth from the south to the north, and hath but one entry, that is closed with fire burning, so that men may not enter. And ye should understand that no man may by any means approach to that Paradys. For by land no man may go for the wild beasts that are in the deserts, and for the high mountains and huge rocks, and for the dark places that be there right many. And by the rivers may no man go, for that the water runneth rudely and sharply, because that it cometh down outrageously from the high places above. And it runneth in so great waves that no ship may not row nor sail against it ; and the water roareth so, and maketh so huge noise and so great tempest, that no man may hear other in the ship, though he cry with all the might he have, in the highest voice that he may. Many great lords have assayed with great will many times for to pass by that river toward Paradys, with full great companies ; but they might not speed in their voyage : and many died for weariness of rowing against the strong waves ; and many became blind, and many deaf, for the dashing and noise of the water ; and some were perished and lost within the waves—so that no mortalle man may approach to that place without special grace of God : therefore of Paradys can I say you no more."

Among these great lords whom Sir John Mandeville mentions, was, according to Paludanus, no less a person than Alexander the Great himself. Indeed we are told that his Eastern conquests were especially undertaken for the purpose of attaining to the earthly Paradise. When he had reached India and was nearing his goal, some of his soldiers captured a venerable old man in a ravine, and were about to conduct him to their king, when he said, " Go and announce to Alexander that it is in vain that he seeks Paradise : all his efforts will be fruitless, for the way of Paradise is humility, a way of which he knows nothing." And in truth Alexander could pursue his purpose no longer from that day, because of the mutiny of his soldiers, who would go no farther from their native land.

We have found only one account of a man who was actually asserted to have entered the terrestrial Paradise. This is the tale of the Norwegian Eirek.* This saga of Eirek, however, hardly purports to be an actual itinerary, and was allowed even in the middle ages to be more of a religious novel than a sober narrative. Eirek, we are told, made a vow to find the earthly Paradise, and having obtained information as to its locality from the Byzantine Emperor, diligently sought for it to the east of India. At last, after passing through a gloomy forest, he came upon a narrow strait, separating him from a very beautiful land. From his instructions he recognized that these were Paradise and the River Pison, and determined to cross the water, though the only mode of access to the distant shore was a narrow stone bridge, which was completely blocked up by a dragon of portentous size. The Norseman drew his sword and deliberately walked into the monster's mouth, which, to his surprise, did not close on him, but vanished. Thus he passed without obstacle to the farther shore, where he found the usual characteristics of the earthly Paradise—undying flowers, marvellous fruits, clear rivulets, but no living being.

At last he came upon a sort of tower suspended in mid-air, to which access could be had by climbing a slender ladder. On ascending to this tower Eirek found a dinner thoughtfully prepared for him in one of its chambers, of which he partook, and soon fell asleep. In his sleep he saw in a vision his guardian angel, who promised him a safe return to Norway, but added that, at the end of ten years, he would be carried away from the earth never to return again. Eirek retraced his steps over the bridge, and through the simulacrum of the dragon, which was apparently nothing more than a show to appall the faint-hearted. After long travelling he came back to his native town of Drontheim, and told his story, to the great edification of all true Christian folk. Ten years after, as he went to prayer one morning, he was caught up and carried away by God's spirit, and was never again seen of men.

The saga of Eirek is evidently in great part allegorical: we seem to recognize the narrow strait of death which separates the Christian pilgrim from Paradise; and in the dragon, death itself, terrible to the coward, but which, when resolutely faced by the brave man, turns out to be an empty horror with no power to harm.

There are yet two more points connected with the terrestrial Eden which must be mentioned before we pass on to the consideration of the Western deathless land, in which there was also a belief in mediæval times. Firstly, as to the rivers of Paradise mentioned in Genesis, the geographers universally identified the Pison with the Ganges, and the Gihon with the Nile; but how to bring the sources of these two rivers into juxtaposition with those of the Tigris and Euphrates was indeed a hard task. Those who maintained that Paradise was an island, generally explained the matter by alleging, that although the Ganges might *seem* to rise in North India, the Tigris in Armenia, and so on, yet really the first appearances of these rivers were not their sources. The real sources were in Paradise, from whence the water was conveyed in a mysterious kind of submarine and subterranean canal to the places where the rivers apparently take their rise.

Those who made Paradise continental had not quite such a hard task in their explanation. They made out that the Ganges, Euphrates, and Tigris actually flowed down from Paradise, over whose boundary they fell in a cataract, which finally divided into three streams. Moreover they added that the roar of this cataract was so tremendous, that those who approached too near were usually rendered deaf for the rest of their life, and that the children of a tribe of savages who dwelt not far off, were even born deaf, from their ancestors having lived for generations near the cataract. The last thing which we must mention concerning the earthly Paradise is, that there was a difference of opinion as to whether the famous Phoenix lived *in* Paradise, or merely close to it. The former view was not so generally held as the latter. It was, however, supported by some who brought forward the passage of Claudian, who

* See Baring-Gould's "Curious Myths of the Middle Ages."

speaks of the dwelling of the Phœnix as the "green grove surrounded by circumfluent ocean, beyond the Indians, close to the sunrising." This might easily be identified with Paradise. The majority, however, placed the home of Phœnix close to but not within the terrestrial Eden. So we read that Alexander the Great, though he could never reach the earthly Paradise, did come upon the Phœnix in the most easterly point of his expedition, within the same grove where were the talking trees of the sun. So, too, Neckam, places the bird in Panchæa in India; and in other authors it is found in its old Herodotean position in Arabia, where it appears in the "Hereford Mappa Mundi."

So much for the Eastern Paradise, the ancient seat of our first parents. We must now endeavor to give some ideas of a more hazy and mysterious land, the Western region of unending spring and perpetual youth, which Morris represents his seafarers as seeking in his poem "The Earthly Paradise." Although the voice of ecclesiastical tradition pronounced that in the East, and there alone was the happy land to be sought, there was nevertheless a mass of legends which insisted on placing it in the West. A very large number of these stories are derived from Welsh or Irish sources, and it seems almost certain that they are not mere mediæval inventions, but survivals of the old Keltic mythology. Like most other nations, the Kelts had imagined for themselves a soul-land across the Western ocean, and when they were converted to Christianity, and forbidden to look either for a heaven on earth, or for a Paradise in the West, they did not entirely give up their old belief, but merely modified it to a form which did not clash with the new religion. The Western land might not be the earthly Paradise, but none the less it might exist. Such was the true origin of the Land of Avilion or Avalon, the Isle of Apples, to which King Arthur was borne away, and also the long-sought Isle of St. Brandan. Moreover, the King Arthur who was till lately acknowledged as historical (I mean the warlike West British prince, not the legendary monarch of all Britain), is now asserted by many writers to have been a Keltic demi-god

long before he became a Damnonian king. Sad to say, the all-devouring Sun myth-theory has laid claim to him, as it has to most other heroes, and we are invited to recognize in him the sun sailing into the Western shades in his golden boat, or wrestling at his end with the dark clouds of evening. Arthur, then, must be regarded as a god brought down by euphemerizing means to the form of a man, not as a man raised by exaggerated conditions to an over-important place in history. Moreover if we take this view, certain points in the Arthur of the romances seem well explained by it. Thus we can understand his mysterious and apparently superhuman birth, the strange legend which tells how he was not really King Uther's son, but was brought to Tintagel by the magic ship, and left on the shore a newborn babe in Merlin's hands. Thus we can see how he is claimed as brother by the Queen Morgan le Fay, who is certainly no mere human being. Thus it is only right that this mysterious sister should bear him away, after that last dim battle in the West, to some fair land beyond the sea, in the barge wherein Sir Bedivere placed him. He is no man merely departing "to heal him of his deadly wound," but a superhuman being returning to the place from which he came.

And as Arthur is no mere Damnonian king, so Avilion is no mere Glastonbury, as the materializing chronicler would make it. It is the old Keltic soul-land beyond the Western ocean. We may notice, in confirmation of this, that the mediæval chroniclers of Glastonbury, when they identify it with Avilion, generally add that the Welsh call the place *Inysvitrin*, the Isle of Glass. Now in the Irish legends a hill or island of glass is invariably mentioned as one of the marvellous features of Fathinnis, the land of departed souls. It is noticeable that the Morgan le Fay, the lady of Avilion, has not from a goddess become an evil spirit, as did Hōrsel the goddess of the German Venus berg; she is neither angel nor fiend, but a fairy, superhuman without being evil.

After the Arthurian legend had become popular, Avilion was made the resting-place of other heroes. Ogier the dame came thither, at the end of his

life, to rest after all his toils in the castle of Morgan le Fay. So did the famous Paladins, and even, as some say, the great Kasier Charles himself. In short, it became a sort of Elysian Fields for all the heroes whom the mediæval mind could admire, but at the same time could not conceive as fulfilling the ideal of the Christian saint. The Christian heaven above was the fit place for the ecstasie adoration of holy men and martyrs, but it was not suited for the heroes of the romances; for them there was imagined a more earthly resting-place, a fairy-land where they might forever enjoy youth and quiet repose.

After Avilion, the most famous legendary Western land was undoubtedly the Isle of St. Brandan. Brandan, who is a mythical personage, is said to have been an Irish monk, and abbot of Birr, at some time in the seventh century. He was induced to undertake his marvellous voyage by a monk, who told him that he had sailed from Ireland till he had at last come to Paradise, which was an island full of joy and mirth, where the earth was as bright as the sun, and everything was glorious, and the half-year he had spent there had slipped by as a few moments. On his return to his abbey his garments were still fragrant with the odors of Paradise. Excited by this story, Brandan embarked in a vessel with some of his monks. We are told in the oldest form of the legend that he sailed due east from Ireland; but as this must have necessarily brought him to England, or some part of North-western Europe, we soon find his voyage transferred to the West. The marvels which he met were extraordinary. Among the first was the astounding spectacle of Judas Iscariot afloat upon an iceberg, who explained to the saint that for one day in the year he was permitted to cool himself from the fires of hell, in consideration of a single good deed which he had performed on earth. Matthew Arnold has versified this episode in the Brandan legend. After passing through a sea filled with icebergs and vexed with storms, Brandan reached a more clement region, where he first came on an island inhabited by sheep alone, which, in consequence of the luxuriance of the herbage, grew as large as oxen. Soon after, the saint came to

another island, where he found to his surprise an abbey of twenty-four monks, who informed him that in that isle was ever fair weather, and none of them had ever been sick since they came thither. Yet farther on was a third island, where was, in the words of the legend, "a fair well, and a great tree full of boughs, and on every bough sat a fair bird, and they sat so thicke on the tree, that no leaf of it might be seen, the number of the birds being very great, and they sange so merrily that it was a heavenly noise to hear. Anon one of the birds flew from the tree to Brandan, and with flickering of his wings made a full merry noise, like a fiddle, that the sainte never heard so joyful a melodie. Then did the holy man command the bird to tell him why they sat so thicke upon the tree." The answer of the bird was surprising: he explained that he and his companions were once angels—namely, those of the heavenly host who in the time of Lucifer's rebellion refused to assist either God or His enemies. In punishment for this they were doing penance in the form of birds, but, after many years, were to be readmitted to their lost estate. Leaving the island of birds, the voyagers came to another land, "the fairest country," we are told, "that any man might see—which was so clear and so bright that it was an heavenly sight to behold; and all the trees were charged with ripe fruit and herbes full of flowers—in which land they walked forty days and could not see the end thereof; there was alway day and never night, and the country was attemperate, neither too hot nor too cold." At last, however, Brandan and his companions came to a broad river, on the banks of which stood a young man, apparently an angel, who told him that this stream divided the world in twain and that no living man might cross it. On the farther bank they could see the true Paradise, but might not approach it; wherefore they retraced their steps, and set sail for Ireland. They reached their country in safety, but were surprised to hear that they had been absent, not a few months, but seven long years.

Such is the legend of St. Brandan, and the existence of these marvellous isles to which he had attained was firmly

believed for centuries. Sometimes men declared that they were not far from the west of Ireland, and could be seen in clear weather; but whenever an expedition was fitted out to reach them they somehow seemed to disappear. More frequently the islands were described as lying beyond the Canaries. There lay, as the Portuguese declared, the island which had been sometimes lighted upon by accident, but which when sought could never be found. Its existence was regarded as so certain that we are told of one Portuguese who received a formal grant of it "when it should be found." And when the Portuguese Crown ceded to Spain its rights over the Canaries, the island of St. Brandan was specially included, being described as "the island which has not yet been found." In 1526, 1570, and again in 1605 expeditions set sail from the Canaries to discover this land; but all met with uniform failure. Still the belief died hard, and did not become extinct for many years after the third of these unsuccessful voyages. Any one who has the curiosity to look over the old atlases of the seventeenth century, will find, as late as 1630, the Isle of Brandan delineated as an island of no great size, lying west of Ireland, and north-west of the Canaries; it is even said that in one map published as late as the beginning of the eighteenth century, this fabulous land is still indicated.

Another of the mythical Western countries was the Isle of the Seven Cities. This, however, was not of Keltic, but of Spanish invention; and the legend which treats of their supposed discovery is of very late date; the name of its hero also makes us suspect that it is allegorical. Ferdinando da Alma, we are told, set sail from Lisbon, moved by reports of the finding of the Fortunate Islands. He met with storms which carried him far to the west of any known land. When the storm ceased after many days, he found himself near a large island, on which he descried a harbor and a city. As he sailed into this port he was met by a boat whose crew, to his great surprise, addressed him in Spanish. He asked them who they were, and received for answer that they were descendants of the Spanish who in the eighth century fled from the Moors

across the sea. Seven bands of fugitives, they said, headed by seven bishops, had reached this island, where they had founded seven cities, of which the port at which Da Alma had arrived was one. The discoverer was invited to accompany his newly found fellow-countrymen ashore, and was introduced by them to the magistrates of the place, who treated him with the greatest courtesy. Everything in the town—costume, buildings, language—bore an old-world stamp, and the inhabitants had been cut off from all intercourse with other men for seven hundred years. They were most anxious for news of Spain, and on hearing that all that country except Granada was now Christian, they mingled congratulations with regret at the reconquest not being complete. At evening some of the islanders undertook to row Da Alma back to his ship, which was anchored at the harbor's mouth. The fatigues of the day and the monotonous song of the rowers caused him at last to fall asleep. When he awoke he found himself laid on a bed in the cabin of a ship, and in a state of great bodily prostration. On inquiring where he was, he was told that he was on board a Portuguese vessel trading between the Azores and Lisbon. He had been picked up, as the captain explained, in a state of delirium, from an old and leaky boat which had floated by the course of the ship. For many days he had raved, and he was only now returned to consciousness. Barely convalescent, Da Alma was landed at Lisbon, which somehow seemed strange to his eyes; the town appeared larger, the buildings in many cases altered. But when he knocked at the door of his own house, he was refused admittance. He stated who he was, but the occupant of the house replied that he knew for certain that no person of his name had lived there for fifty years. Astonished at this, the returned traveller began to make inquiries, and found to his horror that not less than a hundred years had elapsed since he set sail for the Fortunate Islands. He had left Portugal in the fifteenth century, and now found himself living in the sixteenth. All his friends, the whole of his own generation had passed away, and the unfortunate man, after relating his tale, did not long survive. The island

which Da Alma was said to have found, like that of St. Brandan, was long sought, and retained a place in geography till the middle of the seventeenth century. It is from this legend that William Morris seems to have drawn the idea of the Western country to which his seafarers finally came. There we get the tale of an old-world civilization existing in a community long cut off from intercourse with other nations; there, too, the anxious longing for news of the ancient fatherland which the islanders had left behind in the East: only, instead of Christian Spaniards, Mr. Morris's people are Greeks, and worshippers of the old gods of Olympus.

There is yet remaining one more belief which ought to be mentioned in this place—that of the fountain of youth. The original locality, it is true, was in the East, as is shown in the fabulous letter of Prester John to the Byzantine Emperor Manuel; indeed Sir John Mandeville says that he found it himself in Ceylon, only it was not true that one draught of it gave perpetual youth—this was only acquired by a regular course of several years' drinking. Sir John had only time to try it for two days, found it pleasant to the taste, and thought he felt all the better for it, but experienced no occult effect. However, in the fourteenth century, the fountain migrated to the most western of the Canaries. It was not even destroyed by the discovery of America, but was only relegated to one of the Bahamas in the West Indies. Finally, it receded to the mainland of North America, and was sought by Soto in Florida. There, as was to be expected, it was not to be found, and it became obsolete long before the day of the final disappearance of St. Brandan's Isle. Two more beliefs which attributed wonders to the West may be passed over as not bearing any relation to the earthly Paradise, though proceeding probably from similar sources in the old Keltic mythology. These were St. Patrick's Purgatory, a sort of subterranean soul-land, modified by Christianity into an entrance to the region of purification by suffering; and the island in a lake of Ulster in which no one could die. There, as we read, when the inhabitants reached extreme

old age and became nothing but a burden to themselves, they had to be carried to the mainland before their spirit could depart. This is no doubt another perverted form of the old belief in the deathless land of the West.

In conclusion, there is one more view which we venture, with all deference, to suggest. Surely the mediæval folk were much the happier for all these ideas. Our own map of the world is dreadfully deficient in romance: it is really very hard to feel an eager interest in the exploration of Central Africa, or the discovery of the South Pole. If some traveller does trace the upper course of the Congo, or penetrate up Baffin's Bay to the open Arctic Sea, we do not expect to gain any great good from it, or to hear any particularly startling news about these regions. It will be the difficulty of the task, not its results, that will direct attention to them. The discovery of a few more tribes of thoroughly uninteresting negroes, or a few more ice-blocked bays, has nothing in it to stir the heart of the world. We look for no marvels to be unveiled, no great problems that are to be solved. The naturalist may indeed be gladdened by the knowledge of a new species of Arctic gull, or a few varieties of tropical plants; the collector of folk-lore may rejoice over some new and original negro funeral ceremonies; the merchant may find a new market for his cottons—but these things will not prove very interesting to the mass of mankind.

Now in the middle ages everything was exactly the reverse of this. The greater part of the world's surface was still unknown. There was hardly anything on which the adventurous traveller might not come. He might reach populous lands and cities, rich far beyond the ideas of the European world: he might, on the other hand, come to the land of the griffin and the flying serpent, or, as Shakespeare puts it in "Othello," to

"antres vast and deserts idle,
Rough quarries, rocks and hills whose heads
touch heaven,"

and to

"The Cannibals that each other eat,
The Anthropophagi, and men whose heads
Do grow beneath their shoulders."

There was a glorious uncertainty in their

voyages of discovery : one man would find the passage to India round the Cape of Good Hope, or kingdoms like Mexico or Peru ; another would follow after equally uncertain rumors, and meet nothing but disaster, or even never be heard of again. Discovery could not possibly manage to be uninteresting in those days ; and as if there were not enough real marvels to be found, the legends were continually holding out fabulous ones for the adventurous to seek. Now of all the legends, it can hardly be disputed that the legends of the earthly Paradise were the most attractive. Men might not desire at once to leave their present life for the search after the beautiful land of endless rest without death ; but still it was a comfortable feeling to know that such a land

did exist. If a man's life went hopelessly wrong, if he was in despair and felt that the world was out of joint, there was still this refuge left for him ; it only needed a little more perseverance and courage than that of the last voyager who had *almost* reached the happy land, and then there would be forever a quiet and blissful repose in some Avilion of the Western sea. We do not say that the men of the fourteenth or fifteenth century were *happier* than we of the nineteenth ; but certainly it *was* something not to be bound down by the prosaic bonds of that knowledge which forbids us to dream that we may

"be at rest,
And follow the shining sinking sun down into
the shining West."

— *Blackwood's Magazine*.

MR. HAYWARD.

BY T. H. S. ESCOTT.

THE morning newspapers of the 7th of February contained the account of a funeral ceremony held the previous day in St. James's Church, Piccadilly, which must have caused many readers no little surprise. The name of the man round whose bier the mourners were gathered was probably unknown to the large proportion of the provincial public, and would have been strange to a far larger, had not the *Times* of the preceding Monday devoted two columns of big type to his life, and summed up his character and career in a leading article. But the company collected to pay the last token of respect and regard to his memory within the church, from which the din of the most bustling of West End thoroughfares is audible comprised men distinguished in various walks of life, known and honored by all their countrymen. The Prime Minister placed a wreath of snowdrops, fresh from the woods of Hawarden, upon the pall. Near him stood one or two of his colleagues in the Cabinet ; stood two or three ex-Cabinet Ministers ; stood also men famous in diplomacy, in law, as well as in statesmanship and letters—the ornaments and representatives of what is called society. It is impossible to

conceive of a more typical gathering, and Mr. Hayward could have desired no more significant tribute to the position he had achieved long ago, and the kind of ascendancy he had held. Those to whom his patronymic either conveyed no idea at all, or little else than a dim impression of some powerful reviewer whose writings they could not well indicate, must have been at a loss to account for the attention paid to him by men who are already part of English history. I propose briefly, and, as it cannot but be, most inadequately, to give some explanation of this phenomenon ; hereafter I trust there may be published in the pages of the *Fortnightly Review* a more finished and worthy study of Hayward's life and labors.

Nothing can be more misleading than many of the estimates of Mr. Hayward which have already appeared in print. He has been represented as a professional dinner-out, a *raconteur*, a trifler, a cynic, a mere wielder of flippant persiflage. If he had been only one of these persons, or if he had been all of them combined, he would have failed to acquire the influence and distinction which belonged to him. English society, whatever its follies and frivolities,

is essentially serious. The wits and wags, the farceurs and light comedians of the dinner-table, make a transient reputation, but they never reach the place which, willingly or unwillingly, was accorded to Hayward. He had his angularities ; he had his faults ; but the estimate in which he was held and the authority which he had won were, on the whole, not more creditable to himself than to the society from which he derived his power. If he had been less passionate in his love of truth, less eager in his pursuit of it, less intrepid in his companionship of friends and in his denunciation of foes, he would never have come to eminence and even autocracy. Endowed with a legal and thoroughly logical mind, with accurate and abundant knowledge, with prodigious energy, with a rare power of argumentative speech of the kind one may call overbearing, he still will not be remembered as a great lawyer. He produced no independent work of large dimensions, and he was not, in the sense in which that expression might be applied to some of his contemporaries, a great writer. His essays, indeed, which fill five or six stout volumes, may be described as a thesaurus of miscellaneous information, not more curious for its comprehensiveness than admirable for its accuracy and precision. It is no exaggeration to say that any person who had assimilated a tenth part of the knowledge contained in Hayward's occasional pieces would be unusually well informed. The literary merit of these compositions is considerable ; but it was as little in his capacity of literateur as of lawyer, anecdotist, and critic, that Hayward took the most powerful and brilliant portion of the English public by storm, and, once having captured it, held it in fee. The qualities which were the instruments and guarantees of his success were his thorough genuineness, his intensity, his abhorrence of falsehood and sham, of trickery and imposture, his dauntless and fiery determination to arrive in every case at facts, to prevent others being mislead by phrases, and, in the words of Figaro, to " whip hypocrisy." Attributes of this kind generate a moral atmosphere. They may often offend, but they never fail to attract.

When Johnson asked Boswell his impression of the conversation over night, the faithful satellite replied to his master, " Well, sir, you gored and trampled on a good many people." These words exactly describe Hayward's attitude to every species of falsehood, inaccuracy, or cant. One can understand how a young lady, on being told that Hayward was the sort of man who would do vehement justice to her if she were wrongly assailed, but would bring any slip she might make into prominent relief, had the *naïveté* to say, " What a horrid man !" and it was in the nature of things impossible for such a fierce hunter after truth to be extensively popular. People observing from without his distinguished position in society sat down at their desks and deliberately ascribed his elevation to a cause the reverse of the truth. Samuel Warren attempted to assail him in " Ten Thousand a Year" as Mr. Venom Tuft. Lord Beaconsfield who often worked hard against him by manipulating the hogshead of abuse which his followers brought him and distilling it into three drops, was supposed by many persons to have lampooned him as Mr. St. Barbe in " Endymion." The original of that character, it is now known, was Thackeray, whom Lord Beaconsfield disliked for the same kind of reason that he disliked Hayward. As he resented Thackeray's burlesque of his literary style in *Codlingsby*, so he resented Hayward's exposure of his plagiarism from Thiers's funeral panegyric on St. Cyr. Hayward had convicted him of a twofold rhetorical dishonesty : first, his appropriation of Thiers's masterly composition, ideas, words, and all ; secondly, his appropriation of the language in which it was first placed before the English public by the *Morning Chronicle*. But, independently of this incident, there was a natural antipathy between the two men which could not have failed to breed a reciprocity of dislike. To Hayward, Disraeli's character seemed essentially false ; and the very reasons which made him, during the latter years of his life, so warm an admirer of Mr. Gladstone, prevented his ever being a sympathetic critic of Mr. Gladstone's great opponent. The reasons of Hayward's unpopularity during the earlier stage of his career were, on the part of

those who knew him, impetuous aggressiveness ; and on the part of those who did not, a mistaken estimate of him. No man ever less merited the surname bestowed upon him by Warren ; no man was ever less of a parasite, a toady, or a tuft. He performed no acts of unworthy or interested homage. Where others won by blandishments, he succeeded with frowns and reprimands. If the number of those who entertained toward him any warm sentiment of friendship or affection was small, it was larger than falls to the lot of most of us, and few men have ever received on their death-bed such marks of patient and tender devotion from those outside the pale of their own kindred.

Hayward, indeed, had outlived his unpopularity. He ceased to be unpopular when he became privileged. The vast legion of his acquaintances did not measure him by the standard which is usually applied as a gauge of social amenity. He occupied a position of his own, apart from others, and he was not expected to conform to any conventional canons. If these traits in his character had not been accompanied by sterling and rare merits, society would not have tolerated and have smiled upon him. In addition to his truthfulness and thoroughness, he was absolutely loyal to his friends, not only doing justice to them in his talk, but, when necessary, and often when unnecessary, doing fierce battle in their behalf. He was, moreover, of great practical assistance on more than one occasion to some of those friends when they were intrusted with the administration of the nation's affairs. He was never the depository of State secrets, for it was his way when anything had been told him which interested him to talk about it everywhere. Hayward's relations to statesmen and governments will be correctly indicated if it is said that before passing into action irrevocably, ministers found it occasionally convenient to try the strength of their cases before him. When a Liberal Cabinet was preparing to deliberate on any measure, some of its members instinctively liked, before confronting the public, to "talk it over with Hayward." This "private trial," as racing men might call it, was of infinite service to ministers adventuring on new ground ;

for they learned what could be effectively said both against their project and for it. If once brought to approve the design, Hayward never failed to become its strong partisan.

It may be convenient here briefly to glance at such stages and aspects of Hayward's life as are necessary for a correct understanding of the place he filled, and his connection with the politics and politicians of his time. He came of a good Wiltshire stock, descending from the Haywards of Hillcot, a family owning landed estates which, along with high moral characters, entitled them to the envied privilege of entering church before all the other parishioners. Hayward was indebted for his baptismal name to an uncle who lived at Taunton, with whom his nephew frequently stayed, and who was much shocked when, on calling on Hayward in his chambers in the Temple, he found him in the company not of a future Lord Chancellor, but of one whom, in an angry letter still extant, he called an adventurer—the future Napoleon III. In point of property his family encountered vicissitudes, sometimes in the downward sometimes in the happy direction. He was educated at Blundell's school at Tiverton, then a West-country Winchester. The discipline was harsh, the diet meagre, and his family believed that the lad's health was permanently injured by the rough life and the scanty fare. On leaving school he went to a private tutor, and learned German. He was articled to a solicitor at Ilchester, who had little business, but an excellent library of the orthodox English classics, on which Hayward feasted at leisure, and acquired much of the varied and profound knowledge of English literature that appears on every page of his writings. Before he was twenty he began to keep his terms in the Temple. His means were at this period exceedingly slender. His chief pleasure, and, as it proved, a most valuable portion of his education, was to attend the debates of the House of Commons, admission to which was then to a large extent gained by favor of the door-keepers, who were entitled to charge half-a-crown, and to whom consequently many of Hayward's spare half-crowns went. While he was yet a law student he joined the London

Debating Society. This event had a great influence on his life, and constituted a turning-point in his career. Roebuck was the leader on the Liberal side. Hayward quickly stepped into the place of Conservative chief; and, among all the ardent young members of the society, there was none who pursued the pith of the argument with more closeness than the Blundell scholar. On being called to the Bar, and finding practice slow in coming, he established the *Law Magazine*, which was devoted largely to the philosophy of jurisprudence, and which brought him into connection with George Cornewall Lewis and John Austin, as well as some of the chief German authorities of the period on legal science. In 1832, Hayward paid a visit to Germany. He did not meet when there, as has been incorrectly said, Goethe, but he made the acquaintance of Savigny the jurist, and the father of the subsequent Prussian Minister. He was also thrown into the society of Tieck, and frequented the *salon* of the Countess Hahn-Hahn, whose acquaintance and friendship he retained during several years, and with whom he maintained a correspondence even after she had retired into a convent at Mayence. Few Englishmen, indeed, have had a larger personal acquaintance on the Continent. Few knew the character of France and Germany better, or had a juster appreciation and a deeper insight into the spirit of their literature. Hayward's visits to Paris were frequent; and to the end of his life he seldom crossed the Channel less than once a year. He was on intimate terms with Thiers, Broglie, Dumas, and many others. He introduced more than one French writer for the first time into England. One of his most interesting essays is devoted to Madame Mohl, at whose house he was a frequent guest. When Thiers, in his futile quest for an alliance, visited this country just before the investment of Paris in 1870, the first person whom he saw on his arrival was Hayward. He sounded his old friend as to the possibility of the English Government giving France its support. Hayward at once said the idea was hopeless. Thiers then began to argue his case, and to show that in the interests of the balance of power it was the duty of England to support his country. "My

friend," broke in Hayward abruptly, "put all that stuff out of your head. We care for none of these things."

The achievement in literature which firmly laid the foundation of his literary reputation, as the London Debating Society had done of his political and oratorical reputation, was his translation of *Faust*. Society now commenced to welcome him; and when, in the year following the Reform Bill, a hundred members were added to the Carlton Club, he was included in the list. At the same time he was elected by the committee of the Athenæum, under the operation of Rule 2, providing for the admission of men distinguished in literature or science. Nor was he by any means a briefless barrister. Though a junior, he was intrusted with the lead in the great Lyme Pathway case, which he conducted with extraordinary energy, carrying everything before him, and bringing his local knowledge, as well as his legal acumen and forensic power, to bear upon his adversaries with an effect that achieved complete victory at every stage. Taking silk in 1845, he seemed "to have the ball at his feet;" but at that very moment he abandoned all thought of "the ball" in order to fight out a battle. He had years before quarrelled with Roebuck, who now excluded Hayward from the Benchers of the Temple, entrance to whose body was an honor that would have come to him in the natural course of things, on his promotion to the dignity of a Queen's Counsel. Hayward engaged in the business of redressing this wrong with characteristic vehemence. He brought the matter before the judges, and so far succeeded that they recommended the Benchers to revoke the decision. The recommendation was not acted upon, and Hayward, in the din of his fight with the Benchers, lost or rather abandoned the opportunity of acquiring a considerable legal practice.

But an eventful, and, as it afterward proved to be, an auspicious epoch was at hand for him. He entered into the political controversies of 1846 with immense spirit, and throwing over the Protectionists, worked night and day for Peel and his followers. This schism between the Protectionists and the newly-converted free-traders caused angry dissensions in the Carlton Club,

and together with his Peelite friends Hayward ceased to frequent it. The *Morning Chronicle* was next started, Mr. Sidney Herbert putting then and afterward into the paper £120,000, while the Duke of Newcastle contributed £20,000. In conjunction with his friend George Smythe, afterward Lord Strangford, Hayward took a very active part as a leader writer, and one of his achievements in this capacity was to finish an article in the House of Lords with his pencil on his knees while Lord Derby was delivering his famous speech on the Navigation Laws, answering the chief arguments of the speaker. In 1852 the first Derby Government was formed, and Hayward addressed a letter to Lord Lansdowne asking him whether there would, in his opinion, be anything dishonorable in a union between the Peelites and the Whigs. The reply, which exists among Hayward's papers, came speedily—to the effect that, so far from Lord Lansdowne's seeing anything dishonorable in such an arrangement, he considered it a political duty. Hayward's Temple chambers now became the scene of events of great political interest. The formation of a coalition Government was preceded by a dinner in them, at which Lord Lansdowne, Mr. Sidney Herbert, the Duke of Newcastle, and Sir James Graham were among the guests. Hayward himself would probably have gone into the House of Commons but for his disagreement with popular feeling on the question of Maynooth. As it was the Government did not ignore their obligations, and they resolved to secure him permanent employment under the crown. Before this, it should be said, Hayward had had some experience of the public service. Shortly after he was called to the Bar he had been appointed a revising barrister in the west of England, and at a later date he had been dispatched to Ireland as one of the Commissioners for the readjustment of the municipal boundaries of Dublin. He brought back with him to England a host of good stories from the other side of St. George's Channel. In 1852 it was arranged that Hayward should have a place, and Lord Aberdeen actually wrote a letter promising him one. The

press condemned his contemplated promotion and scented a job. The courage of Ministers waned, Hayward never obtained the merited reward of his services, and the late Mr. Fleming was appointed in his stead. His conduct throughout the whole of this incident was admirable. He showed great magnanimity. He insisted on no claim, he bore no grudge, nor did he solicit place at any later period. Independence in such matters as these was one of the notes of his character.

A single anecdote will suffice to show the quality of the political influence exercised by Hayward, and the degree of political authority he occasionally exercised. In 1864 Palmerston and Russell were both bent on going to war for Denmark. The newspapers applauded their resolution. It gradually became known that some of their colleagues in the Cabinet dissented from this view, and that it was thoroughly unpopular with the rank and file of the Liberal party. When the tide of popular feeling was decisively setting against the war policy, inside and outside the House of Commons, Hayward called at Cambridge House. After some conversation with Lady Palmerston, to whom he represented the realities of the position, Lord Palmerston entered, fresh from a Cabinet, looking unusually tired, and Hayward left. He had scarcely descended the stairs when Palmerston came out of the room, and, leaning over the banisters, exclaimed, "Hayward, Hayward, come back!" The summons was obeyed, and the Minister at once asked what all this meant? Palmerston was nettled, and with some impatience proceeded to demonstrate the unreasonableness of the antagonism to his own and Russell's policy. Hayward, in his turn, was put upon his mettle, justified his opinion by explaining the structure of the political groups which were forming against the war, said, "Ask Brand," and roundly told him that unless he executed a change of front he would be out in a week. Palmerston rejoined: "I ought to have been told of all this." On the following Monday, Palmerston went down to the House of Commons and announced the right about face.

It will not be denied that the man who exercised such an authority as this

with those high in power, merits the epithet remarkable. One of the secrets of Hayward's influence, as with Lord Palmerston, so with Mr. Gladstone, and many more of the public men whom he knew, was his singularly practical mind. Fond of speculation as he might be Hayward was never dreamy or conjectural in his political judgments. He talked on these matters with authority, and not as the Scribes; as a Cabinet Minister and not as a publicist. Whenever his advice was asked or his opinion declared he exhibited a sense of responsibility entirely foreign to the political quidnunc. He did not say what he would wish to be done, but what in his view could be done and must be done at once. He dealt with an existing situation, and showed, at every point, the statesman-like instinct which prompted him to avoid barren inquiry into what might have been prevented in the past. He was a man of letters, but he was pre-eminently a man of affairs. In every business, great or small, which he undertook, he was supremely trustworthy. Lady Palmerston and Lady Waldegrave were of those who used habitually to consult him about the composition of their parties, and they both of them paid him the same compliment in very nearly the same words. "You have never brought me an unattractive woman or an undistinguished man," and, unless I mistake, a great lady, now happily living, has awarded him the same grateful praise. Naturally, a councillor who was as deeply in the confidence of these arbitresses of fashion was not unfrequently the object of gentle importunities at the hands of his fair friends. "Beauty parties" existed even in the days when there were no professional beauties, and Hayward received hints now and again that invitation cards would be welcome in particular directions; but the hint was never acted upon unless he considered that the aspirant guest came up to the prescribed standard of good looks and good company. Hayward's relations to women will constitute a very interesting chapter in his history. He won the favor of many ladies of consideration during his earliest years' experience of London society. He was the confidant and counsellor of other ladies than Viscount-

ess Palmerston and the Countess Waldegrave as his life drew to a close. There is nothing which is not graceful, of which both he and they might not have been proud, in his friendship with those ladies whose good looks have familiarized the whole public with their photographs. They recognized in him a man of consummate knowledge and experience, and of no little kindliness. His advice was always trusted by them because it was always disinterested, and so it came to pass that when he was laid to his rest less than a month ago, beauty as well as power followed him to the grave. There is no reason why the fact should not be here recorded that when Mrs. Langtry made her private *début*, the late Mr. Chenery expressed his relief at discovering that Mr. Hayward possessed a ticket for the performance and was willing to write a notice of it. The critique might not have been a masterpiece, but it struck the key-note which the press of two countries at once took up.

Whatever Hayward undertook to do he did exhaustively. He was ever on the crest of the social wave. No matter what might be the most prominent feature in the social life of the moment, he seized upon it, developed it, studied it, made it his own. In this way he brought his great and carefully trained intellectual powers to bear upon the smallest subjects. Let us suppose that some Ministerial crisis or some little, yet it may be, deeply instructive social incident is the topic discussed in a drawing-room. Hayward enters, and instinctively people say, "Here is Hayward, now we shall know the exact truth." He soon shows that he knows more of the subject than any of the gossips. He is not content with retailing the current comments of the hour or of expressing a few disjointed ideas on the topic. He delivers not an opinion but a judgment, and a judgment of a kind from which there is no appeal. Hayward has spoken; *causa finita est*. In society this was uniformly his way. Hayward bore down everything before him, and the polite world, finding that it could not resist him, that its protests against his vehemence were ineffectual, ended by doing him homage. He dragged the society in which he moved just as he commanded the waiters at the

only club of which he was a member. He occupied the same portion of the dining-room at the Athenæum as tradition assigns to Theodore Hook, and it is not upon record that the instructions he issued upon any special occasion as to the disposition of places and tables at dinner were ever disregarded. Seldom has there been such a combination of manly intellectual strength with feminine activity. It is no paradox to say that though Hayward was a confirmed bachelor he was a born housekeeper. The qualities which made him a social king would have enabled him to organize and control the household affairs of any establishment, big or small. Guests and waiters, masters and servants, mistresses and maids, instinctively gave way to him. They were conscious of the presence of the dominant man, and if they occasionally reflected that his despotism was somewhat galling, they could no more resist him than they could the law of gravitation. Hayward has been described as an habitual diner-out. It would be more correct to say that he was a fastidious, and therefore a comparatively infrequent, diner-out. He chose the houses that he visited with great care, and not merely with a view to the *cuisine*, but to the company. Occasionally he went to houses where there was little on the part of the hosts to attract him, because he knew he would meet amusing people at the table.

I have already said that great as were Hayward's powers and extraordinary as were his resources of anecdote, his social position was not won by his faculties in this direction. Indeed his skill and felicity as a *raconteur* were perhaps somewhat overrated. His admirable love of brevity caused his narratives to be wanting in embellishment and local color, and as a sayer of good things and a narrator of interesting historiettes he had several superiors. He never, for instance, attained the happy art that nature has conferred upon Sir Henry Drummond Wolff in the description of incidents to which society is never weary of listening. He never acquired, as Sir Henry Wolff has always possessed, the capacity of accompanying the narrative of occurrences with a vein of meditative comment so ingenious and apt that it recalls the peculiar conversa-

tional felicity of Lord Melbourne. On the other hand, his conversation was invariably apposite and cogent, and those who listened to it across a dinner-table rose with the knowledge that they had heard everything it was possible to say, said in the best possible of all ways, upon the events of the hour. For these purposes Hayward of course required an appropriate audience. He could tolerate the presence of no rival, and if such an one, who was usually his inferior, asserted himself, he generally relapsed into silence. Above all things he disliked the loud man; and this was probably the reason why he could never arrange a social *modus vivendi* with one of the best and kindest friends I have ever been privileged to possess, the late Anthony Trollope. In the same way, though having the truest regard and liking for Bernal Osborne, he never succeeded in overcoming his objection to Osborne's habit of talking across the dinner-table and silencing the rest of the guests. Between Bernal Osborne and himself there was indeed an utter want of intellectual affinity. Although a large purveyor of humorous and witty narratives, Hayward was neither a humorist nor a wit. He was, as has been said already, possessed of an overmastering, intellectual love of truth, and he regarded the badinage and cynicism, the quips and facetiæ of talkers like Osborne as impediments in the way of his favorite inquiry and as calculated to distract conversation from its legitimate path. It must not, however, be supposed that Hayward's talk was invariably didactic and austere. On the contrary, he considered that an occasional laxity of tone, or, as he might have expressed it, a *grata protervitas*, was one of the conversational notes of the high-born gentleman, and he would have found little difficulty in defending the assertion that, as Bacon has declared there is no perfect beauty which hath not some strangeness in its proportions, so no talk can be perfectly high-bred which is without a certain *souffçon* of license. Hayward's mind was essentially that of the litterateur, and, as such, it was unsympathetic with the scientific mind. He was, moreover, so passionately fond of ascertaining truth and verified certainty, that he could not simulate fond-

ness for subjects or inquiries which did not admit of demonstration. He might have said of himself as Lord Derby did, that he was born and educated in a præscientific era. He had little knowledge and less appreciation of the Darwinian doctrine. He had not mastered the philosophy of evolution and he disliked it. "About," to quote the exact language he used to a friend during his last illness, "a future state, we can know nothing, but there is something great." These words, as they appear in type, bear little meaning; their significance was derived from the tone in which they were uttered. In another conversation with one of his best and most illustrious friends, he said he had no fear of death, denied that he was a sceptic, and spoke with loving and tender reverence of the Lord's Prayer—though "he had talked sceptically"—in which, he said, he found the most natural and frequent vent for his feelings.

As with Hayward his social occupations were part of the serious business of his life, so his literary business, whatever for the time it might happen to be, was manifest in the field of his social occupations. No person who met Hayward in society could fail to know what occupied him at the moment in his study. When he had exhausted a subject with his pen on paper, he would press it home to his audience of private friends with, if the metaphor be permissible, the bayonet point. No sooner had any article of his appeared than, especially if it happened to be of a controversial kind, he proceeded, to use his own phrase, to follow it up. His persistence was as intrepid as it was astounding. He gave his acquaintance no rest until they had not merely read what he had written, but assimilated it. He catechised the company in which he was at home upon it as a lecturer may catechise undergraduates with a view of discovering whether they have followed and understood his discourse. This method, not unnaturally, frequently led him into animated discussions. He was intolerant of contradiction, and often went to invective against those who presumed to differ from him. But if he ventured more upon the license which society accorded him than others might have done, and in doing so occasionally

transgressed the limit of politeness, he was generally ready with the *amende*, and, once satisfied that he had been unjust or discourteous, he seldom failed to make an adequate apology. Nor was he unforgiving of casual wrongs. A friend once remarked, when he was in one of his most critical humors, that his translation of Faust was exceedingly—only a stronger adverb, or rather not an adverb at all, but a past participle, was employed—bad. He was very indignant at the moment, but he was soon conciliated, and he may well have found substantial satisfaction in the circumstance, generously communicated to him by the aggressor, that Carlyle, who was the chief theme of the conversation in question, declared of the nineteen translations of Faust extant, Hayward's was the best.

For some years past Hayward never exceeded and never fell short of four articles a year in the *Quarterly Review*. These were always looked forward to with the keenest expectation, and their author never failed to herald their advent in society. The income which he made from his pen was disproportionately and, in comparison with the time he devoted to it, even ludicrously small. Most of his mornings were given to writing, and his way of work was this: Having collected all the books which told upon his subject, he would devour whatever was essential in their contents, and would then ascertain who were the persons living most likely to give him original and authentic information. He then worried his subject as a dog worries a bone, and when his mind was filled with all the necessary knowledge he would concentrate every fact relevant to his theme into a focus, and display in his treatment of it an omniscience, combined with a lightness of touch, seldom if ever equalled in periodical literature. He did not produce the stately essay of Macaulay or Lockhart, but instead he gave the public a literary *macédoine*, in which the hand of the artist was apparent throughout. Such, then, in brief, was Abraham Hayward, the man and the writer. In society, in letters, and in politics, he has left a place vacant which will never be filled. His writings are already part of English literature. His rare personal qualities are sufficiently at-

tested by the extraordinary devotion and affection which waited upon his last hours, and by the brilliantly representative character of the mourners who met round his bier in St. James's Church, Piccadilly, three weeks ago.

I have been favored with this interesting reminiscence by one who knew Mr. Hayward well: "Naturally, like all men who have the courage of their opinions, Mr. Hayward possessed enemies, and I have heard it asserted by some of these that he never forgot a slight, even when the offender belonged to the weaker sex. From Hayward himself I received once some sort of confirmation of this. Years ago I was reintroduced to him, for he had known me when a child, one morning in the park, by a lady who was a friend of us both. He seated himself by my side, and we talked at first, about old times. By and by, in answer to some remark of mine, 'That reminds me,' said he, 'of the celebrated story of "Hymen." But I could not at that moment take any interest in "Hymen." I had had an object in coming into the Park, which seemed to me, then, to be all-important. I was giving one of my first dinner-parties that very evening, to consist, so I had intended, of some twelve or fourteen congenial guests, and Fate was trying hard, as Fate generally *does* try, upon such occasions, to arrange that it should become a dinner of thirteen. I had come into the Park to look for a '*numéro quatorze*.' Before the story was finished I broke away, and darted across the gravel-walk to the railing which divided it from the ride. I had seen my '*numéro quatorze*' upon a

prancing steed, and to secure him was but the work of a moment. In that moment, however, Mr. Hayward had departed. He had risen abruptly, just after paying the chairman, my friend informed me, with a frown on his brow. 'He will never forgive you,' she said tragically, 'as long as you live!—you who wish to succeed in literature, have stupidly offended the severest critic of your time?' I was terrified, but made up my mind that when next I saw Mr. Hayward I would endeavor to atone. As it happened, however, owing to a combination of circumstances, it was nearly four years before I had an opportunity of doing so. Only quite lately I confessed to him what I had done—my supposed offence, my remorse and terror, my atonement. 'Would you really have been so hard and relentless?' I inquired; 'and unless I had asked you for the end of that story should I never have been forgiven?' 'I should have forgiven you, I dare say,' he answered, 'but perhaps I might have forgotten you too.' And he then read me a lecture upon the satisfaction which a man well-stricken in years may derive from perceiving that younger men—and more especially younger women—are anxious to avoid wounding their susceptibilities. It was this almost feminine sensitiveness, I think, which made him ever anxious to do a kind act or to say a kind word to a friend. He knew, from personal experience, the effect that only a word can produce, and I have known him to go out in bad weather and when every moment was precious, on purpose to tell some one something which he knew it would give them pleasure to hear."—"VIOLET FANE."

—*Fortnightly Review*.

PASSION.

THERE is, perhaps, no language more remarkable than the English, for the range of meanings which the same word will cover. "Action," for instance, may mean anything from an individual deed to a suit-at-law and a battle, and only the context can tell us which of these far sundered meanings the word must have. But the range of the word "action" is nothing to the range of the word "passion," the most passive meaning of which, as Johnson gives it, is "susceptibility of effect from external action," the illustration being taken from Lord Bacon: "The differences of mouldable and not mouldable, scissible and not scissible, and many other passions of matter, are plebeian notions applied to the instruments men ordinarily practice;" while the last and highest meaning of the word is rightly assigned as "the last suffering of the Redeemer of the world," though we should deny

that the word "suffering" is in that case at all an adequate equivalent for what is intended. The Poet-Laureate, in the fine outline tragedy just published, *The Cup*, gives us a noble passage on an intermediate meaning of this great word—the meaning, probably, which at the present time it most commonly bears. The traitor of the tragedy has just stabbed the Galatian ruler, and so silenced the outburst of his passion, and muses on it thus:

"That red-faced rage at me!
Then with one quick, short stab—eternal peace.
So end all passions. Then what use in passions?

To warm the cold bounds of our dying life
And, lest we freeze in mortal apathy,
Employ us, heat us, quicken us, help us, keep us

From seeing all too near that urn, those ashes
Which all must be. Well used, they serve us well.

I heard a saying in Egypt, that ambition
Is like the sea-wave, which the more you drink,

The more you thirst—yea—drink too much, as men
Have done on rafts of wreck—it drives you mad."

In that fine passage, passion means not a mere susceptibility to an outward influence, but a dominating desire for some particular kind of outward influence, which, it is declared, may so occupy and possess the mind and character as to dethrone reason and drive men mad. Surely, no greater stride can be conceived than from the passive sense in which Locke and Bacon use "passion"—as a mere liability to be acted upon in any kind of way—to the sense in which Tennyson uses it, as a desire which may take such possession of the mind as, when yielded to, to drive strong men mad. Nor, again, can there be a much greater stride than the stride from this overpowering and bewildering obsession of the heart, to that higher sense of the word "passion" in which we talk of the passion of Wordsworth, or the passion of Isaiah, or the passion of our Burial Service, or, far above every other sense, the passion of our Lord. It seem to us that there is a clearer lesson in the "evolution" of the various meanings of such a word as this, than in the hypothesis as to the evolution of the highest forms of organized life out of the lowest forms. As the word "action" grows in intensity till it means, first, a struggle for victory in the Courts of law, and then a struggle for victory with an armed foe, so the word "passion" grows in intensity till it means first a craving for something outside ourselves that dominates and disfigures our whole being, and then a deliberate and voluntary participation in the manifold joys and sufferings of mankind, not for the satisfaction of any personal craving, but for the tempering, quieting, and relieving of all cravings by which mortal natures are tossed about and disfigured. And so, too, surely man's thoughts in general grow in intensity till the germ of what is little more than animal activity blossoms in heroism, and the germ of what is little more than abstract sensibility—liability to be bent and moulded from without—bears fruit in capacities so ennobling to human nature that heroism only expresses the lower level out of which these higher summits spring.

And this is just what we want to draw attention to—that the word which in its origin is much the most humble and neutral, the word which expresses nothing but the openness of human nature to the force of external influences—just as the malleability of clay to the hand of the sculptor is used as a symbol of characterlessness, not of character—obtains in the end a far higher significance than the words which in its origin does express the initiative of human nature. "Action" never gets higher in meaning than a supreme struggle. "Passion" reaches to a meaning far above that of supreme endurance, or supreme patience even—to the meaning of supreme sacrifice, the voluntary participation in all the deepest sufferings of others for the purpose of healing and purifying those sufferings. So that the passive word takes, after all, a higher meaning, even of the active kind, than the active word; that which begins by expressing mere liability to external influences, ends by expressing a more potent interference with those external influences than the very word which was built up on the idea of taking the initiative, instead of submitting to the initiative of others. "Action" beginning in the idea of man's initiative never gets beyond it, though it expresses the most vivid forms of that initiative. "Passion" which begins by denying man's initiative reaches to a meaning in which the intensest efforts of that initiative are included, as well as the intensest forms of that liability to be influenced by the fate and feelings of others which seems to spring directly from the original meaning of the word. Is not that another way of saying that what theologians call 'the doctrine of prevenient grace' is true?—in other words, that the highest form of human activity can only be produced in the mind which is open to receive the impulses of a higher inspiration; and that the form of activity which really begins in the will of man is a lower form of activity, which may reach heroism at best, but can never reach the saintly level. Passion, in its highest sense, includes action and the highest action. Action, in its highest sense, does not express the higher passion.

To return to a much lower sense of the word. The use of the passions is,

as Tennyson makes his selfish intriguer say—

“ To warm the cold bounds of our dying life
And, lest we freeze in mortal apathy,
Employ us, heat us, quicken us, help us, keep
us
From seeing all too near that urn, those ashes
Which all must be.”

Even in this lower sense, the passions make men much greater—though, it may be, not always *better*—than any energy which is not passionate can make them. It is the passions which make biography and history what they are—just as it is passion in a still higher sense which makes poetry what it is. Without the passions, we should not have had David, or Alexander, or Brutus, or Hannibal. Without a higher kind of passion, we should not have had Homer, or Tyrtæus, or Dante, or Shakespeare, or Milton, or Goethe. What we are pleased to call “originality,” we all with one voice combine to declare not really original, but originated from some hidden source beyond itself. We speak of every original genius as inspired—in other words, as not original, but due to an origin above the will, above the power of the individual to make or mar. Thus, we regard that activity as most effectual which obeys a stimulus beyond itself; and that as least effectual or most insignificant which is most truly self-originated. And this applies even to the less noble passions—to ambition, to emulation, to the rapture of æsthetic feeling. These passions really do heat and fill with interest a life that might otherwise freeze into apathy, even when they are sufficiently ignoble, as ignoble as they are, for instance, in the breast of Tennyson’s Galatian traitor. Even such passions carry men out of themselves—though, it may be, only to make them feel that they ought not to have been carried out of themselves by principles so poor—and teach how great a spur to effective action a dominant passion is. But the strange thing is that the same word should represent, first, that in us which is purely passive—next, that which keeps life from stagnating only by endangering a fall below the human level—and again, that which raises it to a point far above the human

level, to the level of what is eternal and divine. Doubtless, there is, as we have already noticed, an intermediate step between these last two meanings in the use of the word “passion” to express that higher kind of poetic inspiration which makes men voluntary partakers of the love, and joy, and suffering of others, almost for the mere sake of entering into them. Here you have, on the one hand, a dominant impulse of the imagination—very much like the love of beauty or the love of power—which spurs on the poet to imagine and delineate human joys and sufferings, and which so far, therefore, has no more moral freedom and choice in it than the more selfish passions. But then, on the other hand, this imaginative passion has no selfish end in view; it asks nothing but to see and feel as other men see and feel in their moments of truest and most vivid life; and therefore it helps to bind men together in a new and closer unity than any they could reach without it. And hence even imaginative passion, as it involves a suffering with the sufferings of others, no less than a rejoicing in their joys, and therefore a very real extension of individual experience, at the cost frequently of the sacrifice of serenity, touches the still higher meaning of the word in which sacrifice for others is the predominant and essential quality. As a mere poetic impulse, which no true poet can suppress, imaginative passion is little raised above the other intellectual passions—little raised above the desire for knowledge, for instance. But in its uniting influences, and in the pain which it involves wherever a true poet enters honestly into “the pangs, the eternal pangs,” of his race, it touches that higher level of passion, where passion and sacrifice are one. Surely there is hardly any story of evolution in existence which runs through so wide a “diameter of being,” as the significance of this strange word, beginning as it does in the very emptiness and nakedness of our liability to be twisted and warped in any direction, and yet ending in that triumph of divine love over human sensitiveness which is possible only to the man impelled by God.—*Spectator*.

THE HARVEST OF DEMOCRACY.

BY SIR LEPEL GRIFFIN.

SOME two years ago a political satire was published in New York, under the title of "Solid for Mulhooly," which did not receive from English politicians the attention which it undoubtedly deserved. It was not to be seen on the club tables in Pall Mall, nor was it in demand at Mudie's, and is now, I understand, out of print. Nevertheless, its interest is so great, and the conclusions which seem naturally to follow its story pierce the soul and marrow of modern English politics with so true and acute a rapier-point, that representative Radicals like Mr. Chamberlain, or disguised Radicals, as is Lord Randolph Churchill, might well republish the work for gratuitous distribution in the still unenlightened and unregenerate constituencies. "Solid for Mulhooly" purported to be a new and novel satire on the Boss system in American politics, in which the mysterious methods of the leaders, the Ring and the Boss, were laid bare; and although, for the American public, which the chief living exponent of the science of political corruption asserts to have greater patience and longer ears than any other animal in the New World, there could be little that was novel in the revelations, there is much which is, fortunately, both new and useful for Englishmen.

It cannot be expected that the arid wilderness of American politics should ever become a fair and pleasant garden in which English students may wander with delight and contentment. The subject is strange and distasteful, and from most points of view unprofitable, and Americans themselves turn from it with disgust. If but few educated Englishmen could explain the differences in dogma between the Republican and Democratic parties, an average American could do little more, seeing that to the eyes of impartial observers the only conflict between political parties is as to which should obtain the larger proportion of the spoils of victory—the fat offices given to unscrupulous wire-pullers; judgeships, the reward of the prostitution of justice; and contracts by

which the people pay three dollars for every one which is expended on its behalf.

There is, however, one light in which American politics have for Englishmen an engrossing interest, and to this I made reference in a recent article,* namely, the effect which democratic principles, carried to their extreme logical conclusions, have had upon a race identical in many particulars with the English from which it has sprung. Has this effect been such as to encourage us to apply these principles at home? Has the result been a nobler view of the obligations of citizenship; a more generous and unselfish use of wealth; a higher and purer municipal administration; a more patriotic, far-sighted, and courageous foreign policy? And even should a favorable answer be returned to these inquiries, there remains for Englishmen the practical question whether, if undiluted democracy be suited to the conditions of America, with its vast homogeneous territory and a population still scanty proportional to its area, secure from all foreign attack and self-contained and self-sufficient in its resources, we could reasonably expect that it should be equally successful in England. For this country is the centre and *omphalos* of a world-wide empire, confronted in every land and on every sea with enemies or rivals; with an overgrown population crowded into cities and dependent on others for their very bread, and already enjoying a system of government which is not only the envy of less fortunate peoples, but which has had the force to make us, and may still possess the inherent virtue to maintain us, first among the nations of the earth?

A novel called "Democracy," giving a clever and amusing sketch of Washington society and the political intrigues which have their origin and development in the capital of the United States, excited considerable interest in

* "A Visit to Philistia." *Fortnightly Review*, January, 1884.

England a short time ago. It was written with much spirit, and its frankness was so condemnatory of American institutions that it was first supposed to be written by an Englishman. But there are no more severe critics of their political system than the Americans themselves, and the authorship of "Democracy" is no secret at Washington, where I have met more than one of the persons whose presentment is supposed to be given in the novel. Another book lately published—"A Winter in Washington"—though of doubtful taste, and below criticism as a work of literary art, is fully as outspoken regarding the low tone of morality which prevails in political circles. But "Solid for Mulhooly," the work which I have taken as the text for this article, is of a different quality. Its style disdains those half-lights and shadows and reticences which belong to romance, the conventional glamor which artistically obscures the naked truth. It carries the American political system into the dissecting-room, and pitilessly exposes the hidden seat of its disease. While "Democracy" shows the ultimate result of official corruption in the lobbies and drawing-rooms of Washington, "Solid for Mulhooly" discloses its genesis in the drinking-saloon and the gutter. "Democracy" differs from it as a rainbow differs from the mathematical formulæ which express the laws that determine its shape and color. A short sketch of the plot, showing how a penniless adventurer became Member of Congress, rich without toil, like the lilies, influential without character, and famous through his very infamy, will not be unprofitable.

Michael Mulhooly was born in those conditions which experience has shown to be eminently favorable to prominence in American statesmanship—a mud cabin among the bogs of County Tyrone, which he shared with his parents, his ten brothers and sisters, and the pig. Fortune sent him early to America, where his struggles and subsequent successes form the subject of the story. Epitomized as was his history by the journal of the Reform party, it read thus :

"A bogtrotter by birth ; a waif washed up on our shores ; a scullion boy in a gin-mill fre-

quented by thieves and shoulder-hitters ; afterward a bar-tender in and subsequently the proprietor of this low groggery ; a repeater* before he was of age ; a rounder, bruiser, and shoulder-hitter ; then made an American citizen by fraud after a residence of but two years ; a leader of a gang of repeaters before the ink on his fraudulent naturalization papers was dry ; then a corrupt and perjured election officer ; then for years a corrupt and perjured member of the Municipal Legislature, always to be hired or bought by the highest bidder, and always an uneducated, vulgar, flashily dressed, obscene creature of the Ring which made him what he is, and of which he is a worthy representative ; such, in brief, is the man who has been forced upon this party by the most shameless frauds as its candidate for the American Congress. This is filthy language, but it is the only way in which to describe the filthy subject to which it refers, as every man who reads it must admit that it is only the simple truth.

"Is it possible that the American people are compelled to scour the gutter, the gin-mill, and the brothel for a candidate for Congress ? Is it possible that the Ring which has already plundered the city for so many years, and which has so long abused our patience with its arbitrary nominations of the most unworthy people for the most honorable and responsible offices, will be permitted to crown its infamies by sending to Congress this creature who represents nothing decent and nothing fit to be named to decent ears ?"

Though all this, with much more that the indignant journal wrote, was not only true but notorious, it had no effect upon the foregone conclusion of the contest. The Boss, who held in his hand the fifty thousand Irish Catholic votes of New York, called upon one of the judges whom he had "made" to convict of libel the journal which had dared to tell the truth and condemn his favored nominee. Justice was dishonored and the truth was condemned. Meanwhile the campaign was fought between honesty and corruption. The candidate of the Reform party was a young man of good family, the highest character, possessed of wealth, genius, and eloquence, and he had at his back all the voters of respectability and posi-

* Repeating is an amusing game much played at American elections. The repeater who, if possible, should be a professional bully and prize-fighter, represents himself to be and votes for some member of the party opposed to that which employs him. When the true voter appears at the poll he is assailed as a fraudulent person who desires to register twice, and is kicked and beaten by the repeater and his friends. This game causes much innocent amusement.

tion. But he did not condescend to those arts which could alone insure success. He did not visit bar-rooms, or drink with and treat the party-workers, or bribe or cajole; and he declared war to the knife against the Boss and the Boss system, and the Ring, and the whole gang of confederated thieves who had for so long laughed at and plundered the people. The result was what might have been foreseen. The leaders, the Ring, and the Boss, and their thousands of dependents, were "solid for Mulhooly," who was elected Member of Congress by the grace of the municipal gods; manhood suffrage was vindicated, and the corrupt, obscure adventurer represented "a Government of the people, by the people, and for the people."

It will be asserted that this satire is exaggerated, and a caricature of the truth. But this is not the opinion of those educated and high-principled Americans with whom I have talked in the large cities, such as Washington, New York, Philadelphia, Chicago, Minneapolis, or Denver. They are generally willing to discuss the political situation with all frankness if they be only approached with discretion. Should the traveller commence with abuse of American institutions he will naturally meet with a rebuff; but should he sympathetically praise an administration which professes to be of and for the people, his listener will quickly open the floodgates of his invective against it. From my Colorado note-book I extract the *ipsissima verba* of one of the most prosperous and distinguished citizens of that State. "Politics," said he, "are nothing but a trade by which to live and grow fat, and an evil and a stinking trade. No one who respects himself can join it, and should a respectable man be chosen for office he refuses to accept the nomination. Everything connected with it is corrupt; and success being impossible to an honest man, the dirty work is left to the scallawags and scoundrels who live by it, and who degrade the name of politics throughout America."

The city of New York has, for many years, been one of the most striking and convenient illustrations of what is known in America as Boss rule, and the

many millions that it has cost the people, in waste, speculation, and undisguised and unblushing robbery, form the price which they have had to pay for the pretence of freedom. Matters are now less openly scandalous than of old, but the same system, is in full force. Boss Kelly, who sways the destinies of New York, has been able, from his near connection with an Irish cardinal, to defend his position with spiritual as well as temporal weapons, and the whole Irish Catholic population vote solid as he bids them. The result of a generation of this *régime* has been disastrous. The commercial capital of the United States may now be fairly reckoned, for size and population, the second city in the world, if Brooklyn, New Jersey, and the suburbs be included within its boundaries. Its property is assessed at fifteen hundred million dollars, its foreign commerce is not far from a billion dollars, while its domestic trade reaches many hundred millions. But there is hardly a European city of any importance which is not infinitely its superior in municipal administration, convenience, beauty, and architectural pretensions. With the exception of the Post-Office and the unfinished Catholic cathedral, which is neither in size nor design a cathedral at all, there is scarcely a building which repays a visit. The City Hall, which cost ten or twelve millions of dollars, is certainly worth inspection as an instance of what swindling on a gigantic scale is able to accomplish, as is the Brooklyn Bridge, which cost seventeen millions, or three times the original estimate, and which was further unnecessary, as a subway would have been more convenient and have cost much less. Local taxation is crushingly heavy, and so inequitably assessed that the millionnaires pay least and the poor most. The paving of the streets is so rough as to recall Belgrade or Petersburg; the gas is as bad as the pavement, and it is only in Broadway and portions of Fifth Avenue that an unsystematic use of the electric light creates a brilliancy which but heightens the contrast with the gloom elsewhere. The Central Park, so called from being a magnificent expanse of wilderness in the centre of nothing, is ill-kept and ragged, and at night is unsafe for either sex.

The fares of hack-carriages are four to five times as high as in London. The police is inefficient, arbitrary, and corrupt. At its head are four Commissioners, who are politicians in the American sense and nothing more. They are virtually appointed by the aldermen, who have authority to confirm or reject the mayor's nomination of heads of departments. The aldermen are in many cases persons to whom the description of Michael Mulhoolly might apply—politicians of the drinking-saloons, the tools and slaves of the Boss who made them and whose orders they unhesitatingly obey. When a respectable mayor has chance to be appointed, he has declared it useless to nominate good men to office, and has lowered his appointments to the level of the confirming aldermen. The Comptroller, who is the financial head of the city, expending between thirty and forty millions of dollars annually, the Commissioners of Excise, Taxes, Charities, Fire, Health, and Public Works, are all controlled, approved, and virtually appointed by the aldermen, who are directed by the Boss. Even the eleven police judges, who should be independent expounders and enforcers of the criminal law, are appointed by the same agency, so that if their origin be traced to its first cause they are the nominees of the criminal classes they have to try and punish. The result is that it is impossible to procure the adequate punishment of any official, however criminal, since he was appointed as a political partisan. One or two instances, almost at random, may be cited in illustration of this. While I was in New York a policeman, named McNamara, killed a drunken but perfectly quiet and inoffensive citizen, named John Smith, by blows on his head and neck with a loaded club. There was no provocation, and even New York was profoundly moved by the outrage, although the police are there accustomed to use their clubs on even orderly crowds in a manner which would not be tolerated for a day in England. But while a verdict of murder or aggravated manslaughter would alone have met the merits of the case, McNamara was found guilty of assault in the third degree, and sentenced to a nominal punishment. In the case of

the numerous catastrophes on railways and steamers in and near New York, due to gross negligence and causing the wanton slaughter of numerous citizens, no official has for years past been punished. An inspector's certificate is the only guarantee of security of the numerous passenger steamboats which ply on the waters of the city. But in August last, when the Riverdale steamer blew up and sank, the boiler was found so corroded that a knife-blade was easily thrust through a piece of iron which was originally an inch and a quarter thick; while the inspector who had certified that the boiler was in good order stated, on inquiry, that he did not know that the boiler was corroded because he had never examined the inside. Inspectors of this calibre are appointed to certify to the soundness of the boilers of ocean steamers, and the chief engineer of one of these told me that the inspector who had looked at the outside of the engines and had signed the required certificate, when asked whether he was not going to examine the interior of the boilers, confessed that such an examination would give him no information, as he was altogether ignorant of the construction of engines or boilers.

Nor are public interests and private rights in property more respected than personal safety is secured. In London we see Mr. Bowles fighting against a railway which is to pass underneath the parks without once appearing at the surface, and even those who consider his zeal excessive will yet admit that this jealousy of any invasion of popular rights is wholesome and admirable. Yet, in New York, elevated railways on iron pillars level with the first-floor windows have been run through many of the principal streets, without a dollar of compensation having been paid to any one. It may be that the ultimate result has been to raise the rents of the shops in these thoroughfares, but this does not alter the fact that the original construction was an outrage on the rights of private property and a hideous disfigurement of the public streets.

The carcase over which the New York vultures are now gathered together is the new aqueduct, which is estimated to cost from twenty to thirty millions of dollars, and which, if the precedents of

the County Court House and the Brooklyn Bridge be followed, will probably cost sixty millions. Here is a prize worthy of Tammany and a contest—a mine rich in jobbery and corruption for years to come; and there is no doubt that, before the work is completed, many patriotic Irish statesmen of the Mulhooly type, who are now loafing around the saloons on the chance of a free drink, will be clad in purple and fine linen and cheerfully climbing the venal steps which lead to the Capitol.

The municipal administration of New York and many of the principal cities is injurious not alone for its inefficiency, robbery, and waste. The chief evil, and one which, like a cancer, is ever poisoning and corroding the yet wholesome body politic, is found in its contagious example. Theft and jobbery are exalted as virtues which lead to wealth and political honor, while honesty and wisdom are left to preach at the corners of the streets regarded by none. The name of the people, and manhood suffrage, and the popular vote, are used as veils to screen the shifts and frauds of wire-pullers; and the elected of the people is often no more than the corrupt nominee of a dishonest clique who laugh at the people who now, as ever, are willing to be deceived. Corruption accumulates on every side; its slime makes every path slippery which politicians tread, till the State Legislature and Congress itself become an Augean stable which would require a new Hercules to cleanse.

Americans who love and are proud of their country, and who loathe the political system which degrades it in the eyes of the world, will not consider the picture that I have drawn over-colored. But it is impossible to acquit even the most honorable among them of the blame which attaches to this state of things. Manhood suffrage, untempered by any educational test, and rendered uncontrollable by the surging mass of emigration, which was a condition unestimated by the drafters of the Constitution, is the chief cause of the present difficulty, and respectable Americans do not see how they can escape from it. Their usual reply, when driven into a corner, is that although the administration is shamefully corrupt, they will be

able to reform it whenever they have time to do so. At present, they are engaged in making money as quickly as they can. They cannot be troubled with politics; but when at leisure they will reform the administration and make it clean and honest. Moreover, the country is young, and people, like the English, who have passed through the political experiences of the Georges, should not be squeamish in criticising America, which is undergoing a not more discreditable process of purification. The double fallacy which underlies this defence is obvious to every historical student. In all communities, and certainly in America, the honest and respectable largely outnumber the disreputable and disorderly. Yet the greatest catastrophes in republics have been due to the cowardice and apathy of the former when opposed by the organization and audacity of the latter. The excesses of 1793, both in Paris and the provinces, were the work of a very small minority, who might have been easily overpowered had the nobles and *bourgeoisie* shown the commonest energy and courage. The horrors of the Commune were due to a handful of men whom the shopkeepers of the boulevards could have driven into the Seine with their yard-measures. Safety is never to be secured by hesitation and delay, and the longer an abuse remains unremoved the more difficult is its extirpation. The conditions of political life in England during the last century and those in America to-day are essentially different. Here the power is in the hands of an educated class, who, as the standard of morality became more high, were compelled to change their methods or lose power altogether. But, in America, manhood suffrage has placed power in the hands of the lowest and least educated class, a large proportion of whom have little sympathy with the country of their adoption and are too ignorant to understand its requirements. Education may possibly affect these favorably in the future; but it is also to be considered that the present system directly tends, by making dishonesty more profitable than political virtue, to continually augment, in an ever-increasing ratio, the number of those whose interest it is to perpetuate the reign of corruption.

Nor can America plead youth as an excuse for her moral decrepitude. A vicious and depraved youth does not promise a healthy manhood or an honorable old age. The advantages of her youth were a people unfettered by the chains of poverty and prejudice which weigh on the races of Europe, and a field free for the noblest experiments in government. She inherited the experience and culture of the ages; she could profit by their splendid examples and avoid the rocks on which they had made shipwreck. She should have advanced and not fallen back; and this was the proud hope of her earliest statesmen. The young and vigorous republic of the West was to revive the classic virtues of Brutus and Cincinnatus, and blaze forth, a pillar of fire to guide through the darkness the effete monarchies of the Old World. But it would be difficult to name any country, except Russia, where the Emperor Nicholas declared that he and his son were the only people in the country who did not steal, and where his successor found that the chief peculator of the recent war was his own brother, to which the political history of America would not be a warning rather than an example.

While, in England, there is an intelligent and increasing party who advocate the adoption of universal suffrage, thoughtful men in America are convinced that this very manhood suffrage, unaccompanied by an educational test, is the chief cause of their misfortunes. Mr. Trevelyan, at Galashiels, speaking for the Government, recently declared that their policy in the extension of the franchise had nothing to say as to whether a man were Whig or Tory. "We say, if he is a householder, *fit to vote*, he should have a vote. We think that every *intelligent and independent* head of a household should have an equal voice in directly choosing the representatives and indirectly choosing the Government of the country." There is probably no consistent Liberal who would not accept this principle, which applies to Ireland with as much force as to England. But it is obvious that the condition of fitness is its all-important qualification. Mr. Trevelyan's distinguished uncle, in one of his splendid sophistries, asserted that to deny men

freedom until they knew how to make a proper use of it was worthy of the fool in the old story who would not go into the water until he had learned to swim. But men who are unintelligent and uneducated, who have not shown themselves possessed of temperance, honesty, and self-restraint, are virtually infants who have not yet the use of their limbs, and whose experiments in the water can only end in their destruction. Open wide the doors of the franchise to education and intelligence, but, with the example of America before us, close them in the face of ignorance and crime.

The Irish question is as burning a one in American as in English politics, and I cannot help thinking it more hopeless in the States than here, from the difficulty of withdrawing concessions which have once been made. Mr. Edward O'Brien, in reply to a letter of mine in the *Times*, has insisted that the most progressive and prosperous cities in America—New York, Chicago and San Francisco—are just those in which the population of Irish birth and descent is largest in proportion, and would have us infer that to this element their prosperity is chiefly due. As reasonably might we argue that the prosperity of London and Liverpool was due to the Irish, who are the poorest and most unmanageable part of their population. The splendid commercial situation of New York, Chicago and San Francisco, and the marvellous energy of the American population, are the cause of their prosperity. It is because they are rich that the Irish collect in them. They live almost exclusively in the towns, and although in Ireland they complain of not possessing land, yet in America they will not accept land for cultivation, though they may obtain it at a nominal price, or for nothing. The majority of the Irish of New York differ little from the same class in English cities; they are mostly illiterate, and the secret of their power is not in their energy or numbers, but that the long and absolute rule of the priests has accustomed them to vote solid as they are bid. The voters of the city are two hundred and fifty thousand, and of these the Irish are probably little more than a fifth; but the determination of their leaders, and their own ignorance and political ineptitude,

enable the disreputable minority to triumph over the wealth, culture, and intelligence of the disunited majority. No more grotesque illustration of the failure of universal suffrage to attain the result which alone would justify it could possibly be found. The Irish Catholics of America are Democrats almost to a man, but this is an accident due to a national characteristic which is illustrated in the well-known story of the Irishman who being asked, on his first landing at New York, what were his politics, replied that he knew nothing of politics, but that he was against the Government. The Republicans having held office ever since the war, the Irish have naturally joined the ranks of the opposition. It would be a mistake to imagine that political purity prevails where there is no controlling Irish element. New York has been cited as a convenient illustration of the evils of the American system. But leave civilization behind and go to the far West, to a new town, like Cheyenne, in Wyoming, and every form of electoral corruption will be found there rampant, and votes sold shamelessly and as openly as sheep in the public market. The Irish are far more unpopular in America than they are in England; and little sympathy for their grievances is felt or expressed; for the Americans are far too practical a race not to rate at their true value the utterances of interested demagogues such as O'Donovan Rossa and Parnell. The language used in Dynamite League meetings in New York, and the criminal actions which follow, are alike viewed with indignation and disgust by the whole American community; but the weakness of Democratic government is such that the respectable majority do not dare to crush or even silence these enemies of the human race, and allow them, without molestation, not only to preach and plot arson and murder, but to carry them into execution. No civilized Government should tolerate for a day the open preaching of murder, and America must not be surprised if her protection, not of political offenders but of common assassins, results ere long in seriously straining her relations with this country.

It is a happy circumstance that the self-command and moderation of the

English people are such that a long series of atrocious outrages have failed to arouse any widespread hostility to Ireland. Englishmen realize that Irish troubles are in a great part due to the selfish and unworthy policy of past years, while it is impossible that the Irish should be unpopular when (putting *Messieurs les assassins* aside) there is no more delightful, lovable, and quick-witted race in the world. But we have not suffered from them as the Americans have suffered; and were London, as is New York, in the hands of a gang of Irish adventurers, our patience might be tried too sorely. Mr. Parnell hopes in the next Parliament to command the political situation; but as his avowed programme includes the rejection of allegiance to the Queen and dismemberment of the empire, he must not be surprised if both parties unite in temporarily, and so far as imperial questions are concerned, disfranchising constituencies who return members pledged to destroy and degrade the country. When the Irish leaders cease to demand what no party could grant them without immediate political suicide, they will find Englishmen disposed to render them full justice, and such a measure of local and municipal self-government as prevails in England, and is consistent both with imperial rights and with the duty of protection, we owe to the loyal minority in Ireland. When the time for considering this question shall arrive—and it will not be until the Irish leaders abandon the open profession of treason—the precedent of America, both in its war to prevent national disintegration, and in the virtual independence of each unit of the federal body, will doubtless receive full attention from the Liberal Government. In the ears of the orators of the Opposition, who habitually speak of the Irish as of some savage people with whom we are at open war, the words compromise and concession sound weak and criminal. But when History writes the annals of the nineteenth century and the voice of passion is still, the policy of the Liberal Government toward Ireland, its generosity in the presence of ingratitude, its justice and self-possession amid the fierce storm of party abuse, will be held its best title to honor.

The difficulties and dangers which necessarily accompany manhood suffrage are, in America, intensified by the enormous emigration and the law of naturalization under which aliens are admitted as citizens after five years' residence. The consequence of this provision, which, as in the case of Michael Mulhooly, is frequently evaded, is that a large number of persons are annually admitted to all the rights of citizenship before they have become American in sympathy or sentiment, with the tendency to form separate political groups looking only to the interests of their own class or nationality. Thus a number of *imperia in imperio* grow up, German, Scandinavian, or Irish, bringing, as we have seen with the last-named, confusion into the Federal Government, and fighting from beneath its shield against their private enemies. The Germans, in America as elsewhere, are a sober, honest, and intelligent body, and have brought the land of their adoption its most valuable contingent. But they are rather in than of the American world. They do not intermarry with Americans; they have their separate societies and amusements; and as they now number some ten millions, there will at no distant date be a larger German population in America than in Europe, whose sympathies must more or less affect European politics. To a less degree these remarks apply to the Scandinavian emigrants, who, in States like Minnesota, are numerous. They have in no way changed their nationality with their climate, and the Swedish *chargé d'affaires* at Washington told me that they were continually referring to him in their difficulties instead of to the authorities of their State.

Difficulties such as these may be successfully solved; but there is one legacy of the war, in the negro vote, which will only become more intolerable by the lapse of time, for the reason that the African race is extremely prolific, and, under existing conditions, may be expected to increase more rapidly than any other element of the heterogeneous mass of American citizens. The position of the negro is anomalous and embarrassing. Without referring to the multiplied researches of the Anthropological Society on the capacity of the African races,

it may generally be asserted that the negro is as fit for the franchise as the monkey he closely resembles. He has one or two good qualities and many bad ones. He makes a very good waiter if in firm hands, but is usually spoilt by American familiarity, which in his small mind breeds contempt, so that the head waiter at a restaurant gives himself more airs than an English duke. For any occupation requiring higher intellectual powers than blacking boots or waiting at table the vast majority of negroes are unfit. A few of the best struggle into the professions and there fail, though I remember at Washington some cases of partial success; while one colored female lawyer of much vivacity roundly declared, during the recent civil rights discussion, that the negroes were the superior race in America. Since the war they have largely increased, and now number some six millions of uneducated and unimprovable persons, as useless for the purpose of civilization as if they were still wandering naked through the African jungle. Slavery is an accursed thing, but it is rather as degrading the higher race of slaveholders than as brutalizing the slaves that it must be condemned. There is no more natural equality among races than individuals, and imperial peoples have to use up some of the weaker and poorer in their political manufactories. The Nemesis of slavery was not exhausted in the civil war. Its evil fruits are still to be gathered by the American people, who have in their midst this ever-growing mass of savagery which they hate and despise, and to which they were compelled to give the rights of citizenship. For although it sounds well to speak of the war as the protest of the North against slavery, the emancipation of the slaves was never intended by the Americans. They then cared for the negroes no more than now, when they would be delighted to carry the whole race to the middle of the Atlantic and sink them there. The North was driven into war, much against its will, by the threats, the insults, and the hostile acts of the South. Abraham Lincoln, in his inaugural address as President, repeated and emphasized his former declaration that "he had no purpose, directly or indirectly, to interfere with the institution of slavery."

ery in the States where it existed." And when the war was over and the victory won, he was far too shrewd to desire to admit the negroes to the franchise. This fatal measure was taken in sheer self-defence to swamp the Southern vote, which would otherwise have restored the intolerable situation previous to the war. Since that day the miserable negro has been the tool and sport of every party; now petted, now kicked; his strong limbs and feeble brain at the service of any demagogue who might best know how to tickle his vanity and arouse his passions. If he were other than himself he would be a fit object for compassion; but he is of too low a type to be unhappy, and is probably the only man who laughs to-day in America.

It would be interesting to glance at the chief political platforms, such as the treatment of the National Debt, the Tariff, Resumption, Civil Service Reform, Prohibition, Home Rule, and such questions as the treatment of the Mormons, the Chinese, and the Irish; but the briefest review of these would be too lengthy. Their examination would, however, show that democratic institutions have so demoralized politics that there is no single question on which either the Republican or Democratic party have any clear and honest policy or principle. The lowest expediency, the most vulgar and interested motives, the spoils of office, and the pillage of the Municipal or Federal treasury, are the alpha and omega of American politics. "Pah! give me an ounce of civet, good apothecary, to sweeten my imagination."

Foreign politics excite so little interest in America, where the attention of the people is solely directed to money-making, and the attitude is so different from that of France, whose restlessness and insolent aggression in every quarter of the world is inconveniently conspicuous, that it would be interesting to inquire whether apathy or truculence was the normal effect of republican institutions. But here it must suffice to note that either attitude would be equally fatal in English policy. A few points more or less directly affecting England in the foreign policy of America may be briefly noticed. Firstly, the army, which costs some forty millions of dol-

lars annually, consists of but 25,000 men, mostly employed in distant outposts, as in New Mexico; and a stranger may travel through the length and breadth of the country without meeting a single soldier. The navy, on which between fifteen and sixteen millions of dollars are spent or wasted, is non-existent, so far as first-class ships equal to modern requirements are concerned. Admiral D. Porter, a high authority, declares that there is no navy worth speaking of, and that it consists of officers and water without any ships. It is true that the protective tariff has annihilated the merchant shipping, so that the navy is no longer required to protect American commerce abroad; but its naval weakness is unworthy the dignity of a great country. The treasury is overflowing with money; the public debt cannot be reduced faster than at present without grave financial embarrassment; yet in the appropriations of Congress it is party interests and not the national honor which are considered. It is certainly not for the advantage of England that America should adopt free-trade, and again cover the sea with merchant ships; but the day will probably come when the farmers of the West and the working classes of the East will unite in refusing to pay double prices for almost every necessary of life in order to swell the profits of the manufacturers. But under a republic, where the minority rule and the majority suffer, the hour of deliverance may be far distant.

There is in the foreign policy of America nothing unfriendly to England. The good feeling between the two countries is fortunately increasing year by year, and so long as the States confine their attention exclusively to the American continent our interests are not likely to clash. Canada is not a source of anxiety; for while, on the one hand, this dependency is exceedingly loyal to the Crown, there is, on the other, no desire on the part of the States to absorb it. Should a policy of annexation, contrary to the wish of the Dominion, be ever launched, England and Canada will be quite able to take care of themselves.

The large and rapidly increasing German population of the States may have a tranquillizing effect on American rela-

tions with England, and to some extent neutralize the Irish element ; for there can be little doubt that English sentiment is tending toward the natural alliance with Germany as opposed to France, who, since she has adopted republican institutions, has proved herself worthless as an ally. We can have no true sympathy with France, whose attitude toward us is uniformly unfriendly, and whose interests are opposed to ours in every quarter of the world ; while with Germany we have the bond of a common origin, creed, and interests. The sentimental regard for the Russian Government, which was once so strongly and frequently expressed in America, has died out. It was always an unnatural and artificial growth, and had its origin in the astuteness of Russia attempting to make political capital out of the mistakes of the upper classes in England, who, for reasons which need not here be discussed, gave their sympathy and moral support to the Southern Democrats in the civil war. Russia, who foresaw the inevitable result of the struggle, sided warmly with the North, and earned a cheap gratitude, which for some time made an imposing display. But the farce was played out with the return of cordiality between England and America, for it was impossible that either of these nations should long regard with any other sentiment than disgust the domestic policy of Russia. It was an evil day for the Liberal party in England when fortune compelled it to appear as the advocate of Russian fraud and aggression in south-eastern Europe, to champion a power whose hostility to England is deep-seated and inveterate, and whose political methods are abhorrent to every sentiment of Liberalism. America and England have both fallen into the same snare, and we may hope that for them, at least, the fowler may in future spread his nets in vain.

Great as the evils of the political system in America may be, and serious as are the dangers which lie before the Republic, the people are far too energetic and high-spirited to view them with any unworthy alarm. The pride in the greatness and wealth of their country which is felt and expressed by Americans, their confidence in its future, and the equanimity with which they regard the

dangers or troubles of the hour, are admirable to behold, and are qualities which in themselves go far to deserve and command national good-fortune. Nor is their pride and confidence exaggerated or unfounded. They possess a country immense in extent and of unparalleled richness. In its virgin soil and limitless prairies are an inexhaustible treasury, a cornucopia from which fatness and abundance forever flow, while in no part of the world is found such varied mineral wealth. The harvest of field and mine is reaped by an intelligent, industrious, and energetic people, whose territory stretches from ocean to ocean, and this generation will see within its borders one hundred millions of English-speaking people, who will doubtless be prosperous, and who, if they be wise in time, may be also free.

England, who has girdled the earth with empire, and the roots of whose national oak lie, like those of the mystic tree in Norse sagas, among the hidden bases of the world, can look without fear, or distrust, or envy, but rather with a glad and generous pride, at the development of the great American people, bone of her bone and blood of her blood. And if England can find nothing worthy of adoption in the political system of America, she can yet take care that she does not fall behind in that noble and confident spirit which is the birthright of imperial races, and which enables them to look indifferently on good or evil fortune. There are Englishmen who seem to believe that the golden age has passed for their country, and that she is falling into decrepitude. This is not the view of those who have breathed the free air of the younger and greater Britain in Canada, Australia, or India. It is not the spirit which breathes in Lord Dufferin's Canadian speeches, or in the admirable address lately delivered by Lord Lorne before the Colonial Institute, or which inspires the patriotic resolve of Australia to not only share the glory but the burdens of the mother-country. The British Empire is still in its infancy. Grafted, it is true, on an ancient monarchy, it only dates from the occupation of Virginia by Raleigh three hundred years ago. It has grown

to be the greatest empire the world has ever seen, with a territory of 9,000,000 square miles and 300,000,000 subjects of the Queen, and now only waits the statesman whose genius shall gather it into one mighty federation, animated by loyalty and dignified by freedom. When that day shall come we may hope that

the united Anglo-Saxon race, English and American, will join hands across the Atlantic, and, disdaining all possible occasion of quarrel, cement a lasting alliance which will insure the peace and progress of the world.—*Fortnightly Review*.

LITERARY NOTICES.

TEACHINGS OF THE TWELVE APOSTLES, RECENTLY DISCOVERED AND PUBLISHED BY PHILOTHEOS BRYENNIOΣ, METROPOLITAN OF NICOMEDIA. Edited with a Translation, Introduction, and Notes. By Roswell D. Hitchcock and Francis Brown, Professors in the Union Theological Seminary, New York. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

According to the history given us of this somewhat remarkable fragment of the earliest Christian literature (for as such, if its pedigree be authentic, it yields only to the New Testament Scriptures), the ms. of which it is a part was a find of Bishop Bryennios in the library of the Most Holy Sepulchre at Constantinople. Other parts of the same manuscript consist of "Chrysostom's Synopsis of the Old and New Testament;" "The Epistle of Barnabas;" "The Two Epistles of Clement;" "The Epistle of Mary of Cassobelæ to Ignatius;" and "Eight Epistles of Ignatius." "The Teachings of the Twelve Apostles" *Διδαχὴ τῶν δώδεκα Ἀποστόλων* occupies about four pages out of the one hundred and twenty of the manuscript, and consists of about twenty-five hundred words. It was published in Greek last year in Constantinople, and it is now produced in English (the Greek being given on the alternate page). It is believed to have been written in its present form in the year 1056 A.D., the assumption, of course, being that it is a transcript from an earlier ms., the date of which is fixed early in the second century. Accepting this supposition, it is reasonable to believe that the author knew those who had sat under the teachings of Christ's immediate successors and so received the stream of instruction from very near the fountain head. Such a testimony cannot fail to be of vast interest to the Christian world.

It is impossible to suppress a tendency to scepticism in accepting the facts as given us. The fact that Shapira very recently so nearly succeeded in palming off his impudent forgeries

on the Christian world and even hoodwinked several eminent scholars, is only one instance out of many, which will recur to the mind, of cunning imposition, which nearly attained its purpose. That there should be an extraordinary eagerness to discover fresh manuscripts relating to Christianity in its early period is but natural, and no less natural is it that there should be attempts to gratify this hunger by deceptions. It is singular, certainly, that a manuscript of this importance should have remained so long unknown in a library so well known and so easily accessible to scholars. When Tischendorf discovered the "Codex Sinaiticus" in the year 1850 in the Monastery of St. Catherine on Mount Sinai, and made it known to the world, there was less occasion to wonder. The library of St. Catherine's had always been strictly and jealously guarded against western scholars, and Tischendorf was one of the first who got access to its treasures:

Putting all these questions of authenticity, however, aside, let us glance briefly at the general character of "The Teachings of the Twelve Apostles." Its Greek is the provincial Syrian Greek of the New Testament, and the whole tone of it is eminently archaic. In all respects it corresponds with the spirit of the age to which it is credited. The internal evidence is in its favor. That such a manuscript existed is vouched for by the fact that it is alluded to in the writings of several of the Greek patristic authors. It will not be very difficult then for the critic to find both discernment and conviction in studying the accepted Christian canons side by side with it. The work is divided into sixteen short chapters, and in them we find more or less learning on all the ethical and practical teachings of Christ and His apostles. To the theology imposed by Paul on the teachings of Christ we find no allusion, nor any recognition of it even indirectly. The citations for the most part are from Matthew and Luke. Mark and John are

ignored, as are Revelation, and, as indicated above, all the important doctrinal epistles of Paul. There are more allusions to the apocryphal than to the accepted books of the Old Testament.

Special interest will be found in the light thrown by the manuscript on the opinions and practices of the early Christian Church. Those who believe in immersion as necessary to baptism will find a disagreeable rebuff in the fact that this new Christian word distinctly refers to "sprinkling" as the current method, though the neophyte should stand in running water. So again there is a warning against indiscriminate almsgiving. Among the orders of the Church no elders are mentioned. The doxology is uniformly used with the Lord's Prayer, though in the revised version of the New Testament it was omitted as not properly belonging there. There are very singular rules laid down concerning the reception of apostles and prophets. For example, the faithful are inhibited from entertaining a visiting apostle for more than two days, a desire on the part of the latter to remain a third day being branded as the mark of a false prophet. We should consider such treatment inhospitable nowadays, but probably there was a good reason for it when the communistic character of Christian society made the thrifty and industrious peculiarly liable to become the prey of lazy impostors. Scattered through the brief chapters the reader will find many curious side-lights as to the feelings and habits of the early Church. There can be no question that this work is in complete accord with the spirit and character of the Gospels. Christian thinkers will receive it with the warmest curiosity, and hardly fail to find in it ample to justify their faith. The translators have given us the text of the manuscript without any of the elaborate glosses and notes of Bishop Bryennios originally published with it.

PETER THE GREAT, EMPEROR OF RUSSIA: A STUDY OF HISTORICAL BIOGRAPHY. By Eugene Schuyler, Ph.D., LL.D., author of "Turkestan." In two volumes. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Dr. Schuyler, now U. S. Minister to the Court of Athens, has for many years occupied important diplomatic posts in Eastern Europe, and has therefore had singularly favorable facilities for the kind of work, so notable an example of which now lies before us. Distinguished in college for his linguistic talents and bent for historical and archæological study,

his long residence in Russia as Consul to Moscow, naturally turned his attention to Russian history, which has in the past been so largely alloyed with tradition and misconception. Certainly, prior to the appearance of Dr. Schuyler's "Peter the Great," no adequate biography of this remarkable ruler had ever been given to the world. Our readers will remember the serial publication which ran so long through the numbers of *Scribner's Magazine* (now the *Century*), and which was afterward published in book-form. The present edition consists of the matter of the first issue thoroughly revised and for the most part rewritten, with a large amount of entirely fresh matter. The author has found occasion to modify some of the views expressed in the earlier work, and this last revision may be regarded as expressing his maturer views. He has drawn his material from original authorities in the Russian and Swedish languages, and the evidence of most thoroughgoing investigation is plain beyond all questions. However critics may object to the author's convictions, there can be but one opinion as to his profound knowledge of the field which he surveys, in this biography, which is not merely the life of one man, but a key to the whole history of Russia.

Peter the Great is one of the colossal figures of modern European history, and a fit subject for the pen of a great historian. In many respects as rude and violent a barbarian as any of the subjects whom he sought to raise from their estate to a place among the civilized nationalities of Europe, he possessed a powerful, far-seeing mind, which grasped all the conditions of the present and the possibilities of the future. His youth was passed amid turbulent and precarious surroundings, and his advent to the throne endangered by the intrigues of his own family. The social and political facts constituting the environment within whose mould his character was forged and tempered, acting on a bright and piercing intelligence, easily account for the ambition for reform on the part of one who, with all his faults, was a genuine lover of his people; they also account for the restless and reckless vigor with which that ambition was carried out. Peter was coarse, cruel, and resolute in destroying all obstacles which intervened in his path. But whatever crimes he committed in marching to his goal (and these crimes were neither few nor trivial), they were not done to further self-indulgence nor ignoble purposes, for he was one to spare himself as little as he spared

others. If any historic deduction shines out with luminous clearness, it is that the consuming motive of Peter's whole career, which fevered his soul without rest, was to uplift Russia from her grovelling degradation socially as a people, politically as a nation, to a lofty place in the European galaxy. That he fell far short of his ambition in the results achieved only sets that ambition forth in more a picturesque and vivid light. The terrible vigor of the monarch's character displayed itself early in his reign. He became convinced that the great Prætorian Guard of the Streltsi, one of the traditional institutions of Russia, made the foundations of his power unsteady. He acted with characteristic energy and cruelty. He did what Mehemet Ali afterward did with the Mamelukes. The Streltsi were taken by surprise, disarmed, and literally butchered; shot down, hanged, beheaded, tortured, annihilated, and their families treated with little less cruelty. Peter did not believe in scotching a snake. It is said that he himself and many of his highest nobles even wielded the executioner's axe in some cases. This sanguinary episode of a barbarous age, revolting as it is, was a logical outcome of its causes. The education of such a career makes us wonder but little that Peter in his later life was able so completely to stifle his natural feelings for his son Alexis, when he became convinced that that son stood in the way of the life work, which had become hardened into a fanaticism.

What Peter did for Russia is well known, at least in outline, to every school-boy. How he did it has been narrated by Dr. Schuyler with a fulness of detail, with a grasp of all the underlying as well as exterior conditions of the age, and in powerful and fascinating yet exceedingly simple style. There is no attempt at the pomp of diction which the subject might so easily justify. The main purpose has been to present a picture of the great Czar and his age in sober and truthful colors. This desire to be accurate and judicial is everywhere patent. That the author unconsciously softens the harsh and repulsive traits of his hero is probably true. But we doubt whether any great biography was ever written unless the author was thoroughly in love with his hero. Appreciative criticism in such cases comes nearer to the balance of truth than depreciative criticism. Peter's faults and crimes, gigantic, like all the traits of the man, perhaps make us better understand the forces which he was compelled to stem. The author takes no little pains in limning the rough geniality of Peter's

character, which frequently, however, degenerated into brutal and undignified aspects, and his strong devotion to his friends, most of whom were foreigners by birth. To their advice and influence the monarch felt that he owed much, and he proved it by the sincerity of his friendship. Dr. Schuyler does full justice to his striking personality as a man and to his greatness as a ruler; and the picture he makes, though painted with studied moderation, is full of high lights and deep shadows. The two volumes are embellished with a great number of engravings, portraits, illustrations of Russian life and customs, battle-scenes, etc., and are an excellent specimen of good book-making.

THE LIFE AND POEMS OF THEODORE WINTHROP. Edited by his Sister. With Portrait. New York: *Henry Holt & Co.*

When Theodore Winthrop fell at the battle of Big Bethel, at the very outset of the war, it was felt that a very valuable victim had been sacrificed. The public had not then become callous through the effects of profuse and long-continued bloodshed. The youth and social distinction of the fallen soldier, his brilliant literary talents, whose early fruits (destined never to be ripened) foreshadowed such a splendid career, the heroic gallantry which led to his death conspired to send a thrill of grief, almost sentimental, even among those who had never known him. Theodore Winthrop was born in 1828 and graduated at Yale College in 1848. He spent three years abroad, and shortly after returning home went to Mexico and Central America, thence to California and Oregon, and returned home overland. The latter journey bore fruit afterward in more than one of his books. He did not settle down regularly to literary work (though he had practised his 'prentice hand in a great number of experiments, poetry and prose) till 1854, though even then he was nominally a law-student. He was admitted to the bar, but never seems to have practised. His time was devoted to writing, and he seems to have persevered untiringly, though publisher after publisher refused his books. It is sad to say that it was not till after his death that any of his more ambitious works were published, though his magazine articles and stories had found cordial acceptance. "*Cecil Dreame*," the last novel he wrote, was the first published. The recent death of the author and the power of the romance in itself made it brilliantly successful, and then followed in rapid succession "*John*"

Brent," "Edwin Brotherloft," "Love and Skates," and two volumes of out-door adventure and travel—"The Canoe and Saddle," and "Life in the Open Air." The latter two are delightfully fresh and vivid pictures by forest and lake, of prairie and mountain. The poems, which are given to the world in this volume of biography and reminiscence, are not such as will enhance Winthrop's literary reputation. They are in many respects crude and callow, and one cannot rank them as more valuable than the literary recreations in rhyme, wherewith all men of literary taste sometimes regale themselves. Though marked by feeling and imagination, the entire lack of distinctive feeling for poetic art-form is everywhere apparent. It was in his prose that Winthrop moved with a sure and certain step, the easy master of his work, though the publishing craft utterly failed to appreciate him till death lit a torch on his tomb. His novels are marked by boldness of invention, largeness and symmetry of plan, grasp of character, and a singular and felicitous union of robustness and subtlety. There is a fresh breezy air blowing through his books, even when he deals with mystery or melancholy, which should be a good tonic for a morbid reader. Had Winthrop lived and labored to the full development of his fine talents, there can be no doubt that he would have snatched the highest prizes of American authorship. That he would have created a model of the story-teller's art entirely different than that which has the vogue now in the James-Howells school of finicky refinement and over-analysis it is not far away to assume. It is pleasant that such a volume as this memorial should awaken the younger generation to the merits of one whom the elders remember with singular pleasure and interest.

DARWINISM STATED BY DARWIN HIMSELF. CHARACTERISTIC PASSAGES FROM THE WRITINGS OF CHARLES DARWIN. Selected and Arranged by Nathan Sheppard, author of "Shut up in Paris," etc. New York: *D. Appleton & Co.*

This is one of the few books the title of which suffices to explain perfectly its whole scope and purpose. In spite of the fact that the researches and theories of Darwin have gone far to revolutionize the whole channel of modern science, and even of philosophy, and in spite of the fact that his name is familiar in the mouth of nearly every one with any pretence of culture, it is probably true that very few have read "The Origin of Species" and

the "Descent of Man." Like many another great thinker, his teachings are more talked about than accurately known, and so far as known, known at second-hand. This is the case with great names in literature proper—Homer, Virgil, Dante, Milton, Goethe, Schiller, Montaigne, etc. It is even more the case with great scientific lights, where some special intellectual training and love of truth must enter to overcome the fiction of study. Mr. Sheppard's service to the reading world is that he has selected from Darwin's voluminous writings all the salient and characteristic passages which best illustrate his theories and present the researches and reasonings on which these theories are built. He succeeds in presenting these in such consecutive order as to give an intelligent presentment of Darwin's great work as a scientist, though, of course, to know the full bearings and relations of this work demands a study of the author at first-hand. For the casual reader, however, the book before us will suffice to fill his needs. It will serve to correct the numerous misrepresentations of what Darwin believed and taught, and surely no one has ever been so persistently misrepresented, though in many cases innocently. Mr. Sheppard has performed his work as compiler and editor with acumen and good taste. We do not much believe, as a rule, in books of "knowledge made easy," but this is one which proves a happy exception. It is a book which ought to find a large public in a country like ours, where there are such numbers of half-educated men, who crave intellectual light, and yet lack the leisure or inclination, or perhaps both, to acquire it by the more slow and certain channels of protracted study.

FLOWERS AND THEIR PEDIGREES. By Grant Allen, author of "Colin Clout's Calendar," etc. New York: *D. Appleton & Co.*

What is called popular science is often full of such shallow and misleading statements, so padded with words without significance, that it is quite delightful to find a writer who is equally accurate, luminous, and picturesque in the art of presentation. Mr. Grant Allen is one of these rare interpreters of natural science. Nay, more! he sheds the glamor of a poetic imagination over the subjects which he treats, and transfigures scientific detail into something which fairly glows and palpitates with life. Science generally tends to present its material in a desiccated form, to eliminate everything but the arid fundamental truth, and

to generalize away the concrete. Mr. Allen's piquant method reverses this. He, of course, in studying the physiology and evolution of plant-life is obliged to remind his readers of the technical truths of botany and to use its nomenclature. But his use of analysis as an instrument of thought is entirely subordinate to that of synthesis. We may fancy at times, indeed, that his analogies and parallels glide into mere hypothesis. But his knowledge of the field which he is exploring is so evident, his handling of the facts so easy and masterly, that it is not easy to put one's finger on a weak link in the logic. All of the essays collected in this volume were originally printed in such English magazines as *Longman's Magazine*, the *Cornhill*, *Macmillan's Magazine*, the *Gentleman's*, *Belgravia*, etc. The subjects are "The Daisy's Pedigree," "The Romance of a Wayside Weed," "Strawberries," "Cleavers," "The Origin of Wheat," "A Mountain Tulip," "A Family History," and "Cuckoo Pint"—all of them treating of well-known plants. The author very concisely explains his plan in his brief preface, when he says, "We know by this time pretty well what our English wild-flowers are like; we want to know next why they are just what they are, and how they came to be so." The cornerstone of his reasoning is in the law of natural selection or survival of the fittest, and applying this to his facts he tells us in a very bright and delightful way how some of the common flowers and fruits have been evolved from simple weeds seemingly widely different. We are told, for example, how the luscious strawberry was developed from the plant called "potentilla," which exists in so many varieties. Then again our author traces the origin of wheat, and shows us how it is in descent only a degenerate and degraded lily. The curious kinship between the cereal, which is the most important article of food, and the beautiful flower filled with perfume, is unfolded in a very fascinating way. So through a number of chapters Mr. Allen carries us along as much absorbed as if we were reading a romance. If science were always taught in this fashion, its study would be a labor of love not confined to the few who have distinctive aptitudes for its pursuit. Mr. Allen tells us that this is the first instalment of a work which he hopes some day to carry out more fully and to which he means to give the somewhat awkward title of a "Functional Companion to the British Flora." It is to be hoped he will find a more attractive name; for the matter, judging from the first

part, is sure to be delightful and suggestive reading.

BOUND TOGETHER: A SHEAF OF PAPERS. By the author of "Wet Days at Edgewood," "Reveries of a Bachelor," etc. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

This is the latest volume in the complete collected works of Donald G. Mitchell, a writer better known to the older than to the present generation of readers, though he is not very much past the intellectual prime of life. Mr. Mitchell's reputation thirty years ago was second to that of hardly any American writer, but in some curious way he stepped out of American literature, and allowed himself to be almost forgotten, except through casual contributions to the magazines. In his books we find scholarship, geniality, refined and fastidious taste, something at times nearly akin to genius. Why he should have remained so long a dumb oracle is a matter of sorrow and wonder to many of his old admirers. In the present volume we have a collection of papers, some of which are occasional, such as the centenary oration on Irving and the lecture on Titian, delivered before the Yale Art School; and other pleasant essays on various topics originally printed in the magazines. All these papers are readable, fresh, and suggestive. We are specially pleased with the essays, based on the author's observation of nature and his experiences of country life. These are racy and unbackneyed and full of suggestive quality, reviving the memories of his earliest and best style.

HAND-BOOK OF TREE PLANTING, OR WHY TO PLANT, WHERE TO PLANT, WHAT TO PLANT, AND HOW TO PLANT. By Nathaniel H. Egleston, Chief of Forestry Division, Department of Agriculture, Washington. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

For many years forestry has been a science in Germany, ranking among the learned professions. The needs of an old and thickly settled country make it imperative that the subject of arboriculture should be thoroughly understood. In our own great country, where enormous size and extravagant habits have conduced to make us reckless in destroying forests and indifferent in cultivating trees except for purely ornamental purposes, the time has only very recently come when we have begun to see that our crass ignorance on this subject is a national crime. The public mind has awakened, and the matter is being widely

and intelligently discussed. The utter destruction of our great northern pine regions, approaching so swiftly and surely (if nothing is done to prevent), the denudation of the Adirondacks threatening the water supply of the Hudson, and similar dangers are significant threats that fix the public interest. Books that throw light on the subject of arboriculture, not merely as a means of gratification to the rich in growing parks and pleasure-grounds, but as a matter of public interest and safety, must be considered, then, as vital to our present public needs. Mr. Egleston has written a compact and well-considered hand-book on this theme, and appears to speak *ex cathedra*. Aside from the claims justified in his little book, his position under government should assure us of the fact, though unfortunately office-holding is not always a guarantee of fitness. The author has evidently had a wide practical experience in the culture of trees and studied the science underlying it with zeal and thoroughness. Not the least interesting part of the book to the general reader will be the very intelligent and comprehensive study of the needs of preserving and augmenting our forest areas, found in the first sections, as these are so germane to the discussion now going on.

FOREIGN LITERARY NOTES.

MR. ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON, the author of "Travels on a Donkey," "Treasure Island," etc., has been seriously sick at Nice. The loss of this author would be seriously felt in literature.

THE note-books of the late Abraham Hayward, a sketch of whose life and character is given in the present number of THE ECLECTIC, will be edited by Mr. Kinglake.

AMONG foreign literary men of note, who have just died, are Blanchard Jerrold, son of Douglass Jerrold, and a versatile journalist, novelist, and essayist; the great French historian, Mignet, and Richard Hengist Horne. The latter poet is not much known to the present generation, but literary men agree in looking on him as one of the remarkable poets of his century. A complete edition of his works is about to be published in London. He will probably become widely famous now that he is dead, a fate which has befallen the fame of more than one great man. His greatest poem was "Orion," an epic.

HOLLAND, it is said, has only one poet who is a woman. This is Miss Stratenus, who is now visiting London, and who is described as charming both as poet and as woman.

M. AUGUST LAHURE, the manager of a great Paris printing office, has written a letter to the Alliance Française on the diminution of the French book trade. He says it is owing to the lessening number of persons who speak French, and shows that English is gaining ground in the French West Indies, in New Caledonia, and Tahiti. The loss of Alsace and Lorraine was a severe blow to French books. M. Lahure's remedy is compulsory colonial education in Algiers and elsewhere.

THE *Athenæum* declares that Mr. Speed's edition of Keats recently published by Dodd, Mead & Co. contains little that is new. "The edition," it alleges, "is practically the same as Lord Houghton's, even to its misprints. The greater number of Lord Houghton's notes are given without signature, though some are signed E. D. Mr. Speed should have taken care to warn the reader against crediting him with these notes."

THE *Pall Mall Gazette* indicates the tenor of General Gordon's unpublished theological work. Instead of opening new views, the writer reminds us of the time of the Puritans, when the love of parallelisms between the Old and New Testaments was at its height; when the soldiers of Cromwell prayed aloud to be delivered from the old Adam. For every incident connected with the fall of man, General Gordon traces the New Testament, not only a counter-balancing remedy to enable the fallen to retrieve the lost ground, but an identity of the means of recovery, with the cause of the original transgression. This he recognizes in the act of partaking of the sacramental elements, the meet and fitting remedy against sin introduced into the world by the act of eating the fruit of the tree of life.

THE *Pall Mall Gazette* asserts that Matthew Arnold made £1200 by his lecturing tour in America.

DR. EVEURS, the American dentist of Paris, has bought the American copyright of the English translation of Heine's *Memoirs*, and will publish it in May.

THE English edition of the memoirs of Princess Alice will be ready in April. The correspondence of the Princess with the Queen, from English originals in the possession of the

Queen and other members of the royal family, extends from 1862 to 1880.

WE may expect from Matthew Arnold, by and by, a book on America, which will probably be pungent and suggestive. It is reported that he has made a huge collections of memoranda on the queer social facts he observed in America.

THE authenticity of the recently discovered manuscript of Kant, which is to be reproduced photographically, is unquestionable. It was first mentioned in J. G. Hasse's "Remarkable Sayings of Kant, by one of his Table Companions," published in 1804, the year in which Kant died. Hasse therein refers to the work, which the author had several times shown him, and to which he (Kant) had not only given the title "System of Pure Philosophy," but of which he spoke as being "his principal work, his *chef d'œuvre*," an absolute whole, completing his system, and only needing to be properly arranged—an arrangement which Kant hoped to have time left him to accomplish.

THE distinguished preacher, Père Didon, is about to publish a book on the Germans, which is said to be remarkable for its generous impartiality. He warmly praises the patriotism displayed by the Germans: "Kings and Emperor, Chancellor and Ministers, soldiers and literary men, students and workmen, only dream of laboring for their country. They have but one watchword—the Fatherland before everything! Their patriotism is beyond dispute." He adds: "I shall never forget my indignation and anguish while reading the French newspapers in Germany. I often found in the columns of a certain Parisian journal more insults against my country than in all the voluminous gazettes of Berlin together."

THE late Charles Stewart Calverley, the author of "Fly Leaves," was an accomplished scholar; and he left at Oxford, it is said, an extraordinary and durable reputation as a wit. The good things of "Blades," as he was then called, are still retailed to the freshmen of the University. An accident on the ice crippled Mr. Calverley's powers much in the later years of his life.

MAX O'RELL, the author of "John Bull et Son Isle," has complained in the English newspapers that the American publishers of his book have not sent him an honorarium. To this a correspondent of the *St. James*

Gazette replies: "If the ingenuous M. Max O'Rell would take a walk down, not Fleet Street, but Booksellers' Row, he might see another side of the copyright question. He might notice a popular American work called 'Democracy,' published by three British publishers at the exceedingly low price of 6d. or 4½d. cash. Compared with the 40 cents (1s. 8d.), or even 20 cents (10d.), the American publishers charge for their work, this will show him the gratifying fact that he is more appreciated in America than the author of 'Democracy' in this country; for, reduced to a least common multiple, he is worth nearly 6d. more, or 100 per cent, than his similarly placed anonymous American. A yard or so further on he might see the 'Bad Boy's Diary,' published by the same three eager enthusiasts for the diffusion of American literature; and of 'Don't' and 'Never' and 'Always' he may see at least four copyright editions pirated—I beg pardon, 're-issued'—in this country. And then, if he desired further enlightenment on the subject, he might find out how many English checks were in the scrap-books of the American authors of these works."

PRINCE LEOPOLD, of England, who died on the 28th ult., at Cannes, France, very suddenly, was the youngest son of Queen Victoria. He inherited the literary, scholarly, and artistic tastes of his father in large measure. Educated at Cambridge University, he took a high degree, and specially distinguished himself in literature, philosophy, and the languages. His literary ability was very marked, and he was the author of two books. He was accustomed to remark jocosely that if the Royal Family went out of business in virtue of England becoming a republic, that he could himself make an honest living by teaching music or the classics, or by writing for the periodicals.

MISCELLANY.

THE MIGRATIONS OF THE SPRINGBOK. — Many travellers in South Africa have mentioned the "trek-bokken," as the Boers call the pilgrimages of the springbok, but none have painted them more vividly than the late Captain Gordon Cumming. One morning, as he had been lying awake in his wagon for some two hours before daybreak, he had heard the continual grunting of male springboks, but took no particular notice of the sound. "On my rising, when it was clear, and looking

about me, I beheld the ground to the northward of my camp actually covered with a dense living mass of springboks, marching steadily and slowly along, extending from an opening in a long range of hills on the west, through which they continued pouring like the flood of some great river, to a ridge about half a mile to the east, over which they disappeared. The breadth of the ground which they covered might have been somewhere about half a mile. I stood upon the fore-chest of my wagon for nearly two hours, lost in wonder at the novel and beautiful scene which was passing before me, and had some difficulty in convincing myself that it was a reality which I beheld, and not the wild and exaggerated picture of a hunter's dream. During this time their vast legions continued streaming through the neck in the hills, in one unbroken, compact phalanx." It has sometimes happened that a flock of sheep has strayed into the line of march. In such cases the flock has been overlapped, enveloped in the springbok army, and forced to join in the march. A most astonishing example of the united power of the springbok was witnessed by a well-known hunter. During the passage of one of these armies a lion was seen in the midst of the antelopes, forced to take unwilling part in the march. He had evidently miscalculated his leap and sprung too far, alighting upon the main body. Those upon whom he alighted must have recoiled sufficiently to allow him to reach the ground, and then the pressure from both flanks and the rear prevented him from escaping from his strange captivity. As only the front ranks of these armies can put their heads to the ground, we very naturally wonder how those in the middle and rear can feed. The mode which is adopted is equally simple and efficacious. When the herd arrives at pasturage, those animals which occupy the front feed greedily until they can eat no more. Then, being ruminants, they need rest in order to enable them to chew the cud. So they fall out of the ranks and quietly chew the cud until the column has almost passed them, when they fall in at the rear and gradually work their way to the front again. As to water, they do not require it, many of these South African antelopes possessing the singular property of being able to exist for months together without drinking.—*Sunday Magazine*.

"CHILDREN'S PARTIES IN WINTER."—Dr. Cullimore, of the North-West London Hospital, has written to the *Evening Standard* what

we conceive to be a very sensible letter, pointing out the perils which beset children's parties in winter. The subject is one which may well receive the thoughtful attention of parents and all who are solicitous for the welfare of the young. Dr. Cullimore's principal objections, which are based on physical grounds chiefly, are urged for the benefit of children under seven years of age. We would extend the prohibition to twelve, or even a little later. It is impossible not to recognize that the so-called "pleasure" of a children's party involves a very large measure of excitement, both before and after the event; so that, apart from the exposure to the chances of "chill" and improper food and drink on the occasion, there is an amount of wear and tear and waste attending these parties which ought to be estimated, and the estimate can scarcely be a low one. It may seem ungracious to strive to put a limit on the pleasures of the young, but it must not be forgotten that early youth is the period of growth and development, and that anything and everything that causes special waste of organized material without a compensatory stimulus to nutrition ought to be avoided. Dr. Cullimore has dealt with the general effects on health, and he has not exaggerated the evils that sometimes ensue, and are always likely to be entailed by this form of juvenile amusement. We turn from these to the mental and nerve injuries inflicted on the growing organism. They are certainly not to be disregarded. A perfect storm of excitement rages in the little brain from the moment the invitation has been received, and the affair is talked about in the nursery until after the evening. Sleep is disturbed by dreams, or, in some cases, prevented by thinking of the occasion, and afterward the excitement does not subside until days have elapsed, perhaps not before another invitation is received. Not only in winter, but at all seasons, we think the amusements of young children ought to be simple, unexciting, and as free as possible from the characteristics of the "pleasures" of later years. As a matter of fact, "children's parties" are in no way necessary to the happiness of child life.—*Lancet*.

AN ANECDOTE OF HARRIET MARTINEAU.—

We were in her library (though indeed there were bookshelves everywhere at The Knoll), the view from which naturally extorted my admiration. "Yes," she said, "the look-out is charming; it is sometimes indeed so beautiful that I scarcely dare withdraw my eyes from it for fear it should melt." I praised the fresh-

ness of her little lawn, "Yes," she said, "but you have no idea of the trouble it took me to get the turf. You would think, perhaps, with these green mountains so near that it was a common commodity, but the fact is where once it is taken away it never grows again; the place is left bare. I could get no turf, in fact, for love or money, and was at my wit's end for it, when a very curious circumstance happened. One morning I found a cartload of turf lying on the gravel yonder where it had been pitchforked over the wall. A bit of paper was pinned to a slab of it, with these words written on it in a vile scrawl: "To Harriet Martineau, from a lover of her Forest and Game Law tales—A poacher." I dare say it was stolen, but that dishonest tribute to my merits always gave me great pleasure."—*Cornhill*.

THE DUKEDOM OF BRONTE.—This is that estate of Bronte which, together with the title of Duca di Bronte, was given by Ferdinand IV. to Lord Nelson in 1799. It is now held, with the title, by Viscount Bridport, the collateral descendant on the spindle side of this the most popular hero in our history. It is of great importance and of immense extent; and in the old maps takes in the very summit of Mount Etna, crater, lava, snows, and all. Nelson never saw his Sicilian holding—the lands which made him a duke and gave him a duchy; but he sent for the "campieri"—literally field-guards—to go down to him at Palermo, where he feasted them royally on board his ship. The name of Maniace comes from the small town which was built, not far from the Castello—built by and named after George Maniaces, "first sword-bearer and Master of the Palace of Michael, Emperor of Constantinople, and Prefect of Sicily"—to perpetuate the memory of a victory that he gained over the Saracens about the year A.D. 1032. In proof of which victory is there not, about two miles up the river, a huge rock called the Saracen's Rock to this day, showing where the fight came off and the sword-bearer was the conqueror? After the town was built a Benedictine monastery was founded in 1173 by Queen Margaret, then the widow of William the Bad. It was dedicated by her to "Santa Maria." After the worship of the Virgin was ordained, it was said to be dedicated to "La Madre di Dio." When Margaret's son, William the Good, built the splendid glory of Monreale above Palermo, he gave to this latter sculptured dream and inlaid jewel supreme jurisdiction over the less stately establishment

of Maniace. But the greater seems to have had some consideration for the less, for we are told that "Theobald, the first Abbot and Bishop of Monreale, granted parochial rights to the Church of Maniace; and Nicholas, the Archbishop of Messina, again made it exempt with a new diploma, and declared all the churches which belonged to it throughout his diocese free." They say that Queen Margaret's jewels are buried within an arrow's flight from Maniace. Why they should have been buried, and on what occasion of disturbance, history does not explain. In our own times, however, during the Sicilian revolution, the deeds and old important documents pertaining to the estate were buried for safety in the garden; and there is a tradition of certain jewels hidden under the flooring tiles, also at the same time for the same purpose of safe concealment; which jewels, by the way, have never come to light. The first Abbot of Maniace was William Blesense, brother to the famous Pierre du Blois. But he resigned his office in two years; and his brother Pierre, who, as tutor to the king, was used to the softnesses of life, and probably had no taste for the rough missionary work necessary to an abbot living in the wilds of Sicily, wrote to congratulate him on his decision, and to advise his immediate return to France. There were two other abbots of note among the long list of spiritual rulers lording it over the half-savage souls under the shadow of Mount Etna. One was the Blessed William, who had to do with the Saracens, and who, unarmed and incomplete, went out to meet a band of these black-browed marauders, whom he hoped to convert by godly speech. Finding that his exhortations had no effect, he seized the luckless donkey of a passer-by, took off the beast's hind-leg, and with this sole weapon, like another Samson—substituting a living leg for a dead jaw-bone—overcame the foe and put them to the rout. When he stuck the donkey's leg on again, he put it on the wrong way; which, inconvenient for the animal, was a standing attestation of the miracle. In spite of this miracle, however, William is only Blessed. His friends were too poor to pay for his Sanctification. His body yet lies beneath the altar in the church within the castle walls. It is almost entire, wanting the arms; is clothed in the Benedictine habit, and is venerated exceedingly by the poor people who come there to the weekly Mass. The second abbot of note, and the last, was Roger Borgin, he who was afterward the infamous Pope Alexander VI. and whose

name still survives in one of the vineyards, which is called to this day "Vigneto Borgia." He, too, had no special love for the wild life of a mitred missionary, and, "with the consent of the King, and the good pleasure of the Apostolic See," he sold the whole concern, in 1497, to the hospital at Palermo, for 2000 gold pieces down, reserving to himself, however, a yearly pension of 700 gold pieces in addition. "In the name of the Abbey, then, the Rectors of the above-named hospital pronounce the eleventh vote in the Parliaments, and now style themselves temporal lords of Bronte, a populous town, certainly without armed rights, but with absolute power in the choice of the magistrates." The end of all things ecclesiastical came in 1693, when an earthquake levelled to the dust convent and church; the only portion of this last left standing being that eastern part where the body of the Blessed William was lying in peace in his Benedictine robes. Architecturally, the value of what is left consists in the fine old Norman door studded with large-headed iron nails, in the obtusely-pointed Norman arches, and the pillars, of which there are eight, "with curious old carving on the capitals."—*Temple Bar*.

ALGIERS FROM THE SEA. — Of all the towns on the Mediterranean between Tunis and Tangier there is none so calculated to enchant the traveller upon a first view as Algiers, both on account of the beauty of its natural surroundings and the unfamiliar and striking configuration of the city itself. He has taken, let it be supposed, the usual route from the north through France, and in mid-November is flying south with the last of the long-linging swallows; he has escaped the storms of the Gulf of Lyons; the dreaded Levanter has not necessitated a run into Barcelona, the Balearic Isles are passed just as the sun is rising and playing at bo-peep with the vast swell of the dark blue sea; when within a few hours he becomes aware of his proximity to the land of the sun. The sea calms perceptibly, and through the fresh cool air come warm wafts from the south that do not at first seem to mingle with the common air, but wander freely and treat it as a foreign element; everything on deck becomes by degrees hot to the touch beneath the uprising sun. Suddenly, due south over the bows of the steamer, in the pale purple atmosphere, are seen two distinct rays of light broadening fanlike upward from the steady solid line of the deep blue sea. Those shafts of light that break the continuity

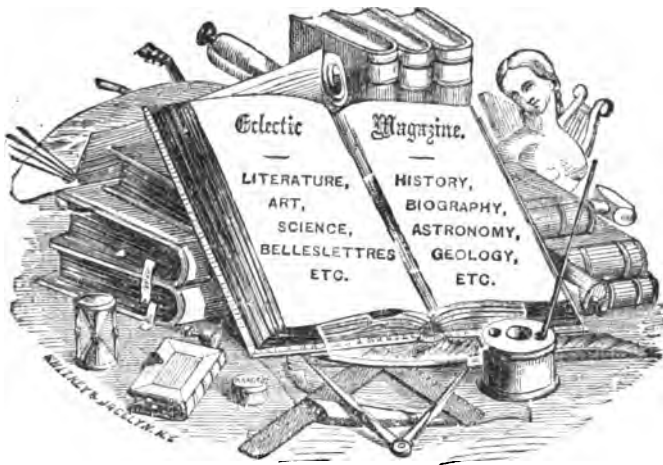
of the horizontal ether are thrown off the white houses, domes, and minarets of Algiers; and, even as the moon is fed from the exhaustless sun, so does that city, spread terrace and crescent-wise on the steep sides of its hills, borrow an ineffable splendor of light from that luminary. A little further run of the steamer and a long line of purple mountains is revealed, at first appearing as a veritable coast, so sharp is the contour and so intense the color; and then, in a moment, the city itself is seen rising in dazzling radiance above the sea, white with almost blinding intensity, and forming a picture too brilliant to be scanned with ease, if it were not for the dark blue hills and luxuriant vegetation of its immediate background and its incomparable setting of mountain and sea. As it is, colored lenses are brought into requisition by the passengers; those who were sceptical as to the phenomenal sun of Africa are gladly convinced; the Danish lieutenant forgets to abuse Bismarck, and the Polish lady, who has been relieving the tedium of the voyage by endeavoring to compel the crazy piano in the saloon to express the subtleties of Chopin's nocturnes, dons a veil of diaphanous texture; and every one shares in that nervous excitation which the Algerian air never fails to effect in northern temperaments. It is difficult to conceive anything more alluring, more fantastically beautiful, than the view of Algiers from the Mediterranean under such circumstances; it appears as a triangular mass of white buildings that have apparently been charged by some enemy on the hills behind and have stayed their precipitate flight into the sea with picturesque abruptness.—*Magazine of Art*.

THE COMPANY OF AUTHORS. — A "preliminary prospectus" announces the formation of a society of literary men under the style and title of The Company of Authors. Its aims and objects, as set forth in the prospectus, stripped of all but the essentials, appear to be fourfold. Thus, the question of International Copyright is placed in the front, and the company pledge themselves to take action—but of what kind we learn nothing. The only line of action which seems likely to be effective, after so many abortive attempts, is to awaken the whole American people as a body to a sense of the national iniquity in continuing to permit the piracy and robbery of English writers; but in order to effect this object, there will be needed something more effective than the occasional cry of indignation and wrath which from time to time escapes from an in-

jured author. On this point we await further information, and shall be glad to hear what the company propose to attempt. The second of their objects is the promotion of a bill for the registration of titles. The present position of things, especially for novelists and poets, has grown intolerable; the search after a good title which has never yet been used becomes daily more difficult; all the short proverbs in the language are used up; all the better known poetic phrases have served in their turn; and an incredible number of names have been invented and combined. If registration were made compulsory in order to secure a title, there are so many thousands of titles in which it would be mere waste of time and trouble to maintain any right that immense relief would be immediately felt. The grievance is really greater than it seems because, rightly or wrongly, the tribe of novelists attach so much importance to the title. The next point is the position of the company toward publishers. This, we are pleased to observe, is by no means one of hostility, but quite the reverse. The prospectus insists that the interests of authors and publishers are identical, and points out that the author is, in many cases, to blame in any disputes which may arise between himself and his publisher; and this from sheer ignorance of everything connected with the trade of publishing. It is devoutly to be hoped that the efforts of the company to "maintain friendly relations" between author and publisher may be appreciated on both sides. Lastly, the association will advise and assist the inexperienced writer in many useful ways. The company is not apparently intended for trading purposes at all, and does not propose to establish itself as a publishing house. The prospectus, in fact, points to an experiment which is entirely new in the history of literature—the combination of authors for the advancement and protection of their own interests. We shall watch its development and progress with considerable interest.—*Saturday Review*.

THE ENGLISH KNIGHTS TEMPLAR. — The reign of Henry III., which occupied fifty-six years of the thirteenth century, appears to have been the culmination of the power and wealth of the Templars. But their position became invidious; their privileges encroached on the rights of the Church and the prerogatives of the Sovereign and feudal chiefs. It is not wonderful that, distinguished and enriched as the Templars had been, their hearts should have been lifted up with the pride which goes

before a fall. The Templars were the "cream of the cream" of European chivalry, and the *esprit de corps* of the Order inflamed the pride which chivalry universally inspired. Their pride, however, does not appear to have shown itself in magnificent buildings; their preceptories, as far as we can judge from the few remains of them, at Temple Hurst and elsewhere, were unostentatious. Indeed, as they were only transient occupants of their houses, they were not likely to expend much on their architecture or their ornament. Of the history of the Templars in Yorkshire, between the time of their establishment and their dissolution, scarcely any records remain. That many of the Templars were stained with the licentiousness of the age is by no means improbable. In January 1308 orders were given that the Templars throughout England should be arrested and their property sequestered. The King had sent a writ to the Sheriff of Yorkshire, Sir John de Creppinge, commanding him to summon twenty-four discreet and faithful knights, to be at York on the morrow of the Purification, the day appointed for the capture of the Templars. The Templars, who had been brought together from all the northern counties to York, had undergone examination from April 27th to May 4th, 1310. We are surprised to find that they were only twenty-five in number; most of their names indicate their Yorkshire origin. (See List in Raine's *Fast Ebor.*, p. 372.) Among them were the preceptor of Ribston, William de Grafton; the preceptor of Flaxflete, William de la Fenne; the preceptor of Newsome, Godfrey de Arches, and two priests. William de Grafton, of Ribston, as appears from his examination, had been thirty-two years in the Order, having been admitted in London by the Grand Master. Being questioned on the subject of its imputed heresies, he replied that he believed as other men believed; and as to the abnegation of Christ, he declared that he had never heard of such things. The distribution of the Templars among the monasteries soon afterward took place. John de Hopperton, formerly a Templar, appears as enjoying free maintenance from the preceptory at Ribston, near Wetherby, then held by the Hospitallers. Among the charges on their revenues in 1338 are the annual wages, six marks each, of twelve Templars, among whom are several Yorkshiremen. The records of the Exchequer contain numerous documents relating to the property of the Templars in this country.—*Yorkshire Archaeological Journal*.



Eclectic Magazine

OF

FOREIGN LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

New Series.
Vol. XXXIX., No. 6.

JUNE, 1884.

{ Old Series complete in 63 vols.

THE COMING SLAVERY.

BY HERBERT SPENCER.

THE kinship of pity to love is shown among other ways in this, that it idealizes its object. Sympathy with one in suffering suppresses, for the time being, remembrance of his transgressions. The feeling which vents itself in "poor fellow!" on seeing one in agony, excludes the thought of "bad fellow," which might at another time arise. Naturally, then, if the wretched are unknown or but vaguely known, all the demerits they may have are ignored; and thus it happens that when, as just now, the miseries of the poor are depicted, they are thought of as the miseries of the deserving poor, instead of being thought of, as in large measure they should be, as the miseries of the undeserving poor. Those whose hardships are set forth in pamphlets and proclaimed in sermons and speeches which echo throughout society, are assumed to be all worthy souls, grievously wronged and none of

them are thought of as bearing the penalties of their own misdeeds.

On hailing a cab in a London street, it is surprising how generally the door is officiously opened by one who expects to get something for his trouble. The surprise lessens after counting the many loungers about tavern-doors, or after observing the quickness with which a street performance, or procession, draws from neighboring slums and stable-yards a group of idlers. Seeing how numerous they are in every small area, it becomes manifest that tens of thousands of such swarm through London. "They have no work," you say. Say rather that they either refuse work or quickly turn themselves out of it. They are simply good-for-nothings, who in one way or other live on the good-for-somethings—vagrants and sots, criminals and those on the way to crime, youths who are burdens on hard-worked

parents, men who appropriate the wages of their wives, fellows who share the gains of prostitutes ; and then, less visible and less numerous, there is a corresponding class of women.

Is it natural that happiness should be the lot of such ? or is it natural that they should bring unhappiness on themselves and those connected with them ? Is it not manifest that there must exist in our midst an immense amount of misery which is a normal result of misconduct, and ought not to be dissociated from it ? There is a notion, always more or less prevalent, and just now vociferously expressed, that all social suffering is removable, and that it is the duty of somebody or other to remove it. Both these beliefs are false. To separate pain from ill-doing is to fight against the constitution of things, and will be followed by far more pain. Saving men from the natural penalties of dissolute living, eventually necessitates the infliction of artificial penalties in solitary cells, on tread-wheels, and by the lash. I suppose a dictum, on which the current creed and the creed of science are at one, may be considered to have as high an authority as can be found. Well, the command "if any would not work neither should he eat," is simply a Christian enunciation of that universal law of Nature under which life has reached its present height—the law that a creature not energetic enough to maintain itself must die : the sole difference being that the law which in the one case is to be artificially enforced, is, in the other case, a natural necessity. And yet this particular tenet of their religion which science so manifestly justifies, is the one which Christians seem least inclined to accept. The current assumption is that there should be no suffering, and that society is to blame for that which exists.

"But surely we are not without responsibilities, even when the suffering is that of the unworthy ?"

If the meaning of the word "we" be so expanded as to include with ourselves our ancestors, and especially our ancestral legislators, I agree. I admit that those who made, and modified, and administered, the Poor Law were responsible for producing an appalling amount of demoralization, which it will

take more than one generation to remove. I admit, too, the partial responsibility of recent and present law-makers for regulations which have brought into being a permanent body of tramps, who ramble from union to union ; and also their responsibility for maintaining a constant supply of felons by sending back convicts into society under such conditions that they are almost compelled again to commit crimes. Moreover, I admit that the philanthropic are not without their share of responsibility ; since, that they may aid the offspring of the unworthy, they disadvantage the offspring of the worthy through burdening their parents by increased local rates. Nay, I even admit that these swarms of good-for-nothings, fostered and multiplied by public and private agencies, have, by sundry mischievous meddlings, been made to suffer more than they would otherwise have suffered. Are these the responsibilities meant ? I suspect not.

But now, leaving the question of responsibilities, however conceived, and considering only the evil itself, what shall we say of its treatment ? Let me begin with a fact.

A late uncle of mine, the Rev. Thomas Spencer, for some twenty years incumbent of Hinton Charterhouse, near Bath, no sooner entered on his parish duties than he proved himself anxious for the welfare of the poor, by establishing a school, a library, a clothing club, and land-allotments, besides building some model cottages. Moreover, up to 1833 he was a pauper's friend—always for the pauper against the overseer. There presently came, however, the debates on the Poor Law, which impressed him with the evils of the system then in force. Though an ardent philanthropist he was not a timid sentimentalist. The result was that, immediately the new Poor Law was passed, he proceeded to carry out its provisions in his parish. Almost universal opposition was encountered by him : not the poor only being his opponents, but even the farmers on whom came the burden of heavy poor-rates. For, strange to say, their interests had become apparently identified with the maintenance of this system which taxed them so largely. The explanation is that there had grown

up the practice of paying out of the rates a part of the wages of each farm-servant—"make-wages," as the sum was called. And though the farmers contributed most of the fund from which "make-wages" were paid, yet, since all other ratepayers contributed, the farmers seemed to gain by the arrangement. My uncle, however, not easily deterred, faced all this opposition and enforced the law. The result was that in two years the rates were reduced from £700 a year to £200 a year; while the condition of the parish was greatly improved. "Those who had hitherto loitered at the corners of the streets, or at the doors of the beer-shops, had something else to do, and one after another they obtained employment;" so that out of a population of 800, only 15 had to be sent as incapable paupers to the Bath union (when that was formed), in place of the 100 who received out-door relief a short time before. If it be said that the £20 telescope which, a few years after, his parishioners presented to my uncle, marked only the gratitude of the ratepayers; then my reply is the fact that when, some years later still, having killed himself by overwork in pursuit of popular welfare, he was taken to Hinton to be buried, the procession which followed him to the grave included not the well-to-do only but the poor.

Several motives have prompted this brief narrative. One is the wish to prove that sympathy with the people and self-sacrificing efforts on their behalf, do not necessarily imply approval of gratuitous aids. Another is the desire to show that benefit may result, not from multiplication of artificial appliances to mitigate distress, but, contrariwise, from diminution of them. And a further purpose I have in view is that of preparing the way for an analogy.

Under another form and in a different sphere, we are now yearly extending a system which is identical in nature with the system of "make-wages" under the old Poor-Law. Little as politicians recognize the fact, it is nevertheless demonstrable that these various public appliances for working-class comfort, which they are supplying at the cost of ratepayers, are intrinsically of the same nature as those which, in past times, treated the farmer's man as half-laborer

and half-pauper. In either case the worker receives in return for what he does, money wherewith to buy certain of the things he wants; while, to procure the rest of them for him, money is furnished out of the common fund raised by taxes. What matters it whether the things supplied by ratepayers for nothing, instead of by the employer in payment, are of this kind or that kind? the principle is the same. For sums received let us substitute the commodities and benefits purchased; and then see how the matter stands. In old Poor-Law times, the farmer gave for work done the equivalent say of house-rent, bread, clothes, and fire; while the ratepayers practically supplied the man and his family with their shoes, tea, sugar, candles, a little bacon, etc. The division is, of course, arbitrary; but unquestionably the farmer and the ratepayers furnished these things between them. At the present time the artisan receives from his employer in wages, the equivalent of the consumable commodities he wants; while from the public comes satisfaction for others of his needs and desires. At the cost of ratepayers he has in some cases, and will presently have in more, a house at less than its commercial value; for of course when, as in Liverpool, a municipality spends nearly £200,000 in pulling down and reconstructing low-class dwellings, and is about to spend as much again, the implication is that in some way the ratepayers supply the poor with more accommodation than the rents they pay would otherwise have brought. The artisan further receives from them, in schooling for his children, much more than he pays for; and there is every probability that he will presently receive it from them gratis. The ratepayers also satisfy what desire he may have for books and newspapers, and comfortable places to read them in. In some cases too, as in Manchester, gymnasia for his children of both sexes, as well as recreation grounds, are provided. That is to say, he obtains from a fund raised by local taxes, certain benefits beyond those which the sum received for his labor enables him to purchase. The sole difference, then, between this system and the old system of "make-wages," is between the kinds of satisfaction ob-

tained ; and this difference does not in the least affect the nature of the arrangement.

Moreover, the two are pervaded by substantially the same illusion. In the one case, as in the other, what looks like a gratis benefit is not a gratis benefit. The amount which, under the old Poor-Law, the half-pauperized laborer received from the parish to eke out his weekly income, was not really, as it appeared, a bonus ; for it was accompanied by a substantially equivalent decrease of his wages, as was quickly proved when the system was abolished and the wages rose. Just so it is with these seeming boons received by working people in towns. I do not refer only to the fact that they unawares pay in part through the raised rents of their dwellings (when they are not actual ratepayers) ; but I refer to the fact that the wages received by them are, like the wages of the farm-laborer, diminished by these public burdens falling on employers. Read the accounts coming of late from Lancashire concerning the cotton-strike, containing proofs, given by artisans themselves, that the margin of profit is so narrow that the less skilful manufacturers, as well as those with deficient capital, fail, and that the companies of co-operators who compete with them can rarely hold their own ; and then consider what is the implication respecting wages. Among the costs of production have to be reckoned taxes, general and local. If, as in our large towns, the local rates now amount to one third of the rental or more—if the employer has to pay this, not on his private dwelling only, but on his business-premises, factories, warehouses, or the like ; it results that the interest on his capital must be diminished by that amount, or the amount must be taken from the wages-fund, or partly one and partly the other. And if competition among capitalists in the same business and in other businesses, has the effect of so keeping down interest that while some gain, others lose, and not a few are ruined—if capital, not getting adequate interest, flows elsewhere and leaves labor unemployed ; then it is manifest that the choice for the artisan under such conditions, lies between diminished amount of work or diminished rate of payment for it.

Moreover, for kindred reasons these local burdens raise the costs of things he consumes. The charges made by distributors, too, are, on the average, determined by the current rates of interest on capital used in distributing businesses ; and the extra cost of carrying on such businesses have to be paid for by extra prices. So that as in the past the rural worker lost in one way what he gained in another, so in the present does the urban worker : there being, too, in both cases, the loss entailed on him by the cost of administration and the waste accompanying it.

" But what has all this to do with ' the coming slavery ' ? " will perhaps be asked. Nothing directly, but a good deal indirectly, as we shall see after yet another preliminary section.

It is said that when railways were first opened in Spain, peasants standing on the tracks were not unfrequently run over ; and that the blame fell on the engine-drivers for not stopping : rural experiences having yielded no conception of the momentum of a large mass moving at a high velocity.

The incident is recalled, to me on contemplating the ideas of the so called " practical " politician, into whose mind there enters no thought of such a thing as political momentum, still less of a political momentum which, instead of diminishing or remaining constant, increases. The theory on which he daily proceeds is that the change caused by his measure will stop where he intends it to stop. He contemplates intently the things his act will achieve, but thinks little of the remoter issues of the movement his act sets up, and still less its collateral issues. When, in war-time, " food for powder " was to be provided by encouraging population—when Mr. Pitt said, " Let us make relief in cases where there are a number of children a matter of right and honor, instead of a ground for opprobrium and contempt ; " * it was not expected that the poor rates would be quadrupled in fifty years, that women with many bastards would be preferred as wives to modest women, because of their incomes from the parish, and that

* Hansard's " Parliamentary History," 32, p. 710.

hosts of ratepayers would be pulled down into the ranks of pauperism. Legislators who in 1833 voted £20,000 a year to aid in building school-houses, never supposed that the step they then took would lead to forced contributions, local and general, now amounting to £6,000,000; they did not intend to establish the principle that A should be made responsible for educating B's offspring; they did not dream of a compulsion which should deprive poor widows of the help of their elder children; and still less did they dream that their successors, by requiring impoverished parents to apply to Boards of Guardians to pay the fees which School Boards would not remit, would initiate a habit of applying to Boards of Guardians and so cause pauperization.* Neither did those who in 1834 passed an act regulating the labor of women and children in certain factories, imagine that the system they were beginning would end in the restriction and inspection of labor in all kinds of producing establishments where more than fifty people are employed; nor did they conceive that the inspection provided would grow to the extent of requiring that before a "young person" is employed in a factory, authority must be given by a certifying surgeon, who, by personal examination (to which no limit is placed) has satisfied himself that there is no incapacitating disease or bodily infirmity; his verdict determining whether the "young person" shall earn wages or not.† Even less, as I say, does the politician who plumes himself on the practicalness of his aims, conceive the indirect results that will follow the direct results of his measures. Thus, to take a case connected with one named above, it was not intended through the system of "payment by results," to do anything more than give teachers an efficient stimulus: it was not supposed that in numerous cases their health would give way under the stimulus; it was not expected that they would be led to adopt a cramming system and to put undue pressure on dull and weak children, often to their great injury; it was not foreseen that in many

cases a bodily enfeeblement would be caused which no amount of grammar and geography can compensate for. The licensing of public houses was simply for maintaining public order: those who devised it never imagined that there would result an organized interest powerfully influencing elections in an unwholesome way. Nor did it occur to the "practical" politicians who provided a compulsory load-line for merchant vessels, that the pressure of ship-owners' interests would habitually cause the putting of the load-line at the very highest limit, and that from precedent to precedent, tending ever in the same direction, the load-line would gradually rise in the better class of ships; as from good authority I learn that it has already done. Legislators who, some forty years ago, by Act of Parliament compelled railway companies to supply cheap locomotion, would have ridiculed the belief, had it been expressed, that eventually their Act would punish the companies which improved the supply; and yet this was the result to companies which began to carry third class passengers by fast trains, since a penalty to the amount of the passenger-duty was inflicted on them for every third class passenger so carried. To which instance concerning railways add a far more striking one disclosed by comparing the railway policies of England and France. The law-makers who provided for the ultimate lapsing of French railways to the State, never conceived the possibility that inferior travelling facilities would result—did not foresee that reluctance to depreciate the value of property eventually coming to the State, would negative the authorization of competing lines, and that in the absence of competing lines locomotion would be relatively costly, slow, and infrequent; for, as Sir Thomas Farrer has shown, the traveller in England has great advantages over the French traveller in the economy, swiftness, and frequency with which his journeys can be made.

But the "practical" politician who, in spite of such experiences repeated generation after generation, goes on thinking only of proximate results, naturally never thinks of results still more remote, still more general, and still more important than those just exem-

* "Fortnightly Review," January, 1884, p.

17.

† Factories and Workshops Act, 41 and 42 Vic. cap. 16.

plified. To repeat the metaphor used above—he never asks whether the political momentum set up by his measure, in some cases decreasing but in other cases greatly increasing, will or will not have the same general direction with other such momenta; and whether it may not join them in presently producing an aggregate energy working changes never thought of. Dwelling only on the effects of his particular stream of legislation, and not observing how other such streams already existing, and still other streams which will follow his initiative, pursue the same average course, it never occurs to him that they may presently unite into a voluminous flood utterly changing the face of things. Or to leave figures for a more literal statement, he is unconscious of the truth that he is helping to form a certain type of social organization, and that kindred measures, effecting kindred changes of organization, tend with ever-increasing force to make that type general; until, passing a certain point, the proclivity toward it becomes irresistible. Just as each society aims when possible to produce in other societies a structure akin to its own—just as among the Greeks, the Spartans and the Athenians struggled to spread their respective political institutions, or as, at the time of the French Revolution, the European absolute monarchies aimed to re-establish absolute monarchy in France while the Republic encouraged the formation of other republics; so within every society, each species of structure tends to propagate itself. Just as the system of voluntary co-operation by companies, associations, unions, to achieve business ends and other ends, spreads throughout a community; so does the antagonistic system of compulsory co-operation under State-agencies spread; and the larger becomes its extension the more power of spreading it gets. The question of questions for the politician should ever be—“What type of social structure am I tending to produce?” But this is a question he never entertains.

Here we will entertain it for him. Let us now observe the general course of recent changes, with the accompanying current of ideas, and see whither they are carrying us.

The blank form of a question daily asked is—“We have already done this; why should we not do that?” and the regard for precedent suggested by it, is ever pushing on regulative legislation. Having had brought within their sphere of operation more and more numerous businesses, the Acts restricting hours of employment and dictating the treatment of workers are now to be made applicable to shops. From inspecting lodging-houses to limit the numbers of occupants and enforce sanitary conditions, we have passed to inspecting all houses below a certain rent in which there are members of more than one family, and are now passing to a kindred inspection of all small houses.* The buying and working of telegraphs by the State is made a reason for urging that the State should buy and work the railways. Supplying children with food for their minds by public agency is being followed in some cases by supplying food for their bodies; and after the practice has been made gradually more general, we may anticipate that the supply, now proposed to be made gratis in the one case, will eventually be proposed to be made gratis in the other: the argument that good bodies as well as good minds are needful to make good citizens, being logically urged as a reason for the extension.† And then, avowedly proceeding on the precedents furnished by the church, the school, and the reading-room, all publicly provided, it is contented that “pleasure, in the sense it is now generally admitted, needs legislating for and organizing at least as much as work.”‡

Not precedent only prompts this spread, but also the necessity which arises for supplementing ineffective measures, and for dealing with the artificial

* See letter of Local Government Board, *Times*, January 2d, 1884.

† Verification comes more promptly than I expected. This article has been standing in type since January 30th, and in the interval, namely on March 13th, the London School Board resolved to apply for authority to use local charitable funds for supplying gratis meals and clothing to indigent children. Presently the definition of “indigent” will be widened; more children will be included, and more funds asked for.

‡ “Fortnightly Review,” January, 1884, p. 21.

evils continually caused. Failure does not destroy faith in the agencies employed, but merely suggests more stringent use of such agencies or wider ramifications of them. Laws to check intemperance, beginning in early times and coming down to our own times, when further restraints on the sale of intoxicating liquors occupy nights every session, not having done what was expected, there come demands for more thorough-going laws, locally preventing the sale altogether; and here, as in America, these will doubtless be followed by demands that prevention shall be made universal. All the many appliances for "stamping out" epidemic diseases not having succeeded in preventing outbreaks of small-pox, fevers, and the like, a further remedy is applied for in the shape of police power to search houses for diseased persons, and authority for medical officers to examine any one they think fit, to see whether he or she is suffering from an infectious or contagious malady. Habits of improvidence having for generations been cultivated by the Poor-Law, and the improvident enabled to multiply, the evils produced by compulsory charity are now proposed to be met by compulsory insurance.

The extension of this policy, causing extension of corresponding ideas, fosters everywhere the tacit assumption that Government should step in whenever anything is not going right. "Surely you would not have this misery continue!" exclaims some one, if you hint a demurrer to much that is now being said and done. Observe what is implied by this exclamation. It takes for granted, first, that all suffering ought to be prevented, which is not true: much suffering is curative, and prevention of it is prevention of a remedy. In the second place, it takes for granted that every evil can be removed: the truth being that with the existing defects of human nature, many evils can only be thrust out of one place or form in another place or form—often being increased by the change. The exclamation also implies the unhesitating belief there especially concerning us, that evils of all kinds should be dealt with by the State. There does not occur the inquiry whether there are at work other agencies capable

of dealing with evils, and whether the evils in question may not be among those which are best dealt with by these other agencies. And obviously, the more numerous governmental interventions become, the more confirmed does this habit of thought grow, and the more loud and perpetual the demands for intervention.

Every extension of the regulative policy involves an addition to the regulative agents—a further growth of officialism and an increasing power of the organization formed of officials. Take a pair of scales with many shot in one and a few in the other. Lift shot after shot out of the loaded scale and put it into the unloaded scale. Presently you will produce a balance; and if you go on, the position of the scales will be reversed. Suppose the beam to be unequally divided, and let the lightly loaded scale be at the end of a very long arm; then the transfer of each shot, producing a much greater effect, will far sooner bring about a change of position. I use the figure to illustrate what results from transferring one individual after another from the regulated mass of the community to the regulating structures. The transfer weakens the one and strengthens the other in a far greater degree than is implied by the relative change of numbers. A comparatively small body of officials, coherent, having common interests, and acting under central authority, has an immense advantage over an incoherent public which has no settled policy, and can be brought to act unitedly only under strong provocation. Hence an organization of officials, once passing a certain stage of growth, becomes less and less resistible; as we see in the bureaucracies of the Continent.

Not only does the power of resistance of the regulated part decrease in a geometrical ratio as the regulating part increases, but the private interests of many in the regulated part itself, make the change of ratio still more rapid. In every circle conversations show that now, when the passing of competitive examinations renders them eligible for the public service, youths are being educated in such ways that they may pass them and get employment under Government. One consequence is that men, who might otherwise reprobate some fur-

ther growth of officialism, are led to look on it with tolerance, if not favorably, as offering possible careers for those dependant on them and those related to them. Any one who remembers the numbers of upper-class and middle class families anxious to place their children, will see that no small encouragement to the spread of legislative control is now coming from those who, but for the personal interests thus arising, would be hostile to it.

This pressing desire for careers is enforced by the preference for careers which are thought respectable. "Even if his salary is small, his occupation will be that of a gentleman," thinks the father, who wants to get a Government clerkship for his son. And this relative dignity of State-servants as compared with those occupied in business increases as the administrative organization becomes a larger and more powerful element in society, and tends more and more to fix the standard of honor. The prevalent ambition with a young Frenchman is to get some small official post in his locality, to rise thence to a place in the local centre of government, and finally to reach some head office in Paris. And in Russia, where that universality of State regulation which characterizes the militant type of society has been carried furthest, we see this ambition pushed to its extreme. Says Mr. Wallace, quoting a passage from a play: "All men, even shop-keepers and cobblers, aim at becoming officers, and the man who has passed his whole life without official rank seems to be not a human being,"*

These various influences working from above downward meet with an increasing response of expectations and solicitations proceeding from below upward. The hard-worked and over-burdened who form the great majority, and still more the incapables perpetually helped who are ever led to look for more help, are ready supporters of schemes which promise them this or the other benefit by State agency, and ready believers of those who tell them that such benefits can be given, and ought to be given. They listen with eager faith to all builders of political air-castles, from Oxford graduates down to Irish irreconcilables ;

and every additional tax-supported appliance for their welfare raises hopes of further ones. Indeed, the more numerous public instrumentalities become, the more is there generated in citizens the notion that everything is to be done for them, and nothing by them. Each generation is made less familiar with the attainment of desired ends by individual actions or private combinations, and more familiar with the attainment of them by governmental agencies ; until, eventually, governmental agencies come to be thought of as the only available agencies. This result was well shown in the recent Trades-Unions Congress at Paris. The English delegates, reporting to their constituents, said that between themselves and their foreign colleagues "the point of difference was the extent to which the State should be asked to protect labor : "reference being thus made to the fact, conspicuous in the reports of the proceedings, that the French delegates always invoked governmental power as the only means of satisfying their wishes.

The diffusion of education has worked, and will work still more, in the same direction. "We must educate our masters," is the well-known saying of a Liberal who opposed the last extension of the franchise. Yes, if the education were worthy, to be so called, and were relevant to the political enlightenment needed, much might be hoped from it. But knowing rules of syntax, being able to add up correctly, having geographical information, and a memory stocked with the dates of kings' accessions and generals' victories, no more implies fitness to form political conclusions than acquirement of skill in drawing implies expertness in telegraphing, or than ability to play cricket implies proficiency on the violin. "Surely," rejoins some one, "facility in reading opens the way to political knowledge." Doubtless ; but will the way be followed ? Table-talk proves that nine out of ten people read what amuses them or interests them rather than what instructs them ; and that the last thing they read is something which tells them disagreeable truths or dispels groundless hopes. That popular education results in an extensive reading of publications which foster pleasant illusions rather than of those which insist

* "Russia," i. 422.

on hard realities, is beyond question. Says "A Mechanic," writing in the *Pall Mall Gazette* of December 3d, 1883:

"Improved education instils the desire for culture—culture instils the desire for many things as yet quite beyond workingmen's reach . . . in the furious competition to which the present age is given up they are utterly impossible to the poorer classes; hence they are discontented with things as they are, and the more educated the more discontented. Hence, too, Mr. Ruskin and Mr. Morris are regarded as true prophets by many of us."

And that the connection of cause and effect here alleged is a real one, we may see clearly enough in the present state of Germany.

Being possessed of electoral power, as are now the mass of those who are thus led to nurture sanguine anticipations of benefits to be obtained by social reorganization, it results that whoever seeks their votes must at least refrain from exposing their mistaken beliefs, even if he does not yield to the temptation to express agreement with them. Every candidate for Parliament is prompted to propose or support some new piece of *ad captandum* legislation. Nay, even the chiefs of parties, these anxious to retain office and those to wrest it from them, severally aim to get adherents by outbidding one another. Each seeks popularity by promising more than his opponent has promised, as we have lately seen. And then, as divisions in Parliament show us, the traditional loyalty to leaders overrides questions concerning the intrinsic propriety of proposed measures. Representatives are unconscientious enough to vote for Bills which they regard as essentially wrong in principle, because party-needs and regard for the next election demand it. And thus a vicious policy is strengthened even by those who see its viciousness.

Meanwhile there goes on out-of-doors an active propaganda to which all these influences are ancillary. Communistic theories, partially indorsed by one Act of Parliament after another, and tacitly if not avowedly favored by numerous public men seeking supporters, are being advocated more and more vociferously under one or other form by popular leaders, and urged on by organized societies. There is the movement for land-nationalization which, aiming at a system of land-tenure equitable in the abstract,

is, as all the world knows, pressed by Mr. George and his friends with avowed disregard for the just claims of existing owners, and as the basis of a scheme going more than half-way to State communism. And then there is the thorough-going Democratic federation of Mr. Hyndman and his adherents. We are told by them that "the handful of marauders who now hold possession [of the land] have and can have no right save brute force against the tens of millions whom they wrong." They exclaim against "the shareholders who have been allowed to lay hands upon (!) our great railway communications." They condemn "above all, the active capitalist class, the loan-mongers, the farmers, the mine-exploiters, the contractors, the middle-men, the factory-lords—these, the modern slave-drivers" who exact "more and yet more surplus value out of the wage-slaves whom they employ." And they think it "high time" that trade should be "removed from the control of individual greed."*

It remains to point out that the tendencies thus variously displayed, are being strengthened by press advocacy, daily more pronounced. Journalists, always chary of saying that which is distasteful to their readers, are some of them going with the stream and adding to its force. Legislative meddlings which they would once have condemned they now pass in silence, if they do not advocate them; and they speak of *laissez-faire* as an exploded doctrine. "People are no longer frightened at the thought of socialism," is the statement which meets us one day. On another day, a town which does not adopt the Free Libraries Act is sneered at as being alarmed by a measure so moderately communistic. And then, along with editorial assertions that this economic evolution is coming and must be accepted, there is prominence given to the contributions of its advocates. Meanwhile those who regard the recent course of legislation as disastrous, and see that its future course is likely to be still more disastrous, are being reduced to silence by the belief that it is useless to reason with people in a state of political intoxication.

* "Socialism made Plain." Reeves, 185 Fleet Street.

See then the many concurrent causes which threaten continually to accelerate the transformation now going on. There is that spread of regulation caused by following precedents, which become the more authoritative the further the policy is carried. There is that increasing need for administrative compulsions and restraints which results from the unforeseen evils and shortcomings of preceding compulsions and restraints. Moreover, every additional State interference strengthens the tacit assumption that it is the duty of the State to deal with all evil and secure all benefits. Increasing power of a growing administrative organization is accompanied by decreasing power of the rest of the society to resist its further growth and control. The multiplication of careers opened by a developing bureaucracy, tempts members of the classes regulated by it to favor its extension, as adding to the chances of safe and respectable places for their relatives. The people at large, led to look on benefits received through public agencies as gratis benefits, have their hopes continually excited by the prospects of more. A spreading education, furthering the diffusion of pleasing errors rather than of stern truths, renders such hopes both stronger and more general. Worse still, such hopes are ministered to by candidates for public choice to augment their chances of success; and leading statesmen, in pursuit of party ends, bid for popular favor by countenancing them. Getting repeated justifications from new laws harmonizing with their doctrines, political enthusiasts and unwise philanthropists push their agitations with growing confidence and success. Journalism, ever responsive to popular opinion, daily strengthens it by giving it voice; while counter opinion, more and more discouraged, finds little utterance.

Thus influences of various kinds conspire to increase corporate action and decrease individual action, and the change is being on all sides aided by schemers, each of whom thinks only of his pet project and not at all of the general re-organization which his, joined with others such, are working out. It is said that the French Revolution devoured its own children. Here an analogous catastrophe seems not unlikely. The numerous socialistic changes made

by Act of Parliament, joined with the numerous others presently to be made, will by and by be all merged in State-Socialism—swallowed in the vast wave which they have little by little raised.

“But why is this change described as ‘the coming slavery’?” is a question which many will ask. The reply is simple. All socialism involves slavery.

What is essential to the idea of a slave? We primarily think of him as one who is owned by another. To be more than nominal, however, the ownership must be shown by control of the slave's actions—a control which is habitually for the benefit of the controller. That which fundamentally distinguishes the slave is that he labors under coercion to satisfy another's desires. The relation admits of sundry gradations. Remembering that originally the slave is a prisoner whose life is at the mercy of his captor, it suffices here to note that there is a harsh form of slavery in which, treated as an animal, he has to expend his entire effort for his owner's advantage. Under a system less harsh, though occupied chiefly in working for his owner, he is allowed a short time in which to work for himself, and some ground on which to grow extra food. A further amelioration gives him power to sell the produce of his plot and keep the proceeds. Then we come to the still more moderated form which commonly arises where, having been a free man working on his own land, conquest turns him into what we distinguish as a serf; and he has to give to his owner each year a fixed amount of labor or produce, or both: retaining the rest himself. Finally, in some cases, as in Russia until recently, he is allowed to leave his owner's estate and work or trade for himself elsewhere, under the condition that he shall pay an annual sum. What is it which, in these cases, leads us to qualify our conception of the slavery as more or less severe? Evidently the greater or smaller extent to which effort is compulsory expended for the benefit of another instead of for self-benefit. If all the slave's labor is for his owner the slavery is heavy, and if but little it is light. Take now a further step. Suppose an owner dies and his estate with its slaves comes into the

hands of trustees, or suppose the estate and everything on it to be bought by a company; is the condition of the slave any the better if the amount of his compulsory labor remains the same? Suppose that for a company we substitute the community; does it make any difference to the slave if the time he has to work for others is as great, and the time left for himself is as small, as before? The essential question is—How much is he compelled to labor for other benefit than his own, and how much he can labor for his own benefit? The degree of his slavery varies according to the ratio between that which he is forced to yield up and that which he is allowed to retain; and it matters not whether his master is a single person or a society. If, without option, he has to labor for the society and receives from the general stock such portion as the society awards him, he becomes a slave to the society. Socialistic arrangements necessitate an enslavement of this kind; and toward such an enslavement many recent measures, and still more the measures advocated, are carrying us. Let us observe, first, their proximate effects, and then their ultimate effects.

The policy initiated by the Industrial Dwellings Acts admits of development, and will develop. When municipal bodies turn house-builders, they inevitably lower the values of houses otherwise built, and check the supply of more. Every dictation respecting modes of building and conveniences to be provided diminishes the builder's profit, and prompts him to use his capital where the profit is not thus diminished. So, too, the owner, already finding that small houses entail much labor and many losses, already subject to troubles of inspection and interference, and to consequent costs, and having his property daily rendered a more undesirable investment, is prompted to sell; and as buyers are for like reasons deterred, he has to sell at a loss. And now these still-multiplying regulations, ending, it may be, as Lord Grey proposes, in one requiring the owner to maintain the salubrity of his houses by evicting dirty tenants, and thus adding to his other responsibilities that of inspector of nuisances, must further prompt sales and further deter purchasers—so necessitating greater depre-

ciation. What must happen? The multiplication of houses, and especially small houses, being increasingly checked, there must come an increasing demand upon the local authority to make up for the deficient supply. More and more the municipal or kindred body will have to build houses, or to purchase houses rendered unsalable to private persons in the way shown: houses which, greatly lowered in value as they must become, it will, in many cases, pay to buy rather than to build new ones. Nay, this process must work in a double way; since every entailed increase of local taxation still further depreciates property.* And then, when in towns this process has gone so far as to make the local authority the chief owner of houses, there will be a good precedent for publicly providing houses for the rural population, as proposed in the Radical programme,† and as urged by the democratic Federation, which insists on "the compulsory construction of healthy artisans' and agricultural laborers' dwellings in proportion to the population." Manifestly, the tendency of that which has been done, is being done, and is presently to be done, is to approach the socialistic ideal in which the community is sole house-proprietor.

Such, too, must be the effect of the daily growing policy on the tenure and utilization of the land. More numerous public benefits, to be achieved by more numerous public agencies, at the cost of augmented public burdens, must increasingly deduct from the returns on land;

* If any one thinks such fears are groundless let him contemplate the fact that from 1867-8 to 1880-1, our annual local expenditure for the United Kingdom has grown from £36,132,834 to £63,276,283; and that during the same 13 years the municipal expenditure in England and Wales alone, has grown from 13 millions to 30 millions a year! How the increase of public burdens will join with other causes in bringing about public ownership, is shown by a statement made by Mr. W. Rathbone, M.P., to which my attention has been drawn since the above paragraph was in type. He says, "within my own experience, local taxation in New York has risen from 12s. 6d. per cent to £2 12s. 6d. per cent on the capital of its citizens—a charge which would more than absorb the whole income of an average English landlord."—*Nineteenth Century*, February, 1883.

† *Fortnightly Review*, November, 1883, pp. 619-20.

until, as the depreciation in value becomes greater and greater, the resistance to change of tenure becomes less and less. Already, as every one knows, there is in many places difficulty in obtaining tenants, even at greatly reduced rents; and land of inferior fertility in some cases lies idle, or when farmed by the owner is often farmed at a loss. Clearly the margin of profit on capital invested in land is not such that taxes, local and general, can be greatly raised to support extended public administrations, without an absorption of it which will prompt owners to sell, and make the best of what reduced price they can get by emigrating and buying land not subject to heavy burdens; as, indeed, some are now doing. This process, carried far, must have the result of throwing inferior land out of cultivation; after which there will be raised more generally the demand made by Mr. Arch, who, addressing the Radical Association of Brighton lately, and contending that existing landlords do not make their land adequately productive for the public benefit, said "he should like the present Government to pass a Compulsory Cultivation Bill:" an applauded proposal which he justified by instancing compulsory vaccination (thus illustrating the influence of precedent). And this demand will be pressed, not only by the need for making the land productive, but also by the need for employing the rural population. After the Government has extended the practice of hiring the unemployed to work on deserted lands, or lands acquired at nominal prices, there will be reached a stage whence there is but a small further step to that arrangement which, in the programme of the Democratic Federation, is to follow nationalization of the land—the "organization of agricultural and industrial armies under State control on co-operative principles."

If any one doubts that such a revolution may be so reached, facts may be cited to show its likelihood. In Gaul, during the decline of the Roman Empire, "so numerous were the receivers in comparison with the payers, and so enormous the weight of taxation, that the laborer broke down, the plains became deserts, and woods grew where the

plough had been."* In like manner, when the French Revolution was approaching, the public burdens had become such that many farms remained uncultivated and many were deserted: one quarter of the soil was absolutely lying waste; and in some provinces one half was in heath.† Nor have we been without incidents of a kindred nature at home. Besides the facts that under the old Poor-Law the rates had in some parishes risen to half the rental, and that in various places farms were lying uncultivated, there is the fact that in one case the rates had absorbed the whole proceeds of the soil.

At Cholesbury, in Buckinghamshire, in 1832, the poor-rate "suddenly ceased in consequence of the impossibility to continue its collection, the landlords having given up their rents, the farmers their tenancies, and the clergyman his glebe and his tithes. The clergyman, Mr. Jeston, states that in October, 1832, the parish officers threw up their books, and the poor assembled in a body before his door while he was in bed, asking for advice and food. Partly from his own small means, partly from the charity of neighbors, and partly by rates in aid, imposed on the neighboring parishes, they were for some time supported."‡

The Commissioners add that "the benevolent rector recommends that the whole of the land should be divided among the able-bodied paupers:" hoping that after help afforded for two years they might be able to maintain themselves. These facts, giving color to the prophecy made in Parliament that continuance of the old Poor-Law for another thirty years would throw the land out of cultivation, clearly show that increase of public burdens may end in forced cultivation under public control.

Then, again, comes State-ownership of railways. Already this exists to a large extent on the Continent. Already we have had here a few years ago loud advocacy of it. And now the cry, which was raised by sundry politicians and publicists, is taken up afresh by the Democratic Federation, which proposes "State-appropriation of railways, with

* "Lactant." De M. Persecut. cc. 7, 23.

† Taine, "L'Ancien Régime," pp. 337-8 (in the English Translation).

‡ "Report of Commissioners for Inquiry into the Administration and Practical Operation of the Poor Laws," p. 37. February 20th, 1834.

or without compensation." Evidently, pressure from above joined by pressure from below, is likely to effect this change dictated by the policy everywhere spreading; and with it must come many attendant changes. For railway-proprietors, at first owners and workers of railways only, have become masters of numerous businesses directly or indirectly connected with railways; and these will have to be purchased by Government when the railways are purchased. Already exclusive carrier of letters, exclusive transmitter of telegrams, and on the way to become exclusive carrier of parcels, the State will not only be exclusive carrier of passengers, goods, and minerals, but will add to its present various trades many other trades. Even now, besides erecting its naval and military establishments and building harbors, docks, breakwaters, etc., it does the work of ship-builder, cannon-founder, small-arms maker, manufacturer of ammunition, army clothier and boot-maker; and when the railways have been appropriated "with or without compensation," as the Democratic Federationists say, it will have to become locomotive engine-builder, carriage-maker, tarpaulin and grease manufacturer, passenger vessel owner, coal-miner, stone-quarrier, omnibus proprietor, etc. Meanwhile its local lieutenants the municipal governments, already in many places suppliers of water, gas-makers, owners and workers of tramways, proprietors of baths, will doubtless have undertaken various other businesses. And when the State, directly or by proxy, has thus come into possession of, or has established, numerous concerns for wholesale production and for wholesale distribution, there will be good precedents for extending its function to retail distribution: following such an example, say, as is offered by the French Government, which has long been a retail tobacconist.

Evidently then, the changes made, the changes in progress, and the changes urged, are carrying us not only toward State ownership of land and dwellings and means of communication, all to be administered and worked by State-agents, but toward State-usurpation of all industries; the private forms of which, disadvantaged more and more in competition with the State, which can

arrange everything for its own convenience, will more and more die away; just as many voluntary schools have, in presence of Board-schools. And so will be brought about the desired ideal of the socialists.

And now when there has been reached this desired ideal, which "practical" politicians are helping socialists to reach, and which is so tempting on that bright side which socialists contemplate, what must be the accompanying shady side which they do not contemplate? It is a matter of common remark, often made when a marriage is impending, that those possessed by strong hopes habitually dwell on the promised pleasures and think nothing of the accompanying pains. A further exemplification of this truth is supplied by these political enthusiasts and fanatical revolutionists. Impressed with the miseries existing under our present social arrangements, and not regarding these miseries as caused by the ill-working of a human nature but partially adapted to the social state, they imagine them to be forthwith curable by this or that re-arrangement. Yet, even did their plans succeed it could only be by substituting one kind of evil for another. A little deliberate thought would show that under their proposed arrangements their liberties must be surrendered in proportion as their material welfares were cared for.

For no form of co-operation, small or great, can be carried on without regulation, and an implied submission to the regulating agencies. Even one of their own organizations for effecting social changes yields the proof. It is compelled to have its councils, its local and general offices, its authoritative leaders, who must be obeyed under penalty of confusion and failure. And the experience of those who are loudest in their advocacy of a new social order under the paternal control of a Government, shows that even in private voluntarily-formed societies the power of the regulative organization becomes great, if not irresistible; often, indeed, causing grumbling and restiveness among those controlled. Trades Unions, which carry on a kind of industrial war in defence of workers' interests *versus* employers' interests, find that subordination almost

military in its strictness is needful to secure efficient action ; for divided councils prove fatal to success. And even in bodies of co-operators, formed for carrying on manufacturing or distributing businesses, and not needing that obedience to leaders which is required where the aims are offensive or defensive, it is still found that the administrative agency acquires so great a power that there arise complaints about "the tyranny of organization." Judge then what must happen when, instead of combinations small, local and voluntary, to which men may belong or not as they please, we have a national combination in which each citizen finds himself incorporated, and from which he cannot separate himself without leaving the country. Judge what must under such conditions become the power of a graduated and centralized officialism, holding in its hands the resources of the community, and having behind it whatever amount of force it finds requisite to carry out its decrees and maintain what it calls order. Well may a Prince Bismarck display leanings toward State socialism. And then after recognizing, as they must if they think out their scheme, the power possessed by the regulative agency in the new social system so temptingly pictured, let its advocates ask themselves to what end this power must be used. Not dwelling exclusively, as they habitually do, on the material well-being and the mental gratifications to be provided for them by a beneficent administration, let them dwell a little on the price to be paid. The officials cannot create the needful supplies ; they can but distribute among individuals that which the individuals have joined to produce. If the public agency is required to provide for them, it must reciprocally require them to furnish the means. There cannot be, as under our existing system, agreement between employer and employed—this the scheme excludes. There must in place of it be command by local authorities over workers, and acceptance by the workers of that which the authorities assign to them. And this, indeed, is the arrangement distinctly, but as it would seem inadvertently, pointed to by the members of the Democratic Federation. For they propose that production

should be carried on by "agricultural and industrial *armies* under State control : " apparently not remembering that armies pre-suppose grades of officers, by whom obedience would have to be insisted upon, since otherwise neither order nor efficient work could be insured. So that each would stand toward the governing agency in the relation of slave to master.

"But the governing agency would be a master which he and others made and kept constantly in check, and one which therefore would not control him or others more than was needful for the benefit of each and all."

To which reply the first rejoinder is that, even if so, each member of the community as an individual would be a slave to the community as a whole. Such a relation has habitually existed in militant communities, even under quasi-popular forms of government. In ancient Greece the accepted principle was that the citizen belonged neither to himself nor to his family, but belonged to his city—the city being with the Greek equivalent to the community. And this doctrine, proper to a state of constant warfare, is a doctrine which socialism unawares reintroduces into a state intended to be purely industrial. The services of each will belong to the aggregate of all ; and for these services, such returns will be given as the authorities think proper. So that even if the administration is of the beneficent kind intended to be secured, slavery, however mild must be the outcome of the arrangement.

A second rejoinder is that the administration will presently become not of the intended kind, and that the slavery will not be mild. The socialist speculation is vitiated by an assumption like that which vitiates the speculations of the "practical" politician. It is assumed that officialism will work as it is intended to work, which it never does. The machinery of Communism, like existing social machinery, has to be framed out of existing human nature ; and the defects of existing human nature will generate in the one the same evils as in the other. The love of power, the selfishness, the injustice, the untruthfulness, which often in comparatively short times bring private organizations to

disaster, will inevitably, where their effects accumulate from generation to generation, work evils far greater and less remediable ; since vast and complex and possessed of all the resources, the administrative organization once developed and consolidated must become irresistible. And if there needs proof that the periodic exercise of electoral power would fail to prevent this, it suffices to instance the French Government, which, purely popular in origin, and subject from time to time to popular judgment, nevertheless tramples on the freedom of citizens to an extent which the English delegates to the late Trades Unions Congress say "is a disgrace to, and an anomaly in, a Republican nation."

The final result would be a revival of despotism. A disciplined army of civil officials, like an army of military officials, gives supreme power to its head—a power which has often led to usurpation, as in mediæval Europe and still more in Japan—nay, has thus so led among our neighbors, within our own times. The recent confessions of M. de Maupas have shown how readily a constitutional head, elected and trusted by the whole people, may, with the aid of a few unscrupulous confederates, paralyze the representative body and make himself autocrat. That those who rose to power in a socialistic organization would not scruple to carry out their aims at all costs, we have good reason for concluding. When we find that shareholders who, sometimes gaining but often losing, have made that railway-system by which national prosperity has been so greatly increased, are spoken of by the council of the Democratic Federation as having "laid hands" on the means of communication, we may infer that those who directed a socialistic administration might interpret with extreme perversity the claims of individuals and classes under their control. And when, further, we find members of this same council urging that the State should take possession of the railways, "with or without compensation" we may suspect that the heads of the ideal society desired would be but little deterred by considerations of equity from pursuing whatever policy they thought needful : a policy

which would always be one identified with their own supremacy. It would need but a war with an adjacent society, or some internal discontent demanding forcible suppression, to at once transform a socialistic administration into a grinding tyranny like that of ancient Peru ; under which the mass of the people, controlled by grades of officials, and leading lives that were inspected out-of-doors and in-doors, labored for the support of the organization which regulated them, and were left with but a bare subsistence for themselves. And then would be completely revived, under a different form, that *régime* of status—that system of compulsory co-operation, the decaying tradition of which is represented by the old Toryism and toward which the new Toryism is carrying us back.

"But we shall be on our guard against all that—we shall take precautions to ward off such disasters," will doubtless say the enthusiasts. Be they "practical" politicians with their new regulative measures, or communists with their schemes for re-organizing labor, the answer is ever the same : "It is true that plans of kindred nature have, from unforeseen causes and adverse accidents, or the misdeeds of those concerned, been brought to failure ; but this time we shall profit by past experiences and succeed." There seems no getting people to accept the truth, which nevertheless is conspicuous enough, that the welfare of a society and the justice of its arrangements are at bottom dependent on the characters of its members ; and that improvement in neither can take place without that improvement in character which results from carrying on peaceful industry under the restraints imposed by an orderly social life. The belief, not only of the socialists but also of those so-called Liberals who are diligently preparing the way for them, is that by due skill an ill-working humanity may be framed into well-working institutions. It is a delusion. The defective natures of citizens will show themselves in the bad acting of whatever social structure they are arranged into. There is no political alchemy by which you can get golden conduct out of leaden instincts. —*Contemporary Review*.

FREDERICK DENISON MAURICE.*

BY THE REVEREND THE ARCHDEACON FARRAR.

THE publication of the late Professor Maurice's biography, twelve years after his death, naturally awakens many recollections in the minds of those who knew and loved him; but it is not my object to add any further reminiscences to those which his son, Colonel Maurice, has here gathered together with so reverent and loving a hand; and others, especially Mr. Llewelyn Davies, have spoken far better of his teaching than I can hope to do. Many doubtless of his critics, and of those who belong to the various schools of his ecclesiastical opponents, will write of him in the same sneering tone to which we were familiar in his lifetime; and I shall offer no refutation of such criticisms. To my mind he stands above any need for counter eulogies. I merely wish to record some of the impressions which I received from his personal friendship and from the study of his works. It is a poor offering, but perhaps he, in his kindness, might have welcomed it as coming from an old pupil—

"Ut caput in magnis ubi non est tangere signis
Ponitur hic imos ante corona pedes."

His biography, now published, has a twofold value. It shows the unity of his life and the continuity of his teaching. I remember years ago hearing him in one of his lectures quote the lines of Wordsworth—

"The child is father of the man;
And I could wish my days, to be
Bound each to each by natural piety."

Those lines—which were, he said, "as beautiful and noble a wish as a poet could utter"—were eminently true of himself. He was not one of those men who, like St. Augustine or Bunyan, have to turn over a new leaf at some special crisis of his career. To the last he retained "the young lamb's heart among the full-grown flocks," and the aims and feelings of his youth were taken up and matured in the powers of his man-

hood. He was one of the few of whom Jeremy Taylor has spoken, of whom the grace of God takes early hold, and reason and religion run together like warp and woof to frame the web of an exemplary life. But further than this, his biography shows that the incidents of his early years, the sort of unspoken tragedy which was being enacted in his father's house, the daily spectacle which he witnessed of a deep religious separation between loving parents and loving children, contribute much to explain the peculiarities of his mind and style.

They explain, for instance, the largeness of his charitable tolerance and the anxious scrupulosity of his invariable candor.

Maurice had seen from childhood the compatibility of a holy character with a defective creed. Some of those who were nearest and dearest to him, and to whom he always looked with the deepest gratitude and affection—especially among the Unitarians—held views which were opposed to his most intense and cherished convictions. This was one cause of his chief intellectual characteristics. "The desire for *unity*," he said in a fragmentary autobiography, "has haunted me all my life through; I have never been able to substitute any desire for that, or to accept any of the different schemes for satisfying it which men have devised." In other words, says Colonel Maurice, "the great wish in the boy's heart was to reconcile those various earnest faiths which the household presented." As an undergraduate at Trinity College, he had learnt indirectly from the study of Plato and the teaching of Archdeacon Hare "that there is a way out of party opinions which is not a compromise between them, but which is implied in both, and of which each is bearing witness." This spirit and principle runs through all his writings, and he was as well aware of its unpopularity as of its importance. His aim always was, not to give cut and dried opinions on party questions, and least of all to express them in epigrammatic forms which

* "The Life of Frederick Denison Maurice," chiefly told in his own letters. Edited by his son, Frederick Maurice. With Portraits; in 2 vols. (Macmillan & Co.).

could be used as effective missiles in controversy, but to set free his own mind and those of his fellow-men from the bias of unfair prejudice. He would not tumble his readers into a stage-coach which would certainly not take them on the road to truth, but he would lend them a staff and lantern, and himself set forward with them on the way. It was a habit of his mind which is illustrated in his "Religions of the World," in his "Moral and Metaphysical Philosophy," and in multitudes of his sermons, to search invariably for the positive elements in the faith and opinions of every man, and to avoid the mischievous "negative" elements which lay in their denunciations of others. This was one reason why several of his works were written in the form of dialogues. I have heard him say that there were very few books in the world—pre-eminent among them are the writings of Plato—which adopt this "maieutic" or "obstetric" method of guiding men to truth, by a fair discussion of the premises on which alone it can be based. He expressed the hope that the day might yet come when more books of this kind should be written. "If I, being no Samson," he writes to his wife, "have got any strength at all, I will tell you, being no Delilah, where the lock is on which it depends: it is simply in the faith that the truth which is highest, as well as the highest faculty which apprehends it, is also the most universal. I certainly find very few who see this as clearly as I wish them to see it. Some form of intellectual worship, some exclusiveness or other, mars the fulness of this conviction. Till men are brought to it somehow, the philosophy of Christianity and of the Church cannot even be approached by them; both must seem to them foolishness."

These views and this method explain not only his writings, but much also of his life. They give the reason why he was an object of hostility to all party-men, upon each of whom, without any distinction, he urged fairness towards one another. He was never of the least use to the heated partisans who rushed so eagerly to pelt some unpopular scapegoat of the hour. It might be predicted as safely of him as of Dean Stanley—a man unlike him in everything but

innate truthfulness and chivalrous generosity—that he would never be actuated by the "eternal spirit of the populace," which leads men to trample savagely on the persecuted, and that he would never be conspicuous in any "clerical stampede." He was quite ready to "alienate all respectable Church people" by opposing the Hampden agitation. He stood among a very small number of the clergy in firmly supporting the admission of Jews into Parliament. This he did on the ground, which to most persons would still be unintelligible, that he acknowledged Christ as the root of our national stability, and not the weak *declaration* that He is so. Against the opinion of those who chiefly worked with him, he defended the retention of the Athanasian Creed on the ground, to many no less unintelligible, that it gave the true conception of eternal life as consisting exclusively in the knowledge of God, and that it saved us from judging others by *seeming* to pronounce upon them a judgment so harsh that it could not be regarded as meant for any individual offenders except ourselves. His desire for unity sprang out of that love of truth which disunion and opinionativeness always distort. With characteristic humility he tells us that as a child he had the same temptations to speak and act falsely as other children. "I daresay I yielded to them as often. But I do think there was in me a love of truth which has kept alive in me ever since."

It was the fusion of Maurice's love of truth with his yearnings for unity which gave to his writings the "obscurity" of which almost all but his immediate disciples complained. In reality no writer, so far as his English style was concerned, was less obscure. His sentences were often too long; but I do not think that it is ever possible to mistake their meaning, or to doubt as to the construction which can alone be put upon them. The little children whom he taught, the workmen to whom he lectured, the poor villagers of the country parishes in which he ministered, never found him obscure or mystical. But to many others, to persons of culture and to violent ecclesiastical controversialists, he seemed to speak parables, because he had a habit of address-

ing them interrogatively rather than by assertion, and because their minds were unreceptive of the truths which he desired to set forth. Men look to their religious guides for definite propositions and systematized inferences, set forth in clear outline, rather after the manner of Fra Angelico than after the manner of Rembrandt. But Maurice saw truth as Dante saw charity, in a sunlike centre of light, which caused the outlines of all but the main features to be in distinguishable in the surrounding glory.*

"Dark with excess of light her skirts appeared."

If a man can see only one fragment of a truth and one side of a question, he may feel that absolute certainty about every disputable point which is a characteristic of many minds; but if he desires to be scrupulously fair, he finds it impossible to shut his eyes to the fact that views which are forced by their adherents into the sharpest contradiction are often in reality complementary and supplementary of each other. Maurice's one aim, therefore, was to persuade men not to plunge into mutual denunciations, but to find a basis for unity in things essential, and to assert modestly and tolerantly the special truths which they severally held. "Nothing," he said, "goes nearer to take away one's senses than the clatter of tongues when you feel every one is wrong, and know that if you tried to set them right you would most likely go as wrong as any. It would not be so if one had learnt to keep Sabbath days in the midst of the world's sin—but that is the difficulty."

Cognate to this balance and resolute fairness of mind was his determination to take all men at their best, and to judge them and their opinions in the most favorable light. It sometimes happens that one text takes more powerful hold of a man's mind than any other, and exercises a preponderant influence upon his life. The text to which Maurice most constantly refers as a rule of conduct is "Judge not, and ye shall not be judged." He tells us that he held it in more reverence than any other in the whole Bible. "I do not believe that we can, any of us,

know the inmost thoughts of another man with reference to God." It always produced self-contempt in him if he was led to sauciness of language* or impertinence in judging others. And this beautiful habit of mind depended again, in no small degree, on the belief which lay at the centre of his entire theology, namely, the headship of Christ. Every relation to our fellow-creatures seemed to Maurice to be a step in a ladder which reached to Christ. The thought which is rarely absent from any of his books for many pages is that Christ is King, and that the Church is His kingdom. His wife once said to him that he might do much better work if he would only act on his conviction that Christ is in every one. He recognized in the rebuke the clearest indication of what he felt to be God's purpose in all His teachings, and it led him to such remarks as this to Sir E. Strachey: "One can find enough that is not good and pleasant in all; the art is to detect in them the good thing which God has put into each, and means each to show forth;" and this to his wife, "I wish for you and myself, dearest, lynx eyes for distinguishing between the precious and the evil in ourselves and in others, and then that those eyes may have a charm to make the evil as though it were not; for in very truth it is a falsehood. It has no reality, and why should we not treat it as having none."

The formative ideas of his theology have already become apparent in this sketch of some elements of his character. From his earliest days he was a devout and constant student of the Bible, and—especially by his "Prophets and Kings"—he shares with Dean Stanley the high honor of having helped to make its scenes and characters more real to thousands of Christians. But he was not timid about its authority, and did not exalt it into an object of worship. It was not to him a collection

* Maurice's letters and writings are singularly free from severe remarks about persons, even when he was most deeply moved. One of the severest in the book is his remark—only, be it observed, in free private intercourse with an intimate friend—about Mansel's Carlton Club and Oxford Common Room yawn, "'Pon my soul! can't see why evil should not last forever, if it exists now.'"

* Dante, *Purgator.* xxix. 118.

of authorized dogmatic writings, or a religious book from which everything might be cut out which was not found in Doddridge's "Rise and Progress," but a book of work, and business, and politics, not the least like Doddridge, or any other treatise about the soul. When eleven thousand clergymen declared that the Bible not only *contains* but *is* the Word of God, the statement struck him not as an exaggeration, but as a perilous *denial* of the truth. "*The word of God,*" he said, "I believe as St. John taught, and as George Fox taught, to be very much above the Scriptures, however He may speak by and in the Scriptures. He regarded all *systems*, as such, as being of the earth, earthy; but he regarded the Church as a part of the spiritual constitution of which the nation and the family are lower and subordinate parts. He did not look on baptism as a rite in which a supernatural result was attached to a mechanical action, but as being the sacrament by which we claim the position which Christ has claimed for all mankind. He was rendered absolutely miserable by Dr. Pusey's tract on baptism, which "taught that the baptized child was holy for a moment after its baptism, but in committing sin lost its purity, and could only be recovered by acts of repentance and a system of ascetical discipline." He differed from the "Evangelicals," because they "seem to make sin the ground of all theology," whereas it seemed to him "that the living and holy God is the ground of it, and sin the departure from the state of union with Him into which He has brought us." The belief that Christ, and not the devil, was, in all senses, the King of the Universe, seemed to him a matter of life and death, and in that belief his whole theology was summed up. Instead of regarding the Fall as determining man's condition, and the devil as the arbiter of it, he thought that the work of the Church was to witness that Christ was the head of every man. His whole being, as Hüber says, "was drenched in Christianity." If he could not address all persons as members of Christ and children of God, he said that he could not address them at all. Christ was to him not the head of a sect, not

the founder of a religion. To speak thus of Him seemed to Maurice "a ghastly substitution" of religionism in the place of a belief in the redemption of mankind by the Son of man, and the Son of God. In all his writings, even in his university Lectures, we find "Him first, Him last, Him midst, and without end."

From this it is easy to understand the three chief controversies by which his life was agitated. He did not, as is still repeatedly asserted, deny the eternity, he did not even deny the possible endlessness of punishment; but he did teach, as Christ himself does, and as St. John invariably does, that the adjective "eternal" signifies a state or condition, not an infinite addition sum. To him eternity was the antithesis of time, not its indefinite extension. He saw that, in the New Testament, things eternal are not things future, but things unseen. We are now living in eternity if we have any true life at all. He could not accept the dogma of universalism, because he could not tell whether it might not be possible for the soul to exercise its own free-will in resisting God forever; but heaven meant to him the forgiveness of sins, not the remission of punishment. He held that the starting-point of the gospel was the absolute love of God, its reward the knowledge of that love. He did not himself dogmatize about "the duration of future punishments;" he only protested against all dogmatism on the subject. He never asserted the absurdity, with which he was charged by Dr. Jelf and others, that impenitent and unbelieving sinners would be saved, seeing that he regarded unbelief and impenitence as *being* damnation. To him God was the God of hope, and the devil the spirit of despair, and therefore he saw no reason to assert that the victory of eternal love over sin must be impossible unless it were gained during this mortal life. His conception of the gospel was that it was a message that God saves the world. Much of the current theology appeared to him in the light of "destruction taking the name of a gospel." Dr. Pusey publicly said that he and Maurice "worshipped a different God," and Maurice was almost driven to accept that terrible statement, for he worshipped "the God

who was manifested in His Son Jesus Christ, and not another altogether different being, in whom we mingle strangely the Siva and the Vishnu—the first being the ground of the character, the other its ornamental and graceful vesture.”

The controversy with Dean Mansel stirred his heart to its inmost depths. The arguments of the once-famous but already half-forgotten Bampton lectures seemed to cut away the very roots of all that he had ever taught. To him the essence of faith was a desire to know God, which had never been satisfied except by the manifestation of God in the person of Christ. He saw clearly that Mr. Mansel's arguments would become, as they have become, the basis of the negation to which Professor Huxley has given the name of Agnosticism. The very reason why as a youth he had ceased to be a Unitarian arose from his belief that the Incarnation had brought home to men in a Man the very knowledge of God which Mr. Mansel declared to be impossible. The Bampton lectures were hailed with a tumult of acclamation by the religious press, and the author was promoted at once to one of the metropolitan deaneries; but, nevertheless, Maurice saw in them a denial of that real knowledge of the love of God, which was to him the very Gospel; a definite setting up of “religion” against God. It is remarkable that the most powerful statement of the essentially subversive and irreligious tendency of Dean Mansel's arguments should have come from John Stuart Mill.*

The controversy with Bishop Colenso agitated him less deeply on theological, but more deeply on personal grounds. Bishop Colenso had long been his friend, and had embraced many of his views. About his special criticisms and calculations Maurice cared less than nothing, but he was so pained and shocked by the apparent inference that there was no substantial truth in the narrative of the Pentateuch, that, with a chivalry of spirit infinitely rare, he was on the point of giving up his incumbency of St.

Peter's, Vere Street, in order that he might without suspicion defend the cause of the Church among whose clergy, so far at any rate as they are represented by their religious journals, he had ever found his bitterest and least scrupulous opponents. The passion which he felt on the subject led him to one of the severest remarks which occur throughout the whole biography. “To have a quantity of criticism about the dung in the Jewish camp and the division of a hare's foot thrown in my face, when I was satisfied that the Jewish history had been the mightiest witness to the people for a living God against the dead dogmas of priests, was more shocking to me than I can describe.” It was hardly less shocking to him that Bishop Colenso should be claimed on this ground as the apostle of free thought, and that the clergy in general wrapped themselves more closely in their dreary and hopeless literalism. And yet, intense as were his feelings on the subject, he desisted from the steps which he contemplated, simply because to carry them out would have worn the aspect of taking the side of the strong against the weak. It was just that against which he had struggled all his life. “All through life his great conviction had been that the so litary Man upon the cross is always stronger than the surrounding crowds of soldiers and of priests.”

I have no space to dwell on all Mr. Maurice's other achievements. His works do follow him. His labors as a clergyman were always admirable. Like Jean Gerson, he loved at all times to gather the little children around him. He was never so happy as when, in country parishes, he was preaching the Gospel to the poor. He never *read prayers*, he *prayed*. Those who in Lincoln's Inn Chapel heard him read the Litany and the Athanasian Creed, came away with a new conception of their force and meaning. Had he been a philanthropist and nothing besides, I doubt whether any man since the days of St. Vincent de Paul has been the originator of more and more fruitful works than he. The Early Closing Movement, the “Days in the Country” for ragged children, the Co-operative Movement, the Higher Education of Women, the Working

* Examination of Sir W. Hamilton's *Philosophy*, pp. 88-105, where Mill protests against the attribution to God of qualities which have a certain signification in man, but are meant to have a totally different signification in Him.

Men's College, the Organization of Charity, the Establishment of Girls' Homes, the Sanitary League, and many other endeavors to promote the happiness of society, count him as one of their first founders, or earliest and most self-denying supporters. Mr. Matthew Arnold says that he spent his life "in beating about the bush with deep emotion, but never started the hare." Most men would have a right to die happy if they had started but one such hare as these.

Above all, if Maurice had left nothing else to the world, he has left the legacy of one of the noblest, purest, and grandest characters which this generation has seen. We are sometimes told, with a good deal of superfluous scorn, that his works won't live. It is a question supremely indifferent to those who loved him best. It is a result over which no man has any personal control. It is important for the world, it is of consummate importance for himself, that every man use his powers honestly and faithfully in the cause of all things which are true and just and pure; but it is a question of little or no concern to him whether his works are destined to attain the rare and brief continuance which is called "immortality." Hundreds of books which no human being will ever read again yet live in the most effectual way by the influence which they have exercised over thousands in the day when they were written, and over hundreds of thousands who have propagated the thoughts and impulses which were originally derived from their pages. Even if Maurice's writings should cease to be sold or published, they have profoundly affected the thoughts of men both in this and the last generation. We have a right to hope that by means of his son's record of what manner of man he was, he may exercise an influence still deeper and nobler.

For this man, to rail at whom well-nigh every religious critic of every religious newspaper dipped his pen in gall and falsehood, was one of the holiest, humblest, tenderest, and most loving of men. A relative says of him, that even in childhood he never knew him to commit even an ordinary fault, or apparently to entertain an immoral idea. He fulfilled Dante's ideal of one who was

in boyhood gentle, obedient, and modest; in youth temperate, resolute, and loyal; in manhood prudent, just, and generous; in age thankful, and in perfect peace with God.* All his life long he showed an awful sense of responsibility, and a delicate fastidiousness of conscience. He was always a friend to the weak, and wholly fearless of the strong. He had risen completely superior to the infirmity of ambition. He lived in prayer; sometimes he devoted the whole night to prayer, like the saints of old. He would never think even of a pleasant plan for himself unless he could connect it with a moral law. "Dearest, pray that we may be kept thinking of high and earnest things," he wrote to his wife, "and so may do our common duties better and live in love." All who enjoyed the happiness of his friendship, or even of his acquaintance, will unite in saying of him, as was said of Newton, that he was "the whitest soul they had ever known." It was this man—this humble, self-denying chivalrous-hearted saint of God, of whom Archdeacon Hare said, in words which many who knew him will indorse, that he was "incomparably the grandest example of human nature that it has ever been my happiness to know;" it was this man, perhaps the truest, bravest, most orthodox, most Christ-loving and Christ-like Christian whom this generation has seen;—this man, in whose teaching there was a prophetic accent not heard in any living voice,—who, thanks to the fuglemen of the so-called "religious world," lived amid perpetual storms of abuse and falsehood, and spent his life under the oppression of a perpetual hissing. For these religious assailants, whose aim it seems to have been slowly to sting him to death, he felt a sovereign pity, and for the temper by which they were animated a sovereign disdain. Unhappily, as is shown by too many pages of his biography and of his own writings, their attacks, misrepresentations, and slanders caused him acute mental anguish, and he did not learn the simple remedy of never reading and never noticing a single line they wrote. But they never caused him to waver in fulfilling the high duties

* Dante, *Canzone* xvi., st. 7.

which God had ascribed to him, nor even produced the sad and common result of breaking down his faith in human nature.

"He loved the world that hated him; the tear
Which dropped upon his Bible was sincere.
Assailed by scandal and the tongue of strife,
His only answer was a blameless life;
And he that forged and he that flung the dart

Had each a brother's interest in his heart.
Blush Calumny, and write upon his tomb,
If honest eulogy will leave thee room;
Thy deep repentance of thy thousand lies
Which aimed at him have pierced the offend-
ed skies,
And say, blot out my sin, confessed, de-
plored,
Against Thine image in Thy saint, O Lord!"

—*Fortnightly Review.*

THE EARLY MEDICUS.

BY HUBERT HALL.

Ars longa, vita brevis—the complacent dictum of the scholiast—seriously considered as a worthy motto for the healing profession, might in one aspect justify the irreverent rendering, "Brief life is here the patient's portion." This, of course, is from the point of view of the healthy scoffer who would "throw physic to the dogs," not from that of the superstitious devotee. But by the impartial and only curious student of the ways and means of life in bygone ages, the question may be more fairly approached from a standpoint that is purely critical. The study of physical science may indeed be meritorious by reason either of the profundity or dignity of the subject; but when we study the history of the early medicus, we feel that we may well dispense with such accessories to the practice of medicine as the ceremonious parade of all the paraphernalia of a witch's sabbath, or an elaborate display of astrological erudition.

Our Saxon ancestors, however, were devoted to a medical science whose mysteries were not altogether untinted with idle superstition and debased cruelty. Their system appears to have been divided into three branches, "leech-dom," "star-craft," and "wort-cunning." The first of these, in one aspect, contained the principles of general practice, and in another those of comparative anatomy. The "anatomy," however, was of a practical character, and was cultivated in the interests of the professional dispensary, consisting as it did of the butchery of nearly every species of indigenous animal—wolf, boar, fox, badger, hare, mole—to-

gether with a fair sprinkling of fish, fowl and reptiles. All of these were skilfully taken and quartered, or simply bled to death, and their essential organs removed, either for immediate desiccation in conjunction with appropriate herbs and simples to form a poultice or healing "mash;" or else for ultimate preservation in the shape of a pickled "charm."

In those early days when half England was forest, and wild creatures might be captured at once with pleasure, ease, and profit to the natives, it was extremely simple to minister to the medical wants of the numerous sufferers by wounds, pestilence or famine. Given your wolf or badger or field-mouse safely bagged, nothing could be easier than to apply a selection of its entrails to the patient's ribs or spine. Something more than this was nevertheless needed, and the want was supplied by the sister arts of "star-craft" and "wort-cunning." The former of these, as the name indicates, corresponded to the classical astrology, while the latter term signifies "herb-knowledge," and both were in demand to perfect the process of the cure: the one by directing the season and moment at which the application would prove most effective, the latter by distinguishing the virtues of the various simples with their *habitats*.

So much for the Saxon Pharmacopœia; but what manner of man, we should next inquire, was the physician who availed himself of its magnificent resources? It would be better to premise that the Saxon *Medicus*, as a qualified practitioner, did not exist. Quacks there were in plenty, who under the title of "Leeches"—a title fully justified by

their extortions--plied a brisk trade in co-partnership with the sexton; but apart from this traditional type of the "medicine man," the healing faculty was best represented in the persons of amateurs, usually monks or learned bodies.

And thus the profession, if it could be yet so called, continued side by side with the more-effective household surgery during the Middle Ages, and in some aspects beyond their limits. The Saxon "leech" was still the cant term for the academical "physician" who was content to gather beggarly fees and scanty legacies from wealthy patients; but was powerless against every epidemic outbreak, oblivious of the most ordinary sanitary requirements, and indeed ignorant profoundly of all things save a little barbarous botany and ruinous astrology, combining thus in his "leechdom" the "star-craft" and "wort-cunning" of the early vivisectionist, his Teuton forerunner.

The modern doctor dates only from the reign of Henry VIII., when the College of Physicians in England was founded as a body corporate by letters patent in the tenth year of the reign. This grant was in response to a petition from a few of the most notable members of the profession resident in London, who were perhaps moved by both a laudable zeal in the interests of science, and a compassion for the sufferings of the subjects of astrological and toxicological experiments. The charter thus obtained, though probably drafted by the promoters themselves, was found to be so inadequately worded and expressed, that it became necessary to obtain powers to amend it by Act of Parliament.

Among these early members were Linacre, Wotton, and others, famous scholars beyond doubt, though possibly but indifferent practitioners. In fact, we are constantly struck throughout the early history of the profession by the frequent occurrence of names associated with almost every other branch of study than that strictly appertaining to the art of medicine. We have naturalists, magneticians, astronomers, mathematicians, logicians, and classical scholars, but scarce one who accomplished anything worthy to be recorded in the annals of

medical science. Indeed, it is difficult to conceive any useful object that could have been attained by the existence of the College as a professional licensing body, other than the pecuniary interests of the orthodox. After all it was but the shadow of a choice whether a patient was killed dead according to Galen, or subjected to a more lingering process of "cure" by the canons of judicial astrology; for the consumer (of physic) well-meant ignorance presents no higher recommendations than criminal blundering.

Therefore it is with a pardonable smile that we read in the proceedings of the College of Physicians, for a century after its foundation, the history of a war against quacks and quackery. Good scholars and worthy gentlemen, the qualified physicians of the reigns of Mary and Elizabeth found themselves in an exceptional position with regard to the technical abilities of their professional brethren. With Galen as their spiritual lawgiver, and the secular arm to enforce orthodoxy, their position was somewhat similar to that of the pious colonists whose mission it was to portion out the land of the heathen as the inheritance of the elect. They themselves were the elect! We must be prepared, then, for a good deal of intolerance on the part of these learned monopolists, and with good cause. We read of a member guilty of the heinous crime of having accused Galen of an error in judgment, who was compelled to make full submission and tender an abject apology for his backsliding. Another member, who stood charged with professional indecorum, manifested by ill-timed levity and hot abuse of his colleagues at the very bedside of his patients, was unanimously expelled. The undoubted record of such circumstances as these must lead us to give some credit to the relations of contemporary satirists.

But though sometimes divided against itself, the College could at all times muster its whole forces in a campaign against empirics. Claiming a right to prevent any unqualified person from practising, it found its time pretty well taken up in the examination of suspected persons, especially when the *vivâ voce* process usually led to the committal of the unlucky candidate to the Marshal-

sea for gross incompetence, or, worse still, for competent heterodoxy. In the reign of Mary, for instance, two candidates were admitted to the degree of Baccalaureate in Medicine at Oxford University, one being a Franciscan friar, and the other a coppersmith. The former was not altogether approved of by the London Academy, but he weathered the storm, and became in time a distinguished ornament of the College. The smith, however, did not escape so easily, for the College obtained leave from Cardinal Pole to examine him as to his medical attainments, and from that moment his fate was sealed. The fact was that the aspiring Vulcan, though probably endowed with a smattering of chemistry and pharmacy, was no scholar, and the examiners "put him on" in the Latin grammar, inviting him to decline "corpus." "Hic, haec, hoc corpus," began the son of toil, "accusativo corporem." This specimen of the candidate's Latinity was evidence enough for the examiners, who "ploughed" him on the spot, and wrote a long report in choice Latin of their own of the proceedings, to impress upon the Government the enormity of this plebeian's offence. Later on, in the reign of Elizabeth, we hear of a woman committed to prison for applying a wash which "spoiled" ladies' faces—in other words ruined their complexions. In due course the noxious compound was submitted for the opinion of the College authorities, who decided, strangely enough, that it appeared to them harmless, yet somewhat illogically condemned the accused to pay all costs of the proceedings.

Another female practitioner, as such, was imprisoned; for in those days "women's rights" were only recognized in the case of "a king's daughter." She was released only upon giving an undertaking not to offend again, and paying all costs of the proceedings. Queen Elizabeth herself, to her honor be it said, was interested in the professional career of students of her own sex, and on several occasions recommended female candidates to the College, by which they were promptly disallowed. One of these royal nominees was ambitious only to practice with simples, but on examination she was reported "in-

efficient," rather in a knowledge of grammar probably than of the Pharmacopœia. Lord Hunsdon seems to have had more influence with the Dons than his Royal kinswoman, for a lady-doctor introduced by him was admitted to practise in cases where no vital part was affected.

Perhaps the professional gallantry of our worthy physicians had been ruffled by their many desperate encounters with the enemy who fought under the "star-spangled" banner of judicial astrology. One of this fraternity, who, anticipating the advertising enterprise of modern quacks, affixed "bragging bills" to the walls, was cited and compelled to make his submission. Another, calling himself a country practitioner, when examined, boldly claimed during sixteen years' practice to have used no other medicines than those dictated by the conjunction of the Ephemerides and other celestial signs and planets; by which means he had been able to diagnose and prescribe for every form of disease with rapidity and precision. It does indeed appear that the results of this earlier Sangrado's treatment were as a rule sufficiently deadly to warrant his sinister boast, for when asked to name any whom he had cured by his celestial system he could point to only three or four; while he was compelled to admit that he had had bad luck with the majority of his patients. Questioned still further, he admitted that it was true that he once administered a draught of iced-water to a delirious subject, who instantly succumbed to the shock; and that many complaints had been made about his mistaking the symptoms of gouty or rheumatic people for the dropsy. The strangest part of the story is, however, that this impostor proved on examination to be totally ignorant of astronomy. Indeed he could not be deemed severely punished by a short term of imprisonment and a fine of £10, the penance which was decreed to him by his professional superiors. Unfortunately, however, the rascal contrived to escape, and continued to practise out of the jurisdiction of the College, being reported "safe and jolly" in the parish of Lambeth. Here he flourished into the following reign, for we find his system still further defined in 1607, as

follows: "1. To discover the name, address, and life-history of the patient; 2. To erect a figure; 3. To diagnose the disease therefrom and prophecy the event; 4. To prescribe and gather the fees." We may imagine what a harvest such empirics reaped at the expense of the credulous from the case of a quack practising in St. Paul's Churchyard about this time, who actually received from a woman £32 for attempting to cure her leg. We even hear of £6 being charged for one precious pill.

It is most significant as to the social degradation of the science of medicine, that most of the notorious empirics of the latter half of the sixteenth century were both highly recommended and strenuously supported in their resistance to the proctors of orthodoxy by some of the greatest names of the age. These self-deluded victims of quackery were not indeed adverse in theory to the pretensions of more regular members of the profession. They would patronize the Court physicians, or, if favorites of the Crown, they might even submit to the Sovereign's recommendation in that behalf; but none the less their family doctor was in far too many cases some outlandish professor of occult arts, retained in learned state on the premises, who undertook the speedy, not to say miraculous, cure of his patron's particular disease by all the charms of the Cabala. In this way every nobleman's household was in danger of becoming a sort of sanctuary for all manner of rogues and impostors who dabbled in the healing art by the employment of a mystic agency; and the efforts of the College toward the purification of the temple of science were thus to a great degree neutralized. Not herewith content, however, the persons of quality alluded to were often desirous of obtaining for their shameless *protégés* a license to practice, or even an admission into the College itself, regardless of the outraged sensibilities of the Fellows. Thus when a certain quack was fined at the instance of the College, for dispensing "celestial water," he was backed up in his resistance to that authority by a flattering testimonial from Lord Hunsdon. So, too, the Earl of Essex's man, Poe, when cited before the College as an empiric, was able to produce testi-

monials bearing such signatures as those of the Primate, the Lord Chancellor, the Lord Treasurer, the Lord Admiral, and many others in high place in his favor. Another quack, Not, who had attended Walsingham successfully, as his patron believed, was so powerfully supported in his application for a license that the College were obliged to admit him to general practice, with the stipulation that he did not exercise this privilege within the metropolis. Later on, however, we find that the condition was broken, and the "professor" in consequence condemned to pay a fine, still against the earnest remonstrances of his aristocratic friends. Just twenty-one years after this date, we meet again with Poe, as inveterate a quack as ever, but now in the capacity of one of James I.'s physicians. To their credit, however, the Fellows still declined to admit this worthy until he should become properly qualified.

Several of Elizabeth's famous statesmen were confirmed invalids. Whitgift harbored in Lambeth quite a colony of refugees from the pertinacious antagonism of the College. Walsingham was forever seeking alleviation from his acute bodily ailments by change of air, régime, and doctors. Burghley was a martyr to gout, though, with his habitual caution, he was not to be so easily duped. He had not, indeed, the courage to abandon the fashionable beverages red Burgundy, claret, or Malmsey in favor of the lighter wines of Germany, which had assisted for a time in curing Sir Thomas Gresham of a still more obstinate attack of the same hereditary malady, but he shook his head at the fashionable follies of Transmutation and the Horoscope. Thus, probably, he was enabled to rescue one of his household from the clutches of a Spanish quack who was in a fair way of reducing his patient's sore leg to a state warranting amputation.

It is only fair, at the same time, to notice the other side of the question, in the relations of the qualified practitioners of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries themselves with the courtly society that abetted their rivals, and it must be confessed that the picture is not a particularly edifying one. The College was not often influenced by

mercenary motives, though licenses were sometimes accorded to doubtful subjects in consideration of an annual premium. On the other hand, party, and still more, national feeling, were freely displayed in their jealous exclusion of foreign Catholics, a ban that was not extended to the case of Protestant refugees, one of whom, though a preacher by profession, was readily admitted. This policy is all the more to be regretted, in that this body was tolerably free from the vulgar prejudices and superstitions of the age. In a majority of cases in which its delegates were intrusted with the inspection of the physical state of notorious demoniacs or suspected sorcerers, the pretensions of the latter or the charges preferred against them, as the case might be, were equally dismissed as unfounded. Nevertheless the honest graduates were not proof against the glamor of Court life. Soon after the accession of James I. to the English throne that monarch was present at an academical *soirée* at Oxford, on which occasion a debate was promoted between certain Court physicians on the following themes, expressly selected for the purpose of making sport for the learned Sovereign, and, at the same time of doing him honor.

1. Whether a man's manners are affected by the maternal nourishment of his earliest infancy?

2. Whether tobacco, used in excess, is salubrious or the reverse in its pharmacic effects?

Now it is not difficult to discern that any theory in favor of the hypothesis that James I. had by a mere physiological process assimilated the sinister qualities of an unfortunate lady who was popularly identified, even in the verses of courtly poets of the later reign, with the scarlet-habited patroness of the Babylonians, was, if successfully upheld, unlikely to redound to the temporal welfare of its promoters. Moreover, it was common knowledge that the king had identified himself with the godly opponents of the weed *Nicotiana* as the author of the violent trade known as the *Counterblaste to Tobacco*. Unfortunately these courtly exercises were then deemed an indispensable part of the programme framed for such occasions, and the luminaries of the medical profession

were, at least, not greater sinners herein than their brethren of divinity. It may be mentioned, however, that the physician to whom fell the task of vilifying the Virginian herb in choice terms for the royal edification, received the appointment of Commissioner for Garbling ("Grabblinge," the royal patent more expressively terms it) Spanish tobaccos, in accordance with a protective policy in favor of the products of the English colonies.

Neither is the fraternity seen to advantage in its attendance upon royal personages. When the young Prince Henry was seized with the mysterious malady that cut him off in the bud of his early promise, not one doctor could be found to adopt, or rather enforce a rational treatment of the symptoms. One sensible man, indeed, laid it down as an essential prelude to a successful event that the patient should be treated as though he were "some meane person." Others, however, could not shake off the sense of unusual responsibility, and one of these roughly declared that it "shoulde never be saide in after ages that he had killed the kyng's eldest sonne!" A highly conflicting treatment was the inevitable result of this paralysis of judgment. The unfortunate prince's life blood was freely drained one day, and treble doses of cordials were administered the next, according as the differing opinions prevailed. As a desperate remedy a live cock was split open and applied to the patient's feet, but without any grand result, and soon after death released the sufferer from his well-meaning tormentors. There was one physician of the reign, however, who had the courage of his convictions. This was Craige, James's Scotch physician in ordinary, who attended his master during his last illness, and at whose hands the Duchess of Buckingham incurred such an angry rebuke for applying a surreptitious plaster to the patient's body, that she and other great persons, who looked upon professional independence as mere insolence, caused the honest doctor to be dismissed from Court.

We have, unfortunately, no means of ascertaining the opinion of the profession at large upon the practice of "touching" for the king's evil. This

patriarchal attribute of royalty was never prominently asserted before the Restoration ; but as early as 1637 a certain impostor was brought up before the Star-Chamber on a charge of having "set up to touch, scorning the king's touching." Under "examination" this magnetic quack affirmed that after he had touched between thirty and forty applicants, he was sensible of more "virtue" having proceeded out of him than when, in the days before he experienced his call, he had dug eight roods of land as a gardener. He took the precaution to add, however, that he was not always "in the vein," especially when his hands were numbed with the cold ; and that he often was obliged to repeat the process four or five times—when the patient was wealthy we must suppose.

With the close of the seventeenth century science had made great strides and

had drawn medicine in her wake. We no longer hear of complaints against the practice of employing quacks or unauthorized persons, such as the servants of the Court—players, barbers, grooms and the like. The medical profession was at length placed on a rational footing among the other arts. The information of its members had become more uniform ; their social position more satisfactorily established. Instead of such metaphysical titles as the "History of Man Sucked from the Sup of the Most Approved Anatomists," we have "An Account of the Epidemic Disease Called the Influenza." The reader may further discover what manner of men were these medici of the last two centuries—how they talked, dressed, wrangled, and fleeced—from the pages of their light-hearted contemporaries, the great English novelists of the last six generations.—*Merry England.*

CHRISTOPHER NORTH.

BY VISCOUNT CRANBROOK.

MORE than forty years have elapsed since I wrote the following memorandum of conversations with Christopher North, which for a long period lay unnoticed in my drawer. Some who have recently seen it are of opinion that the record in its simplicity, not artistically dressed up, but just as it is, may give some impression of a remarkable man's talk, and I yield to the suggestion to offer it to the *National Review*. It was written with the vivid tones of the speaker still in my ears, and, however imperfect, it is, so far as it goes, a truthful account of what passed. At this date I do not affect to agree with the comments and criticisms made in all instances, but there is a fresh outspokenness in them which reflects a character not without interest even now. I hope that none of his words will give pain anywhere, even though they mention some painful facts which, but that they are already notorious, I would have excluded. Just as it was penned, then, it is now given to the public for what it is worth.

CRANBROOK.

Sept. 15th, 1843. Bowness.—Last night for the first time, I had the pleasure of meeting Professor Wilson, better known, perhaps, under his assumed name of Christopher North. I had seen him a few times previously, and had on one been near an introduction at Elleray, but the fates prevented our meeting as companions until I saw him

as my guest yesterday. We were all much pleased with him, and found means to keep him in conversation until a late hour, and, indeed, he did not seem at all reluctant to express his opinion on any subject or person whom we brought under his notice. As it may be gratifying in after years to have a record of such of his remarks as I can remember, I have determined, while they are fresh in my memory, to jot them down, as I am sorry that I abstained from doing those of Wordsworth after my interview with him. I do not know what the Professor's age is, but he is a large burly figure, with a fresh countenance, a little bald on the top of his head, with long straggling locks of yellow hair hanging over his broad shoulders. Bushy whiskers of the same color, mixed with gray, hang round the under-part of his face, not concealed by collar or handkerchief, both of which are so loosely disposed as to admit a fair view of the neck on which his massive head rests. His forehead is rather receding, but not a low one ; his face not handsome in the profile, which is injured by the loss of teeth ; but the full

face is a very striking one, and well calculated to invite cordiality. He is now a grandfather, but I should say, from his appearance, not much above sixty years old, if so much, and yet his recollections of persons and events go so far back that I may greatly under-estimate the burden of years which rests upon him. Altogether, his appearance is that of a country gentleman, rather eccentric in the matter of hair, but looking the picture of good-humor and bonhomie, which are qualities generally ascribed to Christopher North. Still (as he himself admits) he has not the buoyancy of younger days, and the calmer feelings of age may probably be deepened by his change of *regimen*, which is very great, for from being one of the most generous of livers he has become, not by pledge but in practice, a teetotaler. He does not look less hale and fresh for this, and one can well imagine him the best wrestler, the highest leaper, the most persevering pedestrian in the country, and can fancy the joyous step with which he would spring to the sound of music in days now passed away. He said, with something of a sigh, that the time was when he never heard music without an inclination to dance; but now it was with a different pleasure that he listened to it, and quite without the springing elasticity of other times. For the rest, he has a strong Northern accent, but considerably softened by education and residence in England, so that, by his own account, it has been thought rather the brogue of Ulster than of Scotland. And now for the subject of his conversation and comments upon men and things, some of which were very interesting.

One of the Austins was mentioned, and it was observed that they were all strong Benthamites, and he spoke of them as the most able supporters of Jeremy, and especially cited the Lectures at the London University as extremely well written. As to Jeremy Bentham's works, he said that it was disgusting arrogance in any man to attempt to palm off such a style upon the world, and that, too, when he had shown by his earlier writings how well able he was to compose in pure English. This naturally led to Carlyle, of whose early productions the Professor spoke

with much approbation, and with a strong condemnation of the latter—particularly specifying "Chartism" and "Past and Present." Mr. G—— quoted a remark of Wordsworth's, that if Carlyle wrote good English Addison and others must have been unreasonably held up to imitation. Professor Wilson said :

"I think the history of Carlyle is that of a man who fancied his works should attract great attention, and finding that though the writings of his younger days were well thought of, still they produced no general sensation, and at the same time becoming Germanized from his idolatry of Goethe, he gradually acquired the offensive style in which he at present indulges. His worship of Goethe was remarkable, and Shakespeare he seemed either never to have read or so greatly to depreciate as to place the former far above him; and yet how can they possibly be compared? What continual effort there is in Goethe after something striking; and, after all, has he had any great influence on the world? Schiller understood human nature better, and thus his works have had a greater effect." (I should fancy that probably each affected a distinct class, but am too little acquainted with German literature to say, and the Professor spoke hesitatingly of his knowledge of German). "I do not call," he continued, "Carlyle's translations really translations—they are but German after all."

I was surprised at his remarks upon Butler's "Analogy" and "Sermons." He said, "I am convinced there is some fallacy in his argument, for it is impossible to put it into other words." (I suggested, in confirmation of the latter part of his remarks that Butler's admirers were generally great quoters of his works, and gave some instances from recollections of Oxford. This seemed to please him, and he welcomed the suggestion as confirmatory of his theory, and his evident dissatisfaction with Butler. Was not Pitt also dissatisfied?) "I profess I do not understand him," said he, "for his definitions add nothing to the words they are meant to explain. Conscience defined as reflection in self." "The faculty," said Mr. G——, "of approving and disapprov-

ing." "Yes," cried the Professor, "but of what approving, or disapproving of what? And what is the meaning of reflection in self?"

I asked him what he thought of Tennyson's "Queen of the May." "It is very beautiful," he said, "and yet I remember reading the first part alone and thinking it very namby-pamby." Mr. G—— mentioned a remark, I think of Wordsworth's, who had observed the exquisite variation of the first lines of the first and second parts, showing the alteration of character from the thoughtless ardent girl regardless of others, to the gentle uncomplaining daughter making others her first consideration, from—

You *must* wake and call me early, etc.

to—

If you're waking call me early, etc.

"Yes," said Christopher North, "it is very artistical, as is much of his poetry." (I mentioned "Mariana in the Moated Grange"). "Mariana is admirable description, and yet, on the whole, he wants force in his poetry, which is the fault of his school. There is no manly vigor—nothing that stirs the blood. And in one of his poems, if I mistake not, there is an unmanly exultation over some one who had rejected him. Lady Clara Vere de Vere, however, which is on the same subject, is spirited. I offended Tennyson many years ago by what I thought a very favorable review in *Blackwood*, and, I was pleased at the time to receive letters from many persons saying they were glad to find Tennyson so well appreciated in Scotland. However, he was displeased at some jocose observations on some of his poems which I thought absurd. He wrote to me a short time since saying that I had been right, and he wrong, but still, a man once angry is apt to remain so. I meant well and kindly to him, however, and really thought I behaved so, as I admired much of his poetry. 'Locksley Hall' is forced, and shows a constant straining after effect, and, indeed, the whole new school has a notion that nothing is poetry but what is *intense*; they intensify everything, and those who write in another style may be good versifiers but are not, in their estimation, poets. I don't like them myself.

I saw some of De Vere's poems cited in the *Quarterly*, which are much finer, in my opinion: but he is unequal as Tennyson. Much of both is not worth reading. I was greatly disappointed with De Vere's poem of the 'Waldenses,' which is a very fine subject. It makes me feel very old when I hear of a young Aubrey De Vere as a poet, for I remember his grandfather very well, and also hearing anticipation of his father, Sir Aubrey's, poetical success." (This may give some notion of the Professor's age, as young Aubrey De Vere is said to be about twenty-seven years of age.) "I can hardly help smiling at Monckton Milnes when he talks about poetry. Yet he is a very clever man; but his appearance and manner have that effect on me."

I asked his opinion of Sir F. Doyle's poems. "Ah," he said, "he is a well-educated, well-informed man, but not a poet." The Professor spoke with great admiration of Keble, but said all his pieces were too long, and were all capable of being curtailed without impairing the sense.

"I have," said he, "in my own edition struck out what I consider superfluous, and only read the other portions. You should always lay by poetry for a time, and you will find it easy to strike much out, and yet the remainder will dovetail together as if it had been so designed originally."

During the conversation I mentioned Byron's letters as excellent in their way. He understood me to say "Burns," and it drew from him many remarks on that poet. "His letters," he said, "are clever, but are not good as letters, and yet Burns was more proud of them than of his poetry; which was natural in an uneducated man who thought his poetry might come by inspiration, but that his prose depended upon his own powers. In consequence of this, he labored at his letters very much. Byron's letters" (we had explained his mistake) "are of a different character, and are very good *as* letters." "He and Cowper," said Mr. G——, "maintain Wordsworth's opinion that good poets may be good letter-writers. Wordsworth speaks very highly of Byron's letters on the Greek revolution." The Professor spoke of Scott's letters as not at all equal to his other writings.

"I," said he, "never write letters. I wish I did, for I am very fond of receiving them, and had I written more I should have received more. I did not answer your note, for I am rather vain of my handwriting and during this hot weather my hand is so relaxed that my writing would be like that of an old man, and I was determined not to let you see that."

During some music in the evening Burns was again mentioned, and Professor Wilson said: "I never have been able to write a song. I know what it should be, but I cannot do it. If I could write one that would be sung in valley, plain and hill, I should die happy. There is not a peasant in Scotland who does not know Burns's songs."

"Dibdin had great success," I said.

"Yes," he replied, "and yet Dibdin's were confined to one class. He was no sailor and had never been at sea, but by living on the water edge he picked up sea terms, and though his songs are full of mistakes and inconsistencies the sailors never found it out, being quite satisfied with hawsters, bowlines, and a few sea-phrases here and there. How is it that Campbell's great ballads 'Ye Mariners of England,' and, 'The Battle of the Baltic' are never sung? I have asked sailors, and they never heard them. There must be something wanting in them, and, indeed, what should sailors know about the 'meteor flag'? They would say there is no such flag in the British Navy. Then, what is the meaning of the cannons' roar quelling the deep below? I once asked Campbell, who said that it was his business to write and mine to find out his meaning. I fancy he alludes to the fact that continued firing has the effect of quieting the surface of the sea around. How strange a contrast there is between Campbell's recitation and Wordsworth's—the former in a thin weak voice, settling now and then the curls of his wig, reciting without power his greatest lyrics; Wordsworth with a severe and simple dignity giving a tone to his recitation, which has often after hearing him on a hillside walk thrilled me for days after. He has the most remarkable power, in that way, of any man I ever heard. It seemed like inspiration, and I could almost imagine

that he spoke by revelation." Mr. G—— spoke of an unpublished poem of Wordsworth's written in preparation for "The Excursion," on "The formation of an individual mind," which his friends declared to be very fine. "I remember," said Professor Wilson, "When I was very young, sleeping at his house, and when I was in bed he brought it to me to read. I read it during a grand storm of thunder and lightning and, whether influenced by that, together with the excitement of finding myself so honored by Wordsworth, I know not—but I thought it one of the finest things I ever read. What right has he to keep such things from the present generation? I hope he will publish what he has written of the 'Recluse' and that poem before I die. Surely we ought to love our own generation more than any that follows—he ought to love you and me more than my little grandchild, who will be enjoying the 'Recluse' when I am in my grave. It is not fair in great authors to leave their works to be published posthumously, as if their own generation was unworthy of them." A poem on "The Clouds" was mentioned as one of the best in his last volume, and Mr. G—— said it smacked of earlier days than the rest of the contents of that volume. "Yes," he said, "I remember his repeating it to me a very long time ago, perhaps thirty years, at a time when there was nothing I dreaded so much as his knowing that I wrote verses. I had been writing on the clouds, and had told Wordsworth of it, who, as we were walking, asked me to repeat them, as he had been writing on the same subject, and wished to hear how I had treated it. I was horror-struck, and I admit that I told a lie and said I had never written any such verses. I hope it was a white lie. Wordsworth's drama, 'The Borderers,' is not good, and, in fact, neither he nor Coleridge have or had any capacity for that kind of composition. 'Remorse,' and 'Zapoyla' are very inferior as dramas. In the former, Coleridge wished to depict some metaphysical kind of remorse, even preying upon the subject of it, but not affecting his character and dispositions. But it won't do at all. His translation of Wallenstein is of a very different nature; it is magnificent. Poor

Coleridge fancied he could do everything, and his designs and plans were tremendous. He projected a 'Dictionary,' a 'Grammar,' a 'Great Epic Poem on the Fall of Jerusalem,' a 'System of Philosophy,' and he who was wholly without it, actually intended to write a 'Treatise on Method.' None of these were ever even commenced; and they were but a part of the vast projects in his mind—among others a conclusive work on theology. The sphere where he was great was in conversation, and that he loved when he could find attentive listeners." "Wordsworth," said Mr. G—, "declared that he never heard him converse without silently saying to himself 'Wonderful.'" "He was indeed so," replied Christopher North, "for these flaws and inconsistencies in argument are not observed and detected, but it is very different when the same thing is put into writing. Coleridge's weakness was an extreme love of sympathy, and it was what he thought a want of this in the more austere character of Wordsworth that led to the coolness between them. Basil Montagu most unjustifiably told Coleridge some remark of Wordsworth's about him which hurt the former very much, though probably the bitterness of it was in its repetition by another person. For Wordsworth's sayings are very different from his own mouth and from that of another. Still, he was too dignified and self-dependent a character for Coleridge, who always required sympathy, and probably has expressed his feelings in the description of a friend with which he concludes John Anderson. Wordsworth could not sufficiently bend to this weakness which he thought unmanly, and hence the estrangement, though Wordsworth still loved Coleridge as did Coleridge him. It was this weakness, and not pride or vanity, which led him to delight in talking; and when he had an attentive hearer he would enlarge on every subject with enthusiasm, but if there were the slightest apathy or carelessness displayed, it was curious to see how his voice died away at once. And yet I am convinced that this was not love of display, but of having other minds in communion as it were, with his own; and when he felt that they were so, he would impart to every object of conversation a hue and

tinge of beauty which could not be surpassed. It was this feeling, too, that led him to admire Irving so much. It was not from Irving's powers of mind, but from his fondness for Coleridge's society and conversation that the latter's admiration for him was derived. Irving never was a leader, but was at last rather a dupe; and as to his being a second Luther, he was in fact without one of the great qualities which distinguished the Reformer. He never in any degree influenced the public mind, nor has he left any impression behind him. In fact he was a wild weak man. Of the poetry of Coleridge, nothing approaches his 'Genevieve' in exquisite tenderness and beauty. It is perfect, pure, and angelic, and yet human."

Mr. G— asked, "What has become of De Quincey?" He answered: "I was very intimate with, and I believe that I am now more intimate with him than any other person, and yet I hardly ever see him. I know where he lives, but hardly ever see him; I have not seen him above four times in six years (if I remember rightly), and yet his family ask tidings of him from me. Since he has left this part of the world he has lived in different places in Scotland; some years in Edinburgh, then in Glasgow, and so on as caprice takes him. He is never seen by any one, as he never leaves his garret except at night, and I well remember there was a kind of mysterious awe when he remained for about a year in my house. The servants placed food for him, which would be untouched so long that they had to prepare other, and then would perhaps see a long bony hand thrust out to take it, and that was all. The only time he himself was seen was sometimes when we had a late party, and then toward midnight he would be observed stealing out to take his walk. His chief expense is opium, on which he spends £150 a year, and sometimes will take four or five thousand drops in twenty-four hours. It is strange it has not the effect on his constitution which it is commonly reported to have; for he appears perfectly well in health, and yet at the same time his feelings and sensibilities seem quite benumbed by it. His family has all died off in a very melancholy manner; first his eldest son, then a

daughter, and then a younger son, a boy of great promise who went out to China and died of fever. I had occasion to see him about these things, as he is perfectly unfit to manage a funeral or anything of the kind, and I was surprised at his calmness and indifference. There seemed to me some doubt at first about the death of his son in China, and this I told him; but when I was obliged afterward to confirm the first intelligence, he merely wrote, 'I am sorry he is dead, but it was against my advice he went to China at all.' He behaved ill when he left Westmoreland, and wrote very bitter papers against Wordsworth" (the fact was that his conduct was so unprincipled that Wordsworth would not even affect to countenance him), "and in them most improperly introduced my name, parenthetically, 'and Professor Wilson says the same,' when I had never said anything of the sort. From this it has been said that I quarrelled with Wordsworth, whom, God knows, I love and revere as I have always done, and am as far from envy or jealousy toward him as man can be. I had too much pride to enter into any explanation to Wordsworth, but I have never ceased to love him, and his warmth and cordiality to me and my daughter when we lately met quite affected me. De Quincey, however, is a remarkable man, and his conversation is wonderful: his writings too, are most powerful and argumentative when he is free from opium, but when under the influence of it he writes sad nonsense. He began, I believe, to take it in imitation of Coleridge, and I myself have seen him drink a wine-glass of laudanum at once. I remember well," he continued, laughing heartily, "calling upon him one day and finding him—he is by the way a very small man, not taller than Hartley Coleridge—wrapped in a sort of gray watchman's coat, evidently made for a man four times his size, and bought probably at a pawnbroker's shop. He began conversing earnestly and declaiming on the transcendental philosophy, when in the vehemence of his discourse the coat opened, and I saw that he had nothing else on of any description whatever. He observed it and said, 'You may see I am not dressed.' I did see it, I said. He replied that he thought

it not of any consequence, in which I acquiesced; he folded it round him and went on as before. Authors generally like to feel loosely habited when composing, but he made a very extraordinary figure."

Such, as far as I recollect, was the tenor of Professor Wilson's conversation, though of course I do not pretend to give the words, nor do I insert, except when necessary for the sense, the remarks of others which led to those made by him. In fact, what is put consecutively into his mouth was frequently broken in upon by other questions or comments of ours which are not worth recording. Since writing a considerable portion of this, this morning, I walked with J—— to call upon him at Elleray, where I found him as cordial and agreeable as last night. We sat some time with him, and led him to speak of Hartley Coleridge of whom he gave a most melancholy account. I had him in my eye as I had seen him at the wrestling match, with a watery eye and an almost idiotic leer on his face, and asked could nothing be done to reclaim him. "Nothing," he answered; "I once tried and succeeded for three months in keeping him at this place, but Wordsworth always said he would relapse, and so he did, for one day when we had walked together a few yards from the house, I, finding the sun too hot, returned for my hat, bidding him wait; but when I came back he was gone, nor did I for a long time see him again. I afterward learned that he had gone to a pot-house and remained in a drunken state for ten days. I had fancied he might have thirst more strongly upon him than other men, and have taken great pains to have wine and water, or drink of some kind brought in; but all was of no avail, and when he is intoxicated he is a hideous object. Wordsworth says he has a constitutional tendency to it, but I hardly know what that means. When I came back last year I thought that feeling for me in my altered circumstances returning to this place after so many years' absence, would have kept him in check, and I called on him and asked him to join my daughter and myself on the water, to which he agreed. He said he wished to call on a friend in Bowness, and would occupy the half

hour till we were ready in seeing him. When we went down to the boat, in less time than that, we found Hartley Coleridge in a bestial state of intoxication, so that I would not take him into the boat. We landed at Millar's ground, and, walking up, found him lying insensible in a field. I made the servants take him to Elleray and put him to bed. They did so, and about 11 o'clock at night there was a ring at the door, and in came Hartley Coleridge, professing to have come from Bowness to see me, and then quite sober and very agreeable. He had been laid on the bed in his clothes, had awakened, and gone out at the back door and round to the front. Whether he feels remorse or shame I know not, but he never shows it; and I am glad not to have seen him this year, for it is a horrible sight to see a man so brutalized. As a boy he was astonishing; but how can a man read to advantage who lives as he does? and though there is much genius and cleverness in both his prose and poetry, he is but a second or third-rate man. It will not do for me to appear to my family careless of such things, and I cannot admit a man who is such a slave to drunkenness that he may, as he has done, fall down like a brute-beast on this rug."

When we rose to go, the Professor accompanied us to show the improvements he has made by felling trees, which are very great indeed, opening out the view of the lake far more than it was when last we were there. His eyes glistened as we praised this home of his affections which he evidently loves intensely, and said he would not care if he were told that for three years he might not go beyond its gate. Yet he could not bear such a restriction on

Belle Isle, however he might admire it, because it was an island, and you felt the confinement of that even in the larger ones on the Scotch coast. He congratulated us, pausing as he spoke each time, and standing almost in front of us, on the way in which we saw Windermere, viz., by staying a summer on its wooded shores. And then I shall never forget his words or manner as he said: "Travellers come to Bowness, walk up and down the village to the lake side, and then, ordering horses on, say, 'Well, I don't think much of Windermere.' Don't think much of Windermere" (he murmured half to himself and yet loud enough for us to hear him, while his speaking eyes showed his emotion). "Don't think much of Windermere. Ah! you'll not think much of heaven, then, when you get there." This parting tribute to the spot which he leaves to-morrow for this year, and from which he seems loath to part, was almost the last thing he said except about his trees and shrubs; and at the gate we took leave, perhaps never to meet again. I was more struck to-day with the appearance of his front face than last night; his forehead and eyes are very striking, and, indeed, in that view it is clear that when young he must have been very handsome. He does not do himself justice with his exuberant hair and whiskers, but one is ready to excuse a little oddity in that respect in consideration of the many excellencies, personal and mental, of one who has so often enlivened and delighted you as Christopher North.—*National Review*.

NOTE.—The offensive paper written by De Quincey may be found in "Tait's Magazine" for 1839.—*National Review*.

ALEXANDRE DUMAS, THE ELDER.

BY EDMOND ABOUT.

DUMAS was a great schoolboy, who hid under his good humor and boisterous gayety more common-sense and true wisdom than fell to the lot of ninety-nine out of every hundred. He was the type of a free lance, who proved the rules of conventionality to be stupid; of a pleas-

ure-seeker who might serve as model to all industrious workers; of a knight-errant ever in quest of the adventures of gallantry, politics and war, who had studied, for his own share alone, more than three convents of Benedictines. He was the image of a prodigal who,

having squandered thousands in reckless liberalities, left behind him, unconsciously the heritage of a king. His was the radiant face of an egotist who devoted his whole life to his mother, his children, his friends, his country; of a compliant and easy-tempered father, who threw the reins on his son's neck, and who, nevertheless, had the exceptional good fortune to see himself reproduced while living by one of the best and most illustrious men whom France has ever applauded.

His books will be read after his comedies and dramas shall have been withdrawn from the stage. For an age and longer, his entrancing stories, wherein the action never languishes, the style is limpid and brilliant as the crystal of a spring-well, and the dialogue crackles like green wood on a fire, will continue to be the joy of the young, the distraction of the old, a refreshment for the wearied, a consolation for the ailing, a delight for all. I have known mature men passably occupied—myself, for instance—forget themselves an entire night in the company of the "Chevalier de Maison-Rouge" or the "Mohicans de Paris." I still hear my children quarrelling in friendly guise because one has not yet finished the second volume of "Monte-Cristo," when the other, who is awaiting his turn, has arrived at the end of the first. From this I conclude that Dumas has lost nothing of his freshness since the days—alas! far in the bygone now—when he nearly caused the death of one of my school companions. He was a little Spainard, an *interne* at the Pension Massin; he was sleepless, had lost his appetite, and was gradually wasting away as if stricken with home-sickness. Sarcey, who was in the same class and had conceived a friendship for him, asked him one day:

"Is it your mother you wish to see?"

"No," answered the child, "she is dead."

"Your father, then?"

"He used to beat me."

"Your brothers and sisters?"

"I have none."

"Why, then, are you so anxious to get back to Spain?"

"To finish a book I began reading in the vacation."

"What is the name of it?"

"Los Tres Mosqueteros."

The poor child had the nostalgia of the "Trois Mousquetaires."

Not merely for his incomparable genius as a story-teller should Dumas be dear to men of letters, but for his character, his habits, his good qualities, his foibles, his errors even. There have been as great writers, but never a typical *littérateur* so perfectly accomplished. He did many things outside his proper sphere of action, taking part, for example, in the Revolution of 1830, and the conquest of the Two Sicilies; but it may be said without exaggeration that he lived only to write.

When he plunged into history it was like the diver, who sinks into the depths of ocean to return with a pearl. When he travelled in Africa, in Syria, in the Caucasus, in Switzerland, in Italy, it was to recount the narrative of his travels. The most common-place of meetings, the most insipid of conversations, furnished him with the materials of an interesting page. He reared animals, dogs, cats, monkeys, tortoises, frogs, even a bear, if my memory does not betray me; it was to endow them with a soul, and be that soul's interpreter. The fair sex monopolized much of his heart, but little of his time; I doubt if the most favored among them had sufficient empire over him to turn him from his work, for he only ceased to produce when he ceased to live. And, gracious Heavens! what would have come to pass if the man for whom an entire people waited with open mouth failed for a single day? That was a happy era when the great political journals based their claims to popularity on the fictions they supplied, and the leading article was, so to speak, but a *hors d'œuvre*; for France took a more vivid interest in d'Artagnan or Edmond Dantés than in Messieurs Duvergier de Hauranne and Guizot.

It was the golden age of romance, the reign of Dumas the First, who was the most benignant of kings, for he only abused his power against the publishers to the profit of his *confrères*. In making wit a quotable article in the market, like porcelain or pig-iron, he served his neighbor as much, nay more, than himself, and considerably ameliorated the condition of the writer. He likewise

elevated him in the eyes of fools—that imposing majority of the human race—by the magnificence of his mode of living and his unexampled bounties. The *grands seigneurs* had humiliated great talents long enough. Dumas took it into his head to avenge poor Colletet, bespattered to the neck, and all who had for two centuries accepted disdainful alms of financiers or governments. He worked wonders in this way; perhaps he went too far, for his ignorance of figures sometimes handed him over to the mercies of creditors, usurers and bum-bailiffs.

But Dumas was not the man to put himself out for such trifles. When he was certain he was in debt, he toiled for his creditors as he had toiled for his friends, his sweethearts, and his parasites. That did not matter much to him, for his personal wants were confined to ink and paper. I am wrong: he needed *collaborateurs* and employed a good number of them. He made no concealment of it, nor would it be of any use; for a moment's thought will convince any one that no single hand could compass more than a hundred volumes a year. The curious and the incompetent looked upon this necessity of his craft as a crime, and wept crocodile tears over the martyrs of glory and talent. I cannot find it in me to compassionate the colleagues of Dumas when I look upon those who survive. The master neither deprived them of their money, for they are rich; nor of their glory, for they are celebrated; nor of their talents, for they possess them still, and in abundance.

As far as regards that, I am bound to say the complaint never came from them. On the contrary, the proudest of them were boastful of having belonged to so good a school, and it is with a veritable piety that the most illustrious of all, Auguste Maquet, always speaks of his great friend. I do not know in what proportion the profits of joint toil were divided; on the one hand, his renown and the superiority of his style gave Dumas the privilege of claiming the lion's share, but the eagerness with which his patronage was sought after proves that this powerful genius was an equitable genius. Touching the amount of work he contributed to the sum total,

I can tell it with a sort of accuracy, for a happy concurrence of circumstances enabled me to surprise the prolific author *in flagrante delicto* of collaboration.

It was in March, 1858, at Marseilles. I was on my way to Italy, or, at any rate, I believed I was, and meant to take the boat to Civita Vecchia the same evening. But, on setting foot on the railway platform, I felt myself suddenly lifted from the ground by a superb and kindly Colossus, who pressed me to his breast. He had come there to meet an adored lady whom he had forgotten to worship since the previous evening, for in his impatience to see her again he had given her a rival. He welcomed her all the same with the most exquisite gallantry, and then, turning to me, he said, "I lay embargo on you; alight at my hotel: we will dine together, and I will make you a *bouillabaise* myself so toothsome that you will lick your fingers. Afterward you will come to the Gymnase to applaud the first representation of a piece which they have forced me to write in three days; Clarisse and Jenneval are wonderful in it, and my little *ingénue* a love. But say nothing of it before the lady from Paris."

I yielded to his wish joyfully, as one always yielded to this irresistible being. His *bouillabaise* was delicious; his drama, entitled the *Grades Forestiers* had a triumphant success; they offered a crown of gold to the author on the stage; the orchestra of the theatre came under the windows of his hotel to give him a serenade, amid the acclamations of the public. He appeared on the balcony, thanked the musicians, and harangued the people. We afterward went to the best restaurant in the city, where the lessees had prepared a sumptuous supper, the enjoyment of which was prolonged until three or four in the morning. We returned to the hotel: I was almost sleeping as I stood. He, the giant, was fresh and cheerful as a man who had just stepped from between the sheets. He made me enter his room, lit in my presence two tall candles, placed them under a shade, and said:

"Take a rest, thou venerable patriarch; as I am no more than fifty-five years old, I am going to write three *feuilletons*, which must be posted to-morrow, or rather by this morning's

mail. If I should chance to have the time to spare I shall tackle for Montigny a short act, the plan of which is trotting through my head."

I fancied he was joking at my expense; but on awakening, I found in the ante-room, where he was humming an air as he shaved, three large packets, addressed to the *Patrie*, the *Journal Pour Tous* and some other Paris periodical, whose title I forget. A roll of paper directed to Montigny contained the short act he had spoken of, which was simply a masterpiece—the *Invitation à la Valse*.

It is a manifest impossibility for a man, no matter how richly endowed, to get through such an amount of work in a few hours, unless his task has been seriously prepared beforehand, either by himself or somebody else. Dumas wrote his romances with his own hand, in handsome and legible characters, on large-sized sheets of blue-tinted satin paper.

He improvised his embellishments on a foundation which was by no means improvised, but was elaborated by his associate worker from his original sketch. In imagination I can still see, on the table of the hotel, the first version of the "Compagnons de Jehu." It was a thick bundle of foolscap cut in slips of four, and covered with a small, clear caligraphy; a capital work even in this state, the action briskly indicated by Dumas, the characters agreeably outlined by Dumas, the style one that would bear being read—in short, an excellent romance which only needed to be written by Dumas. All that the author had to do was to rewrite it in his own fashion, to make it altogether his and worthy of him.

He copied after his manner, that is to say, in scattering the gold-dust of genius with open hands, each little sheet of white paper being pasted on a large sheet of the blue.

The relative capacity of the father and the son may some day, perhaps, be the theme of Plutarchian parallel, which I emphatically decline to make, and for reasons; the effort demands half-a-century longer of experience, the influence of time and the knowledge of a

lapidary skilful enough to discriminate between the Regent and Sancey diamonds. I have seen Parisians try to establish a comparison between these two great *virtuosi*, but in vain were they invited to the same table, they reciprocally muffled their lights and dissembled their wit as best they could, for each feared to make display before the other, and each loved the other to abnegation.

In our precious and too brief intimacy at Marseilles, Dumas *père* said to me: "You are right to love Alexandre; he is a being profoundly human, and has a heart as large as his brain." Kindliness entered for three fourths, at least, into the opulent, weird, and cloudy composition of his genius. Under the good writer, destined to become classic, thanks to the clearness of his style, one always found the good man, and the good Frenchman. He loved his country above and before all things, without making sacrifices to the spirit of party, or falling into the deplorable iniquities of politics.

None has written of Louis XVI. with more respect, of Marie Antoinette with deeper pity, of Napoleon I. with higher admiration, than this professed and convinced Republican. Thus, in concurrence with Michelet and Henri Martin, with the most ardent and austere, he made our history popular; thus he merited that rude courtesy of fate which made him die at the end of the terrible year which took him from France at the same time as Alsace and Lorraine, and shrouded him, like a vanquished soldier, under the national flag in mourning.

This free-thinker, who was likewise a believer, religiously respected the creeds of others; this *bon vivant*, this jovial companion, never propagated any but sound principles, or preached a moral code that was not wholesome; wherefore it is that the spectacle is offered us of the faithful of all communions unanimously absolving the venial lapses of his life and pen.

In sum, this writer—impetuous, strong and irresistible as a loosened torrent—never abandoned himself to hate or vengeance—he was clement to his worst enemies; he has left behind him none but friends.—*Tinsley's Magazine*.

THE PRAYER OF SOCRATES.

BY JOHN STUART BLACKIE.

Καὶ εὐχετο δὲ πρὸς τοὺς θεοὺς ἀπλῶς ταχὰ διδόναι,
ὡς τοὺς θεοὺς κάλλιστα εἰδότες ὅπῃ αὐγαί ἐστι.—XENOPHON, *Mem.* I, 3, 2.

GRANT, O Olympian gods supreme,
Not my wish, and not my dream ;
Grant me neither gold that shines,
Nor ruddy copper in the mines,
Nor power to wield the tyrant's rod
And be a fool, and seem a god,
Nor precious robe with jewelled fringe
Splendid with sea-born purple tinge,
Nor silken vest on downy pillow,
Nor hammock hard on heaving billow ;
But give all goodly things that be
Good for the whole and best for me.
My thoughts are foolish, blind and crude ;
Thou only knowest what is good.

—Good Words.

BOURGONEF.

CHAPTER I.

AT A TABLE D'HÔTE.

AT the close of February 1848 I was in Nuremberg. My original intention had been to pass a couple of days there, on my way to Munich ; that being, I thought, as much time as could reasonably be spared for so small a city, beckoned as my footsteps were to the Bavarian Athens, of whose glories of ancient art and German Renaissance I had formed expectations the most exaggerated—expectations fatal to any perfect enjoyment, and certain to be disappointed, however great the actual merit of Munich might be. But after two days at Nuremberg, I was so deeply interested in its antique sequestered life, the charms of which had not been deadened by previous anticipations, that I resolved to remain there until I had mastered every detail, and knew the place by heart.

I have a story to tell which will move amid tragic circumstances of too engrossing a nature to be disturbed by archæological interests, and shall not, therefore, minutely describe here what I observed at Nuremberg, although no adequate description of that wonderful

city has yet fallen in my way. To readers unacquainted with this antique place it will be enough to say that in it the old German life seems still to a great extent rescued from the all-devouring, all-equalizing tendencies of European civilization. The houses are either of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, or are constructed after those ancient models. The citizens have preserved much of the simple manners and customs of their ancestors. The hurrying feet of commerce and curiosity pass rapidly by, leaving it sequestered from the agitations and the turmoils of metropolitan existence. It is as quiet as a village. During my stay there rose in its quiet streets the startled echoes of horror at a crime unparalleled in its annals, which, gathering increased horror from the very peacefulness and serenity of the scene, arrested the attention and the sympathy in a degree seldom experienced. Before narrating that, it will be necessary to go back a little, that my own connection with it may be intelligible, especially in the fanciful weaving together of remote conjectures which strangely involved me in the story.

The *table d'hôte* at the Bayerischer Hof had about thirty visitors—all, with

one exception, of that local commonplace which escapes remark. Indeed this may almost always be said of *tables d'hôte*; though there is a current belief, which I cannot share, of a *table d'hôte* being very delightful—of "one being certain to meet pleasant people there." It may be so. For many years I believed it was so. The general verdict received my assent. I had never met those delightful people, but was always expecting to meet them. Hitherto they had been conspicuous by their absence. According to my experience, in Spain, France, and Germany, such dinners had been dreary, or noisy and vapid. If the guests were English, they were chillingly silent, or surlily monosyllabic; to their neighbors they were frigid; among each other they spoke in low under-tones. And if the guests were foreigners, they were noisy, clattering, and chattering, foolish for the most part, and vivaciously commonplace. I don't know which made me feel most dreary. The predominance of my countrymen gave the dinner the gayety of a funeral; the predominance of the Mossoo gave it the fatigue of got-up enthusiasm or trivial expansiveness. To hear strangers imparting the scraps of erudition and connoisseurship which they had that morning gathered from their *valets de place* and guide-books, or describing the sights they had just seen, to you, who either saw them yesterday or would see them to-morrow, could not be permanently attractive. My mind refuses to pasture on such food with gusto. I cannot be made to care what the Herr Baron's sentiments about Albert Dürer or Lucas Cranach may be. I can digest my *rindfleisch* without the aid of the *communis voyageur's* criticisms on Gothic architecture. This may be my misfortune. In spite of the Italian blood which I inherit, I am a shy man—shy as the purest Briton. But, like other shy men, I make up in obstinacy what may be deficient in expansiveness. I can be frightened into silence, but I won't be dictated to. You might as well attempt the persuasive effect of your eloquence upon a snail who has withdrawn into his shell at your approach, and will not emerge till his confidence is restored. To be told that I *must* see this, and ought to go there,

because my casual neighbor was *charmé*, has never presented itself to me as an adequate motive.

From this you readily gather that I am severely taciturn at a *table d'hôte*. I refrain from joining in the "delightful conversation" which flies across the table; and know that my reticence is attributed to "insular pride." It is really and truly nothing but impatience of commonplace. I thoroughly enjoy good talk; but, ask yourself, what are the probabilities of hearing that rare thing in the casual assemblage of forty or fifty people, not brought together by any natural affinities or interests, but thrown together by the accident of being in the same district, and in the same hotel? They are not "forty feeding like one," but like forty. They have no community, except the community of commonplace. No; *tables d'hôte* are not delightful, and do not gather interesting people together.

Such has been my extensive experience. But this at Nuremberg is a conspicuous exception. At that table there was one guest who, on various grounds, personal and incidental, remains the most memorable man I ever met. From the first he riveted my attention in an unusual degree. He had not, as yet, induced me to emerge from my habitual reserve, for in truth, although he riveted my attention, he inspired me with a strange feeling of repulsion. I could scarcely keep my eyes from him; yet, except the formal bow on sitting down and rising from the table, I had interchanged no sign of fellowship with him. He was a young Russian, named Bourgonef, as I at once learned; rather handsome, and peculiarly arresting to the eye, partly from an air of settled melancholy, especially in his smile, the amiability of which seemed breaking from under clouds of grief, and still more so from the mute appeal to sympathy in the empty sleeve of his right arm which was looped to the breast-button of his coat. His eyes were large and soft. He had no beard or whisker, and only delicate mustaches. The sorrow, quiet but profound, the amiable smile, and the lost arm, were appealing details which at once arrested attention and excited sympathy. But to me this sympathy was mingled with a vague re-

pulsion, occasioned by a certain falseness in the amiable smile, and a furtiveness in the eyes, which I saw—or fancied—and which, with an inexplicable reserve, forming as it were the impregnable citadel in the centre of his outwardly polite and engaging manner, gave me something of that vague impression which we express by the words “instinctive antipathy.”

It was, when calmly considered, eminently absurd. To see one so young, and by his conversation so highly cultured and intelligent, condemned to early helplessness, his food cut up for him by a servant, as if he were a child, naturally engaged pity, and, on the first day, I cudgelled my brains during the greater part of dinner in the effort to account for his lost arm. He was obviously not a military man: the unmistakable look and stoop of a student told that plainly enough. Nor was the loss one dating from early life: he used his left arm too awkwardly, for the event not to have had a recent date. Had it anything to do with his melancholy? Here was a topic for my vagabond imagination, and endless were the romances woven by it during my silent dinner. For the reader must be told of one peculiarity in me, because to it much of the strange complications of my story are due; complications into which a mind less active in weaving imaginary hypotheses to interpret casual and trifling facts would never have been drawn. From my childhood I have been the victim of my constructive imagination, which has led me into many mistakes and some scrapes; because, instead of contenting myself with plain, obvious evidence, I have allowed myself to frame hypothetical interpretations, which, to acts simple in themselves, and explicable on ordinary motives, have assigned hidden and extraordinary motives, rendering the simple-seeming acts portentous. With bitter pangs of self-reproach I have at times discovered that a long and plausible history constructed by me, relating to personal friends, has crumbled into a ruin of absurdity, by the disclosure of the primary misconception on which the whole history was based. I have gone, let us say, on the supposition that two people were secretly lovers; on this supposition my imagination

has constructed a whole scheme to explain certain acts, and one fine day I have discovered indubitably that the supposed lovers were not lovers, but confidants of their passions in other directions, and of course all my conjectures have been utterly false. The secret flush of shame at failure has not, however, prevented my falling into similar mistakes immediately after.

When, therefore, I hereafter speak of my “constructive imagination,” the reader will know to what I am alluding. It was already busy with Bourgonef. To it must be added that vague repulsion, previously mentioned. This feeling abated on the second day; but, although lessened, it remained powerful enough to prevent my speaking to him. Whether it would have continued to abate until it disappeared, as such antipathies often disappear, under the familiarities of prolonged intercourse, without any immediate appeal to my *amour propre*, I know not; but every reflective mind, conscious of being accessible to antipathies, will remember that one certain method of stifling them is for the object to make some appeal to our interest or our vanity: in the engagement of these more powerful feelings, the antipathy is quickly strangled. At any rate it is so in my case, and was so now. On the third day, the conversation at table happening to turn, as it often turned, upon St. Sebald's Church, a young Frenchman, who was criticising its architecture with fluent dogmatism, drew Bourgonef into the discussion, and thereby elicited such a display of accurate and extensive knowledge, no less than delicacy of appreciation, that we were all listening spell-bound. In the midst of this triumphant exposition the irritated vanity of the Frenchman could do nothing to regain his position but oppose a flat denial to a historical statement made by Bourgonef, backing his denial by the confident assertion, that “all the competent authorities” held with him. At this point Bourgonef appealed to me, and in that tone of deference so exquisitely flattering from one we already know to be superior, he requested my decision; observing that, from the manner in which he had seen me examine the details of the architecture, he could not be mistaken in his

confidence that I was a connoisseur. All eyes were turned upon me. As a shy man, this made me blush ; as a vain man, the blush was accompanied with delight. It might easily have happened that such an appeal, acting at once upon shyness and ignorance, would have inflamed my wrath ; but the appeal happening to be directed on a point which I had recently investigated and thoroughly mastered, I was flattered at the opportunity of a victorious display.

The pleasure of my triumph diffused itself over my feelings toward him who had been the occasion of it. The Frenchman was silenced ; the general verdict of the company was too obviously on our side. From this time the conversation continued between Bourgonef and myself ; and he not only succeeded in entirely dissipating my absurd antipathy—which I now saw to have been founded on purely imaginary grounds for neither the falseness nor the furtiveness could now be detected—but he succeeded in captivating all my sympathy. Long after dinner was over, and the *salle* empty, we sat smoking our cigars, and discussing politics, literature, and art in that suggestive desultory manner which often gives a charm to casual acquaintances.

It was a stirring epoch, that of February 1848. The Revolution, at first so hopeful and soon to manifest itself in failure so disastrous, was hurrying to an outburst. France had been for many months agitated by cries of electoral reform, and by indignation at the corruption and scandals in high places. The Praslin murder, and the dishonor of M. Teste, terminated by suicide, had been interpreted as signs of the coming destruction. The political banquets given in various important cities had been occasions for inflaming the public mind, and to the far-seeing, these banquets were interpreted as the sounds of the tocsin. Louis Philippe had become odious to France, and contemptible to Europe. Guizot and Duchatel, the ministers of that day, although backed by a parliamentary majority on which they blindly relied, were unpopular, and were regarded as infatuated even by their admirers in Europe. The Spanish Marriages had all but led to a war with England. The Opposition, headed

by Thiers and Odillon Barrot, was strengthened by united action with the republican party, headed by Ledru Rollin, Marrast, Flocon, and Louis Blanc.

Bourgonef was an ardent republican. So was I ; but my color was of a different shade from his. He belonged to the Reds. My own dominant tendencies being artistic and literary, my dream was of a republic in which Intelligence would be the archon or ruler ; and of course in such a republic, art and literature, as the highest manifestation of mind, would have the supreme direction. Do you smile, reader ? I smile, now ; but it was serious earnest with me then. It is unnecessary to say more on this point. I have said so much to render intelligible the stray link of communion which riveted the charm of my new acquaintance's conversation ; there was both agreement enough and difference enough in our views to render our society mutually fascinating.

On retiring to my room that afternoon I could not help laughing at my absurd antipathy against Bourgonef. All his remarks had disclosed a generous ardent, and refined nature. While my antipathy had specially fastened upon a certain falseness in his smile—a falseness the more poignantly hideous if it were falseness, because hidden amid the wreaths of amiability—my delight in his conversation had specially justified itself by the truthfulness of his mode of looking at things. He seemed to be sincerity itself. There was, indeed, a certain central reserve ; but that might only be an integrity of pride ; or it might be connected with painful circumstances in his history, of which the melancholy in his face was the outward sign.

That very evening my constructive imagination was furnished with a detail on which it was soon to be actively set to work. I had been rambling about the old fortifications, and was returning at nightfall through the old archway near Albert Dürer's house, when a man passed by me. We looked at each other in that automatic way in which men look when they meet in narrow places ; and I felt, so to speak, a start of recognition in the eyes of the man who passed. Nothing else, in features or gestures, betrayed recognition or surprise. But although there was only

that, it flashed from his eyes to mine like an electric shock. He passed. I looked back. He continued his way without turning. The face was certainly known to me; but it floated in a mist of confused memories.

I walked on slowly, pestering my memory with fruitless calls upon it, hopelessly trying to recover the place where I could have seen the stranger before. In vain memory travelled over Europe in concert-rooms, theatres, shops, and railway carriages. I could not recall the occasion on which those eyes had previously met mine. That they had met them I had no doubt. I went to bed with the riddle undiscovered.

CHAPTER II.

THE ECHOES OF MURDER.

NEXT morning Nuremberg was agitated with a horror such as can seldom have disturbed its quiet; a young and lovely girl had been murdered. Her corpse was discovered at daybreak under the archway leading to the old fortifications. She had been stabbed to the heart. No other signs of violence were visible; no robbery had been attempted.

In great cities, necessarily great centres of crime, we daily hear of murders; their frequency and remoteness leave us undisturbed. Our sympathies can only be deeply moved either by some scenic peculiarities investing the crime with unusual romance or unusual atrocity, or else by the more immediate appeal of direct neighborly interest. The murder which is read of in the *Times* as having occurred in Westminster, has seldom any special horror to the inhabitants of Islington or Oxford Street; but to the inhabitants of Westminster, and especially to the inhabitants of the particular street in which it was perpetrated, the crime assumes heart-shaking proportions. Every detail is asked for, and every surmise listened to, with feverish eagerness—is repeated and diffused through the crowd with growing interest. The family of the victim; the antecedents of the assassin, if he is known; or the conjectures pointing to the unknown assassin—are eagerly discussed. All the trivial details of household care or domestic fortunes, all the items of

personal gossip, become invested with a solemn and affecting interest. Pity for the victim and survivors mingle and alternate with fierce cries for vengeance on the guilty. The whole street becomes one family, commingled by an energetic sympathy, united by one common feeling of compassion and wrath.

In villages, and in cities so small as Nuremberg, the same community of feeling is manifested. The town became as one street. The horror spread like a conflagration, the sympathy surged and swelled like a tide. Every one felt a personal interest in the event, as if the murder had been committed at his own door. Never shall I forget that wail of passionate pity, and that cry for the vengeance of justice, which rose from all sides of the startled city. Never shall I forget the hurry, the agitation, the feverish restlessness, the universal communicativeness, the volunteered services, the eager suggestion, surging round the house of the unhappy parents. Herr Lehfeldt, the father of the unhappy girl, was a respected burgher, known to almost every one. His mercer's shop was the leading one of the city. A worthy pious man, somewhat strict, but of irreproachable character; his virtues, no less than those of his wife, and of his only daughter Lieschen—now, alas! forever snatched from their yearning eyes—were canvassed everywhere, and served to intensify the general grief. That such a calamity should have fallen on a household so estimable, seemed to add fuel to the people's wrath. Poor Lieschen! her pretty, playful ways—her opening prospects, as the only daughter of parents so well to do and so kind—her youth and abounding life—these were detailed with impassioned fervor by friends, and repeated by strangers who caught the tone of friends, as if they, too, had known and loved her. But amid the surging uproar of this sea of many voices no one clear voice of direction could be heard; no clew given to the clamorous bloodhounds to run down the assassin.

Cries had been heard in the streets that night at various parts of the town, which, although then interpreted as the quarrels of drunken brawlers, and the conflicts of cats, were now confidently asserted to have proceeded from the un-

happy girl in her death-struggle. But none of these cries had been heard in the immediate neighborhood of the archway. All the inhabitants of that part of the town agreed that in their waking hours the streets had been perfectly still. Nor were there any traces visible of a struggle having taken place. Lieschen might have been murdered elsewhere, and her corpse quietly deposited where it was found, as far as any evidence went.

Wild and vague were the conjectures. All were baffled in the attempt to give them a definite direction. The crime was apparently prompted by revenge—certainly not by lust, or desire of money. But she was not known to have a single rival or enemy. She was not known to stand in any one's way. In this utter blank as to the assignable motive, I, perhaps alone among the furious crowd, had a distinct suspicion of the assassin. No sooner had the news reached me, than with the specification of the theatre of the crime, there at once flashed upon me the intellectual vision of the criminal: the stranger, with the dark beard and startled eyes, stood confessed before me! I held my breath for a few moments, and then there came a tide of objections rushing over my mind, revealing the inadequacy of the grounds on which rested my suspicions. What were those grounds? I had seen a man in a particular spot, not an unfrequented spot, on the evening of the night when a crime had been committed there; that man had seemed to recognize me, and wished to avoid being recognized. Obviously these grounds were too slender to bear any weight of construction such as I based on them. Mere presence on the spot could no more inculpate him than it could inculpate me; if I had met him there, equally had he met me there. Nor even if my suspicion were correct that he knew me, and refused to recognize me, could that be any argument tending to criminate him in an affair wholly disconnected with me. Besides, he was walking peaceably, openly, and he looked like a gentleman. All these objections pressed themselves upon me, and kept me silent. But in spite of their force, I could not prevent the suspicion from continually arising. Ashamed to men-

tion it, because it must have sounded too absurd, I could not prevent my constructive imagination indulging in its vagaries; and with this secret conviction I resolved to await events, and in case suspicion from other quarters should ever designate the probable assassin, I might then come forward with my bit of corroborative evidence, should the suspected assassin be the stranger of the archway.

By twelve o'clock a new direction was given to rumor. Hitherto the stories, when carefully sifted of all the exaggerations of flying conjecture, had settled themselves into something like this: The Leheldts had retired to rest at a quarter before ten, as was their custom. They had seen Lieschen go into her bedroom for the night, and had themselves gone to sleep with unclouded minds. From this peaceful security they were startled early in the morning by the appalling news of the calamity which had fallen on them. Incredible at first, as well they might be, and incapable of believing in a ruin so unexpected and so overwhelming, they imagined some mistake, asserting that Lieschen was in her own room. Into that room they rushed, and there the undisturbed bed, and the open window, but a few feet from the garden, silently and pathetically disclosed the fatal truth. The bereaved parents turned a revealing look upon each other's whitened faces, and then slowly retired from the room, followed in affecting silence by the others. Back into their own room they went. The father knelt beside the bed, and, sobbing, prayed. The mother sat staring with a stupefied stare, her lips faintly moving. In a short while the flood of grief, awakened to a thorough consciousness, burst from their laboring hearts. When the first paroxysms were over they questioned others, and gave incoherent replies to the questions addressed to them. From all which it resulted that Lieschen's absence, though obviously voluntary, was wholly inexplicable to them; and no clew whatever could be given as to the motives of the crime. When these details became known, conjecture naturally interpreted Lieschen's absence at night as an assignation. But with whom? She was not known to have a

lover. Her father, on being questioned, passionately affirmed that she had none; she loved no one but her parents, poor child! Her mother, on being questioned, told the same story—adding, however, that about seventeen months before, she had fancied that Lieschen was a little disposed to favor Franz Kerkel, their shopman; but on being spoken to on the subject with some seriousness, and warned of the distance between them, she had laughed heartily at the idea, and since then had treated Franz with so much indifference, that only a week ago she had drawn from her mother a reproof on the subject.

"I told her Franz was a good lad, though not good enough for her; and that she ought to treat him kindly. But she said my lecture had given her an alarm, lest Franz should have got the same maggot into his head."

This was the story now passing through the curious crowds in every street. After hearing it I had turned into a tobacconist's in the Adlergasse, to restock my cigar-case, and found there, as everywhere, a group discussing the one topic of the hour. Herr Fischer, the tobacconist, with a long porcelain pipe pendent from his screwed-up lips, was solemnly listening to the particulars volubly communicated by a stout Bavarian priest; while behind the counter, in a corner, swiftly knitting, sat his wife, her black bead-like eyes also fixed on the orator. Of course I was dragged into the conversation. Instead of attending to commercial interests, they looked upon me as the possible bearer of fresh news. Nor was it without a secret satisfaction that I found that I could gratify them in that respect. They had not heard of Franz Kerkel in the matter. No sooner had I told what I had heard, than the knitting-needles of the vivacious little woman were at once suspended.

"Ach Je!" she exclaimed, "I see it all. He's the wretch!"

"Who?" we all simultaneously inquired.

"Who? Why, Kerkel, of course. If she changed, and treated him with indifference, it was because she loved him; and he has murdered the poor thing."

"How you run on, wife!" remon-

strated Fischer; while the priest shook a dubious head.

"I tell you it is so. I'm positive."

"If she loved him."

"She did, I tell you. Trust a woman for seeing through such things."

"Well, say she did," continued Fischer, "and I won't deny that it may be so; but then that makes against the idea of his having done her any harm."

"Don't tell me," retorted the convinced woman. "She loved him. She went out to meet him in secret, and he murdered her—the villain did. I'm as sure of it as if these eyes had seen him do it."

The husband winked at us, as much as to say, "You hear these women!" and the priest and I endeavored to reason her out of her illogical position. But she was immovable. Kerkel had murdered her; she knew it; she couldn't tell why, but she knew it. Perhaps he was jealous; who knows? At any rate he ought to be arrested.

And by twelve o'clock, as I said, a new rumor ran through the crowd, which seemed to confirm the little woman in her rash logic. Kerkel had been arrested, and a waistcoat stained with blood had been found in his room! By half past twelve the rumor ran that he had confessed the crime. This, however, proved on inquiry to be the hasty anticipation of public indignation. He had been arrested; the waistcoat had been found; so much was authentic; and the suspicions gathered ominously over him.

When first Frau Fischer had started the suggestion it flew like wildfire. Then people suddenly noticed, as very surprising, that Kerkel had not that day made his appearance at the shop. His absence had not been noticed in the tumult of grief and inquiry; but it became suddenly invested with a dreadful significance, now that it was rumored that he had been Lieschen's lover. Of all men he would be the most affected by the tragic news; of all men he would have been the first to tender sympathy and aid to the afflicted parents, and the most clamorous in the search for the undiscovered culprit. Yet, while all Nuremberg was crowding round the house of sorrow, which was also his house of business, he alone remained

away. This naturally pointed suspicion at him. When the messengers had gone to seek him, his mother refused them admission, declaring in incoherent phrases, betraying great agitation, that her son had gone distracted with grief, and could see no one. On this it was determined to order his arrest. The police went, the house was searched, and the waistcoat found.

The testimony of the girl who lived as servant in Kerkel's house was also criminatory. She deposed that on the night in question she awoke about half-past eleven with a violent toothache; she was certain as to the hour, because she heard the clock afterward strike twelve. She felt some alarm at hearing voices in the rooms at an hour when her mistress and young master must long ago have gone to bed; but as the voices were seemingly in quiet conversation, her alarm subsided, and she concluded that instead of having gone to bed her mistress was still up. In her pain she heard the door gently open, and then she heard footsteps in the garden. This surprised her very much. She couldn't think what the young master could want going out at that hour. She became terrified without knowing exactly at what. Fear quite drove away her toothache, which had not since returned. After lying there quaking for some time, again she heard footsteps in the garden; the door opened and closed gently; voices were heard; and she at last distinctly heard her mistress say, "Be a man, Franz. Good-night—sleep well;" upon which Franz replied in a tone of great agony, "There's no chance of sleep for me." Then all was silent. Next morning her mistress seemed "very queer." Her young master went out very early, but soon came back again; and there were dreadful scenes going on in his room, as she heard, but she didn't know what it was about. She heard of the murder from a neighbor, but never thought of its having any particular interest for Mr. Franz, though, of course, he would be very sorry for the Lehfeldts.

The facts testified to by the servant, especially the going out at that late hour, and the "dreadful scenes" of the morning, seemed to bear but one interpretation. Moreover, she identified the

waistcoat as the one worn by Franz on the day preceding the fatal night.

CHAPTER III.

THE ACCUSED.

Now at last the pent-up wrath found a vent. From the distracting condition of wandering uncertain suspicion, it had been recalled into the glad security of individual hate. Although up to this time Kerkel had borne an exemplary reputation, it was now remembered that he had always been of a morose and violent temper, a hypocrite in religion, a selfish sensualist. Several sagacious critics had long "seen through him;" others had "never liked him;" others had wondered how it was he kept his place so long in Lehfeldt's shop. Poor fellow! his life and actions, like those of every one else when illuminated by a light thrown back upon them, seemed so conspicuously despicable, although when illuminated in their own light they had seemed innocent enough. His mother's frantic protestations of her son's innocence—her assertions that Franz loved Lieschen more than his own soul—only served to envelop her in the silent accusation of being an accomplice, or at least of being an accessory after the fact.

I cannot say why it was, but I did not share the universal belief. The logic seemed to me forced; the evidence trivial. On first hearing of Kerkel's arrest, I eagerly questioned my informant respecting his personal appearance; and on hearing that he was fair, with blue eyes and flaxen hair, my conviction of his innocence was fixed. Looking back on these days, I am often amused at this characteristic of my constructive imagination. While rejecting the disjointed logic of the mob, which interpreted his guilt, I was myself deluded by a logic infinitely less rational. Had Kerkel been dark, with dark eyes and beard, I should probably have sworn to his guilt, simply because the idea of that stranger had firmly fixed itself in my mind.

All that afternoon, and all the next day, the busy hum of voices was raised by the one topic of commanding interest. Kerkel had been examined. He at once

admitted that a secret betrothal had for some time existed between him and Lieschen. They had been led to take this improper step by fears of her parents, who, had the attachment been discovered, would, it was thought, have separated them forever. Herr Lehfeldt's sternness, no less than his superior position, seemed an invincible obstacle; and the good mother, although doting upon her only daughter, was led by the very intensity of her affection to form ambitious hopes of her daughter's future. It was barely possible that some turn in events might one day yield an opening for their consent; but meanwhile prudence dictated secrecy, in order to avert the most pressing danger, that of separation. And so the pretty Lieschen, with feminine instinct of ruse, had affected to treat her lover with indifference; and to compensate him and herself for this restraint, she had been in the habit of escaping from home once or twice a week, and spending a delicious hour or two at night in the company of her lover and his mother. Kerkel and his mother lived in a cottage a little way outside the town. Lehfeldt's shop stood not many yards from the archway. Now, as in Nuremberg no one was abroad after ten o'clock, except a few loungers at the *cafés* and beer-houses, and these were only to be met inside the town, not outside it, Lieschen ran extremely little risk of being observed in her rapid transit from her father's to her lover's house. Nor, indeed, had she ever met any one in the course of these visits.

On the fatal night Lieschen was expected at the cottage. Mother and son waited at first hopefully, then anxiously, at last with some vague uneasiness at her non-appearance. It was now a quarter past eleven—nearly an hour later than her usual time. They occasionally went to the door to look for her; then they walked a few yards down the road, as if to catch an earlier glimpse of her advancing steps. But in vain. The half-hour struck. They came back into the cottage, discussing the various probabilities of delay. Three-quarters struck. Perhaps she had been detected; perhaps she was ill; perhaps—but this was his mother's suggestion, and took little hold of him—

there had been visitors who had stayed later than usual, and Lieschen, finding the night so far advanced, had postponed her visit to the morrow. Franz, who interpreted Lieschen's feelings by his own, was assured that no postponement of a voluntary kind was credible of her. Twelve o'clock struck. Again Franz went out into the road, and walked nearly up to the archway; he returned with heavy sadness and foreboding at his heart, reluctantly admitting that now all hope of seeing her that night was over. That night? Poor sorrowing heart, the night was to be eternal! The anguish of the desolate "never more" was awaiting him.

There is something intensely pathetic in being thus, as it were, spectators of a tragic drama which is being acted on two separate stages at once—the dreadful link of connection, which is unseen to the separate actors, being only too vividly seen by the spectators. It was with some such interest that I, who believed in Kerkel's innocence, heard this story; and in imagination followed its unfolding stage. He went to bed, not, as may be expected, to sleep; tossing restlessly in feverish agitation, conjuring up many imaginary terrors—but all of them trifles compared with the dread reality which he was so soon to face. He pictured her weeping—and she was lying dead on the cold pavement of the dark archway. He saw her in agitated eloquence pleading with offended parents—and she was removed forever from all agitations, with the peace of death upon her young face.

At an early hour he started, that he might put an end to his suspense. He had not yet reached the archway before the shattering news burst upon him. From that moment he remembered nothing. But his mother described his ghastly agitation, as, throwing himself upon her neck, he told her, through dreadful sobs, the calamity which had fallen. She did her best to comfort him; but he grew wilder and wilder, and rolled upon the ground in the agony of an immeasurable despair. She trembled for his reason and his life. And when the messengers came to seek him, she spoke but the simple truth in saying that he was like one distracted. Yet no sooner had a glimpse of light

dawned upon him that some vague suspicion rested on him in reference to the murder, than he started up, flung away his agitation, and, with a calmness which was awful, answered every question, and seemed nerved for every trial. From that moment not a sob escaped him until, in the narrative of the night's events, he came to that part which told of the sudden disclosure of his bereavement. And the simple, straightforward manner in which he told this tale, with a face entirely bloodless, and eyes that seemed to have withdrawn all their light inward, made a great impression on the auditors, which was heightened into sympathy when the final sob, breaking through the forced calmness, told of the agony which was eating its fiery way through the heart.

The story was not only plausible in itself, but accurately tallied with what before had seemed like the criminating evidence of the maid; tallied, moreover, precisely as to time, which would hardly have been the case had the story been an invention. As to the waistcoat which had figured so conspicuously in all the rumors, it appeared that suspicion had monstrously exaggerated the facts. Instead of a waistcoat plashed with blood—as popular imagination pictured it—it was a gray waistcoat, with one spot and a slight smear of blood, which admitted of a very simple explanation. Three days before, Franz had cut his left hand in cutting some bread; and to this the maid testified, because she was present when the accident occurred. He had not noticed that his waistcoat was marked by it until the next day, and had forgotten to wash out the stains.

People outside shook sceptical heads at this story of the cut hand. The bloody waistcoat was not to be disposed of in that easy way. It had fixed itself too strongly in their imagination. Indeed, my belief is that even could they have seen the waistcoat, its insignificant marks would have appeared murderous patches to their eyes. I had seen it, and my report was listened to with ill-concealed disbelief, when not with open protestation. And when Kerkel was discharged as free from all suspicion, there was a low growl of disappointed wrath heard from numerous groups.

This may sympathetically be under-

stood by whomsoever remembers the painful uneasiness of the mind under a great stress of excitement with no definite issue. The lust for a vengeance, demanded by the aroused sensibilities of compassion, makes men credulous in their impatience; they easily believe any one is guilty, because they feel an imperious need for fastening the guilt upon some definite head. Few verdicts of "Not Guilty" are well received, unless another victim is at hand upon whom the verdict of guilty is likely to fall. It was demonstrable to all judicial minds that Kerkel was wholly, pathetically innocent. In a few days this gradually became clear to the majority, but at first it was resisted as an attempt to balk justice; and to the last there were some obstinate doubters, who shook their heads mysteriously, and said, with a certain incisiveness, "Somebody must have done it; I should very much like to know who."

Suspicion was once more drifting aimlessly. None had pointed in any new direction. No mention of any one whom I could identify with the stranger had yet been made; but, although silent on the subject, I kept firm in my conviction, and I sometimes laughed at the pertinacity with which I scrutinized the face of every man I met, if he happened to have a black beard; and as black beards are excessively common, my curiosity, though never gratified, was never allowed repose.

Meanwhile Lieschen's funeral had been emphatically a public mourning. Nay, so great was the emotion, that it almost deadened the interest, which otherwise would have been so powerful, in the news now daily reaching us from Paris. Blood had flowed upon her streets—in consequence of that pistol-shot which, either by accident or criminal intent, had converted the demonstration before the hotel of the Minister of Foreign Affairs into an insurrection. Paris had risen; barricades were erected. The troops were under arms. This was agitating news.

Such is the solidarity of all European nations, and so quick are all to vibrate in unison with the vibrations of each, that events like those transacted in Paris necessarily stirred every city, no matter how remote, nor politically how secure.

And it says much for the intense interest excited by the Lehfeltd tragedy that Nuremberg was capable of sustaining that interest even amid the tremendous pressure of the February Revolution. It is true that Nuremberg is at all times somewhat sequestered from the great movements of the day, following slowly in the rear of great waves ; it is true, moreover, that some politicians showed remarkable eagerness in canvassing the characters and hopes of Louis Philippe and Guizot ; but although such events would at another period have formed the universal interest, the impenetrable mystery hanging over Lieschen's death threw the Revolution into the background of their thoughts. If when a storm is raging over the dreary moorland, a human cry of suffering is heard at the door, at once the thunders and tumults sink into insignificance, and are not even heard by the ear which is pierced with the feeble human voice : the grandeurs of storm and tempest, the uproar of surging seas, the clamorous wail of the sea-birds amid the volleying artillery of heaven, in vain assail the ear that has once caught even the distant cry of a human agony, or serve only as scenical accompaniments to the tragedy which is foreshadowed by that cry. And so it was amid the uproar of 1848. A kingdom was in convulsions ; but, here, at our door, a young girl had been murdered, and two hearths made desolate.

Rumors continued to fly about. The assassin was always about to be discovered ; but he remained shrouded in impenetrable darkness. A remark made by Bourgonef struck me much. Our host, Zum Bayerischen Hof, one day announced with great satisfaction that he had himself heard from the syndic that the police were on the traces of the assassin.

"I am sorry to hear it," said Bourgonef.

The guests paused from eating, and looked at him with astonishment.

"It is a proof," he added, "that even the police now give it up as hopeless. I always notice that whenever the police are said to be on the traces the malefactor is never tracked. When they are on his traces they wisely say nothing about it ; they allow it to be believed

that they are baffled, in order to lull their victim into a dangerous security. When they know themselves to be baffled, there is no danger in quieting the public mind, and saving their own credit, by announcing that they are about to be successful."

CHAPTER IV.

A DISCOVERY.

BOURGONEF'S remarks had been but too sagacious. The police were hopelessly baffled. In all such cases possible success depends upon the initial suggestion either of a motive which leads to a suspicion of the person, or of some person which leads to a suspicion of the motive. Once set suspicion on the right track, and evidence is suddenly alight in all quarters. But, unhappily, in the present case there was no assignable motive, no shadow darkening any person.

An episode now came to our knowledge, in which Bourgonef manifested an unusual depth of interest. I was led to notice this interest, because it had seemed to me that in the crime itself, and the discussions which arose out of it, he shared but little of the universal excitement. I do not mean that he was indifferent—by no means ; but the horror of the crime did not seem to fascinate his imagination as it fascinated ours. He could talk quite as readily of other things, and far more readily of the French affairs. But, on the contrary in this new episode he showed peculiar interest. It appeared that Lehfeltd, moved, perhaps, partly by a sense of the injustice which had been done to Kerkel in even suspecting him of the crime, and in submitting him to an examination more poignantly affecting to him under such circumstances, than a public trial would have been under others ; and moved partly by the sense that Lieschen's love had practically drawn Kerkel within the family—for her choice of him as a husband had made him morally, if not legally, a son-in-law ; and moved partly by the sense of loneliness which had now settled on their childless home—Lehfeltd had in the most pathetic and considerate terms begged Kerkel to take the place of his adopted son, and become joint partner with him in the

business. This, however, Kerkel had gently yet firmly declined. He averred that he felt no injury, though great pain had been inflicted on him by the examination. He himself in such a case would not have shrunk from demanding that his own brother should be tried, under suspicions of similar urgency. It was simple justice that all who were suspected should be examined; justice also to them that they might forever clear themselves of doubtful appearances. But for the rest, while he felt his old affectionate respect for his master, he could recognize no claim to be removed from his present position. Had she lived, said the heart-broken youth, he would gladly have consented to accept any fortune which her love might bestow, because he felt that his own love, and the devotion of a life, might repay it. But there was nothing now that he could give in exchange. For his services he was amply paid; his feelings toward Lieschen's parents must continue what they had ever been. In vain Lehfeldt pleaded, in vain many friends argued. Franz remained respectfully firm in his refusal.

This, as I said interested Bourgonef immensely. He seemed to enter completely into the minds of the sorrowing pleading parents, and the sorrowing denying lover. He appreciated and expounded their motives with a subtlety and delicacy of perception which surprised and delighted me. It showed the refinement of his moral nature. But, at the same time, it rendered his minor degree of interest in the other episodes of the story, those which had a more direct and overpowering appeal to the heart, a greater paradox.

Human nature is troubled in the presence of all mystery which has not by long familiarity lost its power of soliciting attention; and for my own part, I have always been uneasy in the presence of moral problems. Puzzled by the contradictions which I noticed in Bourgonef, I tried to discover whether he had any general repugnance to stories of crimes, or any special repugnance to murders, or, finally, any strange repugnance to this particular case now everywhere discussed. And it is not a little remarkable, that during three separate interviews, in the course of which I

severally, and as I thought artfully, introduced these topics, making them seem to arise naturally out of the suggestion of our talk, I totally failed to arrive at any distinct conclusion. I was afraid to put the direct question: Do you not share the common feeling of interest in criminal stories? This question would doubtless have elicited a categorical reply; but somehow, the consciousness of an *arrière-pensée* made me shrink from putting such a question. Reflecting on this indifference on a special point, and on the numerous manifestations I had noticed of his sensibility, I came at last to the conclusion that he must be a man of tender heart, whose delicate sensibilities easily shrank from the horrible under every form; and no more permitted him to dwell unnecessarily upon painful facts, than they permit imaginative minds to dwell on the details of an operation.

I had not long settled this in my mind before an accident suddenly threw a lurid light upon many details noticed previously, and painfully revived that inexplicable repulsion with which I had at first regarded him. A new suspicion filled my mind, or rather, let me say, a distinct shape was impressed upon many fluctuating suspicions. It scarcely admitted of argument, and at times seemed preposterous, nevertheless it persisted. The mind which in broad daylight assents to all that can be alleged against the absurdities of the belief in apparitions, will often acknowledge the dim terrors of darkness and loneliness—terrors at possibilities of supernatural visitations. In like manner, in the clear daylight of reason I could see the absurdity of my suspicion, but the vague stirrings of feeling remained unsilenced. I was haunted by the dim horrors of a possibility.

Thus it arose. We were both going to Munich, and Bourgonef had shortened his contemplated stay at Nuremberg that he might have the pleasure of accompanying me; adding also that he, too, should be glad to reach Munich, not only for its art, but for its greater command of papers and intelligence respecting what was then going on in France. On the night preceding the morning of our departure, I was seated in his room, smoking and discussing as

usual, while Ivan, his servant, packed up his things in two large portmanteaus.

Ivan was a serf who spoke no word of any language but his own. Although of a brutal, almost idiotic type, he was loudly eulogized by his master as the model of fidelity and usefulness. Bourgonef treated him with gentleness, though with a certain imperiousness; much as one might treat a savage mastiff which it was necessary to dominate without exasperating. He more than once spoke of Ivan as a living satire on physiognomists and phrenologists; and as I am a phrenologist, I listened with some incredulity.

"Look at him," he would say. "Observe the low retreating brow, the flat face, the surly mouth, the broad base of the head, and the huge bull-like neck. Would not any one say Ivan was as destructive as a panther, as tenacious as a bull-dog, as brutal as a bull? Yet he is the gentlest of sluggish creatures, and as tender-hearted as a girl! That thick-set muscular frame shrouds a hare's heart. He is so faithful and so attached, that I believe for me he would risk his life; but on no inducement could you get him to place himself in danger on his own account. Part of his love for me is gratitude for having rescued him from the conscription: the dangers incident to a military life had no charm for him!"

Now, although Bourgonef, who was not a phrenologist, might be convinced of the absence of ferocious instincts in Ivan, to me, as a phrenologist, the statement was eminently incredible. All the appearances of his manner were such as to confirm his master's opinion. He was quiet, even tender in his attentions. But the tyrannous influence of ideas and physical impressions cannot be set aside; and no evidence would permanently have kept down my distrust of this man. When women shriek at the sight of a gun, it is in vain that you solemnly assure them that the gun is not loaded. "I don't know," they reply—"at any rate, I don't like it." I was much in this attitude with regard to Ivan. He might be harmless. I didn't know that; what I did know was—that I didn't like his looks.

On this night he was moving noiselessly about the room employed in pack-

ing. Bourgonef's talk rambled over the old themes; and I thought I had never before met with one of my own age whose society was so perfectly delightful. He was not so conspicuously my superior on all points that I felt the restraints inevitably imposed by superiority; yet he was in many respects sufficiently above me in knowledge and power to make me eager to have his assent to my views where we differed, and to have him enlighten me where I knew myself to be weak.

In the very moment of my most cordial admiration came a shock. Ivan, on passing from one part of the room to the other, caught his foot in the strap of the portmanteau and fell. The small wooden box, something of a glove-box, which he held in his hand at the time, fell on the floor, and falling over, discharged its contents close to Bourgonef's feet. The objects which caught my eyes were several pairs of gloves, a rouge-pot and hare's-foot, and a black beard!

By what caprice of imagination was it that the sight of this false beard lying at Bourgonef's feet thrilled me with horror? In one lightning flash I beheld the archway—the stranger with the startled eyes—this stranger no longer unknown to me, but too fatally recognized as Bourgonef—and at his feet the murdered girl!

Moved by what subtle springs of suggestion I know not, but there before me stood that dreadful vision, seen in a lurid light, but seen as clearly as if the actual presence of the objects were obtruding itself upon my eyes. In the inexpressible horror of this vision my heart seemed clutched with an icy hand.

Fortunately Bourgonef's attention was called away from me. He spoke angrily some sharp sentence, which of course was in Russian, and therefore unintelligible to me. He then stooped, and picking up the rouge-pot, held it toward me with his melancholy smile. He was very red in the face; but that may have been either anger, or the effect of sudden stooping. "I see you are surprised at these masquerading follies," he said in a tone which, though low, was perfectly calm. "You must not suppose that I beautify my sallow cheeks on ordinary occasions."

He then quietly handed the pot to Ivan, who replaced it with the gloves and the beard in the box; and after making an inquiry which sounded like a growl, to which Bourgonef answered negatively, he continued his packing.

Bourgonef resumed his cigar and his argument as if nothing had happened.

The vision had disappeared, but a confused mass of moving figures took its place. My heart throbbed so violently that it seemed as if its tumult must be heard by others. Yet my face must have been tolerably calm, since Bourgonef made no comment on it.

I answered his remarks in vague fragments, for, in truth, my thoughts were flying from conjecture to conjecture. I remembered that the stranger had a florid complexion; was this rouge? It is true that I fancied the stranger carried a walking-stick in his right hand; if so, this was enough to crush all suspicions of his identity with Bourgonef; but then I was rather hazy on this point, and probably did not observe a walking-stick.

After a while my inattention struck him, and looking at me with some concern, he inquired if there were anything the matter. I pleaded a colic, which I attributed to the imprudence of having indulged in *sauerkraut* at dinner. He advised me to take a little brandy; but, affecting a fresh access of pain, I bade him good-night. He hoped I should be all right on the morrow—if not, he added, we can postpone our journey to the day after.

Once in my room, I bolted the door, and sat down on the edge of the bed in a tumult of excitement.

CHAPTER V.

FLUCTUATIONS.

ALONE with my thoughts, and capable of pursuing conjectures and conclusions without external interruption, I quickly exhausted all the hypothetical possibilities of the case, and, from having started with the idea that Bourgonef was the assassin, I came at last to the more sensible conclusion that I was a constructive blockhead. My suspicions were simply outrageous in their defect of evidence, and could never for one moment have seemed otherwise to any imagination less riotously active than mine.

I bathed my heated head, undressed myself, and got into bed, considering what I should say to the police when I went next morning to communicate my suspicions. And it is worthy of remark, as well as somewhat ludicrously self-betraying, that no sooner did I mentally see myself in the presence of the police, and was thus forced to confront my suspicions with some appearance of evidence, than the whole fabric of my vision rattled to the ground. What had I to say to the police? Simply that, on the evening of the night when Lieschen was murdered, I had passed, in a public thoroughfare, a man whom I could not identify, but who, as I could not help fancying, seemed to recognize me. This man, I had persuaded myself, was the murderer; for which persuasion I was unable to adduce a tittle of evidence. It was uncolored by the remotest probability. It was truly and simply the suggestion of my vagrant fancy, which had mysteriously settled itself into a conviction; and having thus capriciously identified the stranger with Lieschen's murderer, I now, upon evidence quite as preposterous, identified Bourgonef with the stranger.

The folly became apparent even to myself. If Bourgonef had in his possession a rouge-pot and false beard, I could not but acknowledge that he had made no attempt to conceal them, nor had he manifested any confusion on their appearance. He had quietly characterized them as masquerading follies. Moreover, I now began to remember distinctly that the stranger did carry a walking-stick in his right hand; and as Bourgonef had lost his right arm, that settled the point.

Into such complications would the tricks of imagination lead me! I blushed mentally, and resolved to let it serve as a lesson in future. It is needless, however, to say that the lesson was lost, as such lessons always are lost; a strong tendency in any direction soon disregards all the teachings of experience. I am still not the less the victim of my constructive imagination, because I have frequently had to be ashamed of its vagaries.

The next morning I awoke with a lighter breast, rejoicing in the caution which had delayed me from any rash

manifestation of suspicions now seen to be absurd. I smiled as the thought arose : what if this suspected stranger should also be pestered by an active imagination, and should entertain similar suspicions of me ? He must have seen in my eyes the look of recognition which I saw in his. On hearing of the murder, our meeting may also have recurred to him ; and his suspicions would have this color, wanting to mine, that I happened to inherit with my Italian blood a somewhat truculent appearance, which has gained for me among friends the playful *sobriquet* of " the brigand."

Anxious to atone at once for my folly, and to remove from his mind any misgiving—if it existed—at my quitting him so soon after the disclosures of the masquerading details, I went to Bourgonef as soon as I was dressed, and proposed a ramble till the diligence started for Munich. He was sympathetic in his inquiries about my colic, which I assured him had quite passed away, and out we went. The sharp morning air of March made us walk briskly, and gave a pleasant animation to our thoughts. As he discussed the acts of the Provisional Government, so wise, temperate, and energetic, the fervor and generosity of his sentiments stood out in such striking contrast with the deed I had last night recklessly imputed to him that I felt deeply ashamed, and was nearly carried away by mingled admiration and self-reproach to confess the absurd vagrancy of my thoughts, and humbly ask his pardon. But you can understand the reluctance at a confession so insulting to him, so degrading to me. It is at all times difficult to tell a man, face to face, eye to eye, the evil you have thought of him, unless the recklessness of anger seizes on it as a weapon with which to strike ; and I had now so completely unsaid to myself all that I once had thought of evil, that to put it in words seemed a gratuitous injury to me and insult to him.

A day or two after our arrival in Munich a reaction began steadily to set in. Ashamed as I was of my suspicions, I could not altogether banish from my mind the incident, which had awakened them. The image of that false beard would mingle with my thoughts. I was vaguely uncomfortable

at the idea of Bourgonef's carrying about with him obvious materials of disguise. In itself this would have had little significance ; but coupled with the fact that his devoted servant was—in spite of all Bourgonef's eulogies—repulsively ferocious in aspect, capable, as I could not help believing, of any brutality,—the suggestion was unpleasant. You will understand that having emphatically acquitted Bourgonef in my mind, I did not again distinctly charge him with any complicity in the mysterious murder ; on the contrary, I should indignantly have repelled such a thought : but the uneasy sense of some mystery about him, coupled with the accessories of disguise, and the aspect of his servant, gave rise to dim, shadowy forebodings which ever and anon passed across my mind.

Did it ever occur to you, reader, to reflect on the depths of deceit which lie still and dark even in the honestest minds ? Society reposes on a thin crust of convention, underneath which lie fathomless possibilities of crime, and consequently suspicions of crime. Friendship however close and dear, is not free from its reserves, unspoken beliefs, more or less suppressed opinions. The man whom you would indignantly defend against any accusation brought by another, so confident are you in his unshakable integrity, you may yourself momentarily suspect of crimes far exceeding those which you repudiate. Indeed, I have known sagacious men to hold that perfect frankness in expressing the thoughts is a sure sign of imperfect friendship ; something is always suppressed ; and it is not he who loves you that " tells you candidly what he thinks" of your person, your pretensions, your children, or your poems. Perfect candor is dictated by envy, or some other unfriendly feeling, making friendship a stalking-horse, under cover of which it shoots the arrows which will rattle. Friendship is candid only when the candor is urgent—meant to avert impending danger or to rectify an error. The candor which is an impertinence never springs from friendship. Love is sympathetic.

I do not of course mean to intimate that my feeling for Bourgonef was of that deep kind which justifies the name

of friendship. I only want to say that in our social relations we were constantly hiding from each other, under the smiles and courtesies of friendly interest, thoughts which, if expressed, would destroy all possible communion—and that, nevertheless, we are not insincere in our smiles and courtesies; and therefore there is nothing paradoxical in my having felt great admiration for Bourgonef, and great pleasure in his society, while all the time there was deep down in the recesses of my thoughts an uneasy sense of a dark mystery which possibly connected him with a dreadful crime.

This feeling was roused into greater activity by an incident which now occurred. One morning I went to Bourgonef's room, which was at some distance from mine on the same floor, intending to propose a visit to the sculpture at the Glyptothek. To my surprise I found Ivan the serf standing before the closed door. He looked at me like a mastiff about to spring; and intimated by significant gestures that I was not allowed to enter the room. Concluding that his master was occupied in some way, and desired not to be disturbed, I merely signified with a nod that my visit was of no consequence, and went out. On returning about an hour afterward I saw Ivan putting three pink letters into the letter-box of the hotel. I attached no significance to this very ordinary fact at the time, but went up to my room and began writing my letters, one of which was to my lawyer, sending him an important receipt. The dinner-bell sounded before I had half finished this letter; but I wrote on, determined to have done with it at once, in case the afternoon should offer any expedition with Bourgonef.

At dinner he quietly intimated that Ivan had informed him of my visit, and apologized for not having been able to see me. I, of course, assured him that no apology was necessary, and that we had plenty of time to visit the sculpture together without intruding on his private hours. He informed me that he was that afternoon going to pay a visit to Schwanthaler the sculptor, and if I desired it, he would ask permission on another occasion to take me with him. I jumped at the proposal, as may be supposed.

Dinner over, I strolled into the Englische Garten, and had my coffee and cigar there. On my return, I was vexed to find that in the hurry of finishing my letters, I had sealed the one to my lawyer, and had not inclosed the receipt which had been the object of writing. Fortunately it was not too late. Descending to the bureau of the hotel, I explained my mistake to the headwaiter, who unlocked the letter-box to search for my letter. It was found at once, for there were only seven or eight in the box. Among these my eye naturally caught the three pink letters which I had that morning seen Ivan drop into the box; but although they were *seen* by me they were not *noticed* at the time, my mind being solely occupied with rectifying the stupid blunder I had made.

Once more in my own room a sudden revelation startled me. Every one knows what it is to have details come under the eye which the mind first interprets long after the eye ceases to rest upon them. The impressions are received passively: but they are registered, and can be calmly read whenever the mind is in activity. It was so now. I suddenly, as if now for the first time, saw that the addresses on Bourgonef's letters were written in a fluent, masterly hand, bold in character, and with a certain sweep which might have come from a painter. The thrill which this vision gave me will be intelligible when you remember that Bourgonef had lost or pretended to have lost his right arm, and, was, I before intimated, far from dexterous with his left. That no man recently thrown upon the use of a left hand could have written those addresses was too evident. What then, was the alternative? The empty sleeve was an imposture! At once the old horrible suspicion returned, and this time with tenfold violence and with damnable confirmation.

Pressing my temples between my hands, I tried to be calm and to survey the evidence without precipitation; but for some time the conflict of thoughts was too violent. Whatever might be the explanation, clear it was that Bourgonef, for some purposes, was practising a deception, and had, as I knew, other means of disguising his appear-

ance. This, on the most favorable interpretation, branded him with suspicion. This excluded him from the circle of honest men.

But did it connect him with the murder of Lieschen Lehfeldt? In my thought it did so indubitably; but I was aware of the difficulty of making this clear to any one else.

CHAPTER VI.

FIRST LOVE.

IF the reader feels that my suspicions were not wholly unwarranted, were indeed inevitable, he will not laugh at me on learning that once more these suspicions were set aside, and the fact—the dam-natory fact, as I regarded it—discovered by me so accidentally, and, I thought providentially, was robbed of all its significance by Bourgonef himself casually and carelessly avowing it in conversation, just as one may avow a secret infirmity, with some bitterness, but without any implication of deceit in its concealment.

I was the more prepared for this revulsion of feeling, by the difficulty I felt in maintaining my suspicions in the presence of one so gentle and so refined. He had come into my room that evening to tell me of his visit to Schwanthaler, and of the sculptor's flattering desire to make my personal acquaintance. He spoke of Schwanthaler, and of his earnest efforts in art, with so much enthusiasm, and was altogether so charming, that I felt abashed before him, incapable of ridding myself of the dreadful suspicions, yet incapable of firmly believing him to be what I thought. But more than this, there came the new interest awakened in me by his story; and when, in the course of this story, he incidentally disclosed the fact that he had not lost his arm, all my suspicions vanished at once.

We had got, as usual, upon politics, and were differing more than usual, because he gave greater prominence to his sympathy with the Red Republicans. He accused me of not being "thorough-going," which I admitted. This he attributed to the fact of my giving a divided heart to politics—a condition natural enough at my age and with my hopes. "Well," said I, laughing,

"you don't mean to take a lofty stand upon your few years' seniority. If my age renders it natural, does yours profoundly alter such a conviction?"

"My age! no. But you have the hopes of youth. I have none. I am banished forever from the joys and sorrows of domestic life; and therefore, to live at all, must concentrate my soul on great abstractions and public affairs."

"But why banished, unless self-banished?"

"Woman's love is impossible. You look incredulous. I do not allude to this," he said, taking up the empty sleeve, and by so doing sending a shiver through me.

"The loss of your arm," I said—and my voice trembled slightly for I felt that a crisis was at hand—"although a misfortune to you, would really be an advantage in gaining a woman's affections. Women are so romantic, and their imaginations are so easily touched!"

"Yes," he replied bitterly; "but I have not lost my arm."

I started. He spoke bitterly, yet calmly. I awaited his explanation in great suspense.

"To have lost my arm in battle, or even by an accident, would perhaps have lent me a charm in woman's eyes. But, as I said, my arm hangs by my side—withered, unpresentable."

I breathed again. He continued in the same tone, and without noticing my looks.

"But it is not this which banishes me. Woman's love might be hoped for, had I far worse infirmities. The cause lies deeper. It lies in my history. A wall of granite has grown up between me and the sex."

"But, my dear fellow, do you—wounded, as I presume to guess, by some unworthy woman—extend the fault of one to the whole sex? Do you despair of finding another true, because a first was false?"

"They are all false," he exclaimed with energy. "Not, perhaps, all false from inherent viciousness, though many are that, but false because their inherent weakness renders them incapable of truth. Oh! I know the catalogue of their good qualities. They are often pitiful, self-devoting, generous; but

they are so by fits and starts, just as they are cruel, remorseless, exacting, by fits and starts. They have no constancy—they are too weak to be constant even in evil; their minds are all impressions; their actions are all the issue of immediate promptings. Swayed by the fleeting impulses of the hour, they have only one persistent, calculable motive on which reliance can always be placed—that motive is vanity; you are always sure of them there. It is from vanity they are good—from vanity they are evil; their devotion and their desertion equally vanity. I know them. To me they have disclosed the shallows of their natures. God! how I have suffered from them!"

A deep, low exclamation, half sob, half curse, closed this tirade. He remained silent for a few minutes looking on the floor; then, suddenly, turning his eyes upon me, said—

"Were you ever in Heidelberg?"

"Never."

"I thought all your countrymen went there? Then you will never have heard anything of my story. Shall I tell you how my youth was blighted? Will you care to listen?"

"It would interest me much."

"I had reached the age of seven-and-twenty," he began, "without having once known even the vague stirrings of the passion of love. I admired many women, and courted the admiration of them all; but I was as yet not only heart-whole, but, to use your Shakespeare's phrase, Cupid had not tapped me on the shoulder.

"This detail is not unimportant in my story. You may possibly have observed that in those passionate natures which reserve their force, and do not fritter away their feelings in scattered flirtations or trival love-affairs, there is a velocity and momentum, when the movement of passion is once excited, greatly transcending all that is ever felt by expansive and expressive natures. Slow to be moved, when they do move it is with the whole mass of the heart. So it was with me. I purchased my immunity from earlier entanglements by the price of my whole life. I am not what I was. Between my past and present self there is a gulf; that gulf is dark, stormy, and profound. On the

far side stands a youth of hope, energy, ambition, and unclouded happiness, with great capacities for loving; on this side a blighted manhood, with no prospects but suffering and storm."

He paused. With an effort he seemed to master the suggestions which crowded upon his memory, and continued his narrative in an equable tone.

"I had been for several weeks at Heidelberg. One of my intimate companions was Kestner the architect, and he one day proposed to introduce me to his sister-in-law Otilie, of whom he had repeatedly spoken to me in terms of great affection and esteem.

"We went, and we were most cordially received. Otilie justified Kestner's praises. Pretty, but not strikingly so—clever, but not obtrusively so; her soft dark eyes were frank and winning; her manner was gentle and retiring, with that dash of sentimentalism which seems native to all German girls, but without any of the ridiculous extravagance too often seen in them. I liked her all the more because I was perfectly at my ease with her, and this was rarely the case in my relations to young women.

"You leap at once to the conclusion that we fell in love. Your conclusion is precipitate. Seeing her continually, I grew to admire and respect her; but the significant smiles, winks and hints of friends, pointing unmistakably at a supposed understanding existing between us, only made me more seriously examine the state of my feelings, and assured me that I was not in love. It is true that I felt a serene pleasure in her society, and that when away from her she occupied much of my thoughts. It is true that I often thought of her as a wife; and in these meditations she appeared as one eminently calculated to make a happy home. But it is no less true that during a temporary absence of hers of a few weeks I felt no sort of uneasiness, no yearning for her presence, no vacancy in my life. I knew, therefore, that it was not love which I felt.

"So much for my feelings. What of hers? They seemed very like my own. That she admired me, and was pleased to be with me, was certain. That she had a particle of fiery love for me I did

not, could not believe. And it was probably this very sense of her calmness which kept my feelings quiet. For love is a flame which often can be kindled only by contact with flame. Certainly this is so in proud, reserved natures, which are chilled by any contact with temperature not higher than their own.

"On her return, however, from that absence I have mentioned, I was not a little fluttered by an obvious change in her manner; an impression which subsequent meetings only served to confirm. Although still very quiet, her manner had become more tender, and it had that delicious shyness which is the most exquisite of flatteries, as it is one of the most enchanting of graces. I saw her tremble slightly beneath my voice, and blush beneath my gaze.

There was no mistaking these signs. It was clear that she loved me; and it was no less clear that I, taking fire at this discovery, was myself rapidly falling in love. I will not keep you from my story by idle reflections. Take another cigar." He rose and paced up and down the room in silence.

CHAPTER VII.

AGALMA.

"AT this juncture there arrived from Paris the woman to whom the great sorrow of my life is due. A fatalist might read in her appearance at this particular moment the signs of a prearranged doom. A few weeks later, and her arrival would have been harmless; I should have been shielded from all external influence by the absorbing force of love. But, alas! this was not to be. My fate had taken another direction. The woman had arrived whose shadow was to darken the rest of my existence. That woman was Agalma Liebenstein.

How is it that the head which we can only see surrounded with a halo, or a shadow, when the splendors of achievement or the infamy of shame instructs our eyes, is by the instructed eye observed as wholly vulgar? We all profess to be physiognomists; how is it we are so lamentably mistaken in our judgments? Here was a woman in whom my ignorant eyes saw nothing at all remarkable except golden hair of unusual beauty. When I say golden, I am not

speaking loosely. I do not mean red or flaxen hair, but hair actually resembling burnished gold more than anything else. Its ripples on her brow caught the light like a coronet. This was her one beauty, and it was superb. For the rest, her features were characterless. Her figure was tall and full; not graceful, but sweepingly imposing. At first I noticed nothing about her except the braided splendor of her glorious hair."

He rose, and went into his bedroom, from which he returned with a small trinket-box in his hand. This he laid open on the table, disclosing a long strand of exquisite fair hair lying on a cushion of dark blue velvet—

"Look at that," he said. "Might it not have been cut from an angel's head?"

"It is certainly wonderful."

"It must have been hair like this which crowned the infamous head of Lucrezia Borgia," he said, bitterly. "She, too, had golden hair; but hers must have been of paler tint, like her nature."

He resumed his seat and fixing his eyes upon the lock, continued:

"She was one of Otilie's friends—dear friends, they called each other—which meant that they kissed each other profusely, and told each other all their secrets, or as much as the lying nature of the sex permitted and suggested. It is, of course, impossible for me to disentangle my present knowledge from my past impressions so as to give you a clear description of what I then thought of Agalma. Enough that, as a matter of fact, I distinctly remembered not to have admired her, and to have told Otilie so; and when Otilie, in surprise at my insensibility, assured me that men were in general wonderfully charmed with her (though, for her part she had never understood why), I answered, and answered sincerely, that it might be true with the less refined order of men, but that men of taste would certainly be rather repelled from her.

"This opinion of mine, or some report of it, reached Agalma.

"It may have been the proximate cause of my sorrows. Without this stimulus to her vanity, she might have left me undisturbed. I don't know.

All I know is, that over many men Agalma exercised great influence, and that over me she exercised in a short time the spell of fascination. No other word will explain her influence ; for it was not based on excellences such as the mind could recognize to be attractions ; it was based on a mysterious personal power, something awful in its mysteriousness, as all demoniac powers are. One source of her influence over men I think I can explain : she at once captivated and repelled them. By artful appeals to their vanity, she made them interested in her and in her opinion of them, and yet kept herself inaccessible by a pride which was the more fascinating because it always seemed about to give way. Her instinct fastened upon the weak point in those she approached. This made her seductive to men, because she flattered their weak points ; and hateful to women because she flouted and disclosed their weak points.

Her influence over me began in the following way. One day at a picnic, having been led by her into a conversation respecting the relative inferiority of the feminine intellect, I was forced to speak rather more earnestly than usual, when suddenly in a lower voice she said—

“ I am willing to credit anything you say ; only pray don't continue talking to me so earnestly.”

“ Why not ? ” I asked, surprised.

“ She looked at me with peculiar significance, but remained silent.

“ May I ask why not ? ” I said.

“ Because if you do, somebody may be jealous.” There was a laughing defiance in her eye as she spoke.

“ And pray, who has a right to be jealous of me ? ”

“ Oh ! you know well enough.”

“ It was true ; I did know ; and she knew that I knew it. To my shame be it said that I was weak enough to yield to an equivocation which I now see to have been disloyal, but which I then pretended to have been no more than delicacy to Otilie. As, in point of fact, there had never been a word passed between us respecting our mutual feelings, I considered myself bound in honor to assume that there was nothing tacitly acknowledged.

“ Piqued by her tone and look, I dis-

avowed the existence of any claims upon my attention ; and to prove the sincerity of my words, I persisted in addressing my attentions to her. One or twice I fancied I caught flying glances, in which some of the company criticised my conduct, and Otilie also seemed to me unusually quiet. But her manner though quiet, was untroubled and unchanged. I talked less to her than usual, partly because I talked so much to Agalma, and partly because I felt that Agalma's eyes were on us. But no shadow of ‘temper’ or reserve darkened our interchange of speech.

“ On our way back I know not what devil prompted me to ask Agalma whether she had really been in earnest in her former allusion to ‘somebody.’

“ ‘Yes, she said, ‘I was in earnest then.’

“ ‘And now ?’

“ ‘Now I have doubts. I may have been misinformed. It's no concern of mine, any way ; but I have been given to understand. However, I admit that my own eyes have not confirmed what my ears heard.’

“ This speech was irritating on two separate grounds. It implied that people were talking freely of my attachment, which, until I had formally acknowledged it, I resented as an impertinence ; and it implied that, from personal observation, Agalma doubted Otilie's feelings for me. This alarmed my quick-retreating pride ! I, too, began to doubt. Once let loose on that field, imagination soon saw shapes enough to confirm any doubt. Otilie's manner certainly had seemed less tender—nay, somewhat indifferent—during the last few days. Had the arrival of that heavy lout, her cousin, anything to do with this change ?

“ Not to weary you by recalling all the unfolding stages of this miserable story with the minuteness of detail which my own memory morbidly lingers on, I will hurry to the catastrophe. I grew more and more doubtful of the existence in Otilie's mind of any feeling stronger than friendship for me ; and as this doubt strengthened, there arose the flattering suspicion that I was becoming an object of greater interest to Agalma, who had quite changed her tone toward me, and had become serious in her speech

and manner. Weeks passed. Otilie had fallen from her pedestal, and had taken her place among agreeable acquaintances. One day I suddenly learned that Otilie was engaged to her cousin.

"You will not wonder that Agalma, who before this had exercised great fascination over me, now doubly became an object of the most tender interest. I fell madly in love. Hitherto I had never known that passion. My feeling for Otilie I saw was but the inarticulate stammerings of the mighty voice which now sounded through the depths of my nature. The phrase, *madly in love*, is no exaggeration; madness alone knows such a fever of the brain, such a tumult of the heart. It was not that reason was overpowered; on the contrary, reason was intensely active, but active with that logic of flames which lights up the vision of mania.

"Although, of course, my passion was but too evident to every one, I dreaded its premature avowal, lest I should lose her; and almost equally dreaded delay, lest I should suffer from that also. At length the avowal was extorted from me by jealousy of a brilliant Pole—Korinski—who had recently appeared in our circle, and was obviously casting me in the shade by his superior advantages of novelty, of personal attraction, and of a romantic history. She accepted me; and now, for a time, I was the happiest of mortals. The fever of the last few weeks was abating; it gave place to a deep tide of hopeful joy. Could I have died then! Could I even have died shortly afterward, when I knew the delicious misery of a jealousy not too absorbing! For you must know that my happiness was brief. Jealousy, to which all passion of a deep and exacting power is inevitably allied, soon began to disturb my content. Agalma had no tenderness. She permitted caresses, never returned them. She was ready enough to listen to all my plans for the future, so long as the recital moved amid details of fortune and her position in society—that is, so long as her vanity was interested; but I began to observe with pain that her thoughts never rested on tender domesticities and poetic anticipations. This vexed me more and more. The

very spell which she exercised over me made her want of tenderness more intolerable. I yearned for her love—for some sympathy with the vehement passion which was burning within me; and she was as marble.

"You will not be surprised to hear that I reproached her bitterly with her indifference. That is the invariable and fatal folly of lovers—they seem to imagine that a heart can be scolded into tenderness! To my reproaches she at first answered impatiently that they were unjust; that it was not her fault if her nature was less expansive than mine; and that it was insulting to be told she was indifferent to the man whom she had consented to marry. Later she answered my reproaches with haughty defiance, one day intimating that if I really thought what I said, and repented our engagement, it would be most prudent for us to separate ere it was too late. This quieted me for awhile. But it brought no balm to my wounds.

"And now fresh tortures were added. Korinski became quite marked in his attentions to Agalma. These she received with evident delight; so much so, that I saw by the glances of others that they were scandalized at it; and this of course increased my pain. My renewed reproaches only made her manner colder to me; to Korinski it became what I would gladly have seen toward myself.

"The stress and agitation of those days were too much for me. I fell ill, and for seven weeks I lay utterly prostrate. On recovering, this note was handed to me. It was from Agalma."

Bourgonef here held out to me a crumpled letter, and motioned that I should open it and read. It ran thus:

"I have thought much of what you have so often said, that it would be for the happiness of both if our unfortunate engagement were set aside. That you have a real affection for me I believe, and be assured that I once had a real affection for you; not, perhaps, the passionate love which a nature so exacting as yours demands, and which I earnestly hope it may one day find, but a genuine affection nevertheless, which would have made me proud to share

your lot. But it would be uncandid in me to pretend that this now exists. Your incessant jealousy, the angry feelings excited by your reproaches, the fretful irritation in which for some time we have lived together, has completely killed what love I had, and I no longer feel prepared to risk the happiness of both of us by a marriage. What you said the other night convinces me that it is even your desire our engagement should cease. It is certainly mine. Let us try to think kindly of each other and meet again as friends.

"AGALMA LIEBENSTEIN."

When I had read this and returned it to him, he said : " You see that this was written on the day I was taken ill. Whether she knew that I was then helpless I know not. At any rate, she never sent to inquire after me. She went off to Paris ; Korinski followed her ; and—as I quickly learned on going once more into society—they were married ! Did you ever, in the whole course of your experience hear of such heartless conduct ? "

Bourgonef asked this with a ferocity which quite startled me. I did not answer him ; for, in truth, I could not see that Agalma had been very much to blame, even as he told the story, and felt sure that could I have heard her version it would have worn a very different aspect. That she was cold, and disappointed him, might be true enough, but there was no crime ; and I perfectly understood how thoroughly odious he must have made himself to her by his exactions and reproaches. I understood this, perhaps, all the better, because in the course of his narrative Bourgonef had revealed to me aspects of his nature which were somewhat repulsive. Especially I was struck with his morbid vanity, and his readiness to impute low motives to others. This unpleasant view of his character—a character in many respects so admirable for its generosity and refinement—was deepened as he went on, instead of awaiting my reply to his question.

" For a wrong so measureless, you will naturally ask what measureless revenge I sought."

The idea had not occurred to me ; in-

deed I could see no wrong, and this notion of revenge was somewhat startling in such a case.

" I debated it long," he continued. " I felt that since I was prevented from arresting any of the evil to myself, I could at least mature my plans for an adequate discharge of just retribution on her. It reveals the impotence resulting from the trammels of modern civilization, that while the possibilities of wrong are infinite, the openings for vengeance are few and contemptible. Only when a man is thrown upon the necessities of this ' wild justice ' does he discover how difficult vengeance really is. Had Agalma been my wife, I could have wreaked my wrath upon her, with assurance that some of the torture she inflicted on me was to fall on her. Not having this power, what was I to do ? Kill her ? That would have afforded one moment of exquisite satisfaction—but to her it would have been simply death—and I wanted to kill the heart."

He seemed working with an insane passion ; so that I regarded him with disgust mingled with some doubts as to what horrors he was about to relate.

" My plan was chosen. The only way to reach her heart was to strike her through her husband. For several hours daily I practised with the pistol—until—in spite of only having a left hand—I acquired fatal skill. But this was not enough. Firing at a mark is simply work. Firing at a man—especially one holding a pistol pointed at you—is altogether different. I had too often heard of ' crack shots ' missing their men, to rely confidently on my skill in the shooting gallery. It was necessary that my eye and hand should be educated to familiarity with the real object. Part of the cause why duellists miss their man is from the trepidation of fear. I was without fear. At no moment of my life have I been afraid ; and the chance of being shot by Korinski I counted as nothing. The other cause is unfamiliarity with the mark. This I secured myself against by getting a lay figure of Korinski's height, dressing it to resemble him, placing a pistol in its hand, and then practising at this mark in the woods. After a short time

I could send a bullet through the thorax without taking more than a hasty glance at the figure.

"Thus prepared, I started for Paris. But you will feel for me when you learn that my hungry heart was baffled of its vengeance, and baffled forever. Agalma had been suddenly carried off by scarlet fever. Korinski had left Paris, and I felt no strong promptings to follow him, and wreak on him a futile vengeance. It was on *her* my wrath had been concentrated, and I gnashed my teeth at the thought that she had escaped me.

"My story is ended. The months of gloomy depression which succeeded, now that I was no longer sustained by the hope of vengeance, I need not speak of. My existence was desolate; and even now the desolation continues over the whole region of the emotions. I carry a dead heart within me."

CHAPTER VIII.

A SECOND VICTIM.

BOURGONEF'S story had been narrated with some fulness, though in less detail than he told it, in order that the reader may understand its real bearings on my story. Without it, the motives which impelled the strange pertinacity of my pursuit would have been unintelligible. I have said that a very disagreeable impression remained on my mind respecting certain aspects of his character, and I felt somewhat ashamed of my imperfect sagacity in having up to this period been entirely blind to those aspects. The truth is, every human being is a mystery, and remains so to the last. We fancy we know a character; we form a distinct conception of it; for years that conception remains unmodified, and suddenly the strain of some emergency or the incidental stimulus of new circumstances reveals qualities not simply unexpected, but flatly contradictory of our previous conception. We judge of a man by the angle he subtends to our eye—only thus *can* we judge of him; and this angle depends on the relation his qualities and circumstances bear to our interests and sympathies. Bourgonef had charmed me intellectually; morally I had never come closer to him than in the sympathies of public questions and abstract theories. His story had disclosed hidden depths.

My old suspicions reappeared, and a conversation we had two days afterward helped to strengthen them.

We had gone on a visit to Schwantaler the sculptor, at his tiny little castle of Schwaneck, a few miles from Munich. The artist was out for a walk, but we were invited to come in and await his return, which would be shortly; and meanwhile Bourgonef undertook to show me over the castle, interesting as a bit of modern Gothic, realizing on a diminutive scale a youthful dream of the sculptor's. When our survey was completed—and it did not take long—we sat at one of the windows and enjoyed a magnificent prospect. "It is curious," said Bourgonef, "to be shut up here in this imitation of mediæval masonry, where every detail speaks of the dead past, and to think of the events now going on in Paris which must find imitators all over Europe, and which open to the mind such vistas of the future. What a grotesque anachronism is this Gothic castle, built in the same age as that which sees a reforming pope!"

"Yes; but is not the reforming pope himself an anachronism?"

"As a Catholic," here he smiled, intimating that his orthodoxy was not very stringent, "I cannot admit that; as a Protestant, you must admit that if there must be a pope, he must in these days be a reformer, or—give up his temporal power. Not that I look on Pio Nono as more than a precursor: he may break ground, and point the way, but he is not the man to lead Europe out of its present Slough of Despond, and under the headship of the Church found a new and lasting republic. We want a Hildebrand, one who will be to the nineteenth century what Gregory was to the eleventh."

"Do you believe in such a possibility? Do you believe the Roman pontiff can ever again sway the destinies of Europe?"

"I can hardly say I believe it; yet I see the possibility of such an opening if the right man were to arise. But I fear he will not arise; or if he should, the Conclave will stifle him. Yet there is but one alternative: either Europe must once more join in a crusade with a pope at the head; or it must hoist the red flag. There is no other issue."

"Heaven preserve us from both ! And I think we shall be preserved from the pope by the rottenness of the Church ; from the *drapeau rouge* by the indignation and horror of all honest men. You see how the Provisional Government has resisted the insane attempt of the fanatics to make the red flag accepted as the national banner ?"

"Yes ; and it is the one thing which dashes my pleasure in the new revolution. It is the one act of weakness which the Government has exhibited ; a concession which will be fatal unless it be happily set aside by the energetic party of action."

"An act of weakness ? say rather an act of strength. A concession ? say rather the repudiation of anarchy, the assertion of law and justice."

"Not a bit. It was a concession to the fears of the timid and to the vanity of the French people. The tricolor is a French flag—not the banner of Humanity. It is because the tricolor has been identified with the victories of France that it appeals to the vanity of the vainest of people. They forget that it is the flag of a revolution which failed and of an empire which was one perpetual outrage to humanity. Whereas the red is new ; it is the symbol of an energetic, thorough-going creed. If it carries terror with it, so much the better. The tyrants and the timid should be made to tremble."

"I had no idea you were so bloodthirsty," said I, laughing at his vehemence.

"I am not bloodthirsty at all ; I am only logical and consistent. There is a mass of sophistry current in the world which sickens me. People talk of Robespierre and St. Just, two of the most virtuous men that ever lived—and of Dominic and Torquemada, two of the most single-minded—as if they were cruel and bloodthirsty, whereas they are only convinced."

"Is it from love of paradox that you defend these tigers ?"

"Tigers, again—how those beasts are calumniated !"

He said this with a seriousness which was irresistibly comic. I shouted with laughter ; but he continued, gravely—

"You think I am joking. But let me ask you why you consider the tiger more

bloodthirsty than yourself ? He springs upon his food—you buy yours from the butcher. He cannot live without animal food : it is a primal necessity, and he obeys the ordained instinct. You can live on vegetables ; yet you slaughter beasts of the field and birds of the air (or buy them when slaughtered), and consider yourself a model of virtue. The tiger only kills his food or his enemies ; you not only kill both, but you kill one animal to make a gravy for another ! The tiger is less bloodthirsty than the Christian !"

"I don't know how much of that tirade is meant to be serious ; but to waive the question of the tiger's morality, do you really—I will not say sympathize—but justify Robespierre, Dominic, St. Just, and the rest of the fanatics who have waded to their ends through blood ?"

"He who wills the *end*, wills the *means*."

"A devil's maxim."

"But a truth. What the foolish world shrinks at as bloodthirstiness and cruelty is very often mere force and constancy of intellect. It is not that fanatics thirst for blood—far from it—but they thirst for the triumph of their cause. Whatever obstacle lies on their path must be removed ; if a torrent of blood is the only thing that will sweep it away—the torrent must sweep."

"And sweep with it all the sentiments of pity, mercy, charity, love ?"

"No : these sentiments may give a sadness to the necessity ; they make the deed a sacrifice, but they cannot prevent the soul from seeing the aim to which it tends."

"This is detestable doctrine ! It is the sophism which has destroyed families, devastated cities, and retarded the moral progress of the world more than anything else. No single act of injustice is ever done on this earth but it tends to perpetuate the reign of iniquity. By the feelings it calls forth it keeps up the native savagery of the heart. It breeds injustice, partly by hardening the minds of those who assent, and partly by exciting the passion of revenge in those who resist."

"You are wrong. The great drag-chain on the car of progress is the faltering inconsistency of man. Weakness

is more cruel than sternness. Sentiment is more destructive than logic."

The arrival of Schwanthaler was timely, for my indignation was rising. The sculptor received us with great cordiality, and in the pleasure of the subsequent hour, I got over to some extent the irritation Bourgonef's talk had excited.

The next day I left Munich for the Tyrol. My parting with Bourgonef was many degrees less friendly than it would have been a week before. I had no wish to see him again, and therefore gave him no address or invitation in case he should come to England. As I rolled away in the *Malleposte*, my busy thoughts reviewed all the details of our acquaintance; and the farther I was carried from his presence, the more obtrusive became the suspicions which connected him with the murder of Lieschen Lehfelddt. How, or upon what motive, was indeed an utter mystery. He had not mentioned the name of Lehfelddt. He had not mentioned having before been at Nuremberg. At Heidelberg the tragedy occurred—or was Heidelberg only a mask? It occurred to me that he had first ascertained that I had never been at Heidelberg before he placed the scene of his story there.

Thoughts such as these tormented me. Imagine, then, the horror with which I heard, soon after my arrival at Salzburg, that a murder had been committed at Grosshesslohe—one of the pretty environs of Munich much resorted to by holiday folk—corresponding in all essential features with the murder at Nuremberg! In both cases the victim was young and pretty. In both cases she was found quietly lying on the ground, stabbed to the heart, without any other traces of violence. In both cases she was a betrothed bride, and the motive of the unknown assassin a mystery.

Such a correspondence in the essential features inevitably suggested an appalling mystery of unity in these crimes—either as the crimes of one man, committed under some impulse of motiveless malignity and thirst for innocent blood—or as the equally appalling effect of *imitation* acting contagiously upon a criminal imagination; of which con-

tagion there have been, unfortunately, too many examples—horrible crimes prompting certain weak and feverish imaginations, by the very horror they inspire, first to dwell on, and finally to realize their imitations.

It was this latter hypothesis, which found general acceptance, indeed it was the only one which rested upon any ground of experience. The disastrous influence of imitation, especially under the fascination of horror, was well known. The idea of any diabolical malice moving one man to pass from city to city, and there quietly single out his victims—both of them, by the very hypothesis, unrelated to him, both of them at the epoch of their lives, when

"The bosom's lord sits lightly on its throne,"

when the peace of the heart is assured, and the future is radiantly beckoning to them—that any man should choose such victims for such crimes, was too preposterous an idea long to be entertained. Unless the man were mad, the idea was inconceivable; and even a monomaniac must betray himself in such a course, because he would necessarily conceive himself to be accomplishing some supreme act of justice.

It was thus I argued; and indeed I should have preferred to believe that one maniac were involved rather than the contagion of crime—since one maniac must inevitably be soon detected; whereas there were no assignable limits to the contagion of imitation. And this it was which so profoundly agitated German society. In every family in which there happened to be a bride, vague tremors could not be allayed; and the absolute powerlessness which resulted from the utter uncertainty as to the quarter in which this dreaded phantom might next appear, justified and intensified those tremors. Against such an apparition there was no conceivable safeguard. From a city stricken with the plague, from a district so stricken, flight is possible, and there are the resources of medical aid. But from a moral plague like this, what escape was possible?

So passionate and profound became the terror, that I began to share the opinion which I heard expressed, regretting the widespread publicity of the

modern press, since, with many undeniable benefits, it carried also the fatal curse of distributing through households, and keeping constantly under the excitement of discussion, images of crime and horror which would tend to perpetuate and extend the excesses of individual passion. The mere dwelling long on such a topic as this was fraught with evil.

This and more I heard discussed as I hurried back to Munich. To Munich? Yes; thither I was posting with all speed. Not a shadow of doubt now remained in my mind. I knew the assassin, and was resolved to track and convict him. Do not suppose that *this* time I was led away by the vagrant activity of my constructive imagination. I had something like positive proof. No sooner had I learned that the murder had been committed at Grosshesslohe, than my thoughts at once carried me to a now memorable visit I had made there in company with Bourgonef and two young Bavarians. At the hotel where we dined, we were waited on by the niece of the landlord, a girl of remarkable beauty, who naturally excited the attention of four young men, and furnished them with a topic of conversation. One of the Bavarians had told us that she would one day be perhaps one of the wealthiest women in the country, for she was engaged to be married to a young farmer who had recently found himself, by a rapid succession of deaths, sole heir to a great brewer, whose wealth was known to be enormous.

At this moment Sophie entered bringing wine, and I saw Bourgonef slowly turn his eyes upon her with a look which then was mysterious to me, but which now spoke too plainly its dreadful meaning.

What is there in a look, you will say? Perhaps nothing; or it may be everything. To my unsuspecting, unenlightened perception, Bourgonef's gaze was simply the melancholy and half-curious gaze which such a man might be supposed to cast upon a young woman who has been made the topic of an interesting discourse. But to my mind, enlightened as to his character, and instructed as to his peculiar feelings arising from his own story, the gaze was charged with horror. It marked a vic-

tim. The whole succession of events rose before me in vivid distinctness; the separate details of suspicion gathered into unity.

Great as was Bourgonef's command over his features, he could not conceal uneasiness as well as surprise at my appearance at the *table d'hôte* in Munich. I shook hands with him, putting on as friendly a mask as I could, and replied to his question about my sudden return by attributing it to unexpected intelligence received at Salzburg.

"Nothing serious, I hope?"

"Well, I'm afraid it will prove very serious, I said. "But we shall see. Meanwhile my visit to the Tyrol must be given up or postponed."

"Do you remain here, then?"

"I don't know what my movements will be."

Thus I had prepared him for any reserve or strangeness in my manner; and I had concealed from him the course of my movements; for at whatever cost, I was resolved to follow him and bring him to justice.

But how? Evidence I had none that could satisfy any one else, however convincing it might be to my own mind. Nor did there seem any evidence forthcoming from Grosshesslohe. Sophie's body had been found in the afternoon lying as if asleep in one of the by-paths of the wood. No marks of a struggle; no traces of the murderer. Her affianced lover, who was at Augsburg, on hearing of her fate, hurried to Grosshesslohe, but could throw no light on the murder, could give no hint as to a possible motive for the deed. But this entire absence of evidence, or even ground of suspicion, only made *my* case the stronger. It was the motiveless malignity of the deed which fastened it on Bourgonef; or rather, it was the absence of any known motive elsewhere which assured me that I had detected the motive in him.

Should I communicate my conviction to the police? It was possible that I might impress them with at least sufficient suspicion to warrant his examination—and in that case the truth might be elicited; for among the many barbarities and iniquities of the criminal procedure in Continental States which often press heavily on the innocent, there is this

compensating advantage, that the pressure on the guilty is tenfold heavier. If the innocent are often unjustly punished—imprisoned and maltreated before their innocence can be established—the guilty seldom escape. In England we give the criminal not only every chance of escape, but many advantages. The love of fair-play is carried to excess. It seems at times as if the whole arrangements of our procedure were established with a view to giving a criminal not only the benefit of every doubt, but of every loophole through which he can slip. Instead of this, the Continental procedure goes on the principle of closing up every loophole, and of inventing endless traps into which the accused may fall. We warn the accused not to say anything that may be prejudicial to him. They entangle him in contradictions and confessions which disclose his guilt.

Knowing this, I thought it very likely that, however artful Bourgonef might be, a severe examination might extort from him sufficient confirmation of my suspicions to warrant further procedure. But knowing also that *this* resort was open to me when all others had failed, I resolved to wait and watch.

CHAPTER IX.

FINALE.

Two days passed, and nothing occurred. My watching seemed hopeless, and I resolved to try the effect of a disguised interrogatory. It might help to confirm my already settled conviction, if it did not elicit any new evidence.

Seated in Bourgonef's room, in the old place, each with a cigar, and chatting as of old on public affairs, I gradually approached the subject of the recent murder.

"Is it not strange," I said, "that both these crimes should have happened while we were casually staying in both places?"

"Perhaps we are the criminals," he replied, laughing. I shivered slightly at this audacity. He laughed as he spoke, but there was a hard, metallic, and almost defiant tone in his voice which exasperated me.

"Perhaps we are," I said quietly. He looked full at me; but I was pre-

pared, and my face told nothing. I added, as in explanation, "The crime being apparently contagious, we may have brought the infection from Nuremberg."

"Do you believe in that hypothesis of imitation?"

"I don't know what to believe. Do you believe in there being only one murderer? It seems such a preposterous idea. We must suppose him, at any rate, to be a maniac."

"Not necessarily. Indeed there seems to have been too much artful contrivance in both affairs, not only in the selection of the victims, but in the execution of the schemes. Cunning as maniacs often are, they are still maniacs, and betray themselves."

"If not a maniac," said I, hoping to pique him, "he must be a man of stupendous and pitiful vanity—perhaps one of your constant-minded friends, whom you refuse to call bloodthirsty."

"Constant-minded, perhaps; but why pitifully vain?"

"Why? Because only a diseased atrocity of imagination, stimulating a nature essentially base and weak in its desire to make itself conspicuous, would or could suggest such things. The silly youth who 'fired the Ephesian dome,' the vain idiot who set fire to York Minster, the miserable Frenchmen who have committed murder and suicide with a view of making their exit striking from a world in which their appearance had been contemptible, would all sink into insignificance beside the towering infamy of baseness which—for the mere love of producing an effect on the minds of men, and thus drawing their attention upon him, which otherwise would never have marked him at all—could scheme and execute crimes so horrible and inexcusable. In common charity to human nature, let us suppose the wretch is mad; because otherwise his miserable vanity would be too loathsome." I spoke with warmth and bitterness, which increased as I perceived him wincing under the degradation of my contempt.

"If his motive *were* vanity," he said, "no doubt it would be horrible; but may it not have been revenge?"

"Revenge!" I exclaimed; "what! on innocent women?"

"You assume their innocence."

"Good God! do you know anything to the contrary?"

"Not I. But as we are conjecturing, I may as well conjecture the motive to have been revenge, as you may conjecture it to have been the desire to produce a startling effect."

"How do you justify your conjecture?"

"Simply enough. We have to suppose a motive; let us say it was revenge, and see whether that will furnish a clew."

"But it can't. The two victims were wholly unconnected with each other by any intermediate acquaintances, consequently there can have been no common wrong or common enmity in existence to furnish food for vengeance."

"That may be so; it may also be that the avenger made them vicarious victims."

"How so?"

"It is human nature. Did you ever observe a thwarted child striking in its anger the unoffending nurse, destroying its toys to discharge its wrath? Did you ever see a schoolboy, unable to wreak his anger on the bigger boy who has just struck him, turn against the nearest smaller boy and beat him? Did you ever know a schoolmaster, angered by one of the boy's parents, vent his pent-up spleen upon the unoffending class? Did you ever see a subaltern punished because an officer has been reprimanded? These are familiar examples of vicarious vengeance. When the soul is stung to fury, it must solace itself by the discharge of that fury—it must relieve its pain by the sight of pain in others. We are so constituted. We need sympathy above all things. In joy we cannot bear to see others in distress; in distress we see the joy of others with dismal envy which sharpens our pain. That is human nature."

"And," I exclaimed, carried away by my indignation, "you suppose that the sight of these two happy girls, beaming with the quiet joy of brides, was torture to some miserable wretch who had lost his bride."

I had gone too far. His eyes looked into mine. I read in his that he divined the whole drift of my suspicion—the

allusion made to himself. There often passes into a look more than words can venture to express. In that look he read that he was discovered, and I read that he had recognized it. With perfect calmness, but with a metallic ring in his voice which was like the clash of swords, he said—

"I did not say that I supposed this; but as we were on the wide field of conjecture—utterly without evidence one way or the other, having no clew either to the man or his motives—I drew from the general principles of human nature a conclusion which was just as plausible—or absurd if you like—as the conclusion that the motive must have been vanity."

"As you say, we are utterly without evidence, and conjecture drifts aimlessly from one thing to another. After all, the most plausible explanation is that of a contagion of imitation." I said this in order to cover my previous imprudence. He was not deceived—though for a few moments I fancied he was—but replied—

"I am not persuaded of that either. The whole thing is a mystery, and I shall stay here some time in the hope of seeing it cleared up. Meanwhile, for a subject of conjecture, let me show you something on which your ingenuity may profitably be employed."

He rose and passed into his bedroom. I heard him unlocking and rummaging the drawers, and was silently reproaching myself for my want of caution in having spoken as I had done, though it was now beyond all doubt that he was the murderer, and that his motive had been rightly guessed; but with this self-reproach there was mingled a self-gratulation at the way I had got out of the difficulty, as I fancied.

He returned and as he sat down I noticed that the lower part of his surtout was open. He always wore a long frogged and braided coat reaching to the knees—as I now know, for the purpose of concealing the arm which hung (as he said, withered) at his side. The two last fastenings were now undone.

He held in his hand a tiny chain made of very delicate wire. This he gave me, saying—

"Now what should you conjecture that to be?"

"Had it come into my hands without any remark, I should have said it was simply a very exquisite bit of iron-work ; but your question points to something more out of the way."

"It *is* iron-work," he said.

Could I be deceived? A third fastening of his surtout was undone! I had seen but two a moment ago.

"And what am I to conjecture?" I asked.

"Where that iron came from? It was *not* from a mine."

I looked at it again, and examined it attentively. On raising my eyes in inquiry—fortunately with an expression of surprise, since what met my eyes would have startled a cooler man—I saw the fourth fastening undone!

"You look surprised," he continued, "and will be more surprised when I tell you that the iron in your hands once floated in the circulation of a man. It is made from human blood."

"Human blood!" I murmured.

He went on expounding the physiological wonders of the blood—how it carried, dissolved in its currents, a proportion of iron and earths; how this iron was extracted by chemists and exhibited as a curiosity; and how this chain had been manufactured from such extracts. I heard every word, but my thoughts were hurrying to and fro in the agitation of a supreme moment. That there was a dagger underneath that coat—that in a few moments it would flash forth—that a death-struggle was at hand—I knew well. My safety depended on presence of mind. That incalculable rapidity with which, in critical moments, the mind surveys all the openings and resources of an emergency, had assured me that there was no weapon within reach—that before I could give an alarm the tiger would be at my throat, and that my only chance was to keep my eyes fixed upon him, ready to spring on him the moment the next fastening was undone, and before he could use his arm.

At last the idea occurred to me, that as, with a wild beast, safety lies in attacking him just before he attacks you, so with this beast my best chance was audacity. Looking steadily into his face, I said slowly—

"And you would like to have such a

chain made from my blood." I rose as I spoke. He remained sitting, but was evidently taken aback.

"What do you mean?" he said.

"I mean," said I, sternly, "that your coat is unfastened, and that if another fastening is loosened in my presence, I tell you to the earth."

"You're a fool!" he exclaimed.

I moved toward the door, keeping my eye fixed upon him as he sat pale and glaring at me.

"You are a fool," I said—"and worse, if you stir."

At this moment, I know not by what sense as if I had eyes at the back of my head, I was aware of some one moving behind me, yet I dared not look aside. Suddenly two mighty folds of darkness seemed to envelop me like arms. A powerful scent ascended my nostrils. There was a ringing in my ears, a beating at my heart. Darkness came on, deeper and deeper, like huge waves. I seemed growing to gigantic stature. The waves rolled on faster and faster. The ringing became a roaring. The beating became a throbbing. Lights flashed across the darkness. Forms moved before me. On came the waves hurrying like a tide, and I sank deeper and deeper into this mighty sea of darkness. Then all was silent. Consciousness was still.

How long I remained unconscious I cannot tell. But it must have been some considerable time. When consciousness once more began to dawn within me, I found myself lying on a bed surrounded by a group of eager watching faces, and became aware of a confused murmur of whispering going on around me. "Er lebt" (he lives) were the words which greeted my opening eyes—words which I recognized as coming from my landlord.

I had had a very narrow escape. Another moment and I should not have lived to tell the tale. The dagger that had already immolated two of Bourgonef's objects of vengeance would have been in my breast. As it was, at the very moment when the terrible Ivan had thrown his arms round me and was stifling me with chloroform, one of the servants of the hotel, alarmed or attracted by curiosity at the sound of high

words within the room, had ventured to open the door to see what was going on. The alarm had been given, and Bourgonef had been arrested, and handed over to the police. Ivan, however, had disappeared; nor were the police ever able to find him. This mattered comparatively little. Ivan without his master was no more redoubtable than any other noxious animal. As an accomplice, as an instrument to execute the Will of a man like Bourgonef, he was a

danger to society. The directing intelligence withdrawn, he sank to the level of the brute. I was not uneasy, therefore, at his having escaped. Sufficient for me that the real criminal, the Mind that had conceived and directed those fearful murders, was at last in the hands of justice. I felt that my task had been fully accomplished when Bourgonef's head fell on the scaffold.—*Blackwood's Magazine*.

NUMBERS; OR THE MAJORITY AND THE REMNANT.*

BY MATTHEW ARNOLD.

THERE is a characteristic saying of Dr. Johnson, "Patriotism is the last refuge of a scoundrel." The saying is cynical, many will call it brutal; yet it has in it something of plain, robust sense and truth. We do often see men passing themselves off as patriots, who are in truth scoundrels; we meet with talk and proceedings laying claim to patriotism, which are these gentlemen's last refuge. We may all of us agree in praying to be delivered from patriots and patriotism of this sort. Short of such, there is undoubtedly, sheltering itself under the fine name of patriotism, a good deal of self-flattery and self-delusion which is mischievous. "Things are what they are, and the consequences of them will be what they will be; why, then, should we desire to be deceived?" In that uncompromising sentence of Bishop Butler's is surely the right and salutary maxim for both individuals and nations.

Yet there is an honorable patriotism which we should satisfy if we can, and should seek to have on our side. At home I have said so much of the characters of our society and the prospects of our civilization, that I can hardly escape the like topic elsewhere. Speaking in America, I cannot well avoid saying something about the prospects of society in the United States. It is a topic where one is apt to touch people's patriotic feelings. No one will accuse me of having flattered the patriotism of that

great country of English people on the other side of the Atlantic, among whom I was born. Here, so many miles from home, I begin to reflect with tender contrition, that perhaps I have not—I will not say flattered the patriotism of my own countrymen enough, but regarded it enough. Perhaps that is one reason why I have produced so very little effect upon them. It was a fault of youth and inexperience. But it would be unpardonable to come in advanced life and repeat the same error here. You will not expect impossibilities of me. You will not expect me to say that things are not what, in my judgment, they are, and that the consequences of them will not be what they will be. I should make nothing of it; I should be a too palpable failure. But I confess that I should be glad if in what I say here I could engage American patriotism on my side, instead of rousing it against me. And it so happens that the paramount thoughts which your great country raises in my mind are really and truly of a kind to please, I think, any true American patriot, rather than to offend him.

The vast scale of things here, the extent of your country, your numbers, the rapidity of your increase, strike the imagination, and are a common topic for admiring remark. Our great orator, Mr. Bright, is never weary of telling us how many acres of land you have at your disposal, how many bushels of grain you produce, how many millions you are, how many more millions you

* Address delivered in New York.

will be presently, and what a capital thing this is for you. Now, though I do not always agree with Mr. Bright, I find myself agreeing with him here. I think your numbers afford a very real and important ground for satisfaction.

Not that your great numbers, or indeed great numbers of men anywhere, are likely to be all good, or even to have the majority good. "The majority are bad," said one of the wise men of Greece; but he was a pagan. Much to the same effect, however, is the famous sentence of the New Testament, "Many are called, few chosen." This appears a hard saying; many are the endeavors to elude it, to attenuate its severity. But turn it how you will, manipulate it as you will, the few, as Cardinal Newman well says, can never mean the many. Perhaps you will say that the majority is, sometimes, good; that its impulses are good generally, and its action is good occasionally. But it lacks principle, it lacks persistence; if to-day its good impulses prevail, they succumb to-morrow; sometimes it goes right, but it is very apt to go wrong. Even a popular orator or a popular journalist will hardly say that the multitude may be trusted to have its judgment generally just, and its action generally virtuous. It may be better, it is better, that the body of the people, with all its faults, should act for itself, and control its own affairs, than that it should be set aside as ignorant and incapable, and have its affairs managed for it by a so-called superior class, possessing property and intelligence. Property and intelligence cannot be trusted to show a sound majority themselves; the exercise of power by the people tends to educate the people. But still, the world being what it is, we must surely expect the aims and doings of the majority of men to be at present very faulty, and this in a numerous community no less than in a small one. So much we must certainly, I think, concede to the sages and to the saints.

Sages and saints are apt to be severe, it is true; apt to take a gloomy view of the society in which they live, and to prognosticate evil of it. But then it must be added that their prognostications are very apt to turn out right. Plato's account of the most gifted and

brilliant community of the ancient world, of that Athens of his to which we all owe so much, is despondent enough. "There is but a very small remnant," he says, "of honest followers of wisdom, and they who are of these few, and who have tasted how sweet and blessed a possession is wisdom and who can fully see, moreover, the madness of the multitude, and that there is no one, we may say, whose action in public matters is sound, and no ally for whosoever would help the just, what," asks Plato, "are they to do? They may be compared," says Plato, "to a man who has fallen among wild beasts; he will not be one of them, but he is too unaided to make head against them; and before he can do any good to society or his friends, he will be overwhelmed and perish uselessly. When he considers this, he will resolve to keep still, and to mind his own business; as it were standing aside under a wall in a storm of dust and hurricane of driving wind; and he will endure to behold the rest filled with iniquity, if only he himself may live his life clear of injustice and of impiety, and depart, when his time comes, in mild and gracious mood, with fair hope."

Plato's picture here of democratic Athens is certainly gloomy enough. We may be sure the mass of his contemporaries would have pronounced it to be monstrously overcharged. We ourselves, if we had been living then, should most of us have by no means seen things as Plato saw them. No, if we had seen Athens even nearer its end than when Plato wrote the strong words which I have been quoting, Athens in the last days of Plato's life, we should most of us probably have considered that things were not going badly with Athens. There is a long sixteen years' administration—the administration of Eubulus—which fills the last years of Plato's life, and the middle years of the fourth century before Christ. A temperate German historian thus describes Athens during this ministry of Eubulus: "The grandeur and loftiness of Attic democracy had vanished, while all the pernicious germs contained in it were fully developed. A life of comfort and a craving for amusement were encouraged in every way, and the interest of

citizens was withdrawn from serious things. Conversation became more and more superficial and frivolous. Famous courtesans formed the chief topic of talk; the new inventions of Thearion, the leading pastry cook in Athens, were hailed with loud applause, and the witty sayings which had been uttered in gay circles were repeated about town as matters of prime importance."

No doubt, if we had been living then to witness this, we should from time to time have shaken our heads gravely and said how sad it all was. But most of us would not, I think, have been very seriously disquieted by it. On the other hand, we should have found many things in the Athens of Eubulus to gratify us. "The democrats," says the same historian whom I have just quoted, "saw in Eubulus one of their own set at the head of affairs;" and I suppose no good democrat would see that without pleasure. Moreover, Eubulus was of popular character. In one respect he seems to have resembled your own "heathen Chinese;" he had "guileless ways," says our historian. "in which the citizens took pleasure." He was a good speaker, a thorough man of business, and, above all, he was very skilful in matters of finance. His administration was both popular and prosperous. We should certainly have said, most of us, if we had encountered somebody announcing his resolve to stand aside under a wall during such an administration, that he was a goose for his pains; and if he had called it "a falling among wild beasts" to have to live with his fellow-citizens who had confidence in Eubulus, their country, and themselves, we should have esteemed him very impertinent.

Yes--and yet at the close of that administration of Eubulus came the collapse, and the end of Athens as an independent state. And it was to the fault of Athens herself that the collapse was owing. Plato was right after all; the majority were bad, and the remnant were impotent.

So fared it with that Athenian state, with the brilliant people of art and intellect. Now let us turn to the people of religion. We have heard Plato speaking of the very small remnant which honestly sought wisdom. *The remnant*—it

is the word of the Hebrew prophets also, and especially is it the word of the greatest of them all, Isaiah. Not used with the despondency of Plato, used with far other power informing it, and with a far other future awaiting it, filled with fire, filled with hope, filled with faith, filled with joy, this term itself, *the remnant*, is yet Isaiah's term as well as Plato's. The texts are familiar to all Christendom. "Though thy people Israel be as the sand of the sea, only a remnant of them shall return." Even this remnant, a tenth of the whole, if so it may be, shall have to come back into the purging fire, and be again cleared and further reduced there. Nevertheless, "as a terebinth tree, and as an oak, whose substance is in them, though they be cut down, so the stock of that burned tenth shall be a holy seed."

The small remnant should be a holy seed, but the great majority, as in democratic Athens, so in the kingdoms of the Hebrew nation, were unsound, and their state was doomed. This was Isaiah's point. The actual commonwealth of the "drunkards" and the "blind," as he calls them, of Israel and Judah, of the dissolute grandees and gross and foolish common people, of the great majority, must perish; its perishing was the necessary stage toward a happier future. And Isaiah was right, as Plato was right. No doubt to most of us, if we had been there to see it, the Kingdom of Ephraim or of Judah, the society of Samaria and Jerusalem, would have seemed to contain a great deal else besides dissolute grandees and foolish common people. No doubt we should have thought parts of their policy serious, and some of their alliances promising. No doubt, when we read the Hebrew prophets now, with the larger and more patient temper of a different race and an augmented experience, we often feel the blame and invective to be too absolute. Nevertheless as to his grand point, Isaiah, I say, was right. The majority in the Jewish state, whatever they might think or say, whatever their guides and flatterers might think or say, the majority were unsound, and their unsoundness must be their ruin.

Isaiah, however, does not make his remnant confine itself, like Plato's, to standing aside under a wall during this

life and then departing in mild temper and good hope when the time for departure comes; Isaiah's remnant saves the state. Undoubtedly he means to represent it as doing so. Undoubtedly he imagines his Prince of the house of David who is to be born within a year's time, his royal and victorious Immanuel, he imagines him witnessing as a child the chastisement of Ephraim and the extirpation of the bad majority there; then witnessing as a youth the chastisement of Judah and the extirpation of the bad majority there also; but finally, in mature life, reigning over a state renewed, preserved, and enlarged, a greater and happier kingdom of the chosen people.

Undoubtedly Isaiah conceives his remnant in this wise; undoubtedly he imagined for it a part which, in strict truth, it did not play, and could not play. So manifest was the non-fulfilment of his prophecy, taken strictly, that ardent souls feeding upon his words had to wrest them from their natural meaning, and to say that Isaiah directly meant something which he did not directly mean. Isaiah, like Plato, with inspired insight foresaw that the world before his eyes, the world of actual life, the state and city of the unsound majority, could not stand. Unlike Plato, Isaiah announced with faith and joy a leader and a remnant certain to supersede them. But he put the leader's coming, and he put the success of the leader's and the remnant's work, far far too soon; and his conception, in this respect, is fantastic. Plato betook himself for the bringing in of righteousness to a visionary republic in the clouds; Isaiah—and it is the grand glory of him and of his race to have done so—brought it in upon earth. But Immanuel and his reign, for the eighth century before Christ, were fantastic. For the kingdom of Judah they were fantastic. Immanuel and the remnant could not come to reign under the conditions there offered to them; the thing was impossible.

The reason of the impossibility is quite simple. The scale of things, in petty states like Judah and Athens, is too small; the numbers are too scanty. Admit that for the world, as we hitherto know it, what the philosophers and proph-

ets say is true: that the majority are unsound. Even in nations with exceptional gifts, even in the Jewish state, the Athenian state, the majority are unsound. But there is the "remnant." Now the important thing, as regards states such as Judah and Athens, is not that the remnant bears but a small proportion to the majority: the remnant always bears a small proportion to the majority. The grave thing for states like Judah and Athens is, that the remnant must in positive bulk be so small, and therefore so powerless for reform. To be a voice outside the state, speaking to mankind or to the future, perhaps shaking the actual state to pieces in doing so, one man will suffice. To reform the state in order to save it, to preserve it by changing it, a body of workers is needed as well as a leader—a considerable body of workers, placed at many points, and operating in many directions. This considerable body of workers for good is what is wanting in petty states such as were Athens and Judah. It is said that the Athenian state had in all but 350,000 inhabitants. It is calculated that the population of the kingdom of Judah did not exceed a million and a quarter. The scale of things, I say, is here too small, the numbers are too scanty, to give us a remnant capable of saving and perpetuating the state. The remnant, in these cases, may influence the world and the future, may transcend the state and survive it; but it cannot possibly transform the state and perpetuate the state: for such a work it is numerically too feeble.

Plato saw the impossibility. Isaiah refused to accept it, but facts were too strong for him. The Jewish state could not be renewed and saved, and he was wrong in thinking that it could. And therefore I call his grand point this other, where he was altogether right: that the actual world of the unsound majority, though it fancied itself solid, and though most men might call it solid, could not stand. Let us read him again and again, until we fix in our minds this true conviction of his, to edify us whenever we see such a world existing: his indestructible conviction that such a world, with its prosperities, idolatries, oppression, luxury, pleasures, drunkards, careless women, gov-

erning classes, systems of policy, strong alliances, shall come to naught and pass away; that nothing can save it. Let us do homage, also, to his indestructible conviction that states are saved by their righteous remnant, however clearly we may at the same time recognize that his own building on this conviction was premature.

That, however, matters to us little. For how different is the scale of things in the modern states to which we belong, how far greater are the numbers! It is impossible to overrate the importance of the new element introduced into our calculations by increasing the size of the remnant. And in our great modern states, where the scale of things is so large, it does seem as if the remnant might be so increased as to become an actual power, even though the majority be unsound. Then the lover of wisdom may come out from under his wall, the lover of goodness will not be alone among the wild beasts. To enable the remnant to succeed, a large strengthening of its numbers is everything.

Here is good hope for us, not only, as for Plato's recluse, in departing this life, but while we live and work in it. Only, before we dwell too much on this hope, it is advisable to make sure that we have earned the right to entertain it. We have earned the right to entertain it, only when we are at one with the philosophers and prophets in their conviction respecting the world which now is, the world of the unsound majority; when we feel what they mean, and when we go thoroughly with them in it. Most of us, as I have said already, would by no means have been with them when they were here in life, and most of us are not really with them now. What is saving? Our institutions, says an American; the British Constitution, says an Englishman; the civilizing mission of France, says a Frenchman. But Plato and the sages, when they are asked what is saving, answer: "To love righteousness, and to be convinced of the unprofitableness of iniquity." And Isaiah and the prophets, when they are asked the same question, answer to just the same effect: that what is saving is to "order one's conversation right;" to "cease to do evil;" to "delight in the law of

the Eternal," and to "make one's study in it all day long."

The worst of it is, that this loving of righteousness and this delighting in the law of the Eternal sound rather vague to us. Not that they are vague really; indeed they are less vague than American institutions, or the British Constitution, or the civilizing mission of France. But the phrases sound vague because of the quantity of matters they cover. The thing is to have a brief but adequate enumeration of these matters. The New Testament tells us how righteousness is composed. In England and America we have been brought up in familiarity with the New Testament. And so, before Mr. Bradlaugh on our side of the water, and the Congress of American Freethinkers on yours banish it from our education and memory, let us take from the New Testament a text showing what it is that both Plato and the prophets mean when they tell us that we ought to love righteousness and to make our study in the law of the Eternal, but that the unsound majority do nothing of the kind. A score of texts offer themselves in a moment. Here is one which will serve very well: "Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are elevated, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are amiable, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise; have these in your mind, let your thoughts run upon these."* That is what both Plato and the prophets mean by loving righteousness, and making one's study in the law of the Eternal.

Now the matters just enumerated do not come much into the heads of most of us, I suppose, when we are thinking of politics. But the philosophers and prophets maintain that these matters, and not those of which the heads of politicians are full, do really govern politics and save or destroy states. They save or destroy them by a silent, inexorable fatality; while the politicians are making believe, plausibly and noisily, with their American institutions, British Constitution, and civilizing mission of France. And because these matters are what do really govern politics

and save or destroy states, Socrates maintained that he and a few philosophers, who alone kept insisting on the good of righteousness and the unprofitableness of iniquity, were the only real politicians then living.

I say, if we are to derive comfort from the doctrine of *the remnant* (and there is great comfort to be derived from it), we must also hold fast to the austere but true doctrine as to what really governs politics, overrides with an inexorable fatality the combinations of the so-called politicians, and saves or destroys states. Having in mind things true, things elevated, things just, things pure, things amiable, things of good report; having these in mind, studying and loving these, is what saves states.

There is nothing like positive instances to illustrate general propositions of this kind, and to make them believed. I hesitate to take an instance from America. Possibly there are some people who think that already, on a former occasion, I have said enough about America without duly seeing and knowing it. So I will take my instances from England, and from England's neighbor and old co-mate in history, France. The instance from England I will take first. I will take it from the grave topic of England's relations with Ireland. I am not going to reproach either England or Ireland. To reproach Ireland here would probably be indiscreet. As to England, anything I may have to say against my own countrymen I prefer to say at home; America is the last place where I should care to say it. However, I have no wish or intention to reproach either the English or the Irish. But I want to show you from England's relations with Ireland how right the philosophers and prophets are. Every one knows that there has been conquest and confiscation in Ireland. So there has elsewhere. Every one knows that the conquest and the confiscation have been attended with cupidity, oppression, and ill-usage. So they have elsewhere. "Whatsoever things are just" are not exactly the study, so far as I know, of conquerors and confiscators anywhere; certainly they are not the study of the English conquerors of Ireland. A failure in justice is a source of danger to states. But it may be made up for and

got over; it has been made up for and got over in many communities. England's confiscations in Ireland are a thing of the past; the penal laws against Catholics are a thing of the past; much has been done to make up for the old failure in justice; Englishmen generally think that it has been pretty well made up for, and that Irishmen ought to think so too. And politicians invent Land Acts for curing the last results of the old failure in justice, for insuring the contentment of the Irish with us, and for consolidating the Union; and are surprised and plaintive if it is not consolidated. But now see how much more serious people are the philosophers and prophets than the politicians!

Whatsoever things are amiable—the failure in amiability, too, is a source of danger and insecurity to states, as well as the failure in justice. And we English are not amiable, or at any rate, what in this case comes to the same thing, do not appear so. The politicians never thought of that! Quite outside their combinations lies this hindrance, tending to make their most elaborate combinations ineffectual. Thus the joint operation of two moral causes together—the sort of causes which politicians do not seriously regard—tells against the designs of the politicians with what seems to be an almost inexorable fatality. If there were not the failure in amiability, perhaps the original failure in justice might by this time have been got over; if there had not been the failure in justice, perhaps the failure in amiability might not have mattered much. The two failures together create a difficulty almost insurmountable. Public men in England keep saying that it will be got over. I hope that it will be got over, and that the union between England and Ireland will become as solid as that between England and Scotland. But it will not become solid by means of the contrivances of the mere politician, or without the intervention of moral causes of concord to heal the mischief wrought by moral causes of division. Everything, in this case, depends upon the "remnant," its numbers, and its powers of action.

My second instance is even more important. It is so important, and its reach is so wide, that I must go into it

with some little fulness. The instance is taken from France. To France I have always felt myself powerfully drawn. People in England often accuse me of liking France and things French far too well. At all events I have paid special regard to them, and am always glad to confess how much I owe to them. M. Sainte-Beuve wrote to me in the last years of his life: "You have passed through our life and literature by a deep inner line, which confers initiation, and which you will never lose." "Vous avez traversé notre vie et notre littérature par une ligne intérieure, profonde, qui fait les initiés, et que vous ne perdrez jamais." I wish I could think that this friendly testimony of that accomplished and charming man, one of my chief benefactors, were fully deserved. But I have pride and pleasure in quoting it; and I quote it to bear me out in saying, that whatever opinion I may express about France, I have at least been a not inattentive observer of that great country, and anything but a hostile one.

The question was once asked by the town clerk of Ephesus: "What man is there that knoweth not how that the city of the Ephesians is a worshipper of the great goddess Diana?" Now really, when one looks at the popular literature of the French at this moment—their popular novels, popular stage plays, popular newspapers—and at the life of which this literature of theirs is the index—one is tempted to make a goddess out of a word of their own, and then, like the town clerk of Ephesus, to ask: "What man is there that knoweth not how that the city of the French is a worshipper of the great goddess Lubricity?" Or rather, as Greek is the classic and euphonious language for names of gods and goddesses, let us take her name from the Greek Testament, and call her the goddess Aselgeia. That goddess has always been a sufficient power among mankind, and her worship was generally supposed to need restraining rather than encouraging. But here is now a whole popular literature, nay, and art, too, in France at her service! stimulations and suggestions by her and to her meet one in it at every turn. She is becoming the great recognized power there. Never was anything like it. M. Renan him-

self seems half inclined to apologize for not having paid her more attention. "Nature cares nothing for chastity," says he; "Les frivoles ont peut-être raison;" "The gay people are perhaps in the right." Men even of this force salute her; but the allegiance now paid to her, in France, by the popular novel, the popular newspaper, the popular play, is, one may say, boundless.

I have no wish at all to preach to the French; no intention whatever, in what I now say, to upbraid or wound them. I simply lay my finger on a fact in their present condition; a fact insufficiently noticed, as it seems to me, and yet extremely potent for mischief. It is well worth while to trace the manner of its growth and action.

The French have always had a leaning to the goddess of whom we speak, and have been willing enough to let the world know of their leaning, to pride themselves on their Gaulish salt, their gallantry, and so on. But things have come to their present head gradually. Catholicism was an obstacle; the serious element in the nation was another obstacle. But now just see the course which things have taken, and how they all, one may say, have worked together for this goddess. First, there was the original Gaul, the basis of the French nation; the Gaul, gay, sociable, quick of sentiment, quick of perception; apt, however, very apt, to be presumptuous and puffed up. Then came the Roman conquest, and from this we get a new personage, the Gallo-Latin; with the Gaulish qualities for a basis, but with Latin order, reason, lucidity, added, and also Latin sensuality. Finally, we have the Frankish conquest and the Frenchman. The Frenchman proper is the Gallo-Latin, with Frankish or Germanic qualities added and infused. No mixture could be better. The Germans have plenty of faults, but in this combination they seem not to have taken hold; the Germans seem to have given of their seriousness and honesty to the conquered Gallo-Latin, and not of their brutality. And mediæval France, which exhibits the combination and balance, under the influence then exercised by Catholicism, of Gaulish quickness and gayety with Latin rationality and Ger-

man seriousness, offers to our view the soundest and the most attractive stage, perhaps, in all French history.

But the balance could not be maintained; at any rate, it was not maintained. Mediæval Catholicism lost its virtue. The serious Germanic races made the Reformation; feeling that without it there was no safety and continuance for those moral ideas which they loved, and which were the ground of their being. France did not go with the Reformation; the Germanic qualities in her were not strong enough to make her go with it. "France did not want a reformation which was a moral one," is Michelet's account of the matter: "La France ne voulait pas de réforme morale." At any rate, the Reformation did not carry France with it, and the Germanic side in the Frenchman, his Germanic qualities, thus received a check. They subsisted, however, in good force still; the new knowledge and new ideas, brought by the revival of letters, gave an animating stimulus; and in the seventeenth century the Gaulish gayety and quickness of France, the Latin rationality, and the still subsisting German seriousness, all combining under the puissant breath of the Renaissance, produced a literature, the strongest, the most substantial, and the most serious which the French have ever succeeded in producing, and which has, indeed, consummate and splendid excellences.

Still, the Germanic side in the Frenchman had received a check, and in the next century this side became quite attenuated. The Germanic steadiness and seriousness gave way more and more; the Gaulish salt, the Gaulish gaiety, quickness, sentiment, and sociability, the Latin rationality, prevailed more and more, and had the field nearly to themselves. They produced a brilliant and most efficacious literature—the French literature of the eighteenth century. The goddess Aselgeia had her part in it; it was a literature to be praised with reserves; it was, above all, a revolutionary literature. But European institutions were then in such a superannuated condition, direct and just perception, free thought and rationality, were at such a discount, that the brilliant French literature in which these quali-

ties predominated, and which by their predominance was made revolutionary, had in the eighteenth century a great mission to fulfil, and fulfilled it victoriously.

The mission is fulfilled, but meanwhile the Germanic quality in the Frenchman seems pretty nearly to have died out, and the Gallo-Latin in him has quite got the upper hand. Of course there are individuals and groups who are to be excepted; I will allow any number of exceptions you please; and in the mass of the French people, which works and is silent, there may be treasures of resource. But taking the Frenchman who is commonly in view—the usual type of speaking, doing, vocal, visible Frenchman—we may say, and he will probably be not at all displeased at our saying, that the German in him has nearly died out, and the Gallo-Latin has quite got the upper hand. For us, however, this means that the chief source of seriousness and of moral ideas is failing and drying up in him, and that what remains are the sources of Gaulish salt, and quickness, and sentiment, and sociability, and sensuality, and rationality. And, of course the play and working of these qualities is altered by their being no longer in combination with a dose of German seriousness, but left to work by themselves. Left to work by themselves, they give us what we call the *homme sensuel moyen*, the average sensual man. The highest art, the art which by its height, depth, and gravity possesses religiousness—such as the Greeks had, the art of Pindar and Phidias; such as the Italians had, the art of Dante and Michael Angelo—this art, with the training which it gives and the standard which it sets up, the French have never had. On the other hand they have a dose of German seriousness, a Germanic bent for ideas of moral duty, which neither the Greeks had, nor the Italians. But if this dies out, what is left is the *homme sensuel moyen*. This average sensual man has his very advantageous qualities. He has his gayety, quickness, sentiment, sociability, rationality. He has his horror of sour strictness, false restraint, hypocrisy, obscurantism, cretinism, and the rest of it. And this is very well; but on the serious, moral side he is almost ludicrously insufficient.

Fine sentiments about his dignity and his honor and his heart, about the dignity and the honor and the heart of France, and his adoration of her, do duty for him here; grandiose phrases about the spectacle offered in France and the French Republic of the ideal for our race, of the *épanouissement de l'élite de l'humanité*, "the coming into blow of the choice flower of humanity." In M. Victor Hugo we have (his worshippers must forgive me for saying so) the average sensual man impassioned and grandiloquent; in M. Zola we have the average sensual man going near the ground. "Happy the son," cries M. Victor Hugo, "of whom one can say, 'He has consoled his mother!'" Happy the poet of whom one can say, "He has consoled his country!" The French themselves, even when they are severest, call this kind of thing by the only mild name of emphasis, "*emphase*"—other people call it fustian. And a surly Johnson will growl out in answer, at one time, that "patriotism is the last refuge of a scoundrel;" at another time, that fine sentiments about *ma mère* are the last refuge of a scoundrel. But what they really are is the creed which in France the average sensual man rehearses, to do duty for serious moral ideas. And, as the result, we have a popular literature and a popular art serving, as has been already said, the goddess Aselgeia.

Such an art and literature easily make their way everywhere. In England and America, the French literature of the seventeenth century is peculiarly fitted to do great good, and nothing but good; it can hardly be too much studied by us. And it is studied by us very little. The French literature of the eighteenth century also has qualities to do us much good, and we are not likely to take harm from its other qualities; we may study it to our great profit and advantage. And it is studied by us very little. The higher French literature of the present day has more knowledge and a wider range than its great predecessors, but less soundness and perfection, and it exerts much less influence than they did. Action and influence are now with the lower literature of France, with the popular literature in the service of the goddess Aselgeia. And this popular

modern French literature, and the art which corresponds to it, bid fair to make their way in England and America far better than their predecessors. They appeal to instincts so universal and so accessible; they appeal, people are beginning boldly to say, to Nature herself. Few things have ever struck me more than M. Renan's dictum, which I have already quoted, about what used to be called the virtue of Chastity. The dictum occurs in his very interesting autobiography, published but the other day. M. Renan, whose genius I unfeignedly admire, is, I need hardly say, a man of the most perfect propriety of life; he has told us so himself. He was brought up for a priest, and he thinks it would not have been in good taste for him to become a free liver. But this abstinence was a mere matter of personal delicacy, a display of good and correct taste on his own part in his own very special circumstances. "Nature," he cries, "cares nothing about chastity." What a slap in the face to the sticklers for "Whatsoever things are pure"!

I have had to take a long sweep to arrive at the point which I wished to reach. If we are to enjoy the benefit, I said, of the comfortable doctrine of the remnant, we must be capable of receiving also, and of holding fast, the hard doctrine of the unsoundness of the majority, and of the certainty that the unsoundness of the majority, if it is not withstood and remedied, must be their ruin. And therefore, even though a gifted man like M. Renan may be so carried away by the tide of opinion in France where he lives, as to say that Nature cares nothing about chastity, and to see with amused indulgence the worship of the great goddess Lubricity, let us stand fast, and say that it is against nature, human nature, and that it is ruin. For this is the test of its being against human nature, that for human societies it is ruin. And the test is one from which there is no escape, as from the old test in such matters there may be. For if you allege that it is the will of God that we should be pure, the sceptical Gallo-Latins will tell you that they do not know any such person. And in like manner, if it is said that those who serve the goddess Aselgeia

shall not inherit the kingdom of God, the Gallo-Latin may tell you that he does not believe in any such place. But that the sure tendency and upshot of things establishes that the service of the goddess is ruin, that her followers are marred and stunted by it, and disqualified for the ideal society of the future, is an infallible test to employ.

The saints admonish us to let our thoughts run upon whatsoever things are pure, if we would inherit the kingdom of God; and the divine Plato tells us that we have within us a many-headed beast and a man, and that by dissoluteness we feed and strengthen the beast in us, and starve the man; and, finally, following the divine Plato among the sages at a humble distance, comes the prosaic and unfashionable Paley, and says in his precise way that "this vice has a tendency, which other species of vice have not so directly, to unsettle and weaken the powers of the understanding; as well as, I think, in a greater degree than other vices, to render the heart thoroughly corrupt." True; and once admitted and fostered, it eats like a canker, and with difficulty can ever be brought to let go its hold again, but forever tightens it. Hardness and insolence come in its train; an insolence which grows until it ends by exasperating and alienating everybody; a hardness which grows until the man can at last scarcely take pleasure in anything, outside the service of his goddess, except cupidity and greed, and cannot be touched with emotion by any language except fustian. Such are the fruits of the worship of the great goddess Aselgeia.

So, instead of saying that Nature cares nothing about chastity, let us say that human nature cares about it a great deal; that, by her present popular literature, France gives proof that she is suffering from a dangerous and perhaps fatal disease, and that it is not clericalism which is the real enemy to the French so much as their goddess, and if they can none of them see this themselves, it is only a sign of how far the disease has gone, and the case is so much the worse. The case is so much the worse; and for men in such case to be so vehemently busy about clerical and dynastic intrigues at home, and about

alliances and colonial acquisitions and purifications of the flag abroad, might well make one borrow of the prophets and exclaim, "Surely ye are perverse!" perverse to neglect your really pressing matters for these secondary ones. And when the ingenious and inexhaustible M. Blowitz, of our great London *Times*, who sees everybody and knows everything, when he expounds the springs of politics and the causes of the fall and success of ministries, and the combinations which have not been tried but should be, and takes upon him the mystery of things in the way with which we are so familiar—to this wise man himself one is often tempted, again, to say, with the prophets: "Yet the Eternal also is wise, and will bring evil, and will not call back His words." M. Blowitz is not the only wise one; the Eternal has His wisdom also, and somehow or other it is always the Eternal's wisdom which at last carries the day. The Eternal has attached to certain moral causes the safety or the ruin of states, and the present popular literature of France is a sign that she has a most dangerous moral disease.

Now if the disease goes on and increases, then, whatever sagacious advice M. Blowitz may give, and whatever political combinations may be tried, and whether France gets colonies or not, and whether she allies herself with this nation or with that, things will only go from bad to worse with her; she will more and more lose her powers of soul and spirit, her intellectual productiveness, her skill in counsel, her might for war, her formidableness as a foe, her value as an ally, and the life of that famous state will be more and more impaired, until it perish. And this is that hard but true doctrine of the sages and prophets, of the inexorable fatality of operation, in moral failure of the unsound majority, to destroy states. But we will not talk or think of destruction for a state with such gifts and graces as France, and which has had such a place in history, and to which we, many of us, owe so much delight and so much good. And yet if France had no greater numbers than the Athens of Plato or the Judah of Isaiah, I do not see how she could well escape out of the throttling arms of her goddess and recover. She

must recover through a powerful and profound renewal, a great inward change, brought about by "the remnant" among her people; and for this a remnant small in numbers would not suffice. But in a France of thirty-five millions, who shall set bounds to the numbers of the remnant, or to its effectualness and power of victory?

In these United States (for I come round to the United States at last) you are fifty millions and more. I suppose that, as in England, as in France, as everywhere, so likewise here, the majority of people doubt very much whether the majority is unsound; or, rather, they have no doubt at all about the matter, they are sure that it is not unsound. But let us consent to-night to remain to the end in the ideas of the sages and prophets whom we have been following all along, and let us suppose that in the present actual stage of the world, as in all the stages through which the world has passed hitherto, the majority is and must be in general unsound everywhere—even in the United States, even in New York itself. Where is the failure? I have already, in the past speculated in the abstract about you too much. But I suppose that in a democratic community like this, with its newness, its magnitude, its strength, its life of business, its sheer freedom and equality, the danger is in the absence and the discipline of respect; in hardness of materialism, exaggeration and boastfulness; in a false smartness, a false audacity, a want of soul and delicacy. "Whatsoever things are *elevated*"—whatsoever things are nobly serious, have true elevation*—that perhaps, in our catalogue of maxims which are to possess the mind, is the maxim which points to where the failure of the unsound majority, in a great democracy like yours, will probably lie. At any rate let us for the moment agree to suppose so. And the philosophers and the prophets, whom I at any rate am disposed to believe, and who say that moral causes govern the standing and the falling of states, will tell us that the failure to mind whatsoever things are elevated must impair with an inexorable fatality the life of a nation, just as the failure to

mind whatsoever things are just, or whatsoever things are amiable, or whatsoever things are pure, will impair it; and that if the failure to mind whatsoever things are elevated should be real in your American democracy, and should grow into a disease, and take firm hold on you, then the life of even these great United States must inevitably be impaired more and more, until it perish.

Then from this hard doctrine we will betake ourselves to the more comfortable doctrine of *the remnant*. "The remnant shall return;" shall convert and be healed itself first, and shall then recover the unsound majority. And you are fifty millions and growing apace. What a remnant yours may be, surely! A remnant of how great numbers, how mighty strength, how irresistible efficacy! Yet we must not go too fast, either, or make too sure of our efficacious remnant. Mere multitude will not give us a saving remnant with certainty. The Assyrian Empire had multitude, the Roman Empire had multitude; yet neither the one nor the other could produce a sufficing remnant any more than Athens or Judah could produce it, and both Assyria and Rome perished like Athens and Judah.

But you are something more than a people of fifty millions. You are fifty millions mainly sprung, as we in England are mainly sprung, from that German stock which has faults indeed—faults which have diminished the extent of its influence, diminished its power of attraction and the interest of its history, and which seems moreover just now, from all I can see and hear, to be passing through a not very happy moment, morally, in Germany proper. Yet of the German stock it is, I think, true, as my father said more than fifty years ago, that it has been a stock "of the most moral races of men that the world has yet seen, with the soundest laws, the least violent passions, the fairest domestic and civil virtues." You come, therefore, of about the best parentage which a modern nation can have. Then you have had, as we in England have also had, but more entirely than we, and more exclusively, the Puritan discipline. Certainly I am not blind to the faults of that discipline. Certainly I do not wish it to remain in possession of the field forever,

* Ὅσα σεμνά.

or too long. But as a stage and a discipline, and as means for enabling that poor inattentive and immoral creature, man, to love and appropriate and make part of his being divine ideas, on which he could not otherwise have laid or kept hold, the discipline of Puritanism has been invaluable; and the more I read history, the more I see of mankind, the more I recognize its value. Well, then, you are not merely a multitude of fifty millions; you are fifty millions

sprung from this excellent Germanic stock, having passed through this excellent Puritan discipline, and set in this enviable and unbounded country. Even supposing, therefore, that by the necessity of things your majority must in the present stage of the world probably be unsound, what a remnant, I say—what an incomparable, all-transforming remnant—you may fairly hope with your numbers, if things go happily, to have! —*Nineteenth Century.*



CURIOSITIES OF THE ELECTRIC LIGHT.

THE first curiosity of the electric light was of course its discovery in 1802 by Humphry Davy, then an assistant-lecturer at the Royal Institution. With one of the new batteries which Volta had invented two years before, Davy was surprised to get a brilliant white light when the poles of the battery were joined through two pieces of carbon. Later on, his astonishment was increased when he found how intensely hot was this "arc" of carbon light—the hottest known artificial source. "Platinum," he wrote, "was melted as readily as is wax in the flame of a common candle; quartz, the sapphire, magnesia, lime, all entered into fusion." Even the diamond swells out into a black mass in the electric arc, and carbon itself has been known to soften. Dr. Siemens, as is well known, utilized this fervent heat to fuse metals in a crucible. With the arc from a dynamo capable of giving a light of five thousand candles, he fused fifteen pounds of broken files in as many minutes. Indeed, the temperature of the arc ranges from two thousand to five thousand degrees centigrade. Another curiosity of the arc is that it can be shown in water or other liquids without quenching. Liquids have a diffusive action on the light; and a globule of fused oxide of iron between platinum wires conveying the current, produces a very fine golden light. The fused plaster of Paris between the carbons of the Jablockhoff candle also forms a brilliant source of light in the arc; as does the marble separator which answers the same purpose in the *lampe soleil*. Indeed, this white-hot marble, rendered lumi-

nous by the arc, gives out a mellow radiance so closely resembling sunshine as to give the lamp its name. Such a light is very suitable for illuminating picture galleries.

Electric light is also produced by sending a discharge through vacuum tubes like those of Geissler; and the varied colors thus produced are exceedingly pretty. Phosphorescent substances, too, such as the sulphide of barium, or the platino-barium cyanide, become highly luminous when inclosed in a tube and traversed by the electric current.

Besides the voltaic arc, we have now, however, another kind of electric light—namely, the incandescence which is produced by sending the current through a very slender filament of platinum wire or carbon fibre inclosed in a glass bulb exhausted of air. Such are the lamps of Swan, Edison and others. These lamps have also their curious features. The temperature of the filament is of course much lower than the temperature of the arc. It is only about eighteen hundred degrees centigrade, for if it were higher, the delicate filament would be dissipated into vapor which would condense like smoke on the cool glass. With a platinum filament, the metal would "silver" the interior of the bulb. Curiously enough, when the copper "electrodes" or wires conveying the current inside the bulb to the filament of Edison lamp are accidentally dissipated by excess of current, the carbon thread seems to shelter the glass from the copper shower, for Dr. J. Fleming has observed that there is always a blank line on the glass opposite the filament, while all the rest is

coated with a film of copper. When the carbon itself is dissipated, this blank line is not seen, and the whole interior of the bulb appears to be smoked. According to Dr. Fleming, this means that the molecules of copper move in straight lines in the vacuum.

During the ordinary action of one of these lamps there is believed to be a kind of molecular bombardment between the two sides of the carbon filament, which is usually bent into a loop. This battery of atoms in time disintegrates the filament near its junction with the wires where it is severest, and a patent has recently been taken out by Mr. Brush, the well-known inventor, for the insertion of a mica screen between the legs of the filament to shield them from the pellets.

The spectrum of the voltaic arc consists of the continuous ribbon spectrum of the white-hot solid carbons, and certain bright lines due to the glowing vapors of the arc. The light is rich in the blue or actinic rays so productive of chemical action, and hence it is, perhaps, that Dr. Siemens found it so effective in forcing fruit and flowers by night in lieu of the sun. It helps the development of chlorophyl; and perhaps the electricity itself has also something to do with assisting growth, apart from the light, for several French experimenters have found that electrified soil and air seem to foster plants better than unelectrified. It is remarkable, too, that young bamboo shoots grow very rapidly after the thunderstorms which usher in the Indian monsoons.

The power of the arc-light is something unrivalled by any other light, whether of limelight or magnesium. At the famous Crystal Palace Electrical Exhibition, an arc reputed to be one hundred and fifty thousand candles in power was lighted every evening. The carbons were stout copper-plated bars nearly two and a half inches thick. This intensity of illumination renders the arc eminently adapted for light-houses and search-lights. Hence it is that the French government have decided to light forty of their coast light-houses by electricity, and that most of our warships and military trains are now equipped with electric lamps for searching purposes. We read that the fleet

at Alexandria explored the Egyptian forts by night with powerful arcs; and that the French admiral at Madagascar struck terror into the breasts of the simple Hovas by a similar display.

For scouring the sea in search of torpedo-boats by night, or icebergs and other ships during a fog, the value of the arc-light cannot be too highly estimated. The screw-steamer *Faraday*, while engaged some time ago in laying a new Atlantic cable, would have run right into an iceberg in a Newfoundland fog, but for the electric beam projected from her bows into the misty air ahead. Fog, however, has a peculiarly strong quenching power over the arc-light, owing to the preference it has for absorbing all the blue rays, and to the comparative poverty of the orange color. Hence it is that electric arc-lamps look so white and dim in a dense fog. A single gas-jet can be seen about as far as a two-thousand-candle arc-lamp. This is because the gas-jet is rich in those red rays which penetrate a fog without being absorbed; whereas it is poor in the blue rays which are quenched. For this reason, also, the incandescence lamp is preferable to the arc for a misty atmosphere.

The incandescence lamp can also burn under water, and owing to its pretty shape, its pure light, its cleanliness, and independence of everything except wires to bring the current to it, is highly suitable for decorative purposes. It particularly lends itself to ornamental devices of a floral order; and a great variety of chandeliers and brackets have now been designed representing various plants with leaves of brass or filigree, and flowers composed of tinted crystal cups containing the lamps. Fruit is also simulated by lamps of colored glass. For example, at a Drury Lane Christmas pantomime, both holly and mistletoe berries were imitated by incandescence lamps of crimson and opal glass. Artificial lemon-trees, with fruit consisting of yellow lamps, also make a pretty dining-table ornament. So do vases of roses with incandescence lamps hid in them, an ornament devised by Mr. J. W. Swan for his residence at Bromley. *Aquaria*, too, can be lighted internally by incandescence bulbs, and it would be very pretty to see the lamps

lying beside growing sea-anemones, whose expansion might seem the more lovely under the stimulus of their rays.

A Christmas-tree looks very pretty when lighted by a hundred incandescence lamps; the first attempted being in all probability that in the Swedish section of the Electrical Exhibition held in Paris two years ago. At the Vienna Electrical Exhibition there are, while we write, some novel effects of electric illumination; for instance, there is a hall lighted entirely from the ceiling by electricity. The ceiling is painted a deep blue to represent the sky, and studded with innumerable stars in the shape of incandescence lamps. This reminds us of the allegorical sun produced in the window of Mr. Mayal, the well-known photographer, by means of the same illuminant.

From its cool brightness and safety from fire, the incandescence light is very well adapted for theatres, and there are now several opera-houses and theatres lighted by it. The Savoy Theatre, London; the Princess's Theatre, Manchester; the Lyceum Theatre, Edinburgh, etc., are all lit by incandescence lamps owing to its brilliance as compared with gas. Some change was necessary in the making-up of the actors and actresses, and the painting of the scenes; but at the New Grand Theatre, Islington, the changes have been avoided by the use of yellow glass bulbs which soften the light. At the Electrical Exhibition, Vienna, there is a model theatre with numerous scenic effects never before attempted by gas; and moonlight, sunrise, sunset, twilight, and night are all imitated with great fidelity. In the drama of *Love and Money* at the Adelphi Theatre, a flood of daylight bursting in upon some entombed miners through a hole cut in the coal by a rescuing party, was very well imitated by a beam of "arc" light. The practice of wearing tiny star lamps on the hair or dress has also come more into fashion. Probably the first use of it was by the fairies in the comic opera of *Iolanthe* at the Savoy Theatre. Each fairy carried a small accumulator on her back half concealed by her wings, and this gave electricity to a miniature Swan lamp mounted on her forehead. Ladies are sometimes to

be seen with miniature lamps attached to their dresses, and lighted by a touch of their fingers upon a small key hid in their belts. One might have glow-worm or firefly ornaments at this rate. The "death's-head" pin worn by gentlemen in Paris a year or two ago was a similar application of the electric current. On touching a key to complete the electric circuit of a small pocket battery, the eyes of the death's-head in the wearer's breast began to shine like sparks of fire.

The use of the electric light for sporting purposes has had some curious developments. Polo, cricket, base-ball, skating, and so on, have all been played by night. At the Montreal Ice Carnival last winter, the huge ice palace was illuminated both out and in with thousands of electric lights, and skating, curling, snow-shoeing, and tobogganning went on by night as well as day.

Gnats are fascinated by a powerful electric lamp, and dance about it as they do in a beam of evening sunshine. Light has an attraction for many animals besides insects. Flying-fish spring out of the sea when sailors hang a lantern by the ship's side; and in California now it is the custom to submerge a cluster of Edison lamps from the bows of a boat with a net expanded below. When the fish gather round the light the net is closed on them, and after being hauled out of the water they are put into water-tanks, and sent alive on special cars by overland rail to New York and the Eastern States. The French *chasseur* also makes a bag sometimes by employing an electric light to attract his feathered game; pigeons especially being lured by it.

Owing to its power, the arc-light is very well suited for signalling purposes; and hence it is now used with the heliograph to signal the approach of cyclones between the British island of Mauritius and Reunion in the Indian Ocean. It has also been proposed to signal by transparent balloons lit by incandescence lamps. The balloon is raised to a good height by a rope which also carries the wires conveying the current to the lamps; and flashes according to an understood code of signals are made by working a key to interrupt the current, as in the act of telegraphing.

Diving operations under the sea are greatly facilitated by the electric light ; and a trial was recently made of a powerful lamp at Marseilles in lighting up the hull of a sunken ship. The amber hunters of the Baltic are also using the light for seeking the fossil gum on the sea-bed, instead of waiting until the waves cast it on the shore. Sea-water is remarkably clear, and the rocks of the seashore are often beautifully covered with weeds and shells. It is no wonder, then, that a submarine balloon has been devised by one Signor Toselli at Nice, for going under water to examine them. This observatory holds eight people, and has a glass bottom and an electric light for illuminating the sea-caves.

The electric light is not free from danger ; but, from not being explosive, it is far from being as fatal in its effects as gas. There have been several deaths from electric shock caused by the very powerful currents of the Brush and Jablochkoff machines. For instance, a man was killed instantly on board the late Czar's yacht *Livadia* when crossing the Bay of Biscay. He had accidentally grasped the bare connections of one of the electric lamps and received the current through his breast. Others have been killed by touching bare wires conveying the current ; a man in Kansas City, United States, met his death quite recently in repairing some electric light wires without knowing that the current flowed in them. Carelessness of some kind was the source of these misfortunes ; but the use of such very deadly currents is to be deprecated. When the electro-motive force of an electric current exceeds five hundred volts it becomes dangerous, and hence it is that the Board of Trade prohibits the use of more powerful currents for general lighting. The use of overhead wires, sometimes uninsulated and never wholly insulated, such as obtains in some parts of the United States, ought also to be eschewed, and underground cables, safe out of harm's way, employed instead. With cables buried in the earth, we should not have a repetition of the curious incident which recently happened at the Luray Cavern in Virginia, where lightning ran into the cave along the

electric light conductors and destroyed some of the finest stalactites.

The plan of having tall masts with a cluster of very powerful lights reflected from the height by mirrors is a very good one, since it obviates the distribution of wires and lamps. By imitating the sun, in this way a Californian town is entirely lighted from one or two masts ; and it is satisfactory to know that the system is being tried at South Kensington.

The dynamos of electric machines have been known to explode, or rather burst from the centrifugal force due to the rapid revolution of the armature. An accident of this kind recently caused great alarm in a New York theatre. Sparks from the red-hot carbons of arc-lamps, or between wire and wire of the conductors, have also led to many small fires ; but none of any great consequence. A spark is so feeble a source of heat that, unlike the spilling of an oil lamp, it does not produce a powerful fire, provided the materials it falls among are not highly inflammable. On the whole, the danger of fire with electric lighting, especially incandescence lighting, has probably been exaggerated. The incandescence lamp itself is very safe, since if one be enveloped in light dry muslin and broken, the muslin is not burned. In fact, the rush of air caused by the broken vacuum entirely dissipates the red-hot filament.

From its injurious aspects we turn now to its beneficial qualities. The arc-light by its brilliance is not good for the eyesight when looked at direct, but there is probably nothing harmful in the light itself, unless it should be the excess of violet rays. It is a cool light ; and hot lights, by drying the natural humors of the eye, are the most prejudicial to the sight. The incandescence light, which is free from excess of violet rays, is also a cool light ; and as it neither pollutes nor burns the air of a chamber, it is the best light for a student. Small reading lamps, fitted with movable arms carrying incandescent bulbs, are now manufactured for this purpose. Even with the incandescence lamp, however, it is advisable not to look at the brilliant filament.

Surgeons and dentists find these little

incandescence lamps of great service in examining the teeth and mouth. Some are made no larger than a pea. Others are fitted into silver probes (cooled by circulating water) for insertion into the stomach to illuminate its coats, or enable a physician to diagnose other internal organs. Dr. Payne, of Newcastle-on-Tyne, recently made an examination of the liver by inserting one of these endoscopes into it through an incision made in the abdomen. M. Trouvé has also fitted a small lamp to a belt which

goes round the physician's forehead, thereby enabling him to direct the light to where he is looking. Another experimenter has so applied the light that he has been able to photograph the vocal chords while in the act of singing; and a third has illuminated the whole interior of a living fish, so that all the main physiological operations could be witnessed by a class of students. Such services as these could not be rendered by any other known illuminator.—*Chambers's Journal*.

THE ORIGIN OF THE ALPHABET.

BY HENRY BRADLEY.

THAT the Roman alphabet has been developed, by gradual alterations in the forms of the characters, from the Phœnician alphabet of twenty-two letters, is a fact which has been well known ever since the history of writing began to be studied. The question how the Phœnician letters themselves came into existence would, fifty years ago, have seemed to the best scholars incapable of any certain solution; and the problem of tracing to any common source the widely-differing alphabets of the world would have appeared, if possible, still more unpromising. The learned researches of our own day, which have thrown unlooked-for light on so many of the obscurest regions of human history, have resulted in the conclusive settlement of both these questions. It is no longer a matter of doubt that all known alphabets, with scarcely an exception, are descended from that of the Phœnicians, which is itself derived from the hieroglyphics of Egypt. With regard to the precise derivation of individual letters, and even of some entire alphabets, there still remains much to be discovered. But the main outlines of the history of writing have been firmly laid down, and the work which is left for future investigators will be concerned only with matters of detail.

In the two splendid volumes recently published by the Rev. Isaac Taylor,*

the English reader possesses the completest existing summary of the results hitherto yielded by scholarly research with regard to the history of alphabetic signs. The object of this paper is, using principally the materials furnished by Mr. Taylor, to trace the development of our English alphabet from its origin in the monumental writing of Egypt down to its present form. To do this with any degree of fulness would require an extensive use of tables and fac-similes. I shall, however, only aim at presenting a slight and general sketch of the history. For all the minuter details, and for the arguments by which the statements here made are supported, the reader must be referred to Mr. Taylor's work, the remarkable literary qualities of which will be found to impart interest to the discussion of the driest palæographical facts.

The written language of Egypt, with which our story begins, must in its origin have been a language of pictures quite independent of the spoken language of the people by whom it was used. It is as truly a natural human impulse to express thought by means of pictures as by means of sounds. A population of intelligent deaf-mutes (if such an extravagant supposition may be permitted for the sake of illustration) might conceivably in the course of centuries have developed a written language equal in copiousness and precision to any of the spoken languages with which we are acquainted. In such a language the name of a visible object would of

* "The Alphabet: a History of the Origin and Development of Letters." By Isaac Taylor, M.A., LL.D. 2 vols. (Kegan Paul & Co.)

course be its portrait, and abstract ideas would be expressed by pictures in some way capable of suggesting them. The picture-language of Egypt, however, being used not by deaf-mutes, but by men in possession of a spoken language, could not fail, as soon as it began to aim at any high degree of precision, to be more and more conformed to the model of oral speech. When the Egyptian scribe met with a word which he found it difficult to render by a pictorial symbol, it was a natural resource to represent it by the figure of some object whose name coincided with it in sound. By way of illustration, if the English language were written hieroglyphically instead of phonetically, we might render the verb "to read" by the picture of a *reed*. If we were anxious that our picture writing should not share in the ambiguity of our pronunciation, we might prevent all mistake by appending the figure of a book. This procedure would be identical with that which was actually adopted, not only in the Egyptian writing, but in all the other hieroglyphic systems which attained a similar degree of development. The pronunciation of a longer word could sometimes be indicated by a combination of two or more verbal symbols, after the fashion of a "rebus" or "charade." Of the ingenious devices occasionally resorted to by the Egyptian scribes, Mr. Taylor quotes an amusing instance. The name of the lapis lazuli was *khesheb*, and as the words *khesf* and *teb* meant respectively "stop" and "pig," the hieroglyph for *khesheb* was a picture of a man stopping a pig by seizing its tail. Contrivances of this kind, however, failed to meet all the cases in which phonetic representation was desirable. A great step in advance was made by employing certain characters to denote merely the initial syllables of the words which they originally represented. In process of time a limited number out of these syllabic signs came to express merely the initial sound of the syllables for which they stood. In this way there was developed a genuine alphabet, capable of representing phonetically all the words of the spoken language.

The chronological succession of these several stages in the history of the

hieroglyphic system, although absolutely certain, is known to us only as a matter of inference. For in the very oldest specimen of writing in the world, the inscription of King Sent, now at Oxford, the system had already reached the alphabetical stage; the name of the king being expressed by three characters corresponding to the letters S N T. It is interesting to know that this inscription is referred by Egyptologists to a date certainly earlier than that which is given in the margin of our English Bibles as the epoch of the creation of the world. How many centuries must have been required for the previous development of the hieroglyphic writing can only be vaguely conjectured.

It is obvious from what has been said that the Egyptian system of writing was one of enormous complexity. A written character might represent either the visible object whose form it imitated, or some abstract conception of which that object was an emblem, or the mere sound of a word; or it might be used as a syllabic sign or an alphabetic letter; and some characters, moreover, possessed more than one symbolic meaning and more than one phonetic value. The endless ambiguities hence arising had to be prevented by elaborate expedients which must in many cases only have introduced additional perplexity. One would naturally suppose that when the Egyptians had actually achieved the great invention of an alphabet, they would soon have learned to rely upon this powerful instrument exclusively, instead of persevering in the use of a cumbrous mixed system, which it must have required a lifetime to master. Strange to say, however, the hieroglyphic writing continued to be employed with no material simplification until after the Christian era. It is true that the phonetic principle came gradually more and more into use; but to the last, even when a word was spelled alphabetically in full, it was still thought necessary to accompany it with a hieroglyph denoting either the meaning of the word or the class of ideas to which it belonged. That the Egyptians should have been for fifty centuries in the possession of an alphabet, and yet never have practically recognized the incalculable advantage

of a purely alphabetical mode of writing, seems at first sight to indicate a degree of conservative stupidity which is almost miraculous. No doubt this strange phenomenon is in part to be explained by the extraordinary religious reverence for tradition by which the nation was distinguished. It seems probable, however, that it may also have been largely due to the peculiar character of the Egyptian spoken language, which is remarkable for the enormous number of distinct meanings which were expressed by a single sound. The language must in fact have required, in order to be understood, a great deal of help from gesture and intonation, the place of which was supplied in the written language by the "ideographs" and "determinatives." A purely alphabetical system of writing would probably have been as ill adapted to the Egyptian language as to the modern Chinese. However this may be, the fact remains that while the glory of inventing the alphabet belongs to the Egyptians, it was left for another people to take the further step in advance by which that invention became so incalculably important an instrument in the development of human culture.

However well fitted the Egyptian picture-writing might be for monumental purposes, it was in its original form far too laborious, and required far too much skill in its employment, to be available for the needs of every-day life. The attempt to employ the hieroglyphic characters for hurried writing on papyrus naturally resulted in very greatly modifying their forms. More than 2000 years before Christ there had already been developed a style of rapid writing, the signs of which bore only a very vague general resemblance to their pictorial prototypes. During the period in which this current-hand (commonly known as the Early Hieratic) was in use, the north of Egypt was under the sway of a foreign people, kindred, in language at least, with the Phœnicians and the Hebrews. Throughout the five or six centuries of this alien domination, the royal patronage of art and literature ceased to exist, and those ages left no memorials in the form of great public buildings or hieroglyphic inscriptions. But the culture existing among the Egyptian people could not be de-

stroyed, nor could the ruling race fail to be influenced by the superior civilization of their subjects. Many of them doubtless learned to speak the Egyptian language in addition to their own, and some of them would be initiated into the use of the Hieratic writing. It would often happen that in the course of an Egyptian document a Semitic scribe had to write a proper name belonging to his own people, or one of the words which the Egyptians had borrowed from his native tongue. The task would not present any great difficulty; but in accomplishing it the problem of reducing a Semitic language to writing was solved. The further step to a continuous Semitic text would be made almost unconsciously. In this new application of the Hieratic characters the useless symbolic and syllabic signs would naturally be discarded, and the system would be reduced to a simple alphabet, which could easily be learned by persons to whom the Egyptian language was unknown. In this way, rather by an insensible development than by any great exertion of individual inventive genius, the Semites of the Delta came into possession of a purely alphabetic mode of writing, which was communicated by them to their kinsmen on the Asiatic seaboard, through whom it was imparted to the whole civilized world.

The discovery of the derivation of the Phœnician alphabet from the Egyptian was made more than twenty years ago by the great French Egyptologist, Emanuel de Rougé, but the full details were not made known to the world until 1874. Since that date De Rougé's conclusions have met with general acceptance among scholars. One or two dissentient voices have been heard; but it is not probable that scepticism on the subject will long survive the publication of Mr. Taylor's work. Mr. Taylor has furnished accurate copies of early Hieratic characters traced directly from the original papyri, and in an admirably condensed summary of De Rougé's arguments has shown the thoroughly scientific character of the method adopted by the great French scholar. One of the points sometimes brought forward by opponents of De Rougé's theory proves on investigation to yield

important evidence in its favor. It is well known that the names of the twenty-two Phœnician letters were intelligible Semitic words, denoting visible objects, and, of course, beginning with the respective letters to which the names belonged. For example, the letter corresponding to *b* was called *beth*, "house;" *g* was *gimel*, "camel;" and *d* was *daleth*, "door." It has been urged that the natural inference from this nomenclature is that the characters of this alphabet originated in pictures of these objects, which were employed to denote the initial sounds of their Semitic names. This conclusion would be fatal to the theory of their derivation from the Hieratic or any other foreign system of writing; and it is thought to derive support from the resemblances still traceable between the early forms of some of the Phœnician letters and the objects from which they receive their names. It must be admitted that this objection is, at first sight, extremely plausible; but its apparent conclusiveness is entirely destroyed by a consideration of the circumstances under which, according to De Rougé's theory, the Semitic alphabet had its origin.

It is reasonable to suppose that the bilingual Semites of Egypt were acquainted with the Egyptian writing only in its Hieratic form. The Hieratic characters were so greatly modified from their hieroglyphic prototypes that there are only a few out of the alphabetic signs in which the original pictorial intention is discernible. These characters, however, would still continue to be called by the names of the objects the form of which they originally imitated. The letter M, for instance, which in its Hieratic form resembles a rudely-written figure 3, would still retain its name *mulakh*, "an owl." The adapters of this alphabet to Semitic use would, therefore, be familiar with the fact that the Egyptian letters were designated by names of visible objects, to which, except in a few cases, the forms of the characters bore no special resemblance. As these Egyptian names would be unintelligible to those of their kinsmen who knew only their own language, they would naturally be led to substitute for them a set of Semitic object names commencing with the proper initials.

Just in the same manner, as Mr. Taylor points out, the Slavonic nations, in adopting the Greek alphabet, replaced the names of *beta* and *delta* by the words *buki* and *dobro*, meaning "beech" and "oak."

As this analogy shows, there is no necessity for supposing that the Semitic letter-names would in all cases contain some allusion to the shapes of the characters. The essential thing was that they should have the proper initial sound. At the same time, if there were more than one possible object after which a letter could be named, the preference would no doubt be given to one which happened to resemble it in form. This consideration fully accounts for those resemblances which Semitic scholars have long ago pointed out between the early forms of the Phœnician letters and the objects designated by their names; and it supplies, moreover, one of the most striking evidences in favor of the genuineness of De Rougé's discovery. For there are some of the Phœnician letters which in their earliest known forms bear not the faintest resemblance to the objects from which they are named, whereas if we refer to their Hieratic prototypes the appropriateness of the appellations is at once evident. For example, no ingenuity can discover any reason why the Phœnician *g* and *p* should have been called respectively "camel" and "mouth;" but in their Hieratic equivalents it needs little exertion of fancy to see the figures of a couchant camel and of the teeth and lower lip. As ten centuries intervened between the adoption of the Egyptian alphabet by the Phœnicians and the date of its earliest appearance in Semitic inscriptions, it is not wonderful that the forms of the letters should have undergone considerable alterations. The marvel rather is that after the lapse of a thousand years the Phœnician characters should have retained so much resemblance to their Egyptian originals as may be seen in Mr. Taylor's comparative table.

The alphabet thus invented by the Semites of the Delta was adopted by the nations of kindred speech occupying the west of Asia. The forms of the characters underwent diverse modifications in different places, so that in their latest

stages the Hebrew, Syriac, and Arabic alphabets present scarcely any mutual resemblance. From early forms of these alphabets were derived, by a chain of descent which is now clearly established, the countless alphabets of India and Tartary. Utterly divergent as these modes of writing appear, their differences are in no single instance due to arbitrary caprice. Everything is to be ascribed to the involuntary corruptions in the forms of the letters by successive copyists, to the changes in the nature of the writing materials, or to the necessity of distinguishing between characters which had come to resemble each other too closely. It is astonishing how infinitesimal a share mere arbitrary invention has had in the development of the art of writing. Even when in the adoption of a foreign alphabet it was necessary to provide expression for a new sound, recourse was never had to what we might suppose to be the natural expedient of inventing an entirely new letter. The nations who have borrowed the alphabet of another language have in general at first contented themselves with rendering their own peculiar sounds by the symbols most nearly corresponding to them, and afterward, when the double phonetic value of a letter was found to be inconvenient, they have effected the necessary distinction by adding a dot or a dash, or otherwise slightly altering the form of the character. Not unfrequently, the alternative forms of the same letter, arising from individual diversities of handwriting, were seized upon as a means of expressing differences of sound. It seems as though the human race had determined, in the framing of phonetic signs, to economize its stock of inventive power to the very uttermost.

Our present concern, however, is with the changes which the Phœnician alphabet underwent in its adoption by the Greeks. The great defect of the Phœnician system of writing was that it provided for the expression of consonant sounds only. This deficiency was of very little consequence so long as the use of the alphabet was confined to the Semitic languages, in which the vowels are so comparatively unimportant that their omission in writing occasions scarcely any inconvenience to a native reader. But for the writing of Greek

words a complete vowel-notation was an absolute necessity. The Phœnician alphabet itself, however, afforded a singularly easy means of supplying this want. The first letter, *aleph*, properly represented an almost inaudible breathing, but it was so frequently followed by the vowel *a* that it was naturally adopted as the expression of that sound. For a similar reason the Semitic *h* was taken to denote the vowel *e*. The vowels *u* and *i* were expressed by the Semitic characters for *w* and *y*, which at the end of a word had probably already in Phœnician come to be pronounced as vowels. There thus remained only the vowel *o*, for which the Greeks chose the Semitic *ayin*, the original sound of which was a soft guttural breathing.

By means of these contrivances, the Greeks were for a time able to content themselves with the original twenty-two letters of the Phœnicians. The primitive Greek alphabet may be approximately represented by taking the modern printed capitals as far as T, and inserting in their proper places three other letters which in later times went out of use. Those lost letters are *wau*, which followed E, and had the form of our English F and the sound of *w*; *san*, shaped nearly like M, and pronounced *s*; and *koppa*, resembling our Q, and sounded as *k*. The two last of these letters were placed between II and P. At an early date the Greeks added a twenty-third letter, *I* or V (*upsilon*), which was originally nothing else than an alternative form of the Phœnician *wau*, but was reserved to express the vowel sound of that letter, the consonantal power of which was denoted by F. The process by which the four concluding letters of the later Greek alphabet were developed is extremely interesting, but its history does not belong to the special subject of this paper.

Some of the letters of the Phœnician alphabet, in their original use, denoted sounds which were unknown in the Greek language. The Semitic *hheth* was a strong guttural aspirate, and when first adopted by the Greeks was used to express the sound of *h*. It afterward became the symbol of the combination *he*, and finally of the long *ē*. The three letters which the Greeks named *theta*,

san, and *koppa* originally denoted peculiarly strong sounds of *t*, *s*, and *k*. *San* and *koppa* were not distinguished in Greek pronunciation from *sigma* and *kappa*, and therefore were dropped in the later alphabet. *Theta* was at first employed to express the sound of *t* when followed by *h* (ΘH), and subsequently was used by itself as the sign of the complex sound *th*. It should be understood that the ancient sound of *theta* was not that of the English *th* in the word "thorn," but that of the same letters in "neatherd." The omission of *wau* from the later alphabet was due to the fact that the sound which it represented had died out in Greek pronunciation.

The most conspicuous of the changes introduced by the Greeks in the Phœnician graphic system was that relating to the direction of the writing. The Phœnicians wrote from right to left; the Greeks of the classical period wrote as we do, from left to right. This change was of course not made suddenly. The oldest Greek inscriptions began at the right hand, but at a very early date the Greeks adopted the practice of writing in the manner known by the ingenious name of *boustrophedon* (ploughing-fashion); that is to say, the first line ran from right to left, and the next line from left to right. When the lines of an inscription were long and not very straight, this mode of writing had considerable advantages both for the writer and the reader. In course of time the superior convenience of moving the hand in writing away from the body instead of across it led to the practice of beginning always from the left. This innovation was adopted independently in several different places, and became universal toward the end of the sixth century B.C.

In what has been said in a preceding paragraph, it is, of course, not intended to be implied that the Greek printed capitals represent the exact forms of the letters as they appear in early inscriptions. Some of the modern characters, in fact, differ very considerably from their ancient types; and each of the various portions of the Greek world had its own characteristic style of writing. The colonies which went out from Greece to the countries bordering on the Mediterranean carried with them

the peculiar alphabets of their respective cities, and imparted the knowledge of them to the "barbarian" populations among whom they dwelt. The source from which the various native peoples of Italy derived their written characters is shown by Mr. Taylor to have been the Chalcidian colony of Cumæ, in Campania. Vases have been found in Italy with the alphabet scratched upon them, apparently intended to serve as lesson-books for the children of the Greek settlers. This alphabet consisted of the 22 original Phœnician letters, with the addition of *upsilon*, and characters expressing the sounds of *x*, *ph*, and *ch*. The addition of *x* (the form of which was a cross, +) seems singular, since the letter *xi* was retained in its regular alphabetic place. The older form of *xi*, however (a cross inside a square), does not occur in any inscription written in the Chalcidian type of characters. It is possible that this earlier form may have retained its Phœnician value of *s*, while the simplified form acquired the power of *x*, and was placed as a separate letter at the end of the alphabet.

In adopting the alphabet of the Campanian Greeks, the several Italian peoples modified it in different ways, so that the alphabets of the Etruscans, the Latins, the Oscans, and the Umbrians were materially divergent. The original Latin alphabet consisted of the following 21 letters, the forms of which are fairly represented by the modern capitals:

A B C D E F Z H I K L M N O P Q
R S T V X.

This alphabet is identical with that of the Greeks of Cumæ, except for slight variations in the form of some of the letters, and the omission of *theta*, *xi*, *san*, *phi*, and *chi*. One or two of the characters, however, underwent a change of pronunciation. The Latin language required a character to denote the sound of *f*, for which the Greek alphabet provided no exact equivalent. We might have supposed that the Latins would for this purpose have adopted the letter *phi*, the early pronunciation of which was that of *p*, followed by *h*, nearly as in our word shepherd. What they actually did was to give the power of *f* to the Greek *wau*. It is possible that the Campanian colonists pro-

nounced this letter as *wh*, a sound which has a tendency to pass into *f*, as in the Aberdeen pronunciation of "fat," "far," for what and where. The letter V was taken to express the sound of *w* as well as that of *u*. As the Romans in the early stages of their history came very largely under the influence of their Etruscan neighbors, in whose language the sound of *g* did not exist, the third letter of the alphabet came to be used indifferently for *g* and *k*. Afterward a distinction was made by adding a little stroke to the tail of the C when it stood for *g*. When the Z fell into disuse, the new character G was inserted in the vacant seventh place in the alphabet.

The Roman alphabet ended with X down to the first century B.C., when the large importation of Greek words into the Latin language rendered necessary the introduction of two supplementary characters. One of these was Y, the contemporary form of the Greek *upsilon*; that letter having undergone a change in pronunciation since the time when it was adopted into the Latin alphabet as V. The other was Z, which, as we have seen, the Romans had formerly discarded as useless.

In modern times three new letters, J, U, and W, have been added to the classical Latin alphabet. The process by which these letters were evolved (*invented*, in the popular sense of the word, they never were) is very easily traced. The Latin I, when preceding a vowel, was pronounced as *y*, and in the middle ages this sound passed into *dy* or *dzh*. The letter, therefore, had two very different sounds according to its position. Now in the manuscripts of the 15th century it became customary to write an initial I with a curved flourish. There thus arose two distinct forms of the character. These were adopted by the early printers, but were still employed merely as initial and medial forms respectively; and it was not until long after the invention of printing that the J (the "long I," as it was called, from being continued below the line) came to be appropriated to the consonant power of the letter. In the same way the Roman V retained its original form at the beginning of words, while in other positions the later rounded form U was employed. In the printed English books of the

Elizabethan period this rule still continued to be followed. We find, for instance, such spelling as "Vp to heauen." Under the Stuart reigns the printers began to treat the two characters as signs of different phonetic values. It is only in the present century, however, that our English dictionaries have fully recognized I and J, and U and V, as distinct letters.

Soon after the Christian era the Roman V acquired the pronunciation which it now has in the Romance languages and in English. The *w* sound, which existed in the Teutonic languages, had, therefore, no proper sign in the Roman alphabet. As this sound was regarded as a reduplication of the vowel *u*, it was written either as *uu*, or with two *v*'s or *u*'s interlaced. This complex character is the parent of our English W. It is curious to note that the original Semitic *wau* has been differentiated in our English alphabet into five letters, F, U, V, W, and Y.

In addition to the printed capitals, the derivation of which has now been traced, the English alphabet is familiar to us under seven other forms; namely, the small or "lower case" Roman types, and the large and small forms of the Italic, black-letter, and written characters. Widely as these various scripts have diverged from each other, they have all been developed, by successive slight modifications, from the old Roman capitals. The origin of these secondary varieties of the alphabet goes back to classical times. It is now known that besides the square capitals used in inscriptions and books, the ancient Romans had another set of characters more suitable to rapid writing, and employed for business papers and correspondence. Until the eighth century of the Christian era this "Roman cursive," variously modified, was used throughout Europe for the ordinary purposes of writing, while the "uncials" or rounded capitals were employed for books. It has resulted from the researches of Mr. Taylor that, at some time not later than the fifth century, the cursive character underwent development into a formal book hand, the outlines being rounded and made regular, so that the writing came to resemble the uncial in its general physiognomy,

though not in the shapes of the individual letters. This new uncial, of which very few continental examples are known to exist, was carried by missionaries to Ireland, where it became the basis of the ornate caligraphy for which the Irish scribes were famous. The Irish missionaries introduced their peculiar form of writing into Northumbria. From Northumbria it passed, through the agency of the famous Englishman, Ealhwine (Alcuinus), to the court of Charlemagne, and was transformed into the character known as the Caroline minuscule, which rapidly superseded both the uncials and the various continental forms of current-hand. The new style of writing was at first remarkable for its compactness and legibility, but after the lapse of four or five centuries it began to degenerate into the straggling and intricate black-letter. The scholars of the Italian Renaissance, however, modelled their own handwriting after the more elegant character which they found in the classical manuscripts of the tenth and eleventh centuries. The types used by the early printers of northern Europe were imitated from the contemporary manuscript black-letter, while the printers of Rome and Venice copied the neater writing in use in their own country, which thus became the parent of our modern Roman and italic letters. The modern written characters are derived partly from the manuscript black-letter, and partly from the Italian handwriting of the Renaissance. Into the origin of the individual letters of the various modern minuscule alphabets it is impossible here to enter. It may, however, be mentioned that the dot over the *i* was introduced in mediæval manuscripts for the sake of legibility. Without the aid of some such mark it would have been impossible to distinguish between *iu* and *ui*, when written with the letters joined together. The dot over the *j*, although not necessary for the purpose of distinction, was added in consequence of the original identity of this letter with *i*.

It remains to say a few words respecting the names of the letters. The names *alpha*, *beta*, *gamma*, *delta*, etc., which the Greeks had borrowed from the Semitic nations, seem to have been at first adopted by the Romans. As, however,

these designations were found too cumbersome to be used in the spelling of words, they were discarded, and their place was supplied by the monosyllables *a*, *be*, *ce*, *de*, etc., which have been retained by the modern nations of Europe. These names require little explanation. The apparent anomaly of saying *ef*, *el*, *em*, *en*, *er*, *es*, instead of *fe*, *le*, *me*, etc., is to be accounted for on the "principle of least effort;" the "continuous" consonants being easier to pronounce at the end of a syllable, while the "stopped" consonants naturally prefer an initial position. The name *zed* is the Greek *zeta*, the letter, as has already been shown, having been of late introduction into the Latin alphabet. The only one of the Roman names of letters which presents any difficulty is that of *H*, which from the Romance forms would seem to have been *acca*. This does not appear at first sight a very natural designation for the sign of the aspirate. But it is probable that the Early Roman pronunciation of *H* resembled the modern German *ch*. The name of the letter would, therefore, most likely be *ach* or *acha*, which, when the guttural sound disappeared from the language, would naturally become *acca*. Our English alphabetic names (except those of *J*, *W*, *X*, and *Y*) are borrowed from the French names, with which they coincide in spelling. We have, however, turned *er* (*R*) into *ar*, in obedience to the same tendency which leads us to pronounce the word sergeant as *sargeant*. The English name of *Y* is peculiar to this country, and its singularity has often been remarked. The reason "why we call *Y wi*" would seem to be as follows. The original English power of *y* resembled that of the French *u*. As in the case of the other vowels, the sound expressed by the letter was taken as its name. When this sound became obsolete in the language, the nearest possible rendering of the alphabetic name was *ui* (pronounced *oo ee*), which would regularly develop into the modern *wi*.

In reviewing the long and varied history which Mr. Taylor has so skilfully expounded, and a small portion of which we have here attempted to summarize, it is impossible not to be impressed by the completeness with which modern discoveries have established the univer-

sal prevalence of fixed natural law in a domain in which the earlier inquirers saw little but arbitrary caprice. The change in the attitude of scientific investigation of this subject is strictly parallel to the revolution which has been effected in the study of organic nature by the adoption of the principle of evolution. So perfect, indeed is the analogy, that Mr. Taylor, in describing the development of alphabetic symbols, falls naturally into the continual use of

Darwinian language. The science of alphabets, in addition to its intrinsic interest, and the aid which it contributes to the solution of great historical problems, thus possesses a further claim to attention, as furnishing one more confirmation of the principle that the reign of natural law extends to the phenomena of human progress no less than to the changes of the material universe.—*Gentleman's Magazine.*

HISTORIC LONDON.

BY FREDERICK HARRISON.

As I walk about the streets of this most mighty, most wonderful, most unlovely, and yet most memorable of cities, my mind is torn by a tumult of emotions and thoughts. What a record of power and life in those eighteen centuries since the Roman historian spoke of it as "especially famous for the crowd of its merchants and their wares." What a world of associations cling to the very stones, and names, and sites of it still! Can any city show so great an array of buildings and scenes identified with poetry and literature, and with the memories of poets and thinkers of so high an order? In its parks, in its river, in its matchless group of buildings at Westminster, in the peculiar beauty of some sunset effects, it has still, I think, certain elements of charm which no northern city surpasses. And then, with the super elements of interest and beauty, what endless tracts of ugliness, squalor, and meanness! What a prison-house, or workhouse, is it to some three millions at least of the four millions who dwell here! What a puzzle without hope does it seem, this evergrowing wen, in which we seem to be madly trampling life out of each other as a mob in a panic! And how it maddens one to think that it is within the lifetime of some of us that this extreme monstrosity of bulk has been piled upon our poor city; that but a few years since some of its most memorable and beautiful buildings have been destroyed; that improvements and restoration have wrought their worst under our own eyes. More real

ruin has been done to old London within my own memory than in the two centuries which preceded it. More old spots disappear now every ten years than in any century of an earlier time. The Great Fire itself was hardly more destructive than are the railways; and the "boards" are more terrible to such a city than armies of foreign invaders. At times I could almost wish that if the New Zealander is ever to sit on the broken arches of London Bridge and muse upon the ruins of this city, the ruin might take place before London consists of nothing but American hotels, railway stations, and stucco terraces. In a few years London will be only a grimy Chicago, or stuffy New York. The poet will cry again—"Etiam perire ruinæ."

Let us put aside the darker, more discouraging side of this strange city; its monotony, its meanness, its horrors, the huge areas of ugliness, and portentous piles of brick and iron which modern ideas of progress have given it. Within this century about a dozen American cities of the fourth class have been dropped down over a large part of the counties of Middlesex and Surrey; and within the same period the river-side has been covered from Putney to Woolwich with some twenty miles of city of the iron and cotton country type. Within twenty years the river has been crossed and the city pierced by enormous railroads. But all this is not London. Let us think of London as many of us can remember it—a very big city,

but neither a country covered with bricks nor a huge terminus; before avenues, American hotels, and mammoth warehouses were invented.

This London, I make bold to say is of all cities north of the Alps the most rich in local interest. In certain elements of historical interest it surpasses indeed, Rome itself, Athens, Jerusalem, Venice, or Paris. There is no single spot in London so memorable as the Forum and the Acropolis or the Mount of Olives; none so romantic as the Piazza of San Marco; and Paris has a history almost more fascinating than London. But the historic buildings of Paris have suffered even more than those of London from destruction and restoration. Paris has no Tower, no Westminster Hall, no Temple, and no Guildhall. The history of Venice is at most that of some four or five centuries; that of Jerusalem is made up of broken fragments; that of Athens is but the history of some two centuries. Nay, even the majestic memories of Rome are broken by vast gulfs and blanks; it wants any true continuity, and there is no monumental continuity at all.

Now that which gives London its supreme claim as a historic city is made up of many concurrent qualities. In the first place stands the continuity in the local history of London. To put all probabilities and uncertain origins aside, there is a definite record of London as a city for 1823 years. During that period there is a history (not more broken than that of England), and a constant succession of local and visible traces. Though London was never a Roman city of the first order, the general scheme of Roman London can still be traced; there is an adequate body of Roman remains; there are Roman bricks in the fragments of the city walls; and the White Tower stands on the foundation of a Roman bastion. For the thousand years which separate us from the days of Alfred the history of London is complete, and that history can be traced in an almost continuous series of local associations, and for the last eight centuries it exists in an almost regular series of monuments or fragments. Some few of the cities of Europe have an even longer historic record.

Some few of them have a more perfect monumental record. But such cities as Treves, Lyons, Milan or York, obviously belong to the second class of cities, whatever their antiquarian interest. To rank with the four or five great historic cities of the world we must look to mass, unbroken sequence of local association, and dominant place in the history of the world over a long course of centuries. Marseilles, Florence, Venice, Genoa, Rouen, Cordova and Cologne—even Athens, Naples, Moscow and Prague fail before this test. And of European cities alone can be counted—in the first rank of great historic capitals—Rome, Constantinople, Paris, and London.

Now I do not hesitate to say that no one of these surpasses London (I doubt if any one of them equals London) in the degree in which existing buildings, and recognized sites can be identified with history, literature, and the human interest of mankind, in so great a volume and over so vast an unbroken period. Even at Rome all the greater remnants of the ancient world belong to the later Empire and the age of decay. The Colosseum, the vastest of the ruins, tells of no great age or man, of nothing but abomination. No great Roman that we know of can be certainly connected with the arch of Constantine, or the baths of Caracalla, or the walls of Aurelian. The very site of the Capitol, the plan of the forum are disputed. There is hardly a vestige of the city of Coriolanus, of Scipio, and of Julius; hardly any trace of the mediæval church; little anywhere but the monuments of pride, rapacity, tyranny, and luxury. The same is true of Constantinople in a far greater degree—of almost all the historic cities of the world. This want of continuity is pre-eminently true of Paris. What we see there to-day, the spots that we can verify precisely, are not those of their greatest memories, are not exactly identified with great men, and do not form one immense continuous series. Even Paris has not played, until within three or four centuries, that dominant part in French history, which London has played in the history of England for six or seven centuries. Paris has far fewer records of the feudal ages than London; and it is hopelessly Hauss-

mannized. Nor is old Paris identified as old London is with so great a mass of poetic associations.

London has been, since the Conquest, the real centre of government, of the thought, the growth, the culture and the life of the nation. No other city in Europe has kept that prerogative unbroken for eight centuries until our own day. At the very utmost, Paris has possessed it for not more than four centuries, and in an incomplete manner for at least half of these four. The capitals of Prussia, Austria, Russia and Spain are merely the artificial work of recent ages, and the capitals of Italy and Greece are mere antiquarian revivals. England was centralized earlier than any other European nation; and thus the congeries of towns that we now call London, has formed, from the early days of our monarchy, the essential seat of government, the military headquarters, the permanent home of the law, the connecting link between England and the Continent, and one of the great centres of the commerce of Europe. Hence it has come about that the life of England has been concentrated on the banks of the Thames more completely and for a longer period, than the life of any great nation has been concentrated in any single modern city. When we add to that fact the happy circumstance that at least down to the memory of living men, London retained a more complete series of public monuments, a more varied set of local associations, more noble buildings bound up with the memory of more great events and more great men than any single city in Europe (except perhaps Rome itself), we come to the conclusion that London is a city unsurpassed in historic interest.

The true historic spirit I hold, looks on the history, at least of Europe, as a living whole, and as a complete organic life. I know it is the fashion to pick and choose epochs as supreme, to back races as favorites, to find intense beauty here and utter abomination there. But the real historic interest lies in the succession of all the ages, in the variety, the mass, the human vitality of the record. Now the peculiar glory of London is to possess this local monumental record in a more complete and continuous way than any city perhaps in

Europe. We can trace it when the Fort of the Lake, the original Llyn-din, was one of two or three knolls rising out of fens, salt estuaries and tidal swamps. We can make out the plan of the Roman city; we have still the Roman milestone, fragments of Roman walls and of Roman houses, and the line of Roman streets. From thence to the Conquest we can identify the sites of a series of buildings civil and ecclesiastical, and have scores of local names which remain to this day. From the eleventh century downward we have a continuous series of remains in the foundations of the Abbey, in the White Tower, in the Temple Church, St. Bartholomew's, St. Saviour's, and the other city churches; and so all through the Feudal period we have some record in the Tower, the Guildhall, the magnificent group of buildings at Westminster, the remnants of the Savoy, Crosby Hall, and Lambeth Palace. Of the Tudor and Jacobean age, we have seen the tower gateways of St. James's, of Lincoln's Inn, and St. John's, Clerkenwell, the Middle Temple Hall, the banqueting hall at Whitehall, Holland House, many of the halls of city companies and of lawyers, old Northumberland House, Fulham Palace, and many a house and tavern frequented by the poets, wits, and statesmen of the seventeenth century. Thence, from the fire downward, the record is complete and ample, with St. Paul's and the other churches of Wren, Temple Bar and the Monument, and scores of houses and buildings which are identified with the literature, the statesmanship, and the movement of the eighteenth century from Newton and Dryden down to Byron and Lamb.

There is no city in the world (not Rome or Athens itself) which has been inhabited, and loved, and celebrated by so glorious a roll of poets extending over so long a period. Through all the five centuries from the days of Chaucer and Longland to our own time a succession of poets and thinkers have lived in London, have spoken of its aspect, and can be traced to this day in their homes and haunts. We can follow Chaucer, and Piers Ploughman, and Froissart, and Caxton, More, and Bacon, Shakespeare, Ben Jonson and Milton, Raleigh and Cromwell, Pope and Dryden,

Newton and Wren, Addison, Swift, Goldsmith and Johnson, Chatham and Burke ; we can look on the houses they dwelt in, on the scenes they frequented, see what they saw, and stand where they trod. The London of Shakespeare alone would fill a volume with the history of the localities where he can be traced, the buildings which he describes, and the local color which warms so many of his dramas. If we gather up in memory all the scenes that he paints in the Tower, in the city, on the river, in the Abbey or the Abbot's House, in the Jerusalem room, in the Temple gardens, in Crosby Hall, in Guildhall, and remember that *Twelfth Night* was performed in the Middle Temple Hall as we have it, we shall get some notion of the stamp which the genius of the greatest of poets has set upon the stones of the greatest of cities.

Next to Shakespeare himself comes Milton, a more thorough Londoner, and whose many homes, birthplace, and burial-place, we have or lately had. So, too, Dryden, Pope, Handel, Addison, Swift, Fielding, Richardson, Johnson, Goldsmith, Burke, Garrick, Hogarth, Reynolds, Turner, Byron, Lamb, Dickens, Thackeray, and De Quincey—strike out of our literature, our history, our law, our art, all that is locally associated with definite spots of London, London sights, London life, and London monuments, and the gap would be huge.

The features of London are themselves so vast, their local history is so rich, that they each have a history of their own. No city in Europe possesses a river like the Thames with its leagues of historic buildings along its course, its mighty ports, and bridges, and docks ; nor have the Rhine, or the Tiber, a closer association with poetry, literature and art. Our history and our literature abound with memories of the river. Nor has any city of Europe so great an array of parks associated as much with poetry, literature, and art, each with a long history, and endless traditions of its own. The parks of Paris, Berlin, St. Petersburg, or New York are modern pleasure grounds of yesterday, without the secular avenues, the ancient names, and the famous sites of ours.

In influence upon art, no one would compare the Seine with the Thames, or in immemorial charm contrast Longchamps with Kensington Gardens. In no capital in the world can we find a fortress such as the Tower, so ancient, so vast, so rich in centuries of historic memories, and so closely allied with splendid poetry. No other city possesses two such cathedrals as the Abbey and St. Paul's, each in the front rank of their respective forms of art, and both consecrated by an immense army of buried worthies and historic scenes.

How comes it that our city which has, in five or six of the elements of a great historic capital, qualities so supreme ; which possesses the most venerable cathedral, the most historic castle, the most famous hall which still remains upon the earth ; which has most noble remnants of all forms of Gothic art, both civil and religious, of all forms of Tudor art, of the classical Renaissance, and of the modern rococo art ; a city whose monuments and localities are enshrined in ten thousand pages of our literature ; where we can even yet trace the footsteps of the larger half of all our famous men ; a city where in a summer's day you may pass across the record of eighteen centuries in stone, or in name, or in plan—how comes it that this city which has been the stage for so large a part of English history, and the delight of so glorious a roll of English genius—is to some of us a place of weariness and gloom ?

It is only, I think, within this nineteenth century that London has ceased to be loved and honored. As I walk about its streets, and try to forget the monotonous range of stucco palaces and dismal streets we see, and recall the look of it when silver Thames flowed between gardens, towers, and spires, the music of a hundred lines is wont to ring in my ears. I fancy I can see the pilgrims setting forth from the "Tabard" in Southwark, or with Shakespeare "Stand in Temple Gardens and behold, London herself on her proud stream afloat," and walk about with old Stow, or visit the tombs with Sir Roger, or so musing I go and see Goldie's grave, and Johnson's house in Gough Square, and the fountain in the Temple, dear to Lamb, to Dickens, and to Thackeray.

London within this century has grown to be four times what it was at the end of the last century ; and perhaps it is this portentous bulk which prevents us from seeing, or knowing, London at all. We cannot be persuaded that our city still possesses works of incomparable beauty and historic interest, and that the mass and sequence of them, and their literary associations have hardly any equal in the world. We undervalue our city when we talk so continually of its smoke, its horrors, and its ugliness. Historic interest is not the same thing as artistic beauty ; and picturesque elements may still manage to survive in a wilderness of grimy brick. London is not one, but ten or twelve great cities ; it is the only city in the world, which is at once the centre of a vast empire, the port of the commerce of the world, the seat of the finance of the world, the home of the oldest monarchy, of the oldest parliament, and some of the oldest foundations, religious, legal, and municipal to be found in Europe. Though it has no palaces to compare with those of Paris, it has fragments of palaces even older, and parks which have even more beauty, and as much historic interest as palaces. As the Thames is a commercial port which has no rival but the Mersey, as London is a larger manufacturing centre than Birmingham or Leeds, as the historic buildings of London are in foundation, at least, older than those of Florence, Venice, or Pisa, as its parks exceed in varied beauty any other open spaces in Europe, London has over and above its huge and melancholy bulk, at least four elements, each one of which would make a city of the first class.

There are in London three great buildings, or groups of buildings, which, in their combination of artistic and historic interest, are absolutely without a rival in Europe. These, of course, are the Tower, the Abbey and its surroundings, and Westminster Hall, and other remnants of the Old Palace. If to these we were to add two other buildings of a very different kind, I mean the Temple and Holland House, we have those buildings, of all others it may be, in Europe of a private, and not a public, kind, where rare beauty is to be found in connection with an immense record of as-

sociation with literature and with history.

Each of the three great monuments is of its kind among the noblest in the world ; each of them has been for centuries an organ of our national life. That life has never been interrupted in any of them. They still survive in all their essential character. They still belong to the dynasty which built them, and they still serve the uses for which they were originally designed. They are all associated with our history and our literature as hardly any buildings now extant are. In their combination in the continuity of their record, and in their own separate interest, they give London a character which no living city in the world retains.

Of the three buildings, the Tower is the oldest, and, in some ways, the most unique. It shares with the castles of Windsor, Avignon, the Palazzo Vecchio, and the Kremlin the rare peculiarity of being a mediæval fortress of the first class which has not become a ruin or a fragment. But the Tower in its central part is far older than them all. The races which built the Kremlin and the minarets on the Bosphorus were wandering robbers and herdsmen when the White Tower was the home of the most powerful kings in Europe. And as to the Vatican, the Escorial, and the Louvre, much in the stirring tale of the Tower was ancient history before the foundations of these palaces were laid. The White Tower has an authentic history of more than 800 years, and there is every reason to believe that beneath and around it are still remains of the Roman fortification of Londinium. But for the eight centuries of its certain history, the White Tower has guarded the symbols of our national power. The descendant of the Conqueror still holds it for the same uses. When the White Tower first rose over the Thames, the nations we now call France, Germany, Austria, Spain, and Russia did not exist as nations at all. And now, when the Bastille of Paris has disappeared for almost a century, and the republics which built the palaces of Florence, and Venice, and Ghent, and Bruges have been extinct for centuries, the Tower of the Normans has continued after them as long as it existed before them. It is

neither a ruin, nor a museum, nor a site. It is still in the nineteenth century what it was in the eleventh—the central fortress of the kingdom which the Normans founded; it still guards the crown of Alfred, the Confessor, the Conqueror: it is still a martial camp, and guard to this day is changed day and night in the name of the descendant of King Wilhelm. And its towers recall more passages in the history and the poetry of our nation than perhaps any other building in the world records those of any other nation.

It may be that the Tower is modernized to the eye by wanton and stupid restoration. It is quite true that in magnificence and pictorial charm it cannot compare with Carcassonne, Loches, the Kremlin, or the Palazzo Vecchio. But the old stones in the Tower behind the wretched rubble facing, and the old bloodstained mould beneath the encaustic tiles of St. Peter's are just as real as ever. The Tower is only modernized skin-deep; and in some ways it is far more truly interesting to the historic eye, because it is not a mere picturesque ruin, a long-abandoned pile. Its very modern air, is, in one sense, its surprising feature. It looks almost a recent work, because it has never ceased to be used for the end for which it was designed. It may be doubted if any civil building in the world has so long a continuous history. There are tombs and churches of twice its age; there are ruined castles and walls of far greater antiquity. Priests say mass in the baths of Diocletian; the tomb of Hadrian is converted into a fortress; the square temple of Nemausus is a picture-gallery; and bulls are baited in the amphitheatre of Arles. But the Tower is the only civil edifice remaining in the world which has stood for eight centuries serving the same dynasty and the same national life, in unbroken continuity of service; and in those eight centuries it has known no period of degradation or decay, but rather has witnessed a splendid series of great men and memorable deeds.

The Tower is by no means the mere collection of armories, dungeons, and torture-chambers that the casual sight-seer thinks it. Its true historical character is that of seat of our early govern-

ment, residence of the kings, and headquarters of their forces. It is palace, fortress, council-hall, and treasure-house, quite as much as prison. Indeed it is only a prison because it is a strong place. For five centuries, from the days of the first Normans to that of the last Tudor, it was from time to time the official residence of our kings, and hence the scene of much of our political history. Plantagenets and Tudors have all inhabited it; for nearly three centuries our kings started from it on their coronation ceremony. Two kings, four queens, and many princes and princesses died there. Many have been born there, and two, as we know, were buried in its walls. Its two churches, the Norman St. John's, and the late-pointed St. Peter's, are both among the most historic and touching of the monuments which the Middle Ages have left us. There is hardly any other building in Europe, and certainly none in England, of which it can be certainly said, as it can of St. John's Church in the White Tower, that it stands to-day (but for some wanton and foolish scraping) much as it was in the days of our Norman and Angevin kings, when there were gathered in it the men who first fashioned the map of Europe. Of St. Peter's-on-the-Green it may be said that the Abbey itself has no such pathos. Beneath that floor and beside those walls, which ecclesiologic childishness has pranked out with trumpery restorations, there moulder the headless bones of men and women whose passion, pride, crimes, or sufferings fill the annals and poetry of our race.

In this matter there is surely one protest to make, one appeal to urge. The Tower is beyond all question the most historic feudal relic now extant in Europe. It contains almost the only chambers of the early Middle Ages to which we can assign any definite history, and point as the actual dwelling-place of historical persons. Some of the most important of these, and the prisons of Elizabeth, and Raleigh, and More, and Lady Jane Grey, are practically closed to the public. The fact that the Tower still contains a considerable population and some scores of families is a great danger to its safety, degrades and vulgarizes it, and excludes the public from

the use of it. The Tower should be entirely cleared of all inhabitants except the necessary force of soldiers, and the warders in their old Tudor uniform. The place should be protected against fire as carefully as the Record Office or the British Museum; mere rubbish and modern carpentry should be cleared away, and the old stones left bare without Brummagem "restorations."

In the Abbey, Englishmen have a building which has become to them the typical shrine of their history and national glory, which fires the imagination and makes their heart throb, as no extant building in Europe affects any other people. To some degree the Kremlin exerts the same spell over the Russian; but the *genius loci* is less concentrated, it is incomparably lower and coarser in its power, and has a far less ancient and splendid record. France has no such monumental centre of its national memory; nor has Italy, nor Germany, nor Spain. But the Abbey is still to Englishmen all that the Temple of Solomon was to the Hebrew, and the tomb of the Prophet to the Arab, and the shrines of Olympia to the Greek, or that of Jupiter on the Capitol to the Roman; and not to Englishmen only, but to some sixty millions of English-speaking people in so many parts of this planet. To all of them the Abbey is grown to be a glorified Kaaba, a splendid and poetic Fetich in stone, which seems to them the emblem of our English spirit, and the resting-place of whatever England has ever held most venerable. It is no longer church, no longer cemetery—the tombs and the throne of kings are but part of its possession; no museum holds things so precious; no historical building has so vast a record of associations. Its very name has passed into our language as the synonym for national honor. St. Denis is to-day a whited sepulchre, where spruce revivalism is still scraping and bedecking in loathsome gaudiness the empty and ruined tombs. Rheims, too, once even more beautiful than the Abbey, is being scraped and trimmed like an American corpse prepared by the embalmers for the undertaker's show. Its historical memories have little power over modern Frenchmen. The magic and the mystery have left Notre Dame;

the Campo Santo of Pisa, and the Duomo of Florence or of Venice are not national at all, but provincial; and the Cathedral of Cologne is an academic product of German Geist and Teutonic Kunst. But the Abbey is a building which has an inimitable power over the imaginations and the sympathies of a great race.

The Abbey is so vast a pile, and its associations are so far-reaching that like London itself we fail to grasp its dignity as a whole. It is not one building, but a great assemblage of buildings, each one of which has a story that would put it in the front of the secular monuments of Europe. With its history that reaches back for eleven centuries, and with remains still visible which go back to the Confessor, it is one of the oldest foundations in England, and one of the most perfect remnants of pure mediæval work. Since the walls that we see rest in part on foundations anterior to the Conquest, and the history of the church has been unbroken since the time of the Confessor, we may properly speak of the Abbey as one and the same monument. In that sense no church in the world can show so long a succession of historical scenes. It is possible, but doubtful, that some other mediæval work has an equal assemblage of various groups of beauty; but none other, assuredly, has such inexhaustible sources of interest and pathos. How they crowd on the memory at once! The tombs of saints which have become shrines and pilgrimages; the long succession of ceremonials of state, coronations, marriages, funerals, and national manifestations of joy and grief; the rows of tombs from the majestic simplicity of that of the first great Edward; the helmet and saddle of Henry; the exquisite art of Henry Tudor's, and the desecrated vault where Cromwell lay; the historic throne, and the legendary stone—

"The base foul stone, made precious by the
foil
Of England's chair."

"The monumental sword that conquer'd France," the shield of state, the banners and helmets over the tombs, the quaint history of the Order of the Bath with its five centuries of fantastic mediævalism, the rare and suggestive

paintings on the walls, the vast city of tombs and monuments—philosophers, artists, statesmen, soldiers—the scenes of Shakespeare which every corner of it recalls, the memorable passages in history, the exquisite prattle of Sir Roger, the talk of Johnson and Goldsmith, the wit of Pope, the verses of Wordsworth and Scott, the prose of Irving and Lamb—the echo of a thousand pages in our literature and our history—all these make up a charm which in mass and in beauty invest no other building in the world.

I am not myself very greatly interested in public ceremonials, as such, be they royal coronations or the burial of celebrities, and I leave it to heralds and courtiers and newsmen to gloat over these things as they please. Nor do I care overmuch about mediæval saints. But the historic spirit cannot forget that the annals of the Abbey have a very different significance. In these various occasions of public ceremonial there took part, we may remember, all the men recorded in our history—the statesmen, the soldiers, the lawyers, the poets, the men of every department of greatness. All of these from time to time for eight centuries have been gathered in that building to open or to close a new reign or a new dynasty, to celebrate some national festival, to bury some national hero, to muse upon the relics of the past, to weep over the body of some inimitable genius as the thrice-sacred dust was piled upon the dust of him they had loved. Yes! there is no building in the world where human sympathy has poured forth in such torrents, in ways so great and various, and over so vast an epoch of time.

The Abbey, as I say, is not one building, but an assemblage of buildings; and each one has a history of itself. The remnants of the old Benedictine Abbey are in themselves extraordinarily beautiful, and charged with memories and associations. The conventual edifices still left in Europe undestroyed and undesecrated are not so many but what these stand in the front rank. The Cloisters, the Abbot's House, and the Refectory, the Muniment Room, the Chapel of the Pyx, the Jewel House, the room called Jerusalem, the remnants of the other abbey build-

ings, and above all the Chapter House, are so rich in associations with our history, our poetry, and our literature, that if they existed alone in any foreign city, we should make special journeys to see them. What a history in the five centuries of "Jerusalem" alone, which is perhaps the most venerable private chamber now extant in Europe. But of all these relics of the past surely the Chapter House is supreme. Built 630 years ago in the zenith of the pointed style, it is one of the most exquisite examples of its class. Here six centuries ago, from the day the House of Commons existed as a separate chamber, it met and continued for the most part to meet for nearly three centuries till the death of Henry VIII. Here was matured the infant strength of the Parliament which now rules 300,000,000 of souls, and which has served as the undoubted model of all the Parliaments of Europe, America, and Australia. This house is in fact the germ and origin of all that is known as the "House" where the English tongue is heard; it is the true cradle of the mother of Parliaments where that mother was nursed into childhood. For two centuries and a half it has been the school of English statesmen, and has witnessed some memorable struggles of our feudal history. I never enter it but I think what were the feelings of a Roman of the age of the Antonines, who, standing on the hill of Romulus, looked down on the Rostra beneath, and thought of the days when Licinius and Valerius, Virginius and Camillus addressed a few hundreds of herdsmen and farmers, and Rome was but a hill fort by the Tiber, and the Republic was but one of the tribes of Italy.

If with this Chapter House by the Abbey we take in with our mind's eye the remnant of St. Stephen's Chapel close by, and are willing to think of that exquisite fragment as standing for the chapel itself, we get, in the two together, the seat of the House of Commons for nearly five centuries and a half, from Edward I. to our own memory. I doubt if any buildings still extant convey to any people in the world so great a suggestion of the course of their whole political history. And of the crimes which architecture has wrought on history, the most unpardonable, I think,

was done when the monotonous heap of bad masonry which they call the New Palace of Westminster disguised Westminster Hall, decked out St. Stephen's crypt like a toy Bambino in a Jesuit church, and swept away the burnt ruins of the Plantagenet Palace—to make Tudor corridors and symmetrical galleries for the comfort of my lords and honorable members.

Of the Hall of Westminster, the third of the matchless remnants of Old London, I can hardly bear to speak. Though it is not, as we see it, the hall of Rufus, still it stands upon and represents the hall of Rufus, and is thus in a sense as ancient almost as the Tower or the Abbey. But call it what it is, the Hall of Richard II., what a history lies wrapt in those five hundred years. It stands still, to my eyes, the grandest hall of its class in Europe. Let us forget the silly statues, and the strange transformation of it, and the carpenter's Gothic restorations, and be insensible to everything but its mass, its dignity, its glorious roof, and its inexhaustible memories. Centuries of court pageants and state trials, speeches, and judgments of famous men, scenes and sayings which are embedded in our literature; let us think of the tragedies, the agonies, the crimes, the passions, the terrific crises in our history; of what glorious words, what gatherings of learning, wit, beauty, ambition, and despair have the old walls witnessed from Oldcastle to Warren Hastings, Sir Thomas More and the Protector Somerset, Strafford and Charles, the Seven Bishops, and the great Proconsul. Of all trials in our history, these two of Charles and of Hastings have perhaps most exerted the historic imagination, by the intense passion with which they aroused the interest of the nation, by their concentration of historic characters round one great issue, by the dignity and world-wide importance of the proceedings, and by the place that they hold in our national literature. I ask myself sometimes which I would rather have beheld, the faultless dignity of Charles in presence of the mighty Cromwell, or the molten passion of Burke in the assembly of all that was famous in the nation, and I find it impossible to decide. And when we add to these memories all the other

scenes the Hall has witnessed, the great judges who have sat there and built up the slow growth of English law, unrivalled in the modern world, the illustrious lawyers who have argued, the memorable decisions that it has heard, it is beyond doubt the most historic hall in the world.

We, then, who have in these three incomparable relics the most historic castle, the most venerable church and burial place, the most memorable hall of justice now extant on the earth, are even thereby citizens of no mean city. Neither the pall of smoke, nor the defilement of our noble river, nor the weary wilderness of brick and plaster, nor the hideous abominations of shed, viaduct, and caravanseraï which the steam devil has brought with him—nothing but our own folly can destroy the historic grandeur of London. Nor is it wholly in memory that its glories live. There is still something for the eye. As I watch some autumn sunset through the groves of Kensington that the great William of Orange so loved, or across the reaches of Chelsea that Turner so loved; as I watch the Pool from the Tower terrace, and the ducks and the children at play in the park of Charles; as I prow! about the remnants of the old Gothic churches in the city which the Fire has spared, and which the blighting hand of the improver has forgot to destroy; as I sit by the fountain in the Temple, or listen to the rooks in Lincoln's Inn; as I grub up some quaint old fragment of a street, or a tavern, or a house, or a shop, or tomb, or burial-ground, which has still survived in the deluge; as I stray through the multitudinous windings of the city, and out of the old names rebuild again as in a vision the city of the Romans, and of Alfred, and of the Conqueror, of the Fitz-Aylwins, and the Bukerels, and the Poultenys, the Whittingtons, the Walworths, and the Greshams; as I see the golden cross of Wren rising out of a white October fog into the sunlit blue, I say that there is yet something left for the eye as well as so much for the memory. And what a pang does it give us to think that it is doomed. Bit by bit the old London sinks before our eyes into the gulf of modern improvement, or the monkey-like tricks of the restorer. We who

have lived to see the remnants of St. Stephen's carted away, and a mammoth caravanserai take the place of Northumberland House, the last link of modern Charing Cross with the Charing Cross before the Commonwealth; we who have seen the tavern dear to Shakespeare and Ben Jonson disappear, and the houses of Milton go and leave not a wrack behind; who have seen the "Tabard" and the "George" disappear, and the Savoy and the Watergate swallowed up in the torrent—we must brace ourselves up for the rest. Villas will soon cover the site of Holland House. The Temple will be wanted for a new restaurant. The Underground Railway will pull down the Abbey to make some new "blow-holes," and a limited company will start a new "Hotel de la Tour de Londres" on the site of the Tower. It is melancholy to

think that the stones which eight centuries of national history have raised, that the roofs which have rung with the mirth of Shakespeare and the organ of Milton, on which such beauty has been lavished, and where so much genius has been reared, are to be swept away in a few years.

It is eighty-two years since our great poet of nature cried as he looked from Westminster Bridge in the dawn—

"Earth has not anything to show more fair;
Dull would he be of soul who could pass by
A sight so touching in its majesty."

No poet could say it now; no poet will ever say it again. But they cannot rob us of memory. And let us who care for our national glory at least cherish the story of these sites when the very stones are gone. That will always be "most touching in its majesty."—*Macmillan's Magazine*.

A FRENCH SALON.

IN English it is difficult to find a word that shall adequately connote all those ideas of sociability which a Frenchwoman has in mind when she claims a friend as an *habitué* of her *salon*. We do not frequent the drawing-rooms of our friends in England in the sense in which various persons become the *habitués* of certain *salons* in Paris; and the fact that in English society the *habitué* is such a *rarissima avis* (if not a biped altogether unknown) may be said to mark the wide difference of national character so striking to any one who mixes alternately in the society of the two countries separated by but one score miles of shallow sea. The only place of which the Englishman can be called an *habitué* is his Club. The London man certainly does frequent his pet Club with an assiduity and a faithfulness that is in marked contrast to his erratic movements and uncertain presence at the social entertainments of his friends.

In France *le Club* is socially speaking of little import. It is even now after years of acclimatization but an exotic, fostered by the tender care of those who love to make a display of their Anglo-mania, and the *cafés* have no cause to complain of any diminution in their

customers since the institution of the *Cercles*. To obtain information, to rest his brain, to find companionship, the Londoner goes to his Club; while with the like purpose, the Parisian takes his hat and cane, and with the same latitude in the matter of dress which is the privilege of Club-life with us, he will betake himself to some private house and form one among the circle of friends, gathered together without special invitation on certain afternoons or evenings, in the drawing-room of some lady who has the art "*de faire salon*." Here he will find, should he want it, the person from whom he may acquire his information; he may discuss the current news; or he may simply listen, for listening is much cultivated even among the most witty of the French. Of French society the elementary unit is without doubt the *habitué*, and, it will be noted, the *habitués* of a *salon*, though they may not become intimate friends, are assuredly not to be placed in the category of mere acquaintances. So and so, it will be said, can hardly be your intimate friend, since you still call him *Monsieur* after having met him regularly at a certain house for the last quarter of a century; but, though you may know nothing of

his private affairs, or of his relatives, you are intimately acquainted with his views and his ideas on men and things ; and although you may in point of fact have but little in common with him, you would miss him from his place were he gone, and sincerely deplore his absence, for his presence has contributed an item to form the very agreeable whole presented by the drawing-room of your friend.

To have a recognized *salon* is the ambition of every Frenchwoman who aims at social success, and dinners across the Channel are not the indispensable rite that they are in society with us. It is still possible to get people to meet and talk in Paris without supplying them with food, and a cup of weak tea is more often than not the sole stimulant of much excellent conversation. To become more intimate with their acquaintances it is customary for French ladies to receive one day in the week during the afternoon, and on this day every one must call, at least once, who wishes to profit by the evening gatherings, and continue the acquaintance made at some chance meeting.

On this point the social law is very strict, and it will be noted that throughout society in France, and on the Continent in general, though there is little ceremony, etiquette is strictly observed, and any breach of its regulations is seldom condoned—even in an (ignorant) foreigner. In English society, until the precincts of the palace be reached, the rules of etiquette are almost unknown, or if known, are more honored in the breach than in the observance. But across the water this is by no means the case, and that English people with difficulty comprehend this, is perhaps one reason for their finding French society somewhat exclusive. Furthermore, as with the rule of the road, customs in England and France generally go by contraries. For instance, the last arrivals call first, and further instances might easily be adduced ; but these are elementary rules that an Englishman does easily learn. It is in the drawing-room, however, that he is most apt to sin through ignorance. For who shall tell him that during an afternoon call he *must* leave his great coat and umbrella in the ante-room, that into the drawing-room, he is

expected to bring his hat, and that at the beginning of the visit, in any case, he should keep on his gloves ? These are matters which we in England hold to be optional or indifferent, but on which French *bienséance* is inflexible. To call on a Parisian lady in an overcoat and carrying an umbrella is deemed almost as insulting as to go into her drawing-room with your hat on ; and were her husband your candid friend he would probably inform you that his wife's rooms were warmed and that the rain did not come through.

But it is in her talent for combining the various elements of her society that the genius of a French hostess shows its highest development. Heine, if we are not mistaken, was wont to say in characterizing the society of London and Paris, that the English were gregarious but not sociable, while the French were sociable but not gregarious. The innumerable balls where the majority do not dance, drums where people will not talk but where there is abundant food and drink for those who have already dined, entertainments, in short, such as we are perpetually "going on to" during a London season, are of rare occurrence in Paris. We give ourselves endless trouble in the lighting up of our houses, the providing of victuals, and the getting together of more people than our rooms will conveniently hold ; but, when the guests are assembled, the part of the hostess too often ends with their reception. She does not regard it as incumbent on her to try to elicit the conversational powers of her friends and make them give of their best by, so to speak, fathoming their minds and drawing up that which is valuable in them. To be introduced is considered a bore, if not an absolute insult. The French hostess on the contrary, is perhaps a little oblivious of the creature-comforts of her guests ; but then she gives herself an infinity of trouble in the management of her *salon* ; and, although she herself may talk but little, she is the prime mover in the conversation, keeping up the ball by an occasional word thrown in adroitly from time to time. Since crowds are, as a rule, avoided, the conversation is kept more general in France than with us, *tête-à-têtes* in a low voice not being encour-

aged ; each one talks, but not all at once ; for it will be observed that from the earliest age a talent for narration is much cultivated, and that a Frenchman knows how to put his ideas into the compact form fitted for their comprehension by an audience of several persons. On the avoidance of *tête-à-tête* it may be related how, at certain little dinners of eight or a dozen at most, at a house in the Faubourg St.-Germain, all private conversation with one's neighbor is absolutely prohibited ; each guest must address his or her conversation to the whole table in general ; and, should any offend the rule, a call to order is immediately made by the tingling of a little bell at the right hand of the hostess's plate. This is, perhaps, carrying matters to an extreme ; still it clearly marks the general tendency.

In a *salon* such as we have now in mind we must admit that young ladies are but of little account. In France they neither rule the roast socially, as is the case in America, nor do they monopolize the attention of the less ornamental portion of humanity and throw the dowagers into the shade, as is the case with us. From her education and the early age at which girls in France generally marry (or are married) the conversation of young ladies is but little appreciated by men who are already in the world engaged in the battle of life. And in further explanation of the insignificant position occupied by the Parisian "girl of the period," it must be borne in mind that our British method of courtship by flirtation is little practised over the water, also that what men there seek in the society of women is just that companionship and sympathy which the unmarried woman is least capable of giving. A matter of continual surprise to an Englishman who has the luck to gain admittance to a French *salon* is the truly catholic range of the matters that will come under discussion. There is no subject that a Frenchman will not discuss seriously, and think it is to his profit to do so, with a Frenchwoman. It might almost be said that there is no serious subject that in London a man will discuss thoroughly with a lady ; for, as a rule, he does not hold that he will increase his stock of ideas by giving

himself the trouble. In Paris men, whether from vanity or from other reasons, talk their best when ladies are their auditors, and they assuredly seek the society of women far more from sympathy with their minds than from admiration for their outward attractions. *Esprit*, which is not wit, but which has been defined as that "quick perception which seizes the ideas of others easily and returns ready change for them," is in truth what men most prize in women, it being a quality independent of beauty, and, while the mind lasts, not lessened by age. It has been frequently remarked how, in their old age French men and women preserved not only their good-humor, but their gayety to the last. This is of course in part dependent on good health, for with them gout and dyspepsia are not common maladies. But for the cheerfulness of his declining years a Frenchman will look to the *salons* of his friends, and, since it has been the custom for intimate society in France to assemble in the evening, he, after dinner, not being a Club man, will take his hat and cane to go out and pay his visits. In some dimly-lighted *salon au zième* he will find a welcome from the circle gathered round the fireside, where all are *habités*, and where each, eschewing the weather and the discussion of his personal health, brings forth his remarks on passing events, and contributes some new observation to the common stock.

Paris has still many things in points of material comfort that she might copy with advantage from London ; we admit that her hackney carriages are vile, the coachmen demanding *pourboires*, and driving abominably ; that her postal service is dear, and uncertain ; that her theatres are uncomfortable, tawdry, and, as Mr. Matthew Arnold might say, lubricious. But society is understood better there than it is with us. Although all human beings are social, women are more so than men, and in their taste for analyzing sentiments, and in the delight they take in seeing into the minds of others, have created, in France especially, the great art of conversation which has long since become the favorite excitement of the French nation.—*Saturday Review*.

A VISIT TO MUDIE'S.

ONE evening Lady Ashburton gave a brilliant reception. Among her guests was Mr. Mudie, whose name was then—1850—just becoming known. During the evening he found himself standing near Carlyle, who at once singled him out, and looking him full in the face, said in his brusquest manner, with his broad Doric accent, "So *you're* the man that divides the sheep from the goats! Ah!" he went on, giving strong emphasis to his words, "it's an *awfu* thing to judge a man. It's a *more awfu* thing to judge a book. For a book has a life beyond a life. But it is with books as it is with men. Broad is the road that leadeth to destruction, and many there be that go in thereat; and narrow is the way that leadeth to life, and few there be that find it." A most admirable saying, well worthy to be written on brazen tablets. Mr. Mudie held his ground boldly enough when thus attacked as the man who had set himself up as a *ensor librorum*. "In my business I profess to judge books only from a commercial standpoint, though it is ever my object to circulate good books and not bad ones." This is the story which Mr. Mudie told me a few days ago when he was good enough to allow me to pay him a visit and ask a few questions about the working of his famous library.

I found Mr. Mudie at his desk in the great hall, talking with some emphasis to a young lady. "A lady who wants to publish a novel come to ask my advice about publishing," said he after she had gone. "I have given her good advice, if it is only taken." "I suppose you are often consulted, Mr. Mudie, by these adventurers in the thorny field of literature?" I said. "Yes, indeed; but I endeavor to preserve a strict neutrality. Between publisher and author I am in a delicate position, but come upstairs for a moment to my sanctum, and I will tell you how 'Mudie's' was first started." Mr. Mudie's room bears all the signs of his literary avocations. His table is strewn with papers, and here, overlooking busy Oxford Street, he sits for several hours daily conducting the manifold correspondence and discharging the

many heavy duties incumbent on the head of so vast an establishment. There are books everywhere—books packed tightly on the shelves, books on the floor, books on the tables, books on the chairs. On the walls hang a portrait of himself and a few water-color sketches of Eastern cities and Eastern scenery, most of them places which Mr. Mudie has visited during his travels; for every year he leaves the gloomy skies of London behind him, and sets out in search of the sun. He knows the East well, and is almost as much at home in Damascus as in London. By the side of a stack of papers stand a pair of Indian clubs, which Mr. Mudie pleasantly declares that he keeps to knock out authors' brains. The necessity for such extreme measures has never fortunately arrived.

The history of "Mudie's" is soon told. Mr. Mudie when a lad was an omnivorous reader, his special favorites being works of history, travel, and philosophy. "In 1840 the circulating libraries were doing a flourishing trade. But dingy places they were, and the trash they supplied was well suited to the tastes of the Lydia Languishes and Lady Slattern Loungers of the day. Seldom could I get a book that I wished for, and I was fain to buy what I wanted. The idea suddenly struck me that many other young men were in similar case with myself. I had by this time accumulated a number of books, so I determined to launch out a library on my own lines." He then placed his collection, modest as it was, in the window of a small shop in Bloomsbury-Square now Southampton Row, and called his small establishment "Mudie's Select Library." Mr. Mudie had before this made a few friends who moved in literary circles, and one by one they spread the knowledge of the good work that he was doing. Gradually his library became known, and the shrewdness and sagacity which Mr. Mudie showed in his selection of books were soon appreciated, and the small shop developed itself rapidly. In a few years the business attained such dimensions that its founder had to seek new quarters for his books and himself. He

looked about, and settled on the now famous house in Oxford Street.

In old days the Bludyers and Pendenises of the period ran many a tilt against Mr. Mudie and his "select" library. "Who are you," they cried with Carlyle, "to sift the sheep from the goats?" But these strenuous critics were beaten in the end by the shrewd and acute Mr. Mudie whom long experience and both natural and acquired judgment had taught how to appraise the commercial value of a book to a nicety. "I judge, of course, by the imprint in some measure, and the reputation of the author. It is seldom indeed that a book is sent to me on probation." His influence with author and publisher is great, and it is good news to the author to hear that "Mudie's" have taken a large number of his work. Thackeray, for instance, was greatly delighted when he heard that the library had taken a large number of "Esmond." Indeed, he made a small *mot* when the news reached him: "Mudie has taken all those copies. Oh! 'evans!" To understand this, one must know that Messrs. Bradbury & Evans were his publishers in those days, and Mr. Evans was sometimes not happy in his aspirates.

Livingstone was well known to Mr. Mudie, and consulted him frequently about the publication of his famous volume of travels. "Print thousands," said he, much to Livingstone's astonishment. But the advice was followed, and the large sale of the "Travels in Central Africa," soon proved how accurately its value had been gauged. On another occasion much doubt was felt by Kingsley and his publishers as to the fate of "Alton Locke." It was thought that its socialistic tendencies might prove prejudicial to its success. In spite of this Mudie's bought largely, and at once put a large number into reading. I asked whether the fact of the Poet Laureate being raised to the peerage would cause any run on books by his *clientèle*. "No," said Mr. Mudie; "the fact is 'Tennyson' is generally bought outright. Most people prefer to have copies of their own. In the same way Carlyle is seldom asked for except by the smaller libraries which we feed, and no library would naturally be complete without a

set of his books. You ask me about runs on books. Well, anything about Gordon—(did you ever hear, by the way, that Gordon is the only Christian who is prayed for in the mosques of Mecca?)—is just now read with avidity. But, then, everything has conspired to make him the idol of the moment. The publication of the Queen's book has caused a great demand for the first 'Leaves,' and we have many letters every day asking for both volumes."

Every subscriber has a card upon which are entered all the books issued to him. As each one is filled up it goes to the hidden depths below, there to sleep out its quiet existence. In an iron safe are kept the records of a nation's reading. Since its foundation Mudie's Library has purchased for the use of its subscribers some six million volumes. The number of volumes issued and re-issued during the busy season exceeds a hundred thousand a week. Mr. Mudie, however, kindly gave me a few figures, which may prove interesting. In December, 1855, there were put into circulation 2500 of Macaulay's History—Vols. III. and IV.; over 3000 copies of Livingstone's "Travels in Africa;" a thousand copies of "Idylls of the King;" 3000 of M'Clintock's "Voyage in Search of Sir John Franklin." Of another famous book, "Essays and Reviews," Mr. Mudie took no less than 2000 copies. There was, of course, an enormous demand for George Eliot's novels, and of "Silas Marner" some 3000 copies were taken, and still more of "The Mill on the Floss." There is always a demand for the best novels, such as those of Scott, Dickens, and Thackeray, each of whom is as popular as ever. Kingsley is another popular author, "Westward Ho!" being the work most asked for. Trollope, too, is much in demand, and of his Autobiography 1500 copies were in circulation at one time. Of "Endymion" some 3000 copies were bought, and of "John Inglesant" 1600. Mr. Mudie took 2000 copies of the Queen's last book. Lady Brassey's "Voyage of the Sunbeam" was in great vogue, the numbers at the library reaching 2700.

The great hall, with its handsome Ionic columns, its dome, its polished counters, its walls lined with the bright

colors of countless tomes, is a familiar sight to the Londoner. Ask an assistant for a book, he knows at once where to put his hand upon it, and in a couple of minutes it is in your possession. The principle upon which the books are divided is simple, and proves effective. The novels are kept in the vaults below. Every other book finds a place on the main floor, either in the shelves running around the hall or in neighboring rooms and passages. A gallery runs round the hall, and when the assistants below require a volume beyond a certain height they use the whistle which communicates with the assistant above. Trucks carry the books from one place to another, while a lift is constantly disgorging its contents from the vaults on to the counter. Beneath the great hall and its adjacent rooms are stored hundreds of thousands of volumes—a vast honeycomb, each cell of which is packed with books. In one of these vaults are stacked up in a series of bins some 160,000 volumes of novels alone, all lettered and indexed, and each with a place of its own. When a novel is asked for upstairs the assistant comes down, and finds what he wants in a few seconds. Once a book is misplaced, it is as good as lost. As the novels cease to be asked for, they are gradually weeded out, and every few months the paper-maker comes, and a few tons make fresh grist to his mill. As one walks along these underground passages he notices great stacks of neatly packed parcels here, there and everywhere. These are the works of authors who are likely to publish again some day, when experience teaches that their former works will once more be asked for. Besides those are the magazines, and many works in French, German, Italian, and other languages. The subscriptions vary from one guinea a year—for which three volumes may be taken out at a time—to five hundred guineas. The latter sum, of course, is seldom paid, but many well-known families subscribe largely for themselves and for their servants. Then many institutions, provincial libraries, country villages, take thousands of volumes during the year. Some idea of the quantity of reading which may be had for two hundred guineas may be formed from the fact that one public

office in London takes for this amount over 20,000 volumes. To the country subscribers some 700 boxes of varying sizes are sent out every week, besides a number of parcels, while at the counter some 2000 exchanges are made daily. For the 170 suburban districts there is a service of carts, each one of which gets over a vast expanse of ground, one, perhaps, covering forty miles in a day's work. Three times a day the volumes returned are cleared, sorted, and replaced. The sharp eye and the well-practised touch of the sorting clerks detect in a moment dogs' ears, and woe to the subscribers with "observing thumbs" and a fondness for marginal notes! Destruction, too, is often wrought on valuable books by the children of the family. A fond mother, perhaps, takes her nice book of travels to the nursery, and gives the baby the "pretty pictures" just to look at. The "pretty pictures" are naturally torn out, and the book returned in anything but its pristine state. Then Mr. Mudie comes down for damages.

In one corner is the export department. Colonel H. writes from some outlying station in India, or Mr. B. from the remotest corner of Queensland, for the volumes he wishes for, and they are sent out by the next mail. In fact, Mudie's have subscribers in all quarters of the world, from the lonely bachelors above mentioned to the large libraries in our colonies and wherever the English do congregate. One room is devoted specially to the reception of books fresh from the publisher, and these are constantly coming in. A card is kept for each book, containing a full account of the numbers taken.

In the binding department alone some sixty to seventy pairs of hands are employed, from the skilful and accomplished foreman to the humble little stitcher. I heard the other day a story of a lady who came to the exchange counter at Mudie's one Saturday and asked for a "Sunday book." "A Sunday book, madam? certainly," said the polite official, and after a little cogitation he produced a story by a well-known writer of religious novels. The lady did not know the author, and liking the look of the three bright volumes, carried them off well-satisfied. In about

twenty minutes, however, she returned, and with much feeling handed the three volumes back again to the assistant. "You call this a Sunday book ; why it's full of prayers, and every other page is a sermon. Now, please, *do* give me something nice and lively." Well, everybody reads "nice and lively" novels nowadays ; but no one can deny that the supply exceeds the demand. Cart-loads of them are turned into the libraries and into the book-shops every week, forming in a few months a vast heap of rubbish, which quickly finds its way to the buttermilk. Of course there is a number of notable exceptions—authors whose novels are extremely popular, and often enough well worth reading. Novels, in spite of the tons he is compelled to take, do not pay Mr. Mudie. They occupy a great space, are bulky and expensive. To use his words, "They are the fuel that drives the engine. They become ashes too

soon." The literature proper—*belles lettres*, history, philosophy, biography, essay, travel—constitute the solid basis of a business that shows a handsome balance. Novels are the gaudy butterflies of the trade, which live but a short day and perish. Mr. Mudie wonders that some ingenious inventor has not devised an instrument on the principle of the sausage-machine for the manufacture of novels. The evil would at least be lessened if the three volumes could be compressed into one, and one ridiculous farce of the day abolished forever. Any one who takes up three volumes of a novel, on looking at its big type, the broad margins, the wide spaces, the thick paper, and the gorgeous cover, will see for himself that it is the paper-maker, the printer, the ink-manufacturer, the binder, and last, but not least, the publisher, who support the system.—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

TWO LITERARY BREAKFASTS.

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

I FIRST made the acquaintance of the celebrated Samuel Rogers, author of "The Pleasures of Memory," in 1840. He was at that time in his seventy-eighth year—fifty-two years my senior. He was hale and well-preserved, and in full possession of his mental faculties—with a remarkable and well-stored memory—as befitted a man who had sung so well of its pleasures. He had been personally acquainted with all the celebrated men and women in art, in arms, in politics, and in literature, who had flourished in England since his early manhood. He was in possession of ample means, derived from his business as a London banker ; was fond of art, of literature, and of cultivated society. He was an excellent conversationalist—had great reputation as a wit—enhanced perhaps, as is common in the world, by the flavor of cynicism. He had, moreover, the reputation of being the ugliest man in England—some of his detractors said, in the world ; but was at the same time, in spite of his alleged ugliness, one of the most agreeable men of his day.

He was a great favorite with the ladies, and a devoted admirer of the sex ; though he never carried his admiration to the extent of proposing marriage, but once only, when he was in his eighty-fifth year. It was then too late, if either marriage or courtship were concerned, for young ladies or old ones to look upon him with any other personal feelings but those of ridicule or pity, though literary admiration was still open to them.

He was celebrated for the intellectual breakfasts to which, since the beginning of the century, he had been in the habit of inviting at least three, at most five or six, of the celebrities, male or female, of the day. The hour of breakfast was ten ; and so agreeable or fascinating was the conversation of the host, as well as of the guests, that the repast seldom ended before noon, and sometimes extended so late as one o'clock. He insisted that breakfast was a much more social meal than dinner ; that there was less of ceremony and more of unrestrained intellectual intercourse in the morning than there

could be in the evening ; that the faculties were fresher, the memory clearer, the play of fancy more exuberant and spontaneous, than at the later hours of the day, when mental labor, or perhaps care, had more or less dulled or cast a shade over the faculties. He was a veritable "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table," and might have been so designated, had my excellent friend Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes lived in London at the time, and been acquainted with the habits and characteristics of Mr. Rogers. Before I had ever seen him, I had formed an image in my mind in accordance with the spiteful epigrams that Lord Byron and others had written upon him, and was agreeably disappointed with the reality of his personal presence and the kindly serenity of his manners. He was certainly not handsome, and never could have been, but just as certainly he was not ugly in the disagreeable sense of the word, while his conversation differed in the pleasantest manner from that of many among his contemporaries, from not assuming the wearisome shape of a monologue. He not only talked, but allowed others to talk. On the first occasion that I enjoyed the hospitality of Mr. Rogers at his favorite meal, the only other guests were Thomas Campbell, the author of "The Pleasures of Hope," and Mr. Thomas Gaspey, the author of "The Lollards," "The Monks of Leadenhall," and nearly a score of other novels. The title of Mr. Campbell's poem had been suggested by that of Mr. Rogers; published some years previously, as that in its turn had been suggested by "The Pleasures of the Imagination," by Mark Akenside, written in the reign of Queen Anne. It was no small gratification to me to meet two such poets as the authors of "The Pleasures of Memory" and "The Pleasures of Hope" at one time, and to interchange ideas with them. I carefully noted down ere the day had passed the points of the conversation that took place on that, to me, memorable morning. The discourse was mainly literary, and turned principally upon the merits of Pope as a poet. They were rated very highly by both of the speakers—to my mind rather too highly—for though I could not but admire the finished grace, the wit and the wisdom, and the exquisite though some-

what monotonous music of his verse, I could not but deplore the want of imagination, even while admitting the abundant fancy of the writer. Rogers admired Pope for the terse epigrammatic form which his wit and his wisdom assumed in the "Essay on Man," the "Essay on Criticism," and in the "Epistles"; as well as the pungent force of his satire in "The Dunciad"; while Campbell admired him more particularly for the beautiful rhythm and melody of his versification, and still more enthusiastically for "The Dying Christian to his Soul," which he declared to be a gem of unrivalled and unsurpassable beauty, which had not its equal in any language, in any era of literature.

Mr. Gaspey, who was no poet, but a most pertinacious rhymist and manufacturer of facetiae and epigrams in verse, and a punster of all but unrivalled facility and fertility, surpassing in this respect even Mr. Rogers himself, was not quite so enthusiastic in praise of Pope as the real poets of the company were, took exception to the frequent prosaic nature of many of Pope's most admired passages, and to his more than occasional lapses into downright bathos. Among other passages which he cited to prove that he did not take exception unjustly was the couplet in praise of Pope's particular friend Lord Mansfield, the celebrated judge :

Graced as thou art with all the power of words,
So known, so honored in the House of Lords.

"Nothing," said Mr. Gaspey, "could be more 'bathetic.'"

"Bathetic!" interposed Mr. Campbell; "bathetic is an unusual word, like 'mob-led queen'; it is good, very good; did you invent it?"

"No," replied Mr. Gaspey; "I wish I had the honor. It is not to be found in Johnson's dictionary; neither is bathos, which is a singular omission, considering that the word was in common use in his time."

"I think Coleridge uses *bathetic*," said Mr. Rogers. "There was a famous parody made on Pope's lines—I forget by whom—

Persuasion tips his tongue when'er he talks,
And he has chambers in the King's Bench
Walks?

"The parody," I ventured to remark, "was admirable—and a gem compared to the thing parodied. I think with Mr. Gaspey, that with all his beauties Pope, though, like Homer, he sometimes nodded, nodded much more frequently than he ought to have done, if he claimed to be admitted among the real immortals. Can anything be poorer as verse, not to say poetry than when he speaks of Hampton Court Palace as a place—

'Where thou, great Anna, whom three realms obey,
Dost sometimes counsel take and sometimes tea.'

"It is easy to find flaws in a great writer," said Mr. Rogers, "and it requires no particular sagacity, and only a more than common fund of ill-nature, to be a critic. What I take to be the main fault of Pope is that he wrote too much, and did not take time to polish and to correct."

I may here observe that Mr. Rogers was not guilty of the fault of writing too much—for he wrote very little—and that not always of the best. He was fastidious to a fault, and wrote with great difficulty—correcting and recorrecting with painful elaboration whatever he wrote, either in prose or in verse—sometimes spending a week or more in the composition of a single sentence. He once showed me a note he had written to Lord Melbourne, at that time Prime Minister, suggesting that he should grant a pension on the Civil List to the Reverend Mr. Carey, the translator of Dante. The note consisted of but a dozen lines—perhaps even less—but he assured me that it had occupied his time and care for a full fortnight, and that he hoped he had succeeded in rendering it so compact, and so forcible, as well as so elegant, as to defy ingenuity to omit a word from, or add a word to it, or even to change a single word or phrase for a better one. He read it over to me as an example of what I, and every one else, ought to aim at, in epistolary, or indeed in all literary composition. I remember the concluding paragraph of this painfully produced epistle, which was: "But perhaps your lordship has already granted the pension? If so—I envy you!"

The conversation speedily diverged from the poetry of Pope to that of Byron, whom Mr. Rogers cited as a glaring offender in the sin of writing too much, and too fast. "He died at less than half my age—only thirty-six—while I am seventy-eight; and he wrote ten times as much as I have done."

I ventured, though timidly, to remark that it was a loss to literature that Byron had not lived to write a great deal more; that his genius, so far from being exhausted, was in its fruitful maturity of power and splendor; and that many better things than any he had yet written might have been expected from his pen, had he not been cut off so prematurely. Mr. Rogers, by the expression on his face, did not seem to take my opinion very kindly; but he merely said in reply: "You are young and consequently you incline to be enthusiastic. It is a good fault in youth, but as you grow older I think your opinion of Byron will tone down to a juster and calmer estimate of his genius."

It should be observed, in explanation of the feeling entertained by the elder to the younger poet, that, although, they had once been on terms of intimacy and friendship, a coolness almost amounting to enmity had for some cause or other, never sufficiently explained, sprung up between them. Byron had dedicated to him, in 1813, his beautiful poem of "The Giaour," "in admiration of his genius, in respect for his character, and in gratitude for his friendship;" had written on a blank leaf of "The Pleasures of Memory," and afterward published a short poem, addressed to its author, of which the opening lines were:

Absent or present, still to thee,
My friend, what magic spells belong!
As all can tell who share like me
In turn thy converse or thy song!

Byron had also, in the bitter but clever satire of "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers," gone out of his way to praise his friend as "melodious Rogers," and to declare that "The Pleasures of Memory" was one "of the most beautiful didactic poems in the English language." But a change had come over the spirit of his dream before the year 1818, and he had libelled even more vigorously than he had formerly

extolled, not only the poetry, but, what was worse and more offensive, the personal appearance and moral character of his former friend and boon companion. Nothing could be in more execrably bad taste or more venomously spiteful than the lines, descriptive of the countenance of Rogers, which he had written and allowed to be circulated in manuscript among his private friends :

Mouth which marks the envious scorner,
With a scorpion in each corner,
Turning its quick tail to sting you
In the place that most may wring you ;
Eyes of lead-like hue and gummy,
Carcass picked out from some mummy ;
Bowels (but they were forgotten,
Save the liver, and that's rotten).

Vampire, ghost, or ghoul, what is it ?
I would walk ten miles to miss it.

Rogers would indeed have been possessed of a temper approaching the angelic if he had been able to entertain his former feelings of personal regard for a man who had been treacherous and changeable enough to write thus of him, without known cause of offence ; the more especially as the injudicious admirers of Byron, after his death in 1824, had given the lines to the world. To have been caricatured by such comparatively small fry as Theodore Hook, Horace Smith, and others of the like calibre, might have been borne with as much equanimity as most people bear the stings of a mosquito ; but the blow of a cudgel wielded by such a literary giant as Lord Byron was certain to cause a wound in a less sensitive organism than that of Samuel Rogers. Once, when I ventured to extol the fire of Lord Byron's poetry, Rogers replied : " Yes, he had fire, no doubt ; but it was hell-fire ! " On this occasion Mr. Campbell, who himself had written but very little, though that little was of the highest merit, agreed with Mr. Rogers that Byron was much too prolix, especially in " Don Juan."

" But ' Don Juan,' " I said, " was of necessity prolix. No one can write a novel in verse in short, epigrammatic sentences. Undue condensity is fatal to the charm of any narrative, unless it be an episode in the main design—such, for instance, as the beautiful description of the two fathers and their sons in the

shipwreck so finely described in ' Don Juan.' "

" Which Moore," said Mr. Rogers, " declares to have been taken almost verbatim from a prose narrative in a small book entitled ' The Shipwreck of the Juno,' and which, in his opinion, was, in its plain grandeur, if not sublimer, far superior to Byron's poetry."

" It was written," I interposed, " by my grand-uncle, William Mackay, the second mate of the ship ; published toward the close of the last century, and read by Lord Byron when he was a school-boy."

None of the company had ever seen the book which has long been out of print. I subjoin the passage, that the admirers of Byron may compare it with the beautiful lines in " Don Juan," and adjudge the palm, if they please to do so, either to the poet or the sailor, as their taste and judgment may dictate. The survivors of the wreck of the Juno off the coast of Africa had, it may be premised, taken refuge on a raft, according to the poet, when the story commences ; but not according to the more authentic statement of the mate of the ship :

" Mr. Wade's boy, a stout and healthy lad, died early, and almost without a groan ; while another of the same age, but of less promising appearance held out much longer. The fate of these unfortunate boys differed also in another respect, highly deserving of notice. Their fathers were both in the foretop when the boys were taken ill. Mr. Wade, hearing of his son's illness, answered with indifference, that ' he could do nothing for him,' and left him to his fate. The other father, when the accounts reached him, hurried down, and, watching for a favorable moment, crawled on all-fours along the weather-gunwale to his son, who was in the mizzen rigging. By that time only three or four planks of the quarter-deck remained, just over the weather-quarter galley ; and to this spot the unhappy man led his son, making him fast to the rail to prevent his being washed away. Whenever the boy was seized with a fit of retching, the father lifted him up and wiped away the foam from his lips ; and if a shower of rain came, he made him open his mouth to receive the drops, or

gently squeezed them into it from a rag. In this affecting situation both remained four or five days, till the boy expired. The unfortunate parent, as if unwilling to believe the fact, raised the body, gazed wistfully at it, and, when he could no longer entertain any doubt, watched it in silence till it was carried off by the sea; then, wrapping himself in a piece of canvas, sunk down and rose no more, though he must have lived two days longer, as we judged from the quivering of his limbs when a wave broke over him. This scene made an impression even on us, whose feeling were in a manner dead to the world and almost to ourselves, and to whom the sight of misery was now become habitual."

A few days after our conversation on the subject, I lent the book to Mr. Rogers, who returned it with a note expressive of his full concurrence in Moore's verdict.

A few words in reference to Mr. Gaspey, whose many novels are now completely forgotten, but which enjoyed a certain celebrity when they first appeared, may not be uninteresting. He is now principally remembered by a punning epitaph on the leg of the Marquis of Anglesey—buried at Waterloo, at which famous battle he lost it. The epigram or epitaph bristled with puns, for the making of which Mr. Gaspey was notorious. I remember but two of them—turning upon the fact that it was not only a leg, but a *calf* that was buried; not only a body but a sole (*soul*). Mr. Gaspey, who was my colleague in the editorial department of the at that time leading journal, the *Morning Chronicle*, often had occasion to write to me, and almost invariably mistook my Christian name. He sometimes addressed me as William, or George, or Robert, or Henry, but never by any chance as Charles. I thought the mistake was not so much the result of carelessness as of design, and to cure him of it, whichever it might be, I played the same game with him, and instead of addressing him as Thomas, his real name, wrote to him as Benjamin, or Peter, or Alexander, and once as Obadiah. But it was all in vain. At last I addressed him as Nebuchadnezzar Gaspey, Esq. The broad hint was taken, and I be-

came "Charles" in all the letters he subsequently addressed to me.

II.

I was removed from Perth to London in my earliest childhood, and never revisited the land of my birth until I was five-and-twenty. The old and dearly beloved country was new to me when I saw it for the first time, as it were, in my young manhood. My mind was fully stored with the incidents of its history, its poetry, and its romance; and the grandeur and beauty of its scenery were enhanced and sublimated in my sight by the legendary lore with which my memory was imbued and my imagination fully laden. The first sight of Edinburgh—one of the most picturesquely beautiful of the cities of Europe—or, indeed, of the world—surpassed all I had dreamed of it in my youthful enthusiasm; every step that I took in the Old Town and the New, especially in the Old, evoked reminiscences either of the great and good who had once trodden its pavements, or of the greatly wicked, whose deeds of guilty ambition had contributed to the eventful and tragic history of the turbulent Middle Ages. I was well provided with letters of introduction to the literary notabilities of the venerable city; but I scarcely needed them, inasmuch as I was already acquainted with Mr. Robert Chambers, of the great publishing firm of W. & R. Chambers. These gentlemen were the earliest pioneers of popular literature in Scotland, and their well-known *Edinburgh Journal* had for years been engaged in the task of educating the youth of that generation in a knowledge and love of letters and of science. Mr. Robert Chambers was the literary partner of the firm, and an author of high and well-deserved repute. On the second morning of my arrival, I found myself engaged to breakfast at the hospitable board of that gentleman, preparatory to spending the day in a ramble through the historical and legendary portions of the city. The guests at breakfast besides myself were the venerable George Thomson, the well-known correspondent of Robert Burns, and Hugh Miller, author of "The Old Red Sandstone," a famous geologist who had raised him-

self from the humble position of a journeyman stonemason to be the equal and the associate of the principal scientific and literary notabilities of the time.

George Thomson, born in 1759, the same year as Robert Burns (possibly a year or two earlier or later), had at the time I met him attained the venerable age of eighty-two or three. He was a hale old gentleman—known by name and reputation to every reader of the immortal poems of the Ayrshire Bard, as the projector and editor of the famous collection of the National Melodies of Scotland, to which Burns contributed many of his best songs. He was also known to a smaller circle as the grandfather of Miss Hogarth, who, a few years previously to the time at which I met him, had married Charles Dickens, the author of "The Pickwick Papers," the forerunner of a score or more of equally popular and infinitely better novels.

The worthy gentleman had a grievance on which he had doubtless expatiated to my two companions at the breakfast table, his fellow-citizens and familiar friends, and which I was told he took all proper occasions to discuss with every new literary acquaintance with whom he might be brought into the contact of conversation. Of course I did not escape all allusions to a subject which had lain near his heart for nearly half a century. Burns and Thomson were in constant correspondence for four years, from September 1792 to June 1796, and between them both had investigated, with most interesting results, the history and genesis of the old songs and pathetic music for which Scotland was then, and is now, famous. Burns in his last fatal illness—only nine days before the close of his career—imagined, it appears erroneously, that a ruthless creditor was threatening him with legal process for the recovery of a debt of five pounds, and in his distress of mind wrote to George Thomson, for whom he had done so much without fee or reward, to advance him that small sum. "After all my boasted independence," wrote the dying man, "curst necessity compels me to implore you for five pounds. A cruel wretch of a haberdasher to whom I owe an account, taking it into his head that I am dying, has com-

menced a process, and will infallibly put me into a jail. Do, for God's sake, send me this sum by return of post. Forgive me this earnestness, but the horrors of a jail have made me half-distracted. I do not ask this gratuitously, for upon returning health, I hereby promise and engage to furnish you with five pounds' worth of the neatest song genius you have seen." Thomson replied immediately to this urgent but modest and touching appeal to his generosity—or rather to his sense of justice—and told the poet that he had often thought of offering him a pecuniary recompense for the work he had done, but was afraid lest he should hurt his proud spirit, as manifested in a previous letter on this very subject. In inclosing the five pounds as requested, he added that it was "*the very sum he had proposed sending*," and wished that he was Chancellor of the Exchequer, if only for one day, for the poet's sake." The passage "*the very sum he had proposed sending*" brought down upon the head of poor George Thomson all the vials of the critical wrath of a succession of editors and commentators, who all united in accusing him of meanness and ingratitude in hinting, though inadvertently, that he valued at exactly five pounds the priceless assistance that the poet had rendered him. "Nothing," said Mr. Thomson to me, "was farther from my intention. In the first letter which I wrote to him in 1792, introducing myself and explaining the object of my proposed work, I offered to pay him any reasonable price that he chose to demand for his assistance. He indignantly rejected the offer, as all the world knows, stating that in the 'honest enthusiasm with which he embarked in the undertaking, he considered that any talk of money, wages, fee, hire, etc., would be downright prostitution of his soul.' Nearly a year afterward, when I ventured to send him what he called a 'pecuniary parcel,' which he accepted, 'lest its refusal should savor of affectation,' he swore that on the least repetition of any such 'traffic' he would indignantly spurn the by-part transaction, and from that moment drop all intercourse with, and become an entire stranger to me! What was I to do? I knew his proud and sensitive nature. I wanted to keep

on the most friendly terms with him. I desired above all things a continuance of his invaluable assistance to my work, and dreaded to offend him. I did not know that he was on his deathbed—neither did he know it himself; for had I known it, I would have hurried from Edinburgh to his side to be of what comfort I could to him, both pecuniarily and otherwise. I might further urge on my own behalf—that with every desire to be liberal and even generous, I was a poor man at the time. I published the *Melodies* at my own risk, and the book was not successful until after the death of the poet whose genius had enriched it. But these considerations had, in reality, no influence on my mind or actions, and had Burns asked me for five times five pounds, I would have procured it for him at any inconvenience to myself, even if I had to pawn my watch to procure the money. I own that, by the light of after occurrences, the phrase the “precise sum” which I employed in my letter was awkward and unfortunate, and I have never ceased to regret that I used it.”

To my mind this explanation was satisfactory, and I said so, with hearty emphasis, to the evident pleasure of Mr. Thomson. I had not thought much on the subject before, and was gratified to find that my hastily formed opinion had been shared long previously by Mr. Hugh Miller and by Mr. Robert Chambers; and that the latter had already given in print the weight of his authority and critical judgment to this effect.

There was at this time in Edinburgh a small association of kindred spirits—lovers of literature and song—who met once or twice a week at each other's houses in the evening, and who called themselves the “Egg and Toddy Club.” The members were strictly forbidden to incur any expense for their convivial gatherings, beyond a frugal supper of eggs and oatcake, moistened by temperate libations of whiskey and hot water, which the Scotch call “toddy.” The next meeting was appointed to be held at the house of Mr. Thomson, and I had the honor of an invitation. I went accordingly, spent a pleasant evening, and made the acquaintance of several agreeable persons; and speedily discovered that the

members were not only lovers of poetry, but most of them aspirants to poetic fame, and authors of books of poems in the Scottish language. The dialect of the Scottish Lowlands lends itself more easily than English does to the exigencies of rhyme and rhythm and poetical expression, in consequence of the great number of affectionate diminutives which it employs and of its copious vocabulary, which not only includes every word in the English, but many hundreds, if not thousands, of expressive and forcible words that have become obsolete in the English of the south, and of London more especially, and which still retain their literary and colloquial beauty in the North. I was not surprised to find so many poets (perhaps poetasters) in the Egg and Toddy Club—not professional authors, but gentleman engaged for the most part in business, or in the exercise of the legal and medical professions. I knew, as I have said elsewhere (“The Book of Scottish Songs”), “that not only the scholar in his study and the professed rhymers and author, but the tradesman behind his counter, the weaver at his mill, the ploughman in the field, and the fisherman in his boat, had written and composed songs, and that even tramps and vagrants, from the days of Allan Ramsay and Burns to our own, had been the authors of no contemptible compositions and emendations of old songs and ballads. These hards, many of them nameless, made no pretence to be refined; yet amid the rudest snatches were often to be found the happiest thoughts expressed in the happiest phraseology.” Three of the gentlemen present on the occasion achieved eminence in literature: Mr. Henry Glassford Bell, Sheriff of Lanarkshire, author of a “Life of Mary Queen of Scots” and several lyrical poems of great beauty; Mr. Alexander Smart, a printer, author of “Rambling Rhymes”; and Mr. William Anderson, author of “Landscape Lyrics,” and of a “Biographical Dictionary of Eminent Scotsmen.”

After breakfast Mr. Robert Chambers volunteered to act as my guide in a ramble through the ancient city of Edinburgh. On his part, Mr. Hugh Miller undertook to escort me on the morrow to Arthur's Seat and Salisbury Crag,

and explain as we went the geology of the mountain. Nothing more agreeable could have happened than both of these arrangements. Mr. Chambers was familiar with every stone in the pavement of the old city, and with all the history, tradition, romance, and poetry of every nook and corner of it; and Hugh Miller, though a learned geologist, was not a hard and dry man of mere science, but a poet, who brought to the study of scientific facts a richly stored mind and a fertile imagination.

As the record of the scenes and conversation of a single day, passed in the streets of Edinburgh with Mr. Robert Chambers, would fill an interesting volume, it would be useless to attempt in this place even an epitome of the subject. Mr. Chambers himself has well performed the task in his excellent "Traditions of Edinburgh," work that has gone through several editions with ever-increasing favor. Suffice it to say that in the walk from the Castle to Holyrood, down the long street that assumes the several names of the Cowgate, the High Street, and the Canongate, scarcely a house in the narrow city, or a "wynd" or close, was passed of which Mr. Chambers had not something to say of historical, antiquarian, legendary, or literary interest. Squalid for the most part in their accessories, grimy and ill-favored and ill-odored, teeming with life in its vulgarlest and most forbidding aspects, this great historical thoroughfare, seen in the adorning light of memory which Mr. Chambers threw over it like an aureole, became as picturesque as the portrait of a ragged beggar when painted by a great artist, who turns the very squalor of his model into grace and beauty on the canvas.

The conversation of Hugh Miller, though agreeable and instructive, was not equal in charm to that of Robert Chambers. The mind of Hugh Miller was so wedded to the study of geology as to leave him but little inclination to diverge into the wider fields of history, philosophy, romance and poetry, where he might have roamed to his own advantage and that of the world, had time allowed and preoccupation not prevented. The nowise related subjects of geology and the politics of the Free Church of Scotland occupied him fully;

geology, for the love he bore it, and Free Church politics for the discussion and dissemination of which he was dependent for the daily bread of himself and his household. The clerical and other supporters of the movement which ended in the disruption of the venerable Church of Scotland and the establishment of the Free Church, differing from its parent in no point of doctrine, but solely on the question of patronage and the appointment of clergymen by any other than the congregations to whose spiritual instruction and comfort they were to administer, came to the conclusion, while yet the controversy was in progress, that they required a newspaper to support their views before the public. The result was the establishment of the *Witness*, a weekly and afterward bi-weekly journal, published in Edinburgh. The next want of the party was that of an editor, and, fortunately as it appeared at the time for Hugh Miller, the choice of the shareholders fell upon him. He had a great reputation at the time for sound sense, discretion and the possession of a literary style of unusual force and elegance; and he gladly accepted the appointment, which secured him not only bread but the certainty of a rise in the social scale and a chance of fortune. He entered upon the duties of the post with zeal and ability, never admitting to himself, nor allowing the world to suspect, that the task was an uncongenial one, at which he chafed, but which he could not abandon, under the heavy penalty of a too possible penury. Little, and that little precarious and uncertain was to be earned by the literature of geology; much comparatively was to be earned, and that, whether much or little, was certain, by the able advocacy of Free Church principles; so he wisely, as it appeared at the time, stuck to his newspaper. But thereof came in the end despondency and madness. But of the tragic ending of a seemingly bright and promising career there appeared at this time neither trace nor presentiment and when, in pursuance of our previous agreement at the breakfast table, he acted as my guide, geological and poetical, to the picturesque heights of Salisbury Crags and the summit of Arthur's Seat, he was in the enjoyment of robust health, and full of spirit and animation.

Dressed in a suit of hodden gray, with a geological hammer in his hand, he skipped rather than walked up the hill, or it might well be called the mountain side, from St. Anthony's Well to the summit, discoursing as we went

Of mica-schist,
The old red sandstone, and the great fire mist
Of nebulae exploded, and the birth,
Myriads of ages past, of a young earth,
Still new and fresh though venerably old,
And of the wondrous tale in "Cosmos" told.

The geological lessons which I learned on that day from the lips of one so pre-eminently qualified to teach them I have either forgotten or allowed to mingle in the stream of my general knowledge of the subject. But the recollections of his conversation on the natural beauties of the noble panorama of land and sea that spreads before the eyes of the delighted visitor who stands on the summit of Arthur's seat remain as vivid as ever. The scene is one which, once beheld, is never likely to be forgotten. To the east is the Firth of Forth, with the Isle of May and the Bass Rock, and beyond these the great German Ocean; while along the shore stretch the villages and towns of Musselburgh, Preston Pans, North Berwick with the conical hill of Berwick Law, Dunbar, the castled crag of Tantallon, and the plains of Lammer Muir, all renowned in poetry and romance as well as in history. In front, to the north, is the low-lying country, sometimes called by the Edinburgh people the "Kingdom" of Fife, every square mile of which is of historical interest; to the west, the narrowing river, flowing from beyond the picturesque rock and city of Stirling, almost as romantic in situation and in history as

Edinburgh itself; while still farther to the north-west, lies the entrance to the Highlands, dominated by the noble hills of Perthshire and the magnificent range of the Grampians. Among the most conspicuous of these hills is Ben Ledi, or the Mount of God, more properly the Mount with God; a memorable hill in pre-Christian and pre-historic times; sacred to the great annual festival of the Scottish Druids; where every year on May day, the Druidical priests, in their three orders of judges, bards and prophets, followed by the multitude, marched to the top of the hill, and kindled the holy fire, direct from the rays of the sun. The broad pathway, from the base of the hill commencing near Calender, to the summit, is still plainly traceable by the grass that grows all the way on the soil trodden into comparatively fertile earth more than two thousand years ago, by the feet of the annual multitudes, that wore down the rough and rocky way, into the smoothness and pulverization which permitted the growth of the all-pervading grass. Mr. Miller was not particularly acquainted with Druidical history—who is?—but the fact of this annual procession on the morn of Beltain, sacred to the fire of Baal or the sun, was familiar to him. It was not till many years after this visit to Arthur's seat with this eminent philosopher and amiable man that the world heard of his lamentable death by his own hand. Widespread sorrow was felt far beyond the boundaries of Edinburgh by the sad catastrophe, and among the mourners none mourned more sincerely than the writer of these slight remembrances.—*Belgravia*.

A NEW THEORY OF SUN-SPOTS.

BY PROF. RICHARD A. PROCTOR.

Of all the phenomena presented to the contemplation of astronomers, sun-spots are at once the most impressive and the most mysterious. On the face of that resplendent disk they seem, at a first view, mere dark marks of little import or interest. To the astronomers who first observed them, Fabricius, Scheiner,

and Galileo, they were mere stains on the surface of an orb which earlier astronomers, confident in half-knowledge, had regarded as absolutely without spot or blemish. But so soon as their real features are noted, and the real dimensions of the sun's orb considered, their amazing significance is revealed; while,

when their movements are examined, and the strange laws noted according to which they wax and wane in frequency, they are found to present problems as mysterious as they are fascinating.

I am about to advance a theory about sun-spots, or rather about their more salient features, which at least serves, whether right or wrong, to associate together some of the most remarkable facts which have been discovered respecting the sun and his surroundings.

Let us first consider the nature of that surface in which sun-spots make their appearance, and the phenomena which they present.

We are apt to regard the visible surface of the sun as if it were either the actual surface of this globe, or, at least, very near to that surface. On a little consideration, however, of the facts known to us, it will appear that this view is not correct. Strangely enough, the earth under our feet tells us of the nature of the interior constitution of the sun, while the face of the sun himself even veils from view what lies deep down below it. The crust of the earth, studied by geologists, has spoken in the clearest terms of many millions of years of sun work at the sun's present rate of emitting heat and light. We may shorten our estimate of the time by assigning to the sun a greater activity in past times than now, or lengthen it by assuming that of yore he worked less effectively; but the result remains the same so far as our present inquiry is concerned: for it is the totality of sun work, not time, we have to consider. Dr. Croll, of Glasgow, has shown, if not conclusively, yet with such high degree of probability that it would be far less safe to reject than to accept his conclusions, that the earth's crust tells of at least 100,000,000 years of sun's work. Sir Charles Lyell accepted the evidence as to all intents and purposes decisive.

Yet if this is so, a great difficulty immediately presents itself. The sun's energy in emitting light and heat results, so far as can be seen, almost wholly from the action of gravity in drawing in toward the centre the matter which forms the great aggregation we call the sun. That mysterious power which resides in matter adds this other reason to the reasons already strong, which make it

the mystery of mysteries, that in it lies "the promise and potency" of light and heat throughout the universe itself. Dr. Ball has already explained in these pages (*Longman's Magazine* for November) how the contraction of the sun's mass provides, so to speak, for the constant expenditure of energy. But we can ascertain precisely how much energy could have been derived from the contraction of the sun's globe to its present apparent size, supposing its mass strewn with tolerable uniformity through an orb of that size. Of course the larger the original volume of the sun, the greater the amount of energy which might thus have been produced. But let us assign to the original globe of the sun the greatest possible volume—infinity of space. Of course the idea is not admissible as a conception, but it can quite readily be dealt with mathematically, and will manifestly give us a superior limit to the length of time we wish to determine. We find, in using this infinity of space, that the period deduced is but about 20,000,000 years. Taking, instead, an extension all round over half the distance separating the sun from the nearest star, we get very nearly the same result.

Here, then, there is manifestly something wrong. Our earth tells us one story, the sun seems to tell us another, I reject as absolutely inadmissible the suggestion for removing the difficulty by supposing that our sun's globe was formed by the collision of masses which had before been rushing with enormous velocities through space. All such ideas of collision appear simply preposterous to the astronomer who apprehends how enormously the distances separating star from star exceed the dimensions of individual stars. There is only one way of removing the difficulty, viz., by recognizing the fact that the sun's apparent globe differs very much in size from his real globe. If the process of contraction has gone on very much farther than it seems to have done, then we can readily explain the awful vistas of past time of which our earth's crust tells us. We may safely conclude from this one argument alone that the sun's real globe is very much smaller than the orb we see.

But there is other evidence to the same effect. Prof. G. H. Darwin has

shown clearly that unless the central part of the sun were very much more compressed and dense than the parts near (say within fifty or a hundred thousand miles of) the apparent surface, there ought to be measurable flattening of the sun's polar regions. Now it is absolutely certain that there is no such flattening. All the observations made at Greenwich, Paris, Vienna, Washington, and other great observatories, agree in proving this. Therefore the central part of the sun is much denser than the outer parts, and doubtless the real globe of the sun is very much less than the globe we see.

There is also another proof of the same important fact in the behavior of the spots themselves. It will fall presently under our notice.

What, then, is that visible surface which lies as a luminous veil far above the real surface of the solar globe?

The telescope shows the general surface of the sun as formed of multitudinous small round objects, intensely bright on a background which, though really bright, appears by contrast dark. These objects are only small in the sense that they look small as seen even with the most powerful telescopes. In reality, they average two or three hundred miles in length and breadth. Regarding those of nearly circular form as in reality spherical, the surface of one of these clouds (if so we are to regard them), 200 miles in diameter, would be about 125,000 square miles; so that in comparison with all such terrestrial objects as we can actually see and measure, they are of enormous size.

Now we can readily form an opinion as to the nature of these cloud-like masses—the so-called solar *rice-grains*—by considering what the spectroscope has told us about the vaporous atmosphere in which they float. This complex atmosphere indicates its presence alike in telescopic survey of the sun and in photographs of his disk, by the well-marked darkening toward the sun's edge. Analyzed by the spectroscope, it is found to contain the vapors of iron, copper, zinc, aluminium, titanium, sodium, magnesium, and many other terrestrial elements, chiefly metallic. In other words, in the atmosphere of the sun the metals have the same position which the vapors of water

have in our own air; so intense is the heat of the sun that iron, copper, zinc, and so forth (doubtless, in reality, all the metals, though not all in sufficient quantity to indicate their presence) are turned to the form of vapor. The clouds, then, that float in the atmosphere of the sun, are clouds in which drops of metal play the same part which drops of water play in our own clouds. We may describe the solar *rice-grains*, in fact, as mighty metallic clouds.

But here I would call attention to a consideration which seems to me of great importance in all inquiries into the sun's condition. The laws of gaseous pressure and density, as determined by experiments on the earth, are either modified under the conditions which exist in the sun, or else we cannot possibly regard the region of absorptive vapors certainly existing around the visible surface of the sun as of the nature of an atmosphere. From spectroscopic analysis we know that the pressure at which hydrogen exists just outside the sun's surface is much below the pressure of our atmosphere at the sea-level, yet certainly not so low as the thousandth part of that pressure. And whatever opinion we may form as to the effect of the intense heat prevailing close by the sun, we cannot overlook the influence of the enormous force of gravity at his surface. Under this force, more than twenty-eight times the force of gravity at the earth's surface, an atmosphere constituted like our own would double in pressure for every one eighth of a mile of descent. Suppose that at the sun's surface a vaporous atmosphere such as he seems to have, an atmosphere constituted as the vaporous matter around him undoubtedly is constituted, doubled in pressure only once for every ten miles of descent. Then within the range of about 400 miles through which the sun's vaporous atmosphere has been observed (during total eclipse) to extend, there would be forty doublings, or the pressure, certainly not less than one-thousandth of our air's pressure, would be increased to more than *one thousand million times* the pressure of our air at the sea-level. Under such a pressure it would no longer be vaporous at all. Could it remain so, and obey the laws of gaseous matter, it would be many

thousands of times denser than the densest metals known to us. Most assuredly no such pressure exists either at the sun's surface or thousands of miles below it. We can see to a depth of some 10,000 miles in the case of certain of the larger sun-spots.

We seem forced to the conclusion that the real atmosphere of the sun does not come anywhere near the surface we see, which, according to this view, would be regarded as formed of cloudlike masses each with its surrounding of vapor, kept around it by such attractive energy as must necessarily reside in enormous aggregations of metallic globules such as these clouds must be. I am aware that this view will seem so strange, so unlike any that has heretofore been held, as to appear very daring. Yet it is infinitely more daring to overlook the enormous physical difficulties involved in the assumption that a continuous atmosphere surrounds the sun to a height of many hundreds of miles, while at the highest part of that self-luminous atmosphere the pressure is comparable with that of our own atmosphere at the sea-level.

Be this as it may (for the question has no direct bearing on the theory I am about to present), it is certain that under the action of various forces, the solar rice-grains arrange themselves into groupings of varied form, in such sort that the general surface of the sun, when studied with a telescope not sufficiently powerful to show the separate rice-grains, presents a mottled aspect. Photography, which, as skilfully applied by Dr. Janssen, gives us the best views yet obtained of the details of the sun's surface, shows another reason for the mottled aspect, in the existence of a sort of net-work (varying even in form) of misty streaks where the rice-grains, though visible, were much less clearly defined than elsewhere. These blurred regions will doubtless find their explanation hereafter, as their changes of form come to be more closely studied.

But yet again, the surface of the sun is disturbed by forces producing more marked movements of the solar clouds. These get driven together into closely-packed streaks which, even in telescopes of very moderate power, are visible as exceedingly bright objects. They are

the so-called *faculæ* (named thus by Hevelius), from the Latin word for a torch, because of their brilliant aspect.

It is, however, when yet greater disturbances affect the cloud-laden region which forms the visible surface of the sun, that solar spots make their appearance. A region of disturbance, where many *faculæ* are seen making the sun's surface look like a froth-streaked sea, shows suddenly in the middle of a dark region, round which the *faculæ* appear at first as parts of nearly circular arcs. But they pass farther and farther away from the region of disturbance, the dark centre of which becomes better defined, and is presently seen to be bordered by a well-defined fringe of less darkness. Under close telescopic scrutiny this fringe (called the *penumbra*), which, though less dark than the central part (called the *umbra*), is darker than the general surface of the sun, is seen to be marked by streaks extending radially from the centre of the nearly circular spot. Larger and larger the spot grows, gradually losing its circular form, but still well rounded on all sides. The centre is found to be darker than the rest of the *umbra*, appearing, indeed, absolutely black, but not necessarily so, since the glowing lime-light appears absolutely black when on the sun's disk as on a background. This central darkest region is called the *nucleus*.

After remaining, sometimes for several days, sometimes for weeks or even months, a spot begins to show signs of breaking up, if one can speak of the breaking up of what really indicates the absence, not the presence, of matter. It loses its rounded form, becoming perceptibly pear-shaped. Large portions of the facular regions around break their way in upon the sun, chiefly on the edge, which remains more rounded, forming often bright bridges—usually curved—from side to side of the spot. On either side of the smaller part (the stalk end of the pear) larger but less brilliant masses seem to move in upon the spot as though to cover it over with portions of the cloud-laden surface which had before been outside. These masses, as they move on, usually show widening dark streaks between them; and it is very noteworthy that on either

side of these dark streaks there can be seen bright thread-like objects akin to the radial streaks around the umbra. But in the mean time these streaks, which have been originally radial and tolerably regular, have been tossed hither and thither as if irregular currents swept them in different directions. From the great masses thrown in on the dark background of the spot multitudinous filaments seem to stream in all directions, like fringe upon a storm-tossed banner.

More and more violently—pell-mell, as Secchi used to say—the luminous masses rush in upon the spot region. At last it is completely covered over, though bright facular streaks show where the great opening had been, and where intense disturbance is still going on. Sometimes these streaks break apart and a fresh spot is formed; and it has happened that twice or thrice a spot has been as it were renewed in this way. But usually the facular streaks become less and less marked, until at length the region where the spot has been can be in no way distinguished from the surrounding parts of the sun's surface.

Such is the history of a spot of the larger sort. Occasionally there are peculiarities affecting the progress of some particular spot. For instance, there was the wonderful Cyclone Spot, seen by Secchi in 1857,* the whole area of which was swept round as if by some mighty tornado. Again, there have been spots where a double tornado seems to have been in progress, the two whorls moving in opposite directions. In yet other cases there has been a whirling motion affecting the central part of the spot region in one direction, at one part of the spot's career, and in the contrary direction later. Other evidences also of exceedingly violent motion have from time to time been observed.

In smaller spots less marked signs of varying disturbance are noticed. The history of a small spot is comparatively uneventful. The chief interest in these lesser markings resides perhaps in the circumstance that to the unpractised observer they look very much like small planets in transit. For my own part I may express my conviction that every recorded case of intra-mercurial planets seen in transit is to be thus explained,

from the case of Lescarbault's Vulcan down to the case of Vulcan's supposed return as seen in China; though the last-named is the only case in which a photograph of the sun chanced fortunately to have been taken at the right time, proving unmistakably that what had been described as unquestionably a planet, moving like a planet and unlike a sun-spot, was nevertheless a small sun-spot after all.

But there are yet some other circumstances which must be noted before we proceed to consider a theory of sun-spots.

The spots are limited to two zones on the sun's surface, corresponding to the sub-tropical and temperate zones on the surface of the earth. The existence of such zones implies necessarily the occurrence of rational motion, whereby the position of the sun's poles and equator has been determined. It has been, in fact, by observing the spots that the axial position of the sun and his rate of rotation have been ascertained. But the movement of rotation, which seemed a comparatively simple matter when the first rough observations of Galileo and his contemporaries were in question, presents itself now as a complex phenomenon; for spots in high solar latitudes are found to indicate a rotation rate different for that determined by the observation of spots near the equator. The difference is so great as to become most perplexing when its real significance is considered. Judged by spots in the highest latitudes where spots have been seen on his face, the sun seems to rotate in about twenty-eight days. Judged by spots as near the equator as any have been seen, he seems to rotate in about twenty-four days. His real globe cannot well rotate save as a whole and in a single period; yet, judged by what looks like his surface, his equatorial regions seem to rotate seven times, while the mid-zones of his northern and southern hemispheres rotate only six times. Regarding the slower rate for a moment as the true rate of the sun's rotation, it would appear as though the visible equatorial regions gained one entire rotation on the surface beneath them in 168 days. Now the sun's circumference is in round numbers about 2,660,000 miles, so that the mere gain

of the whole equatorial zone takes place at the rate of nearly 16,000 miles per day, or about 650 miles per hour. Thus, viewing the varying rotation rate at the surface, we should have to recognize the existence of the most stupendous and far-ranging hurricane the mind can conceive.

We may fairly find in this amazing mobility another and simpler proof of what we have already seen to be demonstrated by subtler evidence, the vastness of the distance which separates the real surface of the sun from that visible surface which we call the photosphere. One other point remains to be mentioned. The spots, besides being limited in space, are limited also in time. They cannot always be looked for with any probability that they will be seen. At this present time there are many spots on the sun's face. But if he is watched week after week during several coming years, it will be found that the spots grow fewer and fewer till none are seen. Then several weeks, or mayhap months, will pass during which no spots and few faculæ will be seen, when the mottling will be scarce discernible, and the darkness near the edge will be much less marked than usual. Then the spots will begin to return, will become more and more numerous till they attain their maximum frequency. Then they will diminish till they disappear, then return, then pass away again, and so on continually, waxing and waning with a sort of rhythmic flow. But the oscillation is not uniform. The average interval between two successive epochs of greatest spot frequency is a little greater than eleven years, but the interval has been as short as eight years and it has been as long as sixteen years.

Such being the most striking peculiarities of the sun-spots, let us see whether they can be associated together, some or all of them, by any theory as to the way in which these great openings in the luminous cloud region are formed.

In the first place, it may be fairly assumed that the real seat of the disturbance seen when a spot appears lies below the visible surface of the sun. There are, indeed, similar circumstances which seem at a first view to suggest that the disturbance has its origin from outside.

If the spot period were of constant length, one might be led to suppose that some as yet undiscovered comet, having a period of about eleven years, and followed by a train of meteoric attendants, travels in an oval orbit intersecting the outlying cloud envelopes of the sun, and periodically with its flight of meteoric followers breaks through the region of luminous clouds. There are also certain peculiarities of sun-spots, noted by the late Mr. Richard Carrington, which have been held to indicate an external origin. But as none doubt that the real energies of the sun reside in that concealed mass which lies within the photosphere, hidden by a veil through which man can never hope to penetrate, and as the spots by their size and movements tell of more energetic disturbing forces, we must, it would seem, look for their origin where alone such forces are at work.

Again, if the origin of the spots is below the photosphere, and at the real surface of the sun, as the distance between this surface and the photosphere is enormous, we can hardly imagine any way in which forces exerted at the surface can affect the photospheric cloud region, unless they are directed with great energy radially from the sun's surface. In other words, it would seem that the forces at work in producing sun-spots are eruptional.

Now if we conceive the outburst of masses of strongly compressed and intensely heated gases from below the sun's real surface, and trace the result of their uprush, we are led to recognize certain phenomena, which certainly correspond well (be this explanation true or not) with what is seen on the sun. Even if the theory is incorrect, it has its value in thus associating together, as will be found, the various facts known about sun-spots, the colored flames, and the solar corona.

Let us suppose that a great eruption begins deep down below the visible surface of the sun, imprisoned gases bursting their way forth, and in their outburst driving masses of solid or liquid matter like missiles through the distant photosphere. As the compressed vapors travelled onward to regions of diminishing pressure, they would expand, cooling in the process, and drive away from all

round the region where they reached the visible surface the clouds which had covered that region. At the beginning there would be a central space, from around which the clouds were thus cleared over a continually widening area. Moreover, regarding the visible surface as part of a cloud stratum of great thickness (certainly not less than 10,000 miles in depth), it is clear that the constantly expanding masses of vapor, in their upward rush, would drive the higher parts of the cloud region farther apart than the lower portions. Thus looking squarely into the opening, from outside, as when we look at a spot near the centre of the sun's face from our terrestrial standpoint, we should obtain slant views of the cloud stratum.

Now the clouds which had before been spread uniformly over the scene of disturbance, being driven away from it upon the surrounding region, would necessarily be packed closely together, and so would form luminous streaks all around the spot—the faculæ, which, as we have seen, surround the disturbed region. The penumbra would show what lies underneath the photosphere, but not in its normal condition; for the mighty uprushing and side-thrusting masses of vapor would displace all parts of the cloud stratum, even as the outer parts are displaced and made to form facular streaks. Still we can form an idea, from the aspect of the penumbral fringe, respecting the normal condition of the inner parts of the solar cloud region. The radiating streaks, which are manifestly slant streaks of luminous matter below the clouds, seem to tell us clearly of streaks which have been vertical before the disturbance. We may compare what we see round the spot to what one would see in looking down upon a field of wheat (from a balloon, suppose) over a part of which a small but violent whirlwind was passing. All round the centre of disturbance the stalks of wheat would be driven aslant and we should see them sloping radially around that centre. The ears of wheat belonging to the storm-bent stalks would be driven closer together than the ears elsewhere over the field, and so would form circular streaks around the region of disturbance, and outside the slant radial streaks. These circular streaks

of compressed wheat-ears would look brighter than the rest of the field if the ears were in their golden prime. So the glowing solar clouds, urged together by the expansive action of the vapors poured into the spot region, form streaks looking brighter than the surrounding surface; while extending from them inward, toward the spot's centre, are seen the streaks of luminous matter which before had been vertical. What these vertical streaks may be is not very easily determined. They may be down-rushing streams of molten metal from the sun's metallic clouds, or they may be uprushing columns of glowing metallic vapors, capped by the clouds (as in our own air uprising streams of aqueous vapor are capped by cumulus clouds), or they may include both forms; however they are to be interpreted, it is certain they exist.

After a while the eruptive forces cease; the ejected vapors for a while continue to extend themselves around the region of disturbance, but not long. All the forces now called into action are such as tend to fill in again, and cover over, the region which has been disturbed. As the surrounding cloud-covered regions strive to rush in, contests arise between the in-rushing masses and the vapors within the spot region. In these conflicts cyclonic action may arise, and usually does. Sometimes a single cyclonic whirl is generated; at other times two or more, which may be in the same or different directions; while at yet other times, changes in the conditions under which the conflicts take place may cause a cyclone in one direction to be replaced by another in the contrary direction. Again, the inclosed vapors would maintain a better resistance and preserve the rounded form of the spot on that side toward which their motion urged them. On the other side, where the resistance would be less effective, cloud-laden masses from the solar photosphere would break in, or rather would be drawn in; and around this part of the disturbed region the photosphere would be more disturbed than elsewhere, and in many parts would be broken up.

The masses thus flung over or projected toward the region of the spot would be agglomerations of the luminous clouds with their vaporous surround-

ings and their filamentous appendages, which, in the more quiescent parts of the sun's surface, are usually (as may be presumed) nearly vertical. A mass of clouds driven onward as by a mighty but irregular hurricane would show its filaments as streamers from a wind-tossed pennon, as these luminous thread-like forms actually appear. Not parallel here, as around the edges of a yet youthful spot, the filaments would present an appearance more nearly resembling that of our cirrus clouds, with their wild mare's-tail streaks tossed seemingly hither and thither by the varying currents in our upper air. Indeed, Professor Langley, to whom we owe decidedly the best views of the various features of the sun's surface yet drawn, finds every form of solar cloud illustrated in the clouds of our own air. But though we may thus find illustrations of solar features, we must not imagine that therefore we have necessarily their true analogues. The vast difference of scale must be carefully kept in recollection. The solar clouds, which seem simple rounded masses of luminous matter, are in reality vast cloud balls, two or three hundred miles in diameter; and doubtless, could we see them more clearly, would show amazing irregularities of structure where our present telescopes show uniformity. The filaments merely look like the thread-like forms which we see in our cirrus clouds; in reality they are forty or fifty miles in breadth, and some of them are fully 10,000 miles in length. Nothing that we know about our clouds enables us to form the merest guess as to the condition of such vast masses, such long streamers as these, or even to say that they are single masses or continuous streamers at all. And apart from all this, the intense heat which pervades the whole material of these seeming clouds and seeming streamers assures us that they are as unlike our clouds and cloud streamers in condition as they are in volume.

All that we can here say is that the sun-spots behave as though they were produced by the uprush of masses of vapor, caused by eruptive action far below the visible surface; for all the phenomena presented by a spot from its first formation to its final disappearance

correspond to what might fairly be expected to result from such a process of formation. In passing, however, it may be noted as strong evidence in favor of the theory that sun-spots are due to the action of forces working below the visible surface, that they are regions of darkness and not of increased brightness. If sun-spots are produced in the way I have suggested, there would result great cooling from the expansive action of vapors which had been enormously compressed. On the other hand if sun-spots had their origin from without, the bringing to rest of matter, meteoric or cometic, which had before been travelling with enormous velocity, would necessarily be accompanied by the generation of heat. Since the spots by their darkness and by the spectroscopic evidence of powerful absorptive action tell us that they are regions of cooling and not of greater heat, we may reasonably and safely infer that they are due to the action of forces working from within expansively, and not from outside with effects of compression.

But now let us see whether we may not find other evidence bearing on this theory of sun-spots, by looking outside the sun's surface for the effects, even as we have looked below for the cause of the disturbance to which they are due.

So soon as the colored prominences had been shown by Lieutenant (now Colonel) Herschel, Janssen, Rayet, and others, to be great masses of glowing gas, it became possible to observe them without waiting for total solar eclipses. Shining with special tints only, their light could, by spectroscopic dispersion, be brought into rivalry with only such light from the surrounding sky, or even from the sun himself, as is one of those tints. The totality of sunlight overwhelmingly surpasses the totality of prominence light; but red light from a prominence is not overwhelmingly surpassed by the red light of the same or very nearly the same tint, either from the sun or from the sunlit sky close by him. Thus, by keeping out all light save that of this special red tint of hydrogen, or if preferred the orange-yellow tint of helium, or either the indigo or the greenish-blue tint of hydrogen, the shapes and movements of the great colored flames can be discerned and watched.

Now the most interesting of all the results which have followed from the application of this fertile method of observation has been the division of the colored prominences into two definite classes. First there are the cloud-like prominences, which in form and movement closely resemble the clouds of a wind-swept sky, or sometimes of a sky comparatively calm. Secondly, there are the jet-like prominences, which by their form (their initial form at any rate) and by all their movements show that they are due to eruptive action.

The cloud-like prominences appear around all parts of the sun's edge, which is equivalent to saying that they occur at all parts of the sun's surface. In this respect they are like the solar clouds and the faculæ. They are apt to be somewhat larger and more numerous opposite the spot zones, which amounts to saying that they occur in greater relative frequency, and attain a greater average size, over the spot-zones. In this respect they resemble the faculæ. It seems likely therefore that if (as is most probable) there is some connection between the colored prominences and the phenomena of the sun's surface, the faculæ are the features to be specially associated with the colored prominences of cloud-like form. These cloud flames attain sometimes an enormous size and height, reaching sometimes eighty or even a hundred thousand miles above the sun's surface. They are less brilliant than the eruptive prominences, and though their movements (or rather their apparent changes of form) are sometimes amazingly rapid when compared with the movements of terrestrial clouds, yet they show nothing like the rapidity of motion observed in the prominences of jet-like form. The cloud flames may be looked for at all times, whether the sun shows many spots or few, or none; but they are apt to be rather more numerous when there are many spots.

The eruption prominences, on the other hand, are never seen except opposite the spot-zones, or, in other words, they never exist except over these zones of the sun's surface. Moreover, the jet prominences are only seen when there are spots on these zones; and though this has not yet been actually established by observation,

there are strong reasons for believing that an eruption prominence is never to be seen except above a solar spot. Their occurrence only over the spot-zone, and at a time when there are visible spots, suffices of itself, however, to prove that they are intimately connected with the occurrence of that particular kind of disturbance which results in the breaking up of the photosphere and the formation of sun-spots.

This being so, it becomes probable, on *à priori* grounds, that by studying the jet-like prominences we may obtain information about sun-spots, and *vice versa*, that any true theory we may be able to form respecting sun-spots will throw some light on the nature of the eruption prominences.

These jet-like protuberances are generally smaller, brighter, and better defined than their cloud-like brethren. They have usually been regarded as actual eruptions of glowing hydrogen; but this view seems as incorrect as would be the idea that the smoke and products of chemical action flung from the mouth of a cannon are the real missiles ejected. We may, indeed, by noting the behavior of the glowing hydrogen in the eruption prominences, obtain clear and decisive evidence that it is to the smoke from a cannon they are to be compared rather than to the ejected missiles. We see lofty columns of the glowing hydrogen at first as though they had themselves been flung forth as mighty streams of gas from the sun's interior; but a few minutes later the upper parts of these columnar streams spread themselves out into cloud-like forms, much as the smoke which at first rushes straight enough from the mouth of a cannon begins presently to expand into cloud-formed masses. Such, for instance, was the behavior of a mighty spiral column of glowing hydrogen seen by Zöllner as far back as 1870, and pictured in my treatise on the sun. Here was a column 32,000 miles in height, so that four globes like our earth, placed one upon the top of another, would not have reached to the summit of this long column. How unlikely, on the face of things, that a rare gas such as the hydrogen then seen (for, by the spectroscopic method of observation, its density could be determined and was

found to be small) could be ejected through resisting vaporous matter to so enormous a height. But even could this have happened, it is certain that after rushing *thus far*, the hydrogen would continue to ascend in jet-like form, not begin to spread into cloud form just where the jet-like motion would have become possible in consequence of the greatly diminished resistance.

If any doubt could remain after the consideration of such cases, it would be removed by the phenomena presented during the celebrated eruption witnessed by Professor Young in 1871.* On that occasion a long low-lying cloud of glowing hydrogen was torn into shreds by a tremendous outburst which occurred below. Long filaments of hydrogen was seen travelling upward so swiftly that their motion was actually discernible, a circumstance very unusual, and meaning a great deal at the sun's distance. Higher and higher these filaments of hydrogen seemed to rush, until at last they had attained the enormous height of 210,000 miles (at least)† from the sun's visible surface. Even at that enormous height they did not cease to ascend; they simply lost their lustre, and became no longer discernible.

From a calculation based on the observed time in which this enormous distance seemed to be traversed, I determined the velocity with which the matter ejected on that occasion crossed the visible surface of the sun at certainly not less than 300, and probably not less than 500 miles per second. Now the filaments of glowing hydrogen by no means presented the appearance of bodies rushing with enormous velocity through a resisting atmosphere. On the contrary, they were long irregular streaks of luminous gas, pointed in front (with reference to the direction of their motion) as well as in the rear. I do not think they can possibly be re-

garded as the missiles then ejected. Their motion was probably apparent only, not real. I take it that when one of these filaments was seen apparently advancing with enormous velocity upward, what was really happening was this: A solid or liquid mass was rushing upward, tearing its way through whatever hydrogen lay along its track, and thus leaving behind it a trail of glowing hydrogen, growing at the upper end as the missile advanced, and losing length at the rear end as the imparted heat passed away, and so appearing to advance—even as the trail of a meteor seems to advance, though in reality the luminous matter forming that trail has not passed onward; but the meteor passing onward has caused atmospheric regions continually farther and farther forward to become luminous.

It is tolerably obvious that on this occasion there was an ejection of matter solid or liquid (or if vaporous, then of great density) at velocities so great that the ejected matter could never return to the sun. A velocity of about 360 miles per second is the greatest the sun can control in matter at his surface. In this case the ejected matter probably crossed the sun's surface at a velocity far exceeding this, and is now travelling, with velocity constantly diminishing but never to be entirely lost, into the remote depths of interstellar space. It is difficult to see how so enormous a velocity as this could have been acquired or imparted below that mobile surface which we call the photosphere. Professor Young has suggested that the sun is a gigantic bubble, and that beneath the skin (really the inclosing strata) of this bubble the forces of outburst may be restrained until they acquire the energy necessary to expel matter at the observed rate of ejection. But everything in the behavior of the great eruption prominences speaks of an origin much more deep-seated than the inner layers of the photospheric cloud regions. Doubtless it is at and below the real surface of the sun that the eruptions occur by which missiles are ejected through the solar cloud envelopes, to pass in some cases but a few thousand miles higher, in others hundreds of thousands of miles away through the heart of the corona,

* Eruptions of a similar character have been witnessed since, but that was the first that had ever been seen.

† They may have passed much farther away than this, for the distance measured was the apparent distance; and if their course was aslant to the direction of the line of sight, the real distance was certainly greater, and may have been much greater.

and in yet others beyond the very limits of the solar system itself.*

Lastly, in the corona itself we find evidence of the action of eruptive or repulsive forces in the solar spot region, though indirectly rather than directly. There is, indeed, direct evidence of some such action in the greater extension of the corona opposite the spot-zones. But the indirect evidence is stronger. The light of the corona, under spectroscopic analysis, is found to be partly reflected sunlight, partly inherent light due apparently to two sources—first, incandescent solid and liquid matter in the neighborhood of the sun, and secondly glowing gas. The lines of glowing hydrogen show that this gas is present in the corona at times, if not always, though assuredly not as the component of a gaseous atmosphere extending from the sun to the distance of even the inner bright corona. But it is noteworthy that the lines of hydrogen have only been seen or have only been bright at a time

when there have been many spots on the sun's face, and therefore at the season when eruption prominences appear. It seems reasonable to infer that at such times the eruptive or repulsive action of which the jet prominences give evidence leads to the ejection or repulsion of meteoric and cometic matter through the hydrogen present in the corona, and consequently to the heating of the hydrogen in such degree that its bright lines show under spectroscopic scrutiny.

It seems certainly noteworthy that so many phenomena presented by the sun-spots themselves, the colored flames, and the corona, accord so well with a theory originally advanced only as a suggested way of interpreting certain features of the solar spots. Whether the theory is sound or not, it serves conveniently to associate a number of highly interesting facts respecting these phenomena of the sun and of sun-surrounding space.—*Longman's Magazine.*



PRODIGALITY AND ALTRUISM.

THERE are some controversies, most of them moral, but not quite all, upon which men find what we may call their intellectual instinct quite as sure a guide as their reason, and a much quicker one. It takes time to reason out on Christian principles a defence of the duty of wrath, though we all perceive, perhaps too quickly, that under given circumstances such a duty must exist. Men see that the doctrine of non-resistance would not work, and, therefore, cannot be divine, long before they perceive where the chain of argument which has led many thinkers to the Quaker conclusion visibly breaks down. They resist before they have reflected that non-resistance as a dogma must make them

very often accomplices in evil. Of all such questions, however, there is none in which instinct and reasoning are more nearly at variance than the one raised by our correspondents of this week and the last. They argue, one directly and the other, implicitly, that it is impossible for a Christian to be prodigal—that is, to expend large sums in mere pleasure blamelessly. There is misery in the world, they say, and you are bound to relieve it with all the money you have above the expenses of maintenance, or you neglect your duty. That seems, to Christians at all events, at the first blush, a solid proposition, to which there can scarcely be any answer; and yet the world, including Christians, has replied to it for centuries by a negative. It has perceived that there is contained in it a death-warrant for civilization, for refinement, for most forms of enjoyment, and for the culture of beauty, and has said "No!" instinctively, without being able to reason the "No" out, and therefore, after its fashion, has accepted the argument as true, but, nevertheless, only "a

* It is noteworthy that in 1864 Mr. Sorby, of Sheffield, was led by the microscopic study of meteors to the belief, or rather to the conviction, that they had once been either in the interior of our sun, or of a body in the sunlike state; while the late Professor Graham, of London, was led to a precisely similar conclusion respecting the Lenarto iron meteor, by the quantity of hydrogen which he found occluded within its mass.

counsel for perfection." As we are by no means sure that it is even that, we will endeavor to state what seem to us the difficulties in the subject, at some risk of the obloquy which in these days falls upon all who seem to plead the cause of the rich against the poor. The rich, however, are vertebrate animals, and entitled to justice; and if they were not, it would concern us all, as we are all striving for money, to consider whether, in keeping it or spending it on ourselves, we are doing wrong. We contend that we, the average folk, are not, though there may be and are persons to whom a mission has been given which enables them, or rather obliges them, to act on a loftier sense of duty than the world can obey.

In the first place, then, we cannot recognize the limitations with which our correspondents, and, indeed, almost all who maintain the extreme theory of altruism, attempt to hedge in their dogma. If it is true at all, it is true thus far, that it is wrong, while misery capable of relief by expenditure exists in the world, to expend money heedlessly in any way whatever. It is just as wrong to spend spare thousands on a line of electric telegraph, as Mr. Thomasson advises, as to expend them on anything else, for the telegraph probably produces much more misery than it relieves, and is itself, to those who appreciate rapid communication, mainly an enjoyment. We are not quite sure that it is right to distribute flowers to hospitals, as "B. P. L." suggests, for the money would assuage hunger, and even preserve life; and a consumptive patient, like our friend's "weary pleasure-seeker," gets nothing out of the flowers but a little languid enjoyment, to which the fact of sickness gives him no preferential title. Hunger must count before sickness, and we are quite sure that "the social duties of one's position," as Mr. Brameld calls them, are no excuse for spending money which might be given to the poor, for if their claim is absolute, relief is the highest of social duties, and indeed, as far as money is concerned the only one. No other can for an instant be weighed against it. It is ridiculous to plead that the pleasure of living in large rooms, or of buying fine pictures, or of

promoting culture, or even of giving to the public can be put in the balance against a claim so overmastering as that of hunger. Nonsense about encouraging Raphael! You may save ten lives with the price of one picture. Do not speak of buying that book, the money may cure a fever-stricken child who wants only quinine. Sell that horse at once, its value will give five ignorant children education. "Two thousand pounds' worth of flowers!" What right have you or can you have to two thousand pounds' worth of Consols, when scarcely two miles away thousands are suffering all the consequences, moral and physical, of over-crowding? There is no resisting the argument, and no limiting its extent, all that can be dispensed with must be dispensed with, and curtains are as much robberies from the poor as the azaleas which move our friends to such reams of indignation. All must be sold, except the indispensable, and but little will remain. There lived an old lady once, not so long ago, who earned—we are relating an authenticated fact—by very severe exertion some £3200 a year. For twenty years she steadily "gave to the Lord" £3000 a year, reserving the odd £200 for her own and her children's maintenance. A venerable clergyman called one day, and rebuked that old lady roundly in a good set lecture for "keeping back her substance from the Lord." He had breakfasted with her, noticed that she used silver spoons, and in the most perfect sincerity demanded that they also should be sold, and the proceeds used in "furthering the work." Clearly, upon the theory the old clergyman was right; you can eat with horn spoons; the silver was worth some pounds, and those pounds, if the claim was absolute, belonged to the Lord's work. There is no possible pausing in such a road till you have arrived at bare necessities, and all the arts, except perhaps cooking, all the enjoyments which depend upon money, say, for example, riding, and almost all the amenities of life, must be suffered to die out. They involve waste, while the poor suffer, and as the poor are infinitely the majority, and always will be, all wealth must be mortgaged to their relief. The wealth itself, it must be remembered, would, under

the theory, be enormously diminished. Not to speak of the extinction of the great whip, selfishness, commerce in superfluities must perish. France must lose her wine trade, China her tea trade, America her tobacco trade, for none of those things can be considered indispensable. Industry, too, must diminish, for if I hold wealth in trust for the poor, so do I hold my time; and it is as wrong for me to be seeking wealth while my sick brother wants a nurse, as for me to be buying flowers while he wants a more nourishing dinner. There is no personal object in seeking the wealth, for it is all to go away, and no altruistic object can be so pressing as that of insuring the needful tendance. We not only all see that, if the sick be son or wife, but we act on it, and the sick neighbor should be nearly as close. All spare wealth must be devoted to the poor, as Carlo Borromeo devoted it; and all spare time not actually required for the great and intensely wearisome business of keeping alive.

Is it not certain that the instinct of mankind is right in rejecting such a theory, which would crush out all civilization, flatten down all differences of living, extinguish all interests save one, and turn the world into one gigantic poorhouse, with the successful minority doing the work of nurses, and the unsuccessful majority passing life, let us hope with gratitude, in the receipt of alms? It is most certain, as we hold, that the instinct is right; and yet we humbly acknowledge that we cannot suggest the train of reasoning which should completely demonstrate that it is so, and that we have a deep respect for those who can act up to the law of altruism without considering consequences. But then we respect them as we respect those who, from some overmastering obligation personal to themselves, observe the law of celibacy, which if universally accepted would extinguish the world. Our impression—we will not say conviction—is that men are entitled not only to the fruit of their exertions, but to the enjoyment of them; that unwilling giving is sterile of good, whether to giver or receiver; and that the command laid on us is only to share with others freely,

not to divest ourselves of our own, which may, moreover, be necessary to our own highest development. An easy-chair is not surplusage, if the cripple seated in it thereby has the unfretted use of his brain. Complete altruism is, in fact, service, and the obligation to serve is not laid upon all men, at all times, in the same way. It would, however, be difficult to maintain that view in time of actual famine—as difficult as to maintain the converse in cases where the giver, irritated by the perpetual self-sacrifice as by a hair shirt, felt himself slipping, in his very obedience to the law, daily farther from his own ideal, degenerating, in fact, by virtue of self-denial into a querulous self-seeker. All we can do is to plead that the supposed law seems to be at variance with most of the facts of Nature, which, if we could read them aright, must be divine, and most of the instincts of man; and that its result, if literally obeyed, *ab omnibus et ubique*, would be the utter ruin of the majority, upon whom the effect of that other law, "He that will not work, neither shall he eat," would speedily cease to operate. All we are quite clear about, except by a mental instinct, is that, if there is a limit to the law of self-sacrifice other than its producing self-demoralization, if there is any money of our own which we may spend on ourselves, then the mode of the expenditure, provided it is innocent, is not a moral question. One likes flowers, another—by his own avowal, incredible as it may seem—likes telegraphs, and it is as right to spend thousands on flowers or pines as on Raphaels or gigantic organs. We cannot prove absolutely, and on paper that there is no harm in waste, but if any waste is allowable, waste on magnificence is as lawful as waste on the purchase of superfluous bonds to bearer. We cannot see otherwise, and must just bear to be told that we are defenders of the one social habit which by instinct, as well as reason, we unreasonably detest.

How wise the old legislators were, who fixed on an arbitrary proportion—one tenth, a two-shilling Income-tax—as the minimum share to be given to unselfish work!—*Spectator*.

WORDSWORTH AND BYRON.

BY ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

AMONG the more eminent or prominent names of famous men, and perhaps especially of famous poets, some must inevitably be longer than others in finding their ultimate level of comparative account in critical no less than in popular repute. But it is singular enough at first sight that among all the many memorable names of our countrymen which ennoble for the retrospect of all time the first quarter of this century, two alone should still remain objects of so much debate as are those of the two poets who have recently supplied one of their most eminent successors with subject-matter for the exercise of his ability in discussion and the display of his daring in paradox. For although it has ever been my desire, in the expressive words of the Church Catechism, to order myself lowly and reverently to all my betters; and although I hope never to write a word incompatible with deep gratitude and cordial admiration for all the gifts of poetry and prose—to say nothing just now of admonition and castigation—which his too frequently offending countrymen owe to the just and liberal hand of Mr. Matthew Arnold: yet I cannot but feel that in his recent utterances or expositions regarding Wordsworth and Byron he has now and then spread a wider sail before a stronger wind of sheer paradox than ever has any critic of anything like equal or comparable reputation. We might almost imagine, on consideration of the task here undertaken, that his aim had been to show how not gold only, but also the higher criticism, may solder close impossibilities, and make them kiss.

"Wordsworth and Byron," says the most distinguished of Wordsworth's later disciples, "stand out by themselves. When the year 1900 is turned, and our nation comes to recount her poetic glories in the century which has then just ended, the first names with her will be these." I cannot, for my part, pretend to predict the issues of the future, to determine the progress or the aberration of opinion in days that per-

haps we may not know of. But I must say that, if this prediction be prophecy indeed, the taste of 1901 will in my humble opinion be about on a par with the taste of 1647; when the first names of the Shakespearean generation were Jonson and Fletcher: Shakespeare, compared with these two claimants, being in the opinion of their most eminent disciples as "dull" and "scurrilous" a pretender as Mr. Arnold finds Coleridge and Shelley to be shadowy and inadequate competitors for fame with the laureates of Rydal and Ravena.

It seems a great thing, and it certainly is something, to have such evidence as this to the fact that appreciation of Wordsworth is no longer incompatible with appreciation of Byron. On the other hand, certain as it is that the assertion of equality, and much more the suggestion of kinship, between these two contending forces of their generation would have exasperated the one into stormy jealousy less deep than the other's serene contempt, it is not less evident that the very fact and the very consciousness of having so far surmounted the difficulties and harmonized the discords of the past may involve the critic in perplexities and lead him into temptations of his own. One of these, it seems to me, is the tendency to make too much at once of the salient points of likeness and of the salient points of contrast between two such men and leaders. Another is the tendency to exaggerate or to ignore or to mistake their relations to their own time and their possible influence on ours. That the direct or indirect influence of one will end only when there is not a man left in the world who understands a word of the dead English language; that the direct and indirect influence of the other, however much wider and more tangible while it lasted, is already in the main spent, exhausted, insignificant henceforward for better and for worse; it would appear an equal stretch of dogmatism to assert with equal confidence: yet it is an opinion for which a good deal might be

said by any one with leisure and inclination to advance and support it by comparison of their respective claims.

Let me repeat, at the risk of appearing impertinently superfluous in protestation, that I have never written and never mean to write an irreverent word of Mr. Arnold's own claims to all due deference and all reasonable regard, whether as poet or as critic ; but I must confess, borrowing two favorite terms of his own, that "lucidity" does not appear to me by any means to be the distinguishing "note" of his later criticisms. His first critical confession of faith—the famous and admirable if not exhaustive or conclusive preface of October 1st, 1853—was a model of the quality which now, it should seem, appears to him rather commendable than practicable—a matter of pious opinion or devout imagination. When we are told that the distinguishing merit of such poetry as we find in Keats's "Ode on a Grecian Urn" is that it gives us, of all gifts in the world, the expression of a moral idea comparable with the gravest and the deepest utterances of Shakespeare and of Milton, we begin to perceive, or at all events we begin to suspect, that Mr. Arnold's excursive studies in theology have somewhat infected him with the theologian's habit of using words and phrases in a special and extranatural sense which renders their message impervious, their meaning impenetrable, to all but the esoteric adept. "A criticism of life" becomes such another term or form of speech as "prevenient grace," or "the real presence," or "the double procession of the Holy Ghost ;" if, Hamlet-like, we consider too curiously what it may mean, the reverent reader may haply find himself on the high road to distraction, the irreverent will too probably find himself on the verge of laughter. A certain criticism of life, a certain method or scheme of contemplation, a devotion to certain points of view and certain tones of thought, may unquestionably be discerned in the highest work of such poets as Milton, Wordsworth, and Shelley, in the past ; in our own days, of such poets as Lord Tennyson, Mr. Browning and Mr. Arnold himself. But how this fact can possibly be shown to imply that it is this

quality which gives them rank as poets ; and how the definition of this quality can possibly be strained so as to cover the case of Keats, the most exclusively æsthetic and the most absolutely non-moral of all serious writers on record ; these are two questions to which the propounder of such postulates may surely be expected to vouchsafe at least some gleam of a solution, some shadow of a reply. Meantime the apparent discrepancies (not to say, the transparent contradictions) involved in any such theory are thrown into sharp accidental relief by the comparison of Mr. Arnold's estimate of Gautier with his estimate of Keats. "Such a poet as Théophile Gautier" is to him a type of the poet who has no criticism of life to offer, and who comes short of the poet's aim and the poet's crown in consequence of this deficiency ; while the place of Keats among English poets is beside Shakespeare. Now Keats, in my opinion as well as in Mr. Arnold's, is a very decidedly greater poet than Gautier ; but according to Mr. Arnold's theory, if his terms of definition are to be construed in any sense which may be "understood of the people," I must venture to affirm that Gautier could be proved an incomparably greater poet than Keats. There is not a line extant by the author of "Endymion" which shows even a glimmer of such simple and cordial manliness of sympathy with the homely heroism and humble interest of actual life as informs every line of Gautier's noble little poem on two veteran survivors of the Old Guard, seen hobbling along the streets of contemporary Paris ; a poem which combines in no small measure the best qualities of Wordsworth with the highest qualities of Byron.* And if it is not of actual life, its heroism and its interest, its suffering and its action, with their good or evil influences and results in the

* I must be allowed to submit that it is somewhat ungracious if not ungrateful in a professed Wordsworthian to select as a typical example of imperfection and failure the name of the one eminent French poet who has paid cordial and graceful tribute to the charm of Wordsworth, felt as from afar off in a single translated verse of

ce poëte
Dont parle Lord Byron d'un ton si plein de
fiel.

noble or ignoble development of character—if it is not of this that Mr. Arnold means to speak when he defines the test of poetry, as of all other literature, to be its value as a criticism of life, I must confess, as a plain man who can only understand plain speaking,* that I really do not know how to construe his oracles.

Mr. Arnold has at once a passion and a genius for definitions. It is doubtless good to have such a genius, but it is surely dangerous to have such a passion. All sane men must be willing to concede the truth of an assertion which he seems to fling down as a challenge from the ethical critic to the æsthetic—that a school of poetry divorced from any moral idea is a school of poetry divorced from life. Even John Keats himself, except in his most hectic moments of sensuous or spiritual debility, would hardly, I should imagine, have undertaken to deny this. What may reasonably be maintained is a thesis very different from such a denial; namely, that a school of poetry subordinated to any school of doctrine, subjugated and shaped and utilized by any moral idea to the exclusion of native impulse and spiritual instinct, will produce work fit to live when the noblest specimens of humanity are produced by artificial incubation. However, when we come to consider the case of Byron, we must allow it to be wholly undeniable that some sort of claim to some other kind of merit than that of a gift for writing poetry must be discovered or devised for him, if any place among memorable men is to be reserved for him at all. The fact that even his enormous vanity and inordinate egotism did not conceal this truth from him is perhaps the very best proof extant “what a very clever fellow he was”—to borrow the words of the “Letter from John Bull to Lord Byron” which appeared on the publication of the opening cantos of “Don Juan;” a letter so adroitly extravagant in its adulation that an “ill-minded man,” af-

ter study of Byron’s correspondence and diary, might be tempted to assign it to the hand which penned them. But for that hand the trick would have been too delicate and dexterous—though assuredly not too pitiful and mean.

Before entering on the question, what criticism of life in any intelligible sense of the phrase may be derivable or deducible from the writings of Wordsworth or of Byron, I would venture to put forward, by no means a counter theory or a rival definition to Mr. Arnold’s theory or definition of poetry, but a simple postulate, or at least a simple assumption, on which I would rest my argument. If it be not admitted, there is an end of the matter: it would be absolute waste of time, for one who resumes it as indisputable, to enter into controversy with one who regards it as disputable that the two primary and essential qualities of poetry are imagination and harmony: that where these qualities are wanting there can be no poetry, properly so called: and that where these qualities are perceptible in the highest degree, there, even though they should be unaccompanied and unsupported by any other great quality whatever—even though the ethical or the critical faculties should be conspicuous by its absence—there, and only there, is the best and the highest poetry. Now it is obviously impossible to supply any profitable or serviceable definition of these terms. All writers on the subject, from Mr. Arnold himself down to the smallest perceptible Byronite or Wordsworthian that ever wagged a tail or pricked an ear in the “common cry of” critics, are compelled sooner or later to give expression to their views and their conclusions with as much implicit dogmatism as Mr. John Dennis or Dr. Samuel Johnson. If any one chooses to assert that Flatman or Sprat or Byron had the secret of harmony, it would be as profitable an expenditure of time and reason to argue against his proposition as to contend with a musical critic who should maintain that “*Orphée aux Enfers*” was a more sublime example of sacred music than “*Israel in Egypt*.” Byron is to Coleridge and Shelley as nearly as possible what Offenbach is to Handel and Beethoven. In other matters than those

* It may be that the avowal of this inability will be taken as proof that the level of the writer’s intelligence is beneath that of Lord Lumpington and the Rev. Esau Hittall; but, if so, is it too rash to hope that Mr. Arnold may some day be induced for once to write criticism within reach of such understandings as those of his friend Mr. Bottles and myself?

in which Coleridge and Shelley were supreme; on ground where they could not set a trespassing foot without being at once convicted of comparative if not absolute incompetence; Byron was supreme in his turn—a king by truly divine right; but in a province outside the proper domain of absolute poetry. He is undisputed suzerain of the debatable borderland to which Berni has given his name: the style called Bernesque might now be more properly called Byronic, after the greater master who seized and held it by right of the stronger hand. If to be great as a Bernesque writer is to be great as a poet, then was Byron assuredly a great poet: if it be not, then most assuredly he was nothing of the kind. On all other points, in all other capacities, he can only claim to be acknowledged as a poet of the third class who now and then rises into the second, but speedily relapses into the lower element where he was born. Nothing, I repeat, does so much credit to his intelligence as the fact that he should himself have seen this with more or less clearness: nothing does more discredit to his character than the effect produced by this consciousness on his bearing toward others, his contemporary superiors. Too clear-sighted—or his cleverness belies itself—not to know them for such, he was too vain, too envious, and too dishonest to acknowledge that he knew or even to abstain from denying it. And here we may not unprofitably observe the difference between the ever-itching vanity of such a writer as Byron and the candid pride of a great poet. When Dante Alighieri or William Shakespeare, when John Milton or when Victor Hugo may be pleased to speak as one not unconscious of his own greatness, such consciousness will be confounded with vanity by no man who does not bear as a birth-mark the sign of the tribe of Zoilus; it would show a certain degree of weakness and incompetence, if the greatest among men and writers should alone be doomed to share the incapacity of their meanest assailants to perceive or to acknowledge that they are not less than great. Far different from the high and haughty equity of such men's self-knowledge and self-reverence is the malevolent and cowardly self-conceit of a Byron, ever shuffling and swaggering

and cringing and backbiting in a breath. The most remarkable point in his pre-
tentious and restless egotism is that a man capable of writing such bad verse should ever have been capable of seeing, even in part, how very bad it was; how very hollow were its claims; how very ignorant, impudent, and foolish, was the rabble rout of its adorers. That his first admirers in foreign countries were men of a far different order is a curious and significant truth which throws a double light upon the question in hand. The greatest European poet of his day, the greatest European patriot of our own, united in opinion perhaps on this one point only, have left eloquent and enduring testimony to the greatness of their ideal Byron. The enthusiasm of Goethe on the one hand and Mazzini on the other should be ample and final witness to the forcible and genuine impression made by the best work of Byron upon some of the highest minds in Europe. But in the former case we have first of all to consider this: what was the worth of Herr von Goethe's opinion on any question of extra-German literature? Of French he presumably knew at least as much as of English: and his criticism of French literature, if it can hardly be matter of "argument for a week," may certainly afford "laughter for a month, and a good jest forever." He rebuked the French for their injustice to so great a poet as Dubartas; he would doubtless have rebuked the English for their neglect of so great a poet as Quarles. He discerned among the rising Frenchmen of 1830 one genius of pre-eminent promise, one youth in whom he might hail his destined successor in the curule chair of European letters: and this favored son of Apollo was none other—*si Musis placet!*—than M. Prosper Mérimée. He might as rationally have remarked that England, in the age of Hume and Gibbon, Collins and Gray, Fielding and Richardson, Johnson and Goldsmith, had produced one writer of absolutely unparalleled merit—in the person of Mr. Horace Walpole.

Taking these considerations into due account, it is not without amusement as well as regret, it is not without regret as well as amusement, that we find even in our own day two English writers of

such distinction as Mr. Matthew Arnold and Mr. John Nichol debating and discussing as a matter of no small interest and moment to Englishmen, what it was that Goethe really said and what it was that Goethe really meant to say about the proper place of Byron among English poets. "No array of terms," protests Walt Whitman, "can say how much I am at peace about God, and about death:" and consequently he counsels mankind, "Be not curious about God." No array of terms can say how much I am at peace about Goethe's opinions on modern poetry, after examination of such samples as have just been given: and if my voice had weight or authority enough to make itself heard, I would fain take leave to counsel even my elders and my betters. Be not curious to know whether, or in what sense, Goethe meant to say that Byron was the greatest of English poets—whether greater only than Coleridge and Shelley, or greater also than Shakespeare and Milton: for such questions, as St. Paul observes of genealogies, are unprofitable and vain.

The later tribute of Mazzini to Byron claims at our hands a very different degree of consideration. Not merely because, for all who knew and loved him, the name of the man who realized for them the ideal of selfish heroism—of infinite pity, helpfulness, love, zeal, and ardor as divine in the heat of wrath as in the glow of charity—set before us in the records of the life and character of Jesus is never to be lightly spoken, or cited without a sense of inward and infinite reverence; not merely because they feel and acknowledge that in him it was given them to see for once how divine a thing human nature may be when absolutely and finally divorced from all thought or sense of self: made perfect in heroism and devotion, even to the point, not merely unattainable but unimaginable for most men, of disregarding even the imputations of selfishness and cowardice; "gentle, and just, and dreadless" as Shelley's ideal demigod, with the single-hearted tenderness and lovingkindness of a little child: not on any such inadequate and uncritical grounds as these, but simply because it seems to me that Mazzini alone has hit the mark which should be aimed at by

all who undertake the apology or attempt the panegyric of Byron. "That man *never* wrote from his heart," says Thackeray, sweepingly and fiercely: "he got up rapture and enthusiasm with an eye to the public." The only answer to this is that on one single point, but that one a point of unsurpassed importance and significance, the imputation is insupportable and unjust. He wrote from his heart when he wrote of politics—using that sometimes ambiguous term in its widest and most accurate significance. A just and contemptuous hatred of Georgian government, combined with a fitful and theatrical admiration of the first Bonaparte, made him too often write and speak like a vilely bad Englishman—"the friend of every country but his own": but his sympathy with the cause of justice during the blackest years of dynastic reaction on the Continent makes him worthy even yet of a sympathy and respect which no other quality of his character or his work could now by any possibility command from any quarter worth a moment's consideration or regard. On the day when it shall become accepted as a canon of criticism that the political work and the political opinions of a poet are to weigh nothing in the balance which suspends his reputation—on that day the best part of the fame of Byron will fly up and vanish into air. Setting aside mere instances of passionately cynical burlesque, and perhaps one or two exceptional examples of apparently sincere though vehemently demonstrative personal feeling, we find little really living or really praiseworthy work of Byron's which has not in it some direct or indirect touch of political emotion.

But, without wishing to detract from the just honor which has been paid to him on this score, and paid at least in full if not with over-measure, we must not overlook, in common justice, the seamy side of his unique success among readers who did not read him in English. It is something, undoubtedly, to be set down to a man's credit, that his work—if his work be other than poetic—should lose nothing by translation: always assuming that it has anything to lose. But what shall be said of a poet whose work not only does not lose, but gains, by translation into foreign prose?

and gains so greatly and indefinitely by that process as to assume a virtue which it has not? On taking up a fairly good version of "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage" in French or Italian prose, a reader whose eyes and ears are not hopelessly sealed against all distinction of good from bad in rhythm or in style will infallibly be struck by the vast improvement which the text has undergone in the course of translation. The blundering, floundering, lumbering and stumbling stanzas, transmuted into prose and transfigured into grammar, reveal the real and latent force of rhetorical energy that is in them: the gasping, ranting, wheezing, broken-winded verse has been transformed into really effective and fluent oratory. A ranter, of course, it is whose accents we hear in alternate moan, and bellow from the trampled platform of theatrical misanthropy: but he rants no longer out of tune: and we are able to discern in the thick and troubled stream of his natural eloquence whatever of real value may be swept along in company with much drifting rubbish. It is impossible to express how much "Childe Harold" gains by being done out of wretchedly bad metre into decently good prose: the New Testament did not gain more by being translated out of canine Greek into divine English. Not that even under these improved conditions Byron's is comparable to the work of a first rate orator or preacher; but one may perceive how men to whom English poetry was a strange tongue might mistake it for an impressive and effective example of English poetry.

It seems a trivial waste of time to insist repeatedly and in detail upon the rudiments of art: but when a man can hardly ever attempt a picture on even the smallest scale without displaying his absolute ignorance of the veriest elements of painting is hailed as a master of his craft, those who respect as well as understand the conditions of its existence will not think a little time and trouble misspent in the reduction of such a thesis to its natural and demonstrable absurdity. But in writing on so absurd a subject it would be absurd to employ what Mr. Arnold calls the grand style. Let us rather take a handful of samples at random which may give some notion of Byron's; probably the finest example

in all literature of that grandiose meanness which was often the leading note of the author's character and conduct. There are faults of style perceptible, no doubt, in poets of real greatness: Wordsworth's, for instance, are vexatious to the most loyal and thankful student in no small degree: but they are such faults as are possible to a great poet in moments of great perversity; Byron's, most distinctly, are not. His lava kisses and his baby earthquakes; his walls which have scalps, and pinnacle those scalps (was ever such jolter-headed jargon heard before, from Bedlam or Parnassus?) in cloud less thick than the confusion of such a chaos of false images; his stormy nights that are lovely in their strength as is—of all things on earth—the light of a woman's dark eye, or a dark eye in woman; his day that dies like a dolphin; his "grocer's shop kept by one Nightingale"—as Lander ingeniously expounded the long insoluble conundrum with which the "Bride of Abydos" confronts all comers on the threshold: these and other such hideous absurdities as these oblige us to reconsider the question, whether the generation of our fathers may not have been right after all in deciding—as we know from so illustrious a spokesman as Thackeray that his young contemporaries, in the freshness of their enthusiasm for Wordsworth, Keats, and the rising star of Tennyson, did most unhesitatingly and vehemently decide—that this idol of our grandfathers or grandmothers could maintain no higher title to fame than one which is the apanage of every successful pressman or improvisatore—the title of a very clever man. One thing is very certain: no man with a touch of true spiritual instinct could have perpetrated such monstrous stupidities. The perpetrator had fancy, wit, fire natural and artificial, with very remarkable energy and versatility: but in all the composition of his highly composite nature there was neither a note of real music nor a gleam of real imagination. If these certainly rather considerable defects are held sufficient to deprive a man of all claim to the title of poet, then undoubtedly Byron is no more a poet than any one of the tribe of dunces decimated by Pope. But the same may be said of Pope himself; and

the present writer at least is not Wordsworthian enough to insist, in the name of critical accuracy, that the title of poet—"with a difference"—may not be granted to the authors of "Don Juan" and the "Rape of the Lock."

This conjunction of names would be unjust to either poet if we should overlook the points in which either excelled the other. Pope could not have put such fiery fancy, such a force of impulse and emotion, into the "Vision of Judgment" or the successful parts of "Don Juan," any more than he could have been guilty of such unspeakable abominations, such debauched excesses of bad taste run mad and foaming at the mouth, as the examples lately cited from "Childe Harold;" or than he could, in his critical aspect—however captious his temper, and however limited his view—have been capable of such grotesque impertinence as theirs (if any such critics there be) who would defend such examples of poetic style by reminding objectors of the undisputed and indisputable facts that a dying dolphin does really exhibit a superb succession of colors, and that to a young lover the light of a dark eye in woman, or a woman's dark eye, is an object of equal and superior impressiveness and importance to the sight of a thunderstorm at midnight. Who in the name of Momus ever questioned it? Neither is it less unquestionable to any one who knows good work from bad that the fashion in which these facts have been expressed in verse and utilized for illustration by the author of "Childe Harold" is such as would have been simply impossible to a writer born with even an average allowance of imaginative perception or of instinctive taste. And this is the author placed almost at the head of modern poets by the eminent poet and critic who has so long, so loudly, and so justly preached to the world of letters the supreme necessity of "distinction" as the note of genuine style which alone enables any sort of literary work to survive! Shakespeare and Hugo are not good enough for him: in *Macbeth* and in *Hernani* he finds damning faults of style, and a plentiful lack of distinction: the text of the latter he garbles and falsifies as Voltaire garbled and falsified the text of

Shakespeare, and apparently for the same purpose—as unworthy of the one philosopher as of the other. But in Byron—of all remembered poets the most wanting in distinction of any kind, the most dependent for his effects on the most vulgar and violent resources of rant and cant and glare and splash and splutter—in Byron the apostle of culture, and the author of such nobly beautiful and blameless work as "Thyrsis" and the songs of Callicles, finds a seed of immortality more promising than in Coleridge or Shelley, the two coequal kings of English lyric poetry. All Mr. Arnold's readers will remember the effect produced on him by the case of "that poor girl Wragg": a remembrance which emboldens me to quote from a later newspaper report a singular example of critical coincidence or sympathy with his tastes on the part of "the Sunderland murderer Fury." Of that inarticulate poet, who "beat his music out," if I remember, in a very "grim and earnest," not to say Titanic and rather lurid-spectral, though not undivine fashion—if the Calvinistic or Carlylesque idea of the divine nature be in any degree consonant with Fact—the journals of his day have placed on record the following memoranda, here cited from the *Pall Mall Gazette*: "He has great taste for poetry, can recite long passages from popular poets, Byron's denunciation of the pleasures of the world having for him great attraction, *as a description of his own experiences*. Wordsworth is his favorite poet. He confesses himself a villain." (This logical association of ideas somehow recalls to my mind the rapturous reflection of rewarded virtue in that memorable utterance of the chaste Pamela: "My Mr. B. is the best of men. He has offered marriage.")

In the year 1865, when the reputation of Byron among lovers of poetry was perhaps not far from its lowest ebb, and the reputation of the illustrious poet who in early youth had been placed by the verdict of his admirers in the seat once occupied by the author of "Don Juan" was perhaps not far from its highest point of well-deserved popularity, a writer who stood up to speak a modest word in praise of Byron was not ungratified by the assurance, though con-

veyed at second-hand, that his championship of a "discredited" name had given great satisfaction to Byron's oldest surviving friend, the comrade of his early travels and the commentator of his once most admired poem. Since then a far more thorough vindication has been at once more boldly and more ably undertaken by Professor Nichol, in the most brilliant and searching estimate ever given of Byron's character, his work, and his career. A more competent or a more dexterous counsel for the defence could by no possibility have been retained. The previous and comparatively half-hearted spokesman on the same side, impeached at the time as an anti-Wordsworthian, has found himself, since the appearance of this more cordial and elaborate apology, denounced as an anti-Byronite. What he now would wish to say might easily be expressed in a turn of phrase borrowed from Thackeray. "Be not a Pigeon," said the great novelist, at the close of one of his miscellaneous papers: "but it is better to be a Pigeon than a Rook." Be not a Wordsworthian, I would advise, in any narrow or exclusive or sectarian sense of the term: but it is better to be a Wordsworthian than a Byronite.

Great as was Milton's influence on Wordsworth, it could no more affect the indomitable independence of his genius than the study of classic poets could affect that of Milton's own. When the impression of Milton's rhythmic majesty is most perceptible in the sublimest and most splendid verse of Wordsworth, it is always nevertheless the note of Wordsworth's own voice, not of Milton's as repeated and enfeebled by a dwindling echo, that we hear. Let us see how far the direct mimicry of a great poet's metrical inspiration could avail to give strength or sweetness to the naturally flaccid and untunable verse of Byron. This is the sort of stuff he has to offer in imitation of Coleridge's metre in "Christabel"—or rather in imitation of Scott's imitation of Coleridge's metre.

Mount ye, spur ye, skirr the plain,
That the fugitive may flee in vain, (*sic*)
When he breaks from the town; and none
escape,
Aged or young, in the Christian shape.

This is a sample of Byron's choicer

verse, as selected for our admiring notice by Mr. Arnold, in a volume designed to bear witness of his superiority as a poet to Coleridge and Shelley. The editor in his preface has done me the honor to cite, in a tone of courteous and generous cordiality which I am anxious to acknowledge, the phrase in which I have claimed for Byron at his best "the excellence of sincerity and strength." But surely he would not differ from me in thinking that this is not the broken gallop of rough vigor; it is the sickly stumble of drivelling debility. "Harold the Dauntless"—a poem not on the whole to be classed, any more than the "Doom of Devorgoil," among the more justifiable claims of Scott to poetic immortality—has nothing in it of such pitiful incompetence. And I agree with Mr. Arnold that the passage in which it occurs is no unfair sample of one of the most animated and spirited among the serious poems of Byron. Let us try again—still following in the wake of the same distinguished critic. Here is another taste from the same platter, as served up on the select and studiously arranged board at which he invites us to sit down, and partake of the chosen viands over which he has just said grace.

Though her eye shone out, yet the lids were
fix'd,

And the glance that it gave was wild and un-
mix'd

With aught of change, as the eyes may seem
Of the restless, who walk in a troubled dream;
Like the figures on arras, that gloomily glare,
Stirr'd by the breath of the wintry air,
So seen by the dying lamp's fitful light, (!)

Lifeless, but life-like, and awful to sight;
As they seem, through the dimness, about to
come down

From the shadowy wall where their images
frown;

Fearfully flitting to and fro,
As the gusts on the tapestry come and go.

Now this, we feel, is the sort of thing
That is easy for any boy to bring
Up to any extent who has once
Read Coleridge or Scott, and is not quite a
dunce,

Though he have but a blue-eyed cat's pretence
To an ear—as needs no sort of evidence.

It could hardly be easier even to spout
Volumes of English hexameters out
(With as much notion of music in rhythms
As men seek in a column of logarithms)
Than thus to perpetuate the simper and snivel
Of those various Medoras, that dreadfully
drivel;

And, from all who have any conception what verse is,
To provoke remarks that might sound like curses.*

A very few years ago, it would have been no more necessary to offer such remarks as these than to suggest that Sir William Davenant was not equal to Milton as an epic poet, nor Sir Robert Stapylton superior to Shakespeare as a dramatist. And I really should almost as soon have expected to see Lord Tennyson take up the cudgels for "Gondibert," or Sir Henry Taylor for the "Slighted Maid," as to find Mr. Arnold throwing the shield of his authority over the deformed and impotent nakedness of such utterly unutterable rubbish. He has complained elsewhere, with perfect justice, that Byron is "so empty of matter." Is it then the charm of execution, the grace of language, the perfection of form, which attracts him in the author of the "Siege of Corinth?" Is it "the fount of fiery life," "the thunder's roll," perceptible in such productions as these? Byron *ὄψιθρεμότης* is a thunderer whose bolt was forged assuredly on no diviner anvil than that with which Dennis or Cibber is represented in the text or notes of the "Dunciad" as shaking the souls of his audience. Is it his dramatic or lyrical gift? There is certainly some very effective rhetoric in one or two of his shorter pieces: but "the lyrical cry" which his panegyrist so properly requires—the pure note which can be breathed only from the pure element of lyric verse—is wanting alike in

his earliest and his latest effusions, noble and impressive in sentiment and in style as a few—a very few of them—indisputably are. As to his dramatic faculty, it was grossly overpraised by Macaulay in the following sentence: "It is hardly too much to say, that Lord Byron could exhibit only one man and only one woman." On the contrary, I would venture to submit, but in a very different sense, it is greatly too much to say. He could exhibit only two squeaking and disjointed puppets: there is, as far as I can remember, just one passage in the whole range of his writings which shows any power of painting any phase of any kind of character at all: and this is no doubt a really admirable (if not wholly original) instance of the very broadest comedy—the harangue addressed by Donna Julia to her intruding husband. The famous letter addressed to her boy-lover on his departure by that lineal descendant of Wycherley's Olivia in the "Plain Dealer" is an admirably eloquent and exceptionally finished piece of writing, but certainly, with its elaborate poise of rhetoric about the needle and the pole, is not an exceptional instance either of power to paint character and passion from the naked life, or of ability to clothe and crown them with the color and the light of genuine imagination. A poet with any real insight into the depth of either comic or tragic nature could have desired no finer occasion for the display of his gift, though assuredly he could have chosen none more difficult and dangerous, than such a subject as is presented by history in the figure of Catherine the Great. Terror and humor would have been the twin key-notes of his work; as effective in their grotesque and lurid union as the harmony of terror and pity in the severer art of the ancient stage. Landor, in half a dozen pages or less, has shown what a wealth of possibility was here open to a poet of serious aim as well as satiric insight. What has Byron made of the great, generous, fearless, shameless and pitiless woman of genius whom a far mightier artist was six years later to place before us in her habit as she lived, breathing lust and blood, craving fame and power, consumed and unsubdued by the higher and the lower ardors of

* I must observe moreover that it was

As

Extravagant a piece of criticism

To

Compare—as some unwary critics do—

Such verse as Byron's (bristling

With every sort and kind of barbarism

And solecism—

Not to speak of the tune,

Which suggests the love-strains of a baboon)

With any verse by Shelley

As to compare a jaded wagoner's whistling

To a lark's tune, or a star to a jelly,

Or the glare of the footlights to

A rainbow's prism

In the cloud at the edge of the sky's blue,

Or

Aught to aught that it is unfittest for,

And not let such vile verse—why should it not?—

Rot.

Cf. *Heaven and Earth*, passim.

a nature capable of the noblest and ignoblest ambition and desire? The Russian episode in "Don Juan" is a greater discredit to literature by its nerveless and stagnant stupidity than even by the effete vulgarity of its flat and stale uncleanness. Haideé and Dudù are a lovely pair of lay-figures: but the one has only to be kissed, and to break a blood-vessel: the other—has even less to do. Lady Adeline promises better than any other study from the same hand, and Aurora Raby is a graceful sketch in sentimental mezzotint: what might have been made of them in time we can but guess: it is only certain that nothing very much worth making had been made of them, when the one poem in which Byron showed even a gleam of power to draw characters from life was dropped or cut short at a point of somewhat cynical promise. Further evidence would hardly have been requisite to display the author's incapacity for dramatic no less than for lyric poetry, even had his injudicious activity not impelled him to write plays beside which even Voltaire's look somewhat less wretchedly forlorn. For indeed nothing quite so villainously bad as Byron's tragedies is known to me as the work of any once eminent hand which ever gave proof of any poetic vigor or energy at all. As a dramatist, Voltaire stands nearer to Corneille—nay, Dryden stands nearer to Shakespeare—than Byron to Voltaire or to Dryden. In one only of all his dramatic miscreations is there the dimmest glimpse of interest discoverable, even as regards the mere conduct of the story: and this play is the most impudent instance of barefaced theft to be found in the records of our literature. The single original thing in it, and the most original thing in its companion dramas, is of course the rhythm; and on this it would assuredly have seemed needless to waste a word or a smile, had not the author of some of the stateliest and purest blank verse ever written appeared as the most recent champion of Byron's claim to a place among the great representative poets of a language in which the metre of Marlowe and of Milton affords a crowning test of poetic power.

The only way to criticise it is
To write a sentence (which is easy to

Do, and has been done once or twice before
Now) in the metre of *Cain*, or of *The Two Foscari*, or *Heaven and Earth*, or *The Deformed Transformed*, *Sardanapalus*, or *Werner*—nay, *Faliero* (such is the Way the name is elongated in his Play—which is not agreeable to an Ear which has any sense of sound left). It is hardly harder (as the bard might have Said) to write pages upon pages in This style—base beyond parody—than to Write as ill in Scott's usual metre: but All will allow that in both cases it Is an excruciating process for Persons accustomed to read or write verse.*

Imitation of Byron's "mighty line"—parody of it, I repeat, is impossible—would not long since have been a weary, stale, flat and unprofitable jest: but it is a flatter and a staler jest yet to reclaim precedence for his drawing draggletailed drab of a Muse over Polymnia when she speaks through Coleridge, Euterpe when she speaks through Keats, Urania when she speaks through Shelley. Lynx it was—the screaming wry-neck—that inspired the verse of Byron with its grace of movement and its charm of melody. And all the world knows what became of that songstress and her tuneful sisters when they challenged the Muses to a contest less unequal than would be the contest of the long since plume-plucked Byron with the least of the three poets just named.

The instinct of Byron himself on this subject was truer than that of his latest and rashest advocate. From Chaucer to Wordsworth, the greatest names on record of English poetry were the objects of his lifelong insult. Of Shakespeare he always wrote and spoke as the author of the vilest and most pretentious dramatic abortions ever misbegotten by dullness upon vanity, or by egotism upon envy, might naturally have been expected to speak. Some honest souls in his own day expressed surprise at this graceful feature of their noble poet's intelligence. Had they been such "very clever fellows" as he was, they would have understood as distinctly as himself that he was not of the same kind as the objects of his insolence; that each of these must first be dethroned if ever he was to be enthroned as a poet of the first or even of the second class.

* The metre here is Byron's, "every line: For God's sake, reader! take it not for mine."

It would have been as wonderful, as inconsistent, as preposterous, if the authors of "Zaire" and "Faliero" had paid due tribute to Shakespeare, as if the authors of the "Cenci" and "Le Roi s'amuse" had not. Envy is keen of scent, and incompetence may be quick of eye: the impotent malignity of Byron was seldom personally mistaken in the object of its rabid but innocuous attack. Rogers, whom he flattered in public and lampooned in secret, did work perhaps bad enough at its worst to deserve the dishonor of such praises, and certainly good enough at its best to deserve the honor of such insults, as were showered on his name by his honest and high-minded admirer. Campbell, too, wrote much that prevents us from wondering at Byron's professions of reverence for the author of such lucubrations as the "Pleasures of Hope;" yet it is inexplicable that the author of two out of the three great lyric poems in the language inspired by love of England should not also have been honored by a stab in the back from the alternate worshipper and reviler of Napoleon: hatred of his country in one mood, and envy of his rival in the other, might have been expected to instigate his easily excitable insolence to some characteristic form of outrage. Possibly the sense of Campbell's popularity may have made him cautious: he did not, except in early youth, venture openly to attack any but unpopular figures in the world of letters. These, however, are not the names to be properly set against Byron's; though very decidedly less improper for such comparison than those three which Mr. Arnold has chosen for sacrifice at the shrine of paradox. Of the three which may with somewhat more show of reason be bracketed with the name of Byron, two must be rated above it as representative of qualities which according to Mr. Arnold's favorite canon would advance them to a higher rank in poetry than I should have been disposed to assign either to Crabbe, to Scott, or to Southey. The tragic power of Crabbe is as much above the reach of Byron as his singularly vivid though curiously limited insight into certain shades of character. All the ramping renegades and clattering corsairs that strut and fret

their hour on the boards of a facile and theatrical invention vanish into their natural nothingness if confronted with the homely horror of an indisputable personality such as that of the suspected parricide, alone in his fisher's boat at noon among the salt marshes: it would take many a high-stepping generation of Laras to match the terrible humility of Peter Grimes.* And though, as Mr. Leslie Stephen has observed, the highest note of imagination may be wanting to the noble and forcible verses which reproduce in such distinctness of detail the delirious visions of a mind unhinged by passionate self-indulgence, yet the short-winged and short-winded fancy of Byron never rose near the height of actual and vivid perception attained by the author of "Sir Eustace Grey." His dry catalogue of unimpressive horrors in the poem called "Darkness" is as far below the level of Crabbe in his tragic mood as the terrors of Crabbe are below the level of Dante's. If Wordsworth, as Shelley said in his haste, "had as much imagination as a pint-pot," I know not what fractional subdivision of a gill would not be more than adequate to represent the exact measure of Byron's. All his serious poetry put together is hardly worth—or, to say the very least, it can show nothing to be set aside—"that incomparable passage in Crabbe's "Borough," which" (according to Macaulay) "has made many a rough and cynical reader cry like a child;" and indeed, though I am not myself so rough and cynical as ever to have experienced that particular effect from its perusal, it does seem to me impossible for any man at all capable of being touched through poetry by the emotions of terror and pity to read the

* Two lines put into the dying ruffian's mouth have a might of tragic truth for which if a writer of the order of Byron "would give all the substance of his house, it would utterly be contemned." Shakespeare could not have bettered, and hardly any one lesser than Shakespeare could have matched, such a stroke of dreadful nature as this (the words being spoken of a dead father by a dying son):

He cried for mercy, which I kindly gave,
But he has no compassion in his grave.

The deepest or the highest note ever struck by the hand of Byron would sound after that like a penny whistle after the trumpet of doomsday.

record of that dream in the condemned cell, with its exquisite realistic touches of sea-side nature and tender innocent gladness, and not feel himself under the spell of a master tenfold more potent than Byron.

Culture, it should seem, cannot condescend to take any account of such humble claims as those of the simple old provincial clergyman whose homespun habit of obsolete and conventional style is the covering of a rarer pathos and a ripper humor than have often been devoted to the service of mere straightforward accuracy in study from the life which lay nearest to the student. But a writer whom even the culture which finds poetic satisfaction nowhere outside the range of Byron or of Wordsworth cannot pretend wholly to ignore, though it may dismiss as with a passing shrug his claims to be considered as a competitor with these—a writer for whom even Byron would seem to have been capable at times of something like manly respect and honest admiration—never failed to pay tribute alike to the tragic force and to the humorous simplicity of a poet reared under auspices the most opposite to those which had so happily fostered his own genius. Sir Walter Scott was neither a profound nor a pretentious critic—neither a refined nor an eccentric theorist: but his judgments have always the now more than ever invaluable qualities of clearness and consistency. To me, as to Mr. Arnold, his praise of Byron seems singularly ill-judged and ridiculously ill-worded: yet it is at least more intelligible than that which would couple him with Wordsworth as a moral force or help toward a lucid and stimulating criticism of life. But in speaking of Crabbe the great northern master was speaking of one more within his own high range of practical sympathy—more allied in temper and in gifts to his own wider and more beneficent genius. And even while that genius was still in the main misdirected into verse, it showed almost as clearly as was later to be shown in prose its vast superiority to Byron's in grasp of human character and in command of noble sympathies. His English was often as slovenly as even Byron's; though never so vile in taste as the worst examples of this latter. On the

other hand, the language of Byron's metrical tales has undeniably far more point and force, far more terseness and pliancy combined, than the diffuse and awkward style of Scott's, full of lazy padding and clumsy makeshifts. But set almost any figure drawn by Scott beside almost any figure of Byron's drawing, and the very dullest eye will hardly fail to see the difference between a barber's dummy and a living man fresh from the hand of Velasquez or of God. Lambro is admirably described and introduced: Bertram Risingham is described in phrase rather conventional than choice, and introduced with no circumstance of any special originality or distinction: but when Lambro appears in person on the stage of action, he is as utter a nullity as any of his brother or sister puppets: Bertram, however roughly sketched, is a figure alive to the very finger-tips. The difference, of course, has been often enough pointed out before now, and with memorable effect, especially, by a critic on whom Mr. Arnold is never weary of emptying the vials of his Attic scorn: but on this matter I must confess that I would rather be right with Lord Macaulay than wrong with Mr. Arnold. Of men, to judge from his writings, Byron knew nothing: of women he knew that it was not difficult to wheedle those who were not unwilling to be wheedled. He also knew that excess of any kind entails a more or less violent and a more or less permanent reaction: and here his philosophy of life subsided into tittering or snivelling silence. On all these points Scott is as far ahead of him as Shakespeare is ahead of Scott. A commonplace sermon does not cease to be commonplace because its doctrine is unorthodox, and cynical twaddle is none the less twaddle because of its cynicism. Scott is doubtless, as his French critics used to deplore, deficient in depth and intensity of passion; yet his passion too has more life and reality than Byron's. It is not enough for a writer to protest that his characters are bursting and burning with passion: they must do something to second him—to make us feel and see that they are. And this is exactly what no Gulnare or Gulbeyaz of them all can do. The puppet begins to squeak, and we perceive at once the in-

competence of the showman ; in place of a dramatist we have a scene-painter. It follows that with all his blustering profession of experience and preparation for display Byron, when it comes to the point, proves to be really not a poet of passion at all. There is plenty of rant in his work, there is plenty of wantonness, and there is plenty of wit : but Lord Tennyson has put more passion into the six little stanzas of a poem published at the age of twenty-four than could be distilled by compression out of all that Lord Byron ever wrote. In those six short stanzas, without effort, without pretence, without parade—in other words, without any of the component qualities of Byron's serious poetry—there is simple and sufficient expression for the combined and contending passions of womanly pride and rage, physical attraction and spiritual abhorrence, all the outer and inner bitterness and sweetness of hatred and desire, resolution and fruition and revenge. And as surely and as greatly as the author of this poem had almost at his starting distanced and defeated Byron as a painter of feminine passion, had Scott defeated and distanced him long before as a painter of masculine action. And for this among other reasons, Scott, with all his many shortcomings in execution, with all his gaps and flaws and deficiencies and defects, must surely always retain the privilege assigned by Thackeray to Goldsmith—high as are doubtless Goldsmith's claims to that privilege—of being "the most beloved of English writers." Two names far higher than his will be more beloved as well as more honored by those who find their deepest delight in the greatest achievements of dramatic and lyric poetry : but the lovers of this last will always be fewer, if more ardent, than the lovers of other and humbler, less absolute and essential forms of art ; and though dramatic poetry, even at its highest pitch of imagination, appeals to a far wider and more complex audience, yet even Shakespeare, though less than Shelley, demands of the student who would know and love him something more than is common to all simple and healthy natures. But Sir Walter demands nothing of his reader beyond a fair average allowance of kindness and

manhood : the man must be a very Carlyle who does not love and honor him. His popularity may fluctuate now and then with elder readers—so much the worse for them : it is sure always to right itself again in a little time : but when it wanes among English boys and girls æ doomsday will be dawning of which as yet there are most assuredly no signs or presages perceptible. Love of Scott, if a child has not the ill fortune to miss by some mischance the benefit of his generous influence, is certain to outlast all changes of interest and inclination, from the age when he divides a heart of six or seven with the owner's first pony to the age when affectionate gratitude has rooted in the adult heart a hundred names and associations of his engrafting, only less deep and dear than those implanted there by Shakespeare's very self. Almost any fault may well seem pardonable in such a benefactor as this : his genius has the privilege of beauty such as Cleopatra's : for vilest things become themselves in him ; so that the sternest republicans may bless him when he is most a royalist—yes, even a Georgian royalist—and men of the most scrupulous honor in questions of literary as well as other society may forgivingly overlook even his public association with libellers of private life and character, with conductors of such tainted publications as the *Beacon* and the *Blackguard's Magazine*—such "dogs and swine" as excite, in Mr. Browning's poem, the loathing and indignation of, the very Ghetto : though then as now the writer and circulator of privately printed attacks on the personal reputation of any honorable man must have been considered by all men of honor as a person of character too degraded to be damaged even by the unanswerable charges of cowardice and lying—a rascal whose back would dishonor the hangman's lash, as his society would disgrace the keeper of a brothel ; and though then as now the highest eminence in letters could neither have protected nor redeemed from the stain of an indelible ignominy, the plague-spot of an incurable disgrace, a name polluted by conscious and voluntary association with the name of so infamous a wretch. To such intercourse as this we need not imagine that Scott could

ever have descended : but the weapons of license and scurrility plied by some at least of his associates were so poisonously foul and cowardly that the one thing wanting to the perfection of their dishonor was the precaution of an abject and furtive semi-privacy. Something of indignation as well as regret we cannot choose but feel at the recollection that the hand which has bequeathed us such countless and priceless treasures should ever have pressed hands which had penned such villainies as defile the columns of the ruffianly political publications of his day : yet the most intoler-

ant of moralists cannot feel toward him as all honest and loyal men must feel toward the writer of such a note as Byron addressed, in attempted self-exculpation, to the Consul-General at Venice in the spring of 1821—toward the coward who deliberately suppressed the evidence which would have proved him a traitor to friendship more dastardly and disloyal than ever selfishness has made of a man perhaps not originally or at all points ungenerous or malignant.—*Nineteenth Century*.

(To be concluded.)

LITERARY NOTICES.

OUR CHANCELLOR. SKETCHES FOR A HISTORICAL PICTURE. By Moritz Busch. Translated from the German by William Beatty Kingston, author of "William I., Emperor of Germany," etc. Two volumes in one. New York : Charles Scribner's Sons.

Among the picturesque and remarkable figures of the century probably the consensus of opinion will place Prince Bismarck the great founder and conservator of German unity as one of the chief. From the time when he began his career as a deputy in the German Reichstag, he began to display those great qualities of audacity, mastery over men, readiness of resource and combination of flexibility and firmness which afterward led to such colossal results. The career of Prince Bismarck is too well known to make it desirable for us to sketch it even in outline. He has been such a part of the history of the age, he has been such an agent in the changes which have revolutionized the political and international relations of Europe, that it would be an insult to the intelligence of our readers to rehearse the story of his life. What concerns us chiefly now is to get some insight into the hidden machinery of his character by the light of the sketches and studies of Herr Moritz Busch, who seems to have been admitted in an humble way to the confidence of the great Chancellor, much as Samuel Johnson admitted Boswell to his. It goes without saying that the biographer or eulogist, as he may more properly be called, sees no possible flaw in his hero's character. Even those things which in others would be faults are metamorphosed into

virtues by these correlations. Herr Busch says that from 1870 to the present time he has had the best opportunities of studying his subject, and assuredly he reverses the proverb that the hero is no hero to his *valet de chambre*. In the first chapter he strikes the key-note of his book in thus describing the intellectual characteristics of Bismarck, in much of which, even those who dissent from them in their view of Bismarck's mission will agree : "One of those mighty historical figures which make their appearance among us now and anon to guide the world into new paths, and to transform floating ideas and aspirations theretofore inanimate into living realities by absolute original procedures of their own. . . . We saw before us a perfectly correct calculation upon distinctly laid down premises, uninfluenced by party dogmas or prejudices ; a sober process of addition and subtraction by no means devoid, moreover, of captivating warmth and poetical lustre in the expression of its results and in the actions consequent thereon. . . . A consistency which kept in view firmly and sternly. . . . A hand extremely light and steady in the manipulation of persons ; the gift of knowing exactly when to act and when to postpone action ; an almost unexampled dexterity in luring an antagonist into such a position that he is compelled to put himself in the wrong before the whole world. . . . A prodigious energy of will recoiling at nothing combined with a moderation and fairness. . . . A cool head controlling a warm heart, the maximum of ingenuity and audacity, "Ulysses and Achilles in one," etc., etc.—such are some of the phrases and strokes with which an au-

thor describes his hero. That Bismarck is much if not all of this no one will dispute, but it is on the moral side of the portrait, which is painted in no less alluring colors that one looks with doubt. In sketching the German Chancellor's life, Herr Busch always accredits him with the most lofty religious and patriotic motives. Some of the chapter headings give a good notion of the contents of the book as for example, "The Chancellor's Profession of Faith and Moral Code of Statesmanship;" "His Religious Views;" "Diplomatic Indiscretions;" "Bismarck and Austria;" "Bismarck and the French;" "Bismarck and the Press;" "The Chancellor and State Socialism;" "Bismarck as Orator and Humorist;" and "Bismarck in Private Life." The author writes in a lively but incisive way and certainly gives a very vivid presentment of his subject, though of course one will feel continually that the portrait is overdrawn, and very much too highly colored, when the matter touches the great subject of political ethics, in which scale the final measure and weight of the statesman must be settled by posterity no matter how brilliant his qualities and achievements.

MY REMINISCENCES. By Lord Ronald Gower, F.S.A. In two volumes. Vol. II. Boston: *Roberts Brothers.*

Lord Ronald Gower, who has given us this bright and agreeable body of reminiscences is the son of the late Duchess of Sutherland, one of the most eminent and famous of England's noblewomen. Connected by family ties with the foremost people of Great Britain (he is the brother-in-law of the Duke of Westminster and of the Duke of Argyle, thereby being uncle of the Marquis of Lorne) though still a young man in the prime of life, it goes without saying that his career has brought him in contact with nearly everybody worth seeing or knowing in Great Britain and on the Continent. Lord Ronald was placed in exceptionally favorable position to enjoy the best side of life, and it is evident that he brought to these facilities of enjoyment a large and varied if not profound mental equipment, fine artistic taste and culture (he is a successful and talented sculptor), a most genial nature, and a singular susceptibility for the bright side of things. Sweetness of temper seems one of his most prominent qualities, and we do not recall a single instance when he has a bitter or cynical word for anybody or anything. Life is *couleur de rose* and he gives us the benefit of his optimism in a very entertaining way. Charming

glimpses are given us of life among the *crème de la crème* of the English aristocracy; of life among literary and artistic circles (for Lord Ronald seems to be much more proud of his Bohemian proclivities than of his "blue blood," of which indeed from time to time he speaks rather contemptuously); of experiences in foreign capitals and with foreign celebrities; of travels through all civilized and uncivilized lands. Americans will be specially pleased with his cordial even enthusiastic appreciation of the United States and her institutions. Rarely has an Englishman shown a warmer friendship and liking for his "cousins beyond the sea." The book is full of quotable passages, though written without any pretence even in literary form. Many of the entries are made in the abbreviated form in which they were entered in the diary. But the matter is so far from being desiccated food that it is full of interest, liveliness, and freshness. All bright gossip about celebrated people is interesting, and Lord Ronald Gower gives us just this. It is a work to make a spare hour pass very pleasantly and to attract a large circle of readers. One finishes it with the wish that there were more such sensible and warm-hearted Englishmen as Lord Ronald Gower.

BRAIN EXHAUSTION. WITH SOME PRELIMINARY CONSIDERATIONS ON CEREBRAL DYNAMICS. By J. Leonard Corning, M.D., formerly Resident Surgeon to the Hudson River State Hospital for the Insane, Fellow of the N. Y. Academy of Medicine, etc. New York: *D. Appleton & Co.*

Never before in the history of the race did the world live so fast as now. Railways, telegraphs, telephones, fast ocean steamers, and the almost innumerable appliances of machinery to every purpose of life except the most fundamental functions, find a corresponding acceleration in all the social habits of civilized man. The tremendous activity to which the brain is impelled by present conditions, carrying with it a corresponding amount of fret and worry, which wear out the human ant as he rushes to and fro even more than work, offers a very serious problem. The increase of "dementia" as a disease is a recognized fact by physicians and other students of vital statistics. The field of physiological research undertaken by the author of the present volume "transcends, as he very justly claims, all others in importance * * * the economical questions involved in normal and morbid intellection." He goes on to say: "The demands

upon the thinking apparatus have never been greater than at present ; but at the same time the factors which exert a prejudicial influence on the cerebral mechanism have never been more numerous."

The author begins by laying a broad foundation for his deductions in considering the law of the convertibility of forces to the dynamics of the brain. The doctrine of the "conservation of force" is now a well-established principle in physics, and its application to the flow and ebb of brain energy can be indicated with almost as much accuracy as the flow of the tides. This parallelism between inanimate physics and cerebral action is closely followed by our author and with excellent results. If it can be shown that a foot-pound of force is the exact sum of the factors which enter into it, so it can be shown that the capacity of the brain for work is also so proximately estimated as to be trustworthy for all practical purposes. Dr. Corning proceeds to classify his facts which appear to be drawn from wide experience and study, and to marshal them with the skill of a trained scientist. He first considers the various existing causes which conduce to brain exhaustion in the physical sense, such as alcohol drinking, tobacco, excessive sexualism, irregular hours, etc., in the mental sense, over-work whether in study and business, fret and worry, false educational methods, etc. These chapters make up a large part of the body of the book. He concludes with a summary of the principles of brain-hygienics, and indicates very clearly how brain exhaustion may be remedied before the final and inevitable result comes. In these latter chapters the author discusses the relation of blood to muscle and brain, the relation of food to mental phenomena, rest, special medication, etc. The book is admirably written. The style is simple, direct, lucid, with as much avoidance as possible of technical terms and purely professional logic. It is a timely work, which every thinking man can read with interest without being a physician. Brain-workers everywhere, and in these days every man must be a brain-worker if he would rise above the condition of the day-laborer or mere mechanic, can study this able digest with both profit and pleasure.

MEMOIR AND CORRESPONDENCE OF ELIZA P. GURNEY. Edited by Richard F. Mott. Philadelphia : J. B. Lippincott & Co.

This record of Mrs. Gurney's life, accompanied with extracts from her letters will be received with pleasure by those who knew

this distinguished and devoted Christian woman in her long career of usefulness and benevolence. Mrs. Gurney was a leading member of the Society of Friends, and was a model of all those virtues so often exemplified in the lives of Quaker families. In her public capacity as a preacher and exhorter, in her private life so full of benefactions, which she was enabled to bestow so freely on account of her large wealth, her biography is full of interest. Eliza Kirkbride was the daughter of a leading family of Philadelphia Quakers, and from early life was exceptionally noted for piety and gentleness of nature, as well as for those physical graces, which so often blossom nobly under the plain cap and coif of her sect. When she was about eighteen she met Joseph J. Gurney, a worthy English Quaker, who had come to America on a mission of benevolence, and the acquaintance was then formed, which ripened afterward into the marriage relation, when Miss Kirkbride went to England a few years afterward and met Mr. Gurney, who had then become a widower. Though much her senior, and with a family of sons and daughters nearly grown up, the connection proved a very happy one. Mr. Gurney's large wealth enabled the couple to pursue their schemes of benevolence and Christian teaching without being in the least harassed by the servile toils of life. From England to the Continent, from Europe to America they passed again and again preaching and exhorting, helping the needy, comforting the afflicted from the royal family to the peasant hut (one of the most interesting episodes is the visit to the palace of Louis Philippe, on a mission of condolence and sympathy on the death of one of the royal children), and assisting to build up all kinds of worthy benevolent enterprises. They met in their peregrinations many of the most distinguished people of Europe, and seem to have been everywhere received with the greatest kindness and respect. These journeys at first sight appear rather strange, but when we read them in the light of Mrs. Gurney's correspondence, the simple devotion to Christian duty, delicacy, and gentleness which characterized all their visitations, give them a quaintly delightful flavor of the Apostolic times. When Joseph Gurney died, his widow after a year or two of residence in England came to America for the rest of her life where she divided her time between Philadelphia and Atlantic City, at the latter of which she had a spacious cottage which she made the centre of a large Christian hospitality.

During the great Civil War Mrs. Gurney gave largely to the Christian Commission and other charities growing out of the war, and had several interviews with Mr. Lincoln, between whom and herself a number of letters passed. This correspondence is of great interest, and shows how deeply Mr. Lincoln was touched by Mrs. Gurney's Christian sympathy and interest. She died in 1881, and a life full of ripe usefulness and meek virtue came to an end. The story is very simply told, and the reader will probably be more interested in the letters than in the biography proper, though both are touching and attractive.

BALLADES AND VERSES VAIN. By Andrew Lang, author of "Helen of Troy." New York: *Charles Scribner's Sons*.

Mr. Andrew Lang is one of the best known of England's younger poets, and among that school of word artists, who have carried poetic technique to such a degree of dainty perfection he stands unrivalled, except by Austin Dobson. But Mr. Lang has genius for something more than delicate filigree work and gem-carving, adept as he is in this exquisite craft. We get glimpses from time to time, of command over more large and robust methods, of a more virile grasp of the great questions which must haunt the true poetic imagination, of a bigger sweep of sympathy than is necessary for the graceful and decorative domain of the poet's art. Accordingly amid the many society-verses and idly beautiful rhymes, we find poems of a stronger texture, though all of them are marked by that chaste symmetry of form, which is the natural outcome of a mind saturated with Hellenic studies, and with Hellenic enthusiasm. Many of the better poems are immediately inspired by Greek literature and myth. As a good specimen of the poet's work, we may cite the sonnet on "The Odyssey":

"As one that for a weary space has lain
Lulled by the Song of Circe and her wine
In gardens near the pale of Proserpine,
When that Ægean isle forgets the main,
And only the low lutes of love complain,
And only shadows of wan lovers pine,
As such a one were glad to know the brine
Salt on his lips and the large air again—
So gladly from the songs of modern speech
Men turn and see the stars and feel the free
Shrill wind beyond the close of heavy flowers,
And through the music of the languid hours,
They hear like ocean on a western beach
The surge and thunder of the Odyssey."

This sonnet is as perfect in shape and color as a sea-shell, and as full of music. Mr. Lang

has more than a little of the gift—the highest power of the poet's faculty—that of making the imagination grasp meanings far more than the words carry. This *onomatopoeia* or quality of form by which words in themselves, their collocation, and their cadence become to us like the mysterious Orphic songs of wind-swept trees, of ocean waves, of the twittering of birds, of the hum of bees, and to which the more literal meaning is like the body without the soul, is the final essence of the art of the *poïetes* or "maker." We find so much of it in Mr. Lang's more ambitious verse that it is almost a pity his skilful handicraft has turned out so many jewelled trifles as to associate himself largely in the popular mind with verse of this order. It is not very long since Mr. Lang, co-operating with another distinguished scholar, gave the world the best translation of the *Odyssey* ever made. He displays in various ways his command over the higher resources of the poet's art. The world has a right to look for work from him, which will set a star on his face, the lustre of which will shine brightly amid his greatest brother bards.

STRATFORD BY THE SEA. (American Novel Series.) A novel. New York: *Henry Holt & Co.*

A GRAVEYARD FLOWER. By Wilhelmine Von Hillern. Translated by Clara Bell. New York: *William S. Gottsberger*.

TRAFALGAR. A TALE. By B. Perez Galdós, author of "Gloria." From the Spanish by Clara Bell. New York: *William S. Gottsberger*.

The "American Novel Series" continues to show the publisher's purpose of making this series distinguished for a special flavor of its own. Certainly, so far they have been marked by no little individuality, though that individuality has not been altogether inoffensive. To smite all Philistine notions and conventionalities hip and thigh, though by no means with the jaw-bone of an ass, seems to have been the ambition of each of the authors. The art of the storyteller, however, is to please and interest, and as long as he does not offend against the fundamental principles of right and wrong, novel-readers, who are very liberal in these days, are willing that he should cut very close to the edge.

"Stratford by the Sea" opens its story in a quaint New England fishing town, and the heroine has been brought up in the simple,

old-fashioned notions of a community which knows nothing of the habits and ways of cities. Her beauty and simplicity win the regard of a nice young Bostonian, and she marries him against the wishes of her family. Oswald Craig, her husband, is depicted as a bright, keen, capricious man of intellect and culture, with larger capacity of passion than of affection. The country flower which he had plucked withers for him and loses its fragrance, and then he turns from her as from one who has been tried and found wanting, wanting in all that ripeness of physical and mental resource which he believes his larger nature needs. He at last finds a woman of his full measure in a brilliant and beautiful actress, who loves him passionately, believing him free. It is only at the last that she discovers her lover's deceit, and we are still left in doubt as to whether or not she will consent to elope with him, when a providential railway train cuts short the career of this gay Lothario by running over him. The fortunate widow, after recovering from the shock, marries a good man, who is far better suited for her than the man who had first won her virgin heart. The interest of the story is really in the relations between Oswald Craig and Victoria Landor, the actress. She, after discovering that her lover was a married man, is carried away by his ardor and protestations that his wife's neglect and indifference had made his home wretched. She will surrender to him, but she must first see his home life for herself. She discovers that her lover's story is a lie, but it is still left uncertain what she will ultimately do when the problem is solved for her by fate.

The novel has a good deal of dramatic vigor, clever analysis of motive, considerable freshness of individualization, and some very charming descriptions of New England provincial life. The latter occur in the first part of the book, which is indeed the best part of the story. The style is bright, crisp and effective, and on the whole "Stratford by the Sea" may be pronounced a book of more than average merit.

The translation from the German, "A Graveyard Flower," is a good example of the highly-wrought sentimental fiction in which Germans take delight. The scenes and characters are all too highly colored, and there is that atmosphere of Wertherism in it which the active peoples of the civilized world long since ceased to find entertaining in fiction.

The translation from the Spanish, "Traf-

algar," on the other hand, is a simple but capital story. It is the narrative of the servant of a Spanish naval officer, who witnesses and takes part in the great battle of Trafalgar, in which Lord Nelson was killed, but not before he had struck a fatal blow at the naval power of France and Spain. The description of the battle, which is the most interesting episode of the book, is as vivid and striking as any battle-scene in word painting can be, though all who have ever "smelt gunpowder" on a large scale know that words utterly fail to give any fully adequate expression of the facts. Galdós, the author, is among the most brilliant Spanish novelists of the day, and in this little book he sustains the reputation which he has won in his other novels.

FOREIGN LITERARY NOTES.

"We regret to announce," says the *Pall Mall Gazette*, "the death of Mr. Charles Reade, D.C.L., which took place on the 11th inst. at his residence at Shepherd's Bush. More than a fortnight ago Mr. Reade, who was seventy years of age, returned from Cannes, where he had been staying for the benefit of his health, and, on his way back, he was seized with bronchitis and congestion of the lungs. Mr. Reade was born in 1814, and was educated at Magdalen College, Oxford, of which he was successively a demy and a fellow. He graduated B.A. in 1835, and was called to the bar at Lincoln's Inn in 1843. One of his first literary works, 'Peg Woffington,' was published in 1852; and this was followed by 'Christie Johnstone' in 1853. 'It is Never Too Late to Mend,' one of his most successful works, was published in 1857; 'Love me Little, Love me Long' in 1859, 'White Lies' and 'Cloister and the Hearth' in 1861, 'Hard Cash' in 1863, 'Griffith Gaunt' in 1866, 'Put Yourself in His Place' (first published in the *Cornhill Magazine*) in 1870, and 'A Terrible Temptation' in 1871. Mr. Reade also wrote several plays, and put on the stage dramatized adaptations of some of his works, including 'Put Yourself in His Place,' and 'Foul Play,' in which he had Mr. Boucicault for a collaborateur. In 1867 he dramatized Tennyson's 'Dora,' and one of his latest dramatic productions was *Drink*, founded on Zola's 'L'Assommoir.' Mr. Reade has at various times contributed to the *Pall Mall Gazette*, and the unauthorized publication of a series of sketches written for its columns in 1876 on the Glasgow hero,

James Lambert, led to a suit which at the time created some stir. More recently Mr. Reade contributed to the *Pall Mall Gazette* a series of articles on 'The Cremona Violin.' Mr. Reade was frequently engaged in hot controversies, in which his treatment of his opponents was not of the mildest character; but, as the *Times* observes in concluding its memoir, 'he was, in truth, so warm-hearted and had such a rich imagination to contrive schemes which his benevolence suggested, that most of his faults, literary or personal—and these were venial ones at the worst—came from wishing to do too much good and struggling to do that much too quickly.'

LORD TENNYSON, it is reported by Mr. Labouchere, does not appreciate his new honors, and has replied in a testy manner to many of the congratulations which have been addressed to him.

AN English novelist declares that the evil of novel-writing at the present day is the competition of educated, rich but incompetent amateurs with the writer who has neither the name of a Wilkie Collins nor the check-book of the incompetent amateur.

ANOTHER writer complains that the circulating library system, which has grown to enormous proportions in England, has so far affected the minds of the people that they never think of buying a book.

AN editorial writer in the London *Daily News* is not disposed to "take a back seat" in comparing the great men of Great Britain with those of America. "We," he says, "can set Mr. Ruskin against Mr. Richard Grant White, Mr. Matthew Arnold against Mr. Stedman, Mr. George Meredith to pair off with Mr. Howells, while Mr. Browning and the Laureate correspond to Dr. Holmes and Mr. Lowell. Comparisons are odious, but the company would have many pleasant elements in which all these gentlemen met."

IT falls to M. Victor Cherbuliez, as directeur of the Académie française at the time of the death of Henri Martin and Laprade, to receive their successors, MM. de Lesseps and François Coppée. All the forty fauteuils are now full.

THE Municipal Council of Paris has voted 10,000 frs. (£400) to the committee formed to celebrate the centenary of Diderot, being the same amount as was voted in the cases of Voltaire and Rousseau, on the condition that

it be spent in erecting a statue of Diderot in Paris. There is also to be a local celebration at Langres, Diderot's birthplace, on July 30th.

A STATUE of George Sand, by M. Millet, is to be unveiled at La Châtre on July 15th.

THE scheme for placing a public library in every municipal quarter of Paris is progressing, though slowly. Thirty-eight such libraries are now in existence with a total of about 100,000 volumes. Last year the number of additions was 12,000 volumes, and the number of readers was 514,000, being an increase of 151,000 on the previous year.

MISCELLANY.

ART AND UTILITY.—Let us consider the original utility of a few artistic things. Blue ware was originally made blue probably because blue was simple and cheap; but it is now prized and imitated for more fanciful reasons. Statuary was at first an essential part (a figured column) of architecture, and the most elaborate architecture was the outcome of the simple need of a building. Climate, too, has been a more active designer than man. It decreed flat roofs where people wanted to sleep in the open; narrow streets where people needed shade, as in Italy; and angular roofs where snow and rain had to be manœuvred. Small dim-religious-light windows were once made small because larger ones could not so well be made, and were, in fact, then more ideal than real; but windows are now made small for artistic sympathies so sensitive that even the green bull's-eye is centred in the pane—not on economical grounds as heretofore, when every inch of glass was a luxury, but for decorative purposes in an age when we can let in daylight by the square yard. The niceties of jewelry that we now show as art-curiosities in museums were made for very practical daily use. The coins we copy and reiterate in brooches, bracelets, and solitaires were as utilitarian as our coins are now. The common alphabet, out of which we in the name of art elaborate so many varieties of form in public petitions and addresses, no doubt received the first variety of form through the uncompromising necessity that there should be distinctions between one letter and another. Monks decorated their books, not for decoration and as decoration only, but as a beautiful offering to their faith; but it was an offering and prayer first; it was truly a devotion, not to art as art,

